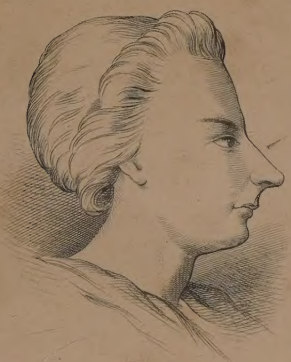
THE WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

CAREFULLY SELECTED WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR AND ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC NOTES.



Stella

EDINBURGH.
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

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A BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR,

BY D. LAING PURVES;

AND ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTIC NOTES.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.
1869.

PREFACE.

SWIFT is not a popular author. "Gulliver's Travels," indeed, can find few rivals in popular favour; but, of all that Swift wrote besides, and before that sweeping satire confirmed and crowned his fame, exceedingly little is familiar to the reading public of this day. Beyond most other authors whose renown came in their lifetime, he wrote for the people. His choice of language, of style, illustration, and idea, was sedulously and constantly directed to the end of reaching the understanding, and rousing the sympathy or passion, of the common folk. Whatever flowed from his pen, the rich, the powerful, the cultivated, could not fail to read; the people would read—and it was sometimes essential that the people should read—only if he made the matter striking, and the manner easy. "The Drapier's Letters" are an instance. They descended to the mental capacity of every tavern-keeper and cobbler throughout Ireland; and, not in spite, but in consequence of that descent, they shook and baffled one of the strongest administrations that ever guided the councils of an English monarch. Still, Swift is not, in these days, a popular author outside the four corners of "Gulliver;" and the reasons are not far to seek. Much that he wrote was designed to serve only the transient purposes of political agitation and party conflict. "So soon out of fashion are party papers, however well writ." Such was Swift's own account of his thirty-three "Examiners;" and such naturally and excusably has been posterity's treatment of much besides the "Examiners" that came from his hand. "Gulliver's Travels," and, in a less degree, the "Tale of a Tub," stand out pre-eminent, in present popular estimation, from the host of partisan, perishable tracts and pamphlets; their place in English literature is unmistakable and lofty. But many minor compositions, affording rare displays of genius, wit, humour, social wisdom, and excellent, if somewhat caustic, moral teaching, float amid an ocean of political writings which are valuable to the

student of history, but interesting to few general readers. The works of Swift, then, must be subjected to the process of selection, if those which survive the need and object of the moment are to become popular in the current sense of the term—known, read, and relished of all men.

For such a selection as that now submitted to the public, there is ample room, if not urgent call. Endless editions of "Gulliver's Travels," more or less altered and improved from the state in which they were left by the author's hand, are continually appearing. But, excepting in the ponderous complete collections of Swift's works, there is no easy access to the "Tale of a Tub," and to most of the other writings included in the present volume. The few people who desire or need *all* Swift, no doubt, can usually afford to pay the price of these large collections; but the many who want only that which may please them, do not care to pay for what is beyond their concern or their use. The aim of this volume, is to place within the reach of all those writings which at once shed the clearest light upon Swift's remarkable career—exceptionally eventful for a man of letters—and display most strikingly the various qualities of his powerful character and rich genius. This purpose has necessitated the omission of much that he wrote on politics, church affairs, and Irish questions. Some of the more celebrated political papers, such as the "Conduct of the Allies," have been included; but the matter has been mainly drawn from the purely literary, personal, and perennially interesting portions of Swift's voluminous writings. The "Journal to Stella," although it occupies what may to some appear a disproportionate space, could not well have been omitted, consistently with the object of illustrating the career, character, and genius of Swift, by a fair "sampling" of all that he produced; and an equal amount of matter tending in that direction, could not be found elsewhere among his works. In conformity with the same ruling idea, an original biography of Swift has been drawn up, with especial reference to the writings comprised in this selection. The purpose of the biographer is simply to tell the story of Swift's life smoothly and clearly; and the points of keen controversy and unsolved doubt, which are presented by the incidents of that life, have been necessarily passed over with a light hand.

The Editor has not presumed to take any liberty with the classical text of the "Tale of a Tub" and "Gulliver's Travels." In both, the reader of these days may meet with a good deal that will offend his taste, and shock his sense of decency. Still, the images and notions presented, though often

disgusting, are rarely, if ever immoral—they repel from vice, rather than incite to it; and the scope and effect of the two works cannot be justly appreciated, unless they are studied in their unmodified form. Elsewhere—in the "Journal to Stella," the "Directions to Servants," &c.—one or two very slight omissions have been made. The notes to the "Tale" and the "Travels" have been carefully selected and re-written, from those of Hawkesworth (marked H.), Sheridan, Scott, &c.; while many new ones have been added, with the design of clearly elucidating the meaning and force of the allegory, and the allusions of the writer. The classical quotations have been verified, and, in many cases for the first time, cited, and translated. Every care has been taken by the Editor and the printer to furnish a pure and correct text. Although fault and error must creep into all that is done by human hands, the Publisher sends forth the Selected Works of Swift, in the confidence that this edition will be found useful, interesting, and not unworthy of gaining for the great Satirist a wider popularity, founded on a clearer knowledge of his genius and labours.

D. L. P.

London, *November* 1868.

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LIFE OF JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.,

DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S.

THE story of SWIFT'S life points its own moral—teaches its own lesson of encouragement or warning. Sprung from comparatively low degree—thrown upon the world indigent and hopeless, with nothing save his own genius and efforts whereon to depend—Swift rose, through patronage, the ungeniality of which he converted into esteem and affection, to a position no higher than such as enabled him to develop and employ the splendid powers of his mind. The display of these powers brought him the favour of men high in the State; first the one, and then the other, of the two great parties which divide English history, sought his aid. Drawn from his earlier political allegiance by the force of his ecclesiastical conviction and reverence, he fought, single-handed, the battle of the Tory Administration during four years of peril and crisis. He became the intimate friend, almost the arrogant dictator, of mighty Ministers; he ruled as a power in the State; he was practically, for the time, the foremost man in England. But all his genius and influence did not avail to avert the political suicide of his friends. Torn by intestine dissensions, assailed by rancorous foes, foredoomed by the course of events, the Ministry and party of Oxford and St John went down into irretrievable ruin; and he fell from his high estate in England, into an exile in Ireland, against which his whole nature revolted. Yet here his powers re-asserted themselves. His patriotism spurned the paltry bounds of professional etiquette, and the dictates of personal fear. He became the idol of Ireland—the foremost man in that island, as he had previously been in England. He was punished for his hesitation between the two political parties, by failing to receive from either the preferment he coveted and merited from both. He was punished for his paltering between the contending claims of two devoted and accomplished women, by the enjoyment of neither and the premature death of both. Then he dragged out a long series of lonely, loveless, bitter years, in a banishment from which he repeatedly hoped to be recalled, but hoped in vain. By the burden of his regrets, by the failure of his faculties, he that had so transcendently risen above all contemporaries in the might of his intellect, ere the close of his career sank below the mental level of the meanest clown. He that had swayed the Court of Queen Anne,

and roused all Ireland to patriotic frenzy, became a silent, weeping, apathetic idiot. It has been fitly said that "from the life of Swift may be derived the important lesson, that, as no misfortunes should induce genius to despair, no rank or fame, however elevated, should encourage its possessor to presumption. And those to whom fate has denied such brilliant qualities, or to whom she has refused the necessary opportunities of displaying them, may be taught, while perusing the history of this illustrious man, how little happiness depends upon the possession of transcendent genius, of political influence, or of popular renown."

JONATHAN SWIFT, although born in Ireland, was of English descent. The younger branch of the Swift family—surviving the elder, which died in the person of the childless Viscount Carlingford, about the middle of the seventeenth century—had been settled in Yorkshire for many generations. One of its scions, Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, was the grandfather of the Dean; and his intense and self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of King and Church seems to have reproduced itself in the famous grandson. Of Thomas's ten sons by his wife Elizabeth Dryden—whose brother was the father of the poet Dryden—five sought their fortune in Ireland. Among them were Jonathan, the fourth, who had been bred to the law, and had already sunk into somewhat difficult circumstances by marrying a poor lady of old Leicestershire family, Abigail Ericke by name; and Godwin, the eldest, a barrister of Gray's Inn, whom the Duke of Ormond made Attorney-General of the Palatinate of Tipperary. Jonathan—who held no very distinct position in the world—in 1665 became steward to the Society of the King's Inns, at Dublin; but when he died, in 1667, he left his widow so poor, that only by the aid of the Society could she meet the cost of burying her husband. She was thus left, with an infant daughter and an unborn child, to the care of two brothers-in-law—Godwin, who had lost much money in speculations, and Dryden, who was less wealthy than his losses were supposed to have left Godwin. About seven months after her husband's death, the widow gave birth to Jonathan, on St Andrew's Day—30th November—1667, in a little house in Hoey's Court, Dublin. The future Dean did not come into the world amid those circumstances of comfort and independence which conduce to making men amiable and contented. His mother mainly depended on the begrudged pecuniary aid of a connexion; his own prospects were of the gloomiest character; "poverty's unconquerable bar" seemed to shut him out from that great world in which he was destined to mingle, and even to bear command. But all this coming hap was hidden from him when, only a year old, he first became the sport of wayward chance. His nurse, a native of Whitehaven, was called home by the illness of a relative from whom she had expectations; and so strong was her affection for her infant charge, that she secretly carried him off to England, where he was kept for four or five years—his mother fearing to imperil his already delicate health by a second sea-voyage. Before he came back to Ireland, Jonathan had been taught to spell, and could read the Bible with ease. About his sixth year, he returned to his mother's house; but almost immediately afterwards he was sent, at the charges of his uncle Godwin, to the school of Kilkenny—a foundation of the Ormond family—where he carved his name on the desk, made little English-Latin quips and puns,

and employed and amused himself much after the manner of commonplace scholars. It would seem that even then the iron of indigence and dependent station had entered his soul; and, long years afterwards, Swift, being provoked in public by an insolent question, declared that his uncle Godwin had "given him the education of a dog." Godwin Swift, however, was not in reality so well to do as he seemed; his speculations had told injuriously upon his fortune; and there was some injustice in Jonathan's bitter detestation for his memory—though the manner in which his aid was given appears to have aggravated the pain of being obliged to receive it.

When fourteen years of age, Jonathan, still at his uncle Godwin's charges, was admitted into Trinity College, Dublin, as a pensioner, under the tuition of Dr St George Ashe, afterwards Bishop of Dromore. At the same time his cousin Thomas (son of his English uncle Thomas), who afterwards impertinently claimed a great share in the authorship of the "Tale of a Tub," was entered of the college; and he seems to have taken more kindly to the dreary and formal logical studies which were then much in vogue, than did his infinitely abler kinsman. Jonathan, indeed, fairly rebelled against the schoolmen and philosophical commentators, whose very names were repelling and execrable—as Burgersdicius, Keckermannus, Smiglecius, and the like. He devoted himself, instead, to books of history and poetry; and was even imprudent enough to object openly, on some occasions, to the studies which the rules of the college prescribed. The bitterness of mind caused by his dependent condition and uncertain future, also did much to prompt his rebellion against the order and discipline of the university; and in the society of a knot of young men affected with the same irregularity and license, at least of literary life, Swift prepared for himself the grave mortification of "stoppage" that awaited him on coming to take his degree. Perhaps he might have pleaded, with Johnson, that "it was bitterness they took for frolic;" certainly some palliation is required to cover the errors of Swift's university career. But though irregular, eccentric, inattentive to prescribed studies, and a frequenter of unscholastic haunts, there does not appear to be any solid reason for the belief that his life was viciously depraved. Still he was "sacrificing the future to the present." During his residence, his uncle Godwin died; and the charge of his maintenance was assumed by Dryden—who, less wealthy than his brother had at least appeared, yet conferred his benefits with a more gracious air. The knowledge of his dependence, at the same time that it rendered Swift bitter and reckless, made him also excessively careful of money, even to parsimony. His expenses were all recorded with rigorous exactitude; and that habit of caring for little sums grew upon him, which afterwards unpleasantly marked his conduct in social life, and helped to mar the prospect of happiness for his much-loved Stella. It was a pity that this scrupulous care for the right bestowal of what his friends granted for his support, was not extended to the sphere of study and behaviour. If it had been, Swift might have escaped a cruel mortification, his memory a stain of discredit which his genius ought to have avoided. For he was refused his degree of Bachelor of Arts, for "dulness and insufficiency," to use his own words; and when he at last obtained the distinction, in 1685–86, it was conferred *speciali gratiâ*—that is, as an honour unmerited by the recipient, and

bestowed out of the mere generosity of the university. This stigma, as it was only natural to expect, but made more bitter Swift's disappointment with life, and impelled him to commit yet more marked breaches of college decorum and discipline. No fewer than seventy penalties for irregularity were imposed upon him by the university authorities, between November 1685 and October 1687; in March 1688, he and several other refractory spirits received a public admonition for their offences; and at last, in November of the same year, Swift's degree was suspended, and he was called upon to make a public apology to the Junior Dean, (Lloyd,) whom he had insulted.

It does not plainly appear that Swift's unhappy career at college had disheartened or offended his uncle Dryden; but the step which Jonathan now took might allow of the inference that such had been the result. After the outbreak of the revolutionary war in Ireland, at the close of 1688, Swift quitted Dublin University for England. He was then in his twenty-first year; and he left his uncongenial *Alma Mater* without repute for learning or steadiness of character, without funds, friends, or prospects. In this sorry plight, with what anguish of soul may well be conceived, he presented himself at his mother's house in Leicestershire, weary with foot-travel. His mother's pecuniary circumstances were not such as enabled her to give her son any direct assistance. But the lady of Sir William Temple was a relative of Mrs Swift's, and had been well acquainted with all the family; and from his mother Jonathan received the counsel to seek Temple's patronage. That counsel, it is said, coincided with the determination which Swift had formed before leaving Ireland. The application was made, and succeeded; and the embittered and disgraced student took up his residence with the accomplished and learned statesman, at Sheen. The benevolence of Sir William's intentions need not be doubted; but he does not seem to have taken kindly to his young companion, whose manners and temper were far from being those of a man of the world. Swift, however, gradually forced himself upon his patron's estimation, by his endeavours to please, and his sedulous attention to study. Eight strenuous hours each day were devoted to repairing the defects of his college course; and this continued during the five years of his first residence with Temple —excepting in so far as his studies were interrupted by the disease which afflicted all his life, and at the last deplorably impaired his faculties. The generally accepted account of this affection is, that it arose from a surfeit of stone-fruit, bringing on vertigo and coldness of the stomach, which at the time brought him almost to the brink of death; and, although Swift's enemies traced the illness to abuse of his powers while he was spending a reckless life at college, there is no evidence that the first is not the correct explanation—as it is the more charitable. As time wore on, Swift won not only the respect, but the confidence, of Temple; and when the patron was confined to bed by gout, it sometimes fell to the lot of the humble companion to receive William III., when he came to take advice, on important State affairs, from Sir William, whom he had familiarly known and greatly esteemed during his residence as Ambassador at the Hague. Swift used to attend the King in his walks about the Sheen gardens; and his Majesty condescended to converse in considerable familiarity with his companion. He taught him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion, and eat it economically, "with

the stalks;" and once he offered to make Swift a captain of horse—a proposal eminently characteristic of William's engrossing military predilections. Swift, naturally, declined this offer—for his mind seems to have been already set upon the Church; and it is inferred, from an expression in one of his letters, that the King altered the offer so as to suit the young man's clerical inclinations. After Sir William Temple's health became more infirm, and he retired to Moor Park, in Surrey, Swift was sent to Kensington Palace, to present to the King reasons why he should not urge his opposition to the bill for introducing triennial Parliaments. The written arguments of his patron, and Swift's enforcement of them from his own historical reading, however, failed to shake the royal resolve. The bill was rejected; and Swift laid the lesson of his miscarriage to heart, telling his friends that his first entrance on the stage of politics had been so mortifying to him, that it had helped to cure him of vanity. He had undertaken, during his first residence with Sir William Temple, a short journey to Ireland for his health, but without much advantage; indeed, his studies at this time appear to have been so severe, that no merely temporary relaxation could avail to prevent his disorder becoming confirmed.

His unfortunate career at Dublin University, and the stigma attached to his name there, might naturally render him desirous to wash out the memory of the past by a more brilliant re-entrance upon the field of learning. In 1692, he went to Oxford, with the purpose of taking his degree of Master of Arts. Entering Harts-Hall on the 14th June, on the 5th July he was admitted to the degree; and in the university he received many attentions, for which it has been sought to account on the ground that the damaging words *speciali gratiâ* in his Dublin diploma were misinterpreted as a compliment. It is most improbable, however, that the English university knew so little of the ways of her Irish sister, as to mistake the true import of a phrase like this. It appears, on the contrary, that Swift feared the effect of the phrase at Oxford, and found means to procure its omission in the copy of the diploma necessarily sent over there; and it was surely sufficient that Swift had become the intimate companion of Temple—and therefore known and esteemed by men of mark and learning who resorted to his patron's house—to secure for him a good reception at Oxford. Certain it is, that Swift always professed warm gratitude and attachment to that university. On several occasions he compliments its members; and in the "Journal to Stella" he indicates that he had been most cordially received by the "Christ-Church wits," among whom Boyle and Atterbury were conspicuous. On the other hand, Swift never felt otherwise than harshly towards his native university, of which he bitterly said that he "was ashamed to be more obliged in a few weeks to strangers, than in seven years to Dublin College." During his residence with Sir W. Temple, however, he had done so much to atone for the errors of his Dublin career, that the comparison was unfair; since Oxford did not do him justice, until he had done justice to himself. He read much, wrote much, and learned much; he had begun to court the poetic Muse, especially in his Pindaric Odes after the manner of Cowley—one of which called forth the cruel but just prediction from Dryden, that the writer would never be a poet; and the "Tale of a Tub," the outline of which was undoubtedly drawn during his wilder Dublin days, received many

touches of that wonderful research and learning which abound throughout it. As yet, Swift had given nothing to the world.

The relations between patron and protégé became gradually colder and more distrustful, after the return of the latter from his flattering stay at Oxford. Swift felt his dependence more keenly, as he saw his value to his patron, and his reputation in the lettered world, increase; and he blamed Sir William on account of the delay in providing for him, which he ascribed to the selfish desire to retain his companionship and literary aid. Temple, on his part, regarded Swift's impatience as a proof of ingratitude, and offered him a small post in the Rolls Office in Ireland. Swift, however, declined the stingy provision so coldly offered. Since he was now relieved, he said, from the imputation that he had entered the Church only for a maintenance, he would go to Ireland, and take holy orders. So the two parted in mutual displeasure; and Swift, after another foot-journey to Leicester, and a short stay with his mother, proceeded to Ireland. There, after some delay, caused by his reluctance to ask Sir W. Temple for a certificate of conduct during the five years' residence with him, Swift was admitted to deacon's orders, in October 1694, and to priest's orders, in January 1694–5. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Capel, had, probably by the influence of Temple, been interested in his behalf; and he obtained immediately the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, worth £100 a year—to which he retired, only for a short time. For Sir William Temple speedily became aware that he had lost a most valuable, nay, an absolutely indispensable companion; while Swift as speedily became weary of the comparative solitude, and dull, rude society of Kilroot. The haughty young man is said to have still hesitated between pride and friendship, when he was induced, by a sudden impulse of compassion and generosity, to resign his benefice in favour of an old, poor, and worthy curate whom he encountered in one of his walks. At all events, the overtures of Sir William for a reconciliation were successful. Swift returned to Moor Park, nominally as confidential secretary, but really as an esteemed and trusted friend; and during the four years that remained of Sir William's life, the most cordial good understanding and the sincerest friendship subsisted between them. So genuine was the devotion of Swift to his patron, that, as he tells us himself, he felt unhappy for days if he but received a cold look; and when Sir William died, in January 1698–9, Swift closes a journal of his illness by the testimony that "with him died all that was good and amiable among men." During this second residence at Moor Park, Swift had completed the "Tale of a Tub." He had also composed "The Battle of the Books," in aid of his patron in that memorable and rather foolish controversy on the comparative excellence of the ancient and the modern learning, which had been originated in France by Fontenelle and Perrault, and in which Temple took up the cause of the ancients. Gratitude to Oxford also induced Swift to espouse the quarrel of Charles Boyle, afterwards Lord Orrery, whose faith in the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris was ridiculed by the learned Dr Bentley. Both of these works, it is believed, were arranged for publication in 1697; but the illness and death of Sir William Temple delayed their publication, and they only saw the light in 1704. (See Introductory Note, page 41.) Sir William did not leave the literary help and personal services of his friend wholly unrewarded: in a codicil

to his will, the sum of £100 was bequeathed to Swift, along with the testator's unpublished works—but, hopeful and valuable though the second portion of the bequest may have seemed, it was destined only to inflict on the recipient another of those disappointments which embittered his life and warped his naturally generous spirit.

Swift devoted careful labour to the task of editing his patron's posthumous works, and dedicated them to King William; at the same time, a petition was presented to his Majesty, reminding him of his promise to give Swift a prebend. But neither the dedication, nor the petition, was of any effect. Swift hung about the Court in vain; either, as he maintained, the Earl of Romney had suppressed his refresher of the royal memory, or the King himself had ceased to care for the protégé, now that the patron had departed. The satirist, in after years, to some extent avenged himself for this neglect; although he seems to have always retained a certain regard, wholly devoid of enthusiasm, for the only Monarch with whom he was ever familiar. Disappointed in his hopes at Court, Swift was still sufficiently well known in literary and aristocratic circles, to be at no loss for patronage; and in 1699 he went to Ireland, in the combined capacity of chaplain and private secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, one of the Lords-Justices—whose daughter, afterwards "Lady Betty Germaine," he much esteemed, and secured for a fast friend. Lord Berkeley, however, was soon persuaded to separate the offices of chaplain and secretary, and give the latter to a Mr Bushe; but he promised to compensate Swift with the first good living that fell vacant. The deanery of Derry soon came into his lordship's disposal; but the crafty and powerful Bushe —who seems to have had the knack, which Swift conspicuously wanted, of ingratiating himself with his superiors—would not permit the chaplain to receive it, unless he paid a bribe of £1000, the same amount having been offered by another aspirant. Energetically exclaiming, "God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels!" Swift, in a rage, quitted the earl's rooms in Dublin Castle; but Lord Berkeley, fearing to provoke the satiric lash of his chaplain, compromised the matter by giving him the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggin, livings in the diocese of Meath, which together did not amount to half the value of the deanery so meanly and insolently withheld. Still, they were worth £270 a year; and in 1700 the prebend of Dunlavin was added, making Swift's income, till he was promoted to the deanery of St Patrick's, £350 or £400 a year. Swift, therefore, took leave of Lord Berkeley's family, with which he was to the last on the best terms. Of Lady Berkeley's virtue, piety, and character, he had the highest opinion; and he dedicated to her the "Proposal for the Advancement of Religion," addressed to a "Lady of Quality," in 1708, (see page 457.) It was upon her that the witty chaplain played off the celebrated practical jest of the "Meditation on a Broomstick," (see page 507)—a grave *jeu d'esprit*, surreptitiously substituted by Swift, much to the mystified lady's edification, for one of "Boyle's Meditations," which it was her fashion to make the chaplain read to her oftener than he cared. The utmost cordiality, and an easy interchange of wit and friendly banter, prevailed between Swift and the ladies of the family; and his stay there seems to have formed one of the most pleasant episodes in his life.

Swift, then, in 1700, walked down from Dublin to Laracor, as his usual manner of locomotion was, and once more entered, with zest and punctuality, on the quiet duties of a country clergyman. "He walked straight," says Scott, "to the curate's house, demanded his name, and announced himself bluntly 'as his master.' All was bustle to receive a person of such consequence, and who, apparently, was determined to make his importance felt. The curate's wife was ordered to lay aside the doctor's only clean shirt and stockings, which he carried in his pocket; nor did Swift relax his airs of domination until he had excited much alarm, which his subsequent kind and friendly conduct to the worthy couple turned into respectful attachment. This was the ruling trait of Swift's character to others. His praise assumed the appearance and language of complaint; his benefits were often prefaced by a prologue of a threatening nature; his most grave themes were blended with ironical pleasantry; and, in those of a lighter nature, deep and bitter satire is often couched under the most trifling levity." Swift faithfully encountered the task of regularly conducting the religious services of his little cure. Hawkesworth, in his Memoir, believes "that his attachment to religious life, however early and however strong, was not the effect of temporary views, but of zeal for the success of the great work in which he was about to engage, and a consciousness of his own ability to acquit himself with advantage." He often declared that at this time religious purposes were predominant in his mind; and when he entered on his charge, he gave evidence that his intentions were earnest, by intimating that he would read prayers not only on Sundays, but also on every Wednesday and Friday—an unusual undertaking. "The duties of the church, which he thus rendered more frequent, he performed with the utmost punctuality and the most rational devotion; he was indeed devout, not only in his public and solemn addresses to God, but in that transient act of adoration which is called saying grace, and which generally consists only in a mutter and a bow, in which the speaker appears to compliment the company and the company each other. Swift always used the fewest words that could be uttered on the occasion, but he pronounced them with an earnestness and fervour which every one around him saw and felt, and with his hands clasped in each other and lifted to his breast. . . . But Swift, with all his piety in his heart, could not resist the temptation to indulge the peculiarity of his humour when an opportunity offered, whatever might be the impropriety of time or place. On the first Wednesday after he had summoned his congregation at Laracor, he ascended his desk, and having sat some time with no other auditor than his clerk Roger [Coxe], he rose up, and with a composure and gravity that upon this occasion were irresistibly ridiculous, he began: 'Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places;' and so proceeded to the end of the service." On Sundays, however, the church was frequented by the neighbouring families; and Swift ere long attained the ambition which he had at the outset cherished—for the clerk was often asked whether the doctor would preach that day. While thus attentive to the spiritual duties of his charge, he did not neglect its temporal concerns. He repaired the dilapidations of church and church-house, augmented the tithes by purchase with his own money, increased the glebe, laid out a garden around the vicarage, made a canal by levelling and straightening the banks of a rivulet at the foot of the

garden, and planted along it the rows of willows to which he often refers with longing in his "Journal to Stella."

For the famed and ill-fated Stella was now in Ireland; and her society was to Swift the great charm of his tranquil country existence—after which he often sighed when busied in the intrigues of a Court and the cares of a State. Before he met Esther Johnson at Moor Park, Swift had felt warmly towards more than one woman. When he quitted Dublin University, and went to reside for a short time under the maternal roof in Leicestershire, his mother feared that he would form, or had formed, an attachment to the daughter of a neighbour. But Swift does not seem to have been deeply touched, or to have in any way committed himself; and he himself records that "when he went to London she married an innkeeper at Loughborough," and became Mrs Perkins of the "George." Some years afterwards—when he returned from Moor Park to Ireland in 1695, on his quarrel with Sir William Temple—Swift fairly fell in love with Miss Jane Warying, the sister of a college companion who seems to have shared Swift's hearty dislike for logical studies and open contempt for constituted authority. In the spring of 1696, belying what, by his own account, was his coldness of temperament and disinclination to confine himself to a single object, Swift wrote a passionate letter to Miss Warying, under the fanciful name of Varina, proposing marriage as "a just and honourable action, which would furnish health to her and unspeakable happiness to both." The lady, however, gave in response no sign of a coming-on disposition; and her difficulty, with the growing attraction of Stella's society, in course of time greatly changed Swift's mood towards Varina. Though he still in form maintained his suit, it seems to have been only in form; and when, in 1700, the lady complained of his increasing coldness, Swift replied in a chilly, objecting, and indeed actually insulting letter, which, as it was evidently intended to do, put an end to all correspondence between them. It was on his return from Ireland in 1695, after his reconciliation with Sir William Temple, that Swift found Stella established at Moor Park, with her mother—the widow of a London merchant, to whom Sir William is said to have lain under obligation for certain services. Mrs Johnson was "a woman of acute and penetrating talents, the friend and companion of Lady Gifford, Temple's favourite sister, and cherished by her with particular respect and regard till the end of her life." From the intimate relations of Sir William Temple with Swift and Stella, ingenious scandal has taken occasion to invent an explanation of the cruel treatment which the Dean inflicted on a lady whom he so tenderly esteemed, that only rests upon the merest groundwork of random guess and malicious inference. The cordial friendship between Lady Gifford and Mrs Johnson explains sufficiently the residence of the latter at Moor Park; while the gratitude of Sir William Temple to her dead husband, and his interest in the fortunes of her charming daughter, reasonably enough account for his leaving Stella that legacy of a thousand pounds, on which so many conjectures have been built. Be all this as it may, when Swift came back to Moor Park, Stella was there—"when first he saw her, at sixteen, the fairest maiden on the green;" and the still young divine most naturally and pleasantly became the instructor of the young divinity. He did not find her far advanced even in the simpler branches of learning, and he did not carry her

much farther; for, whatever were the excellencies of Stella's mind, she was more defective in the technical parts of education—notably in that weak point of the strongest wits, spelling—than a school-girl of the present day would dare to remain at half Stella's years. Swift taught her writing, and her hand always resembled his; but beyond the mere necessaries of education his instructions did not go, and Stella was never an accomplished woman, even in the merely literary sense. A warmer feeling than that proper to pupil and tutor inevitably sprang up between the two. Swift was evidently possessed by the sincerest admiration and the tenderest affection for the lovely, lively, and clever girl, into whose constant society he was thrown; and as for Stella—"her eyes were on the lesson, but her lesson was in him." It was not surprising, then, that when the death of Sir William Temple had broken up the household at Moor Park, and Swift had obtained a permanent and tolerably comfortable settlement in Ireland, he should have lost no time in inducing his fair pupil and intimate friend to settle near him.

Besides a legacy of money, Temple had left Stella a lease of some lands in Wicklow county; and the advantage of being near this property, as well as that offered by the comparative highness of interest and cheapness of maintenance in Ireland, determined, and were made to explain, Esther Johnson's removal to that country. The mother of Stella continued to reside with Lady Gifford; and the young lady had associated herself in housekeeping with Mrs Rebecca Dingley, a respectable woman, with a small annuity, and nothing to distinguish her except her chaperonage of Stella. The ladies were not slow to appreciate the advantages of a removal to Ireland, where Dingley's twenty pounds a year would go farther than in England, and Stella would enjoy the society of the tutor whom she hoped to gain for a husband. To avoid or silence the inevitable whispering of scandal, the most rigid care was taken. Stella, under the continual charge of Mrs Dingley, occupied a lodging in the neighbouring town of Trim, where the Bishop of Meath resided. When Swift left Laracor on his annual journeys to England, the ladies removed into his parsonage; and on his return they either re-occupied their lodging in Trim, or became the guests of Dr Raymond, the vicar of that parish, one of Swift's intimate and esteemed friends. Swift never saw Stella unless Mrs Dingley or some other third party was present; and not the slightest ground of accusation against the perfect propriety of their relations was permitted. It is difficult precisely to comprehend Swift's sentiments towards Stella at this time. But whether the natural coldness of his temperament disinclined him to go farther than a confidential and tender, yet purely Platonic, regard for Stella; or whether he really loved her, but refrained from gratifying his love in matrimony until his ambitious aspirations after high Church preferment should have been satisfied—it is certain that Swift desired to keep Stella wholly to himself. Her beauty, her wit, and her little fortune, naturally brought her admirers in Irishmen more impassioned than Swift; and the Reverend Dr Tisdall, a familiar friend of Swift's, ere long made proposals for her hand. These proposals were formally presented to the friend of the suitor, as the guardian of Stella; but they were not received with favour. Swift objected that Tisdall's fortune was not sufficient, and made such unreasonable demands for the provision to be settled upon Stella

in case of widowhood, that, while not distinctly rejecting the suit, he effectually gave Tisdall to understand the uselessness of urging it. Tisdall seems to have complained, not without reason, that Swift's behaviour in the affair was disingenuous; for a letter from the latter, in 1704, elaborately vindicates the motives by which he was inspired. The suitor and the guardian continued, however, on tolerable terms of friendship, though Swift omits no opportunity, in the "Journal," to sneer at his baffled rival. It was natural that, after such a display of his regard, Stella should consider her fortunes permanently linked with those of Swift; and until her death, in 1727-28, there was no interruption of their singular intercourse.

Meanwhile, Laracor and Stella could not fill the large nature and satisfy the limitless ambition of Swift, now fully conscious of his powers. At that time authorship and partisan politics—and the two were intimately connected—were the readiest stepping-stones to preferment. With the "Tale of a Tub" and the "Battle of the Books" among his manuscripts, Swift had no cause to fear failure as an author; and it seems to have been by sincere conviction that he became a politician—and a politician in advance of his day. Holding strenuously to the highest Tory principles in the Church, in the State he had adopted the principles of the Revolution; yet originally, at least, without the heat, and bitterness, and blindness of a mere party-man. Swift told Lord Somers that, "having been long conversant with the Greek and Roman authors, and therefore a lover of liberty he found himself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics." At the same time, his High-Churchism and his love of the Constitution so balanced his Whiggism and love of liberty, that he may almost be said to have stood in reality between the two parties, though in outward act and appearance he espoused the political cause of the Whigs. During the annual visits which he made to London for some time after his settlement at Laracor, Swift became acquainted with the leading Whig statesmen. In 1701, his first work appeared in print. It was the "Discourse of the Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome;" suggested by the jealousies, and, indeed, the open hostilities, which arose between the Second and Third Estates towards the close of William's reign, and which culminated in the impeachment of Lords Somers, Orford, Halifax, and Portland, for their share in the Partition Treaty that led to the War of the Spanish Succession. In this (anonymous) tract, "Swift"—says Sir Walter Scott—"founded his remonstrance to the public upon the experience to be derived from the history of the civil discords in Athens and Rome, where the noblest citizens, and those who had best deserved of the Republic, fell successive victims to popular odium, until liberty itself, after degenerating into license, was extinguished by tyranny." The pamphlet made much stir; Lord Somers and Bishop Burnet were suspected of the authorship; and the latter, to escape an impeachment by the angry Commons, was fain to make a public disclaimer of any share in it. When Swift came to London in 1702, he found Queen Anne on the throne, and the Whigs in power. He openly avowed the authorship of the "Discourse," and was at once admitted to the intimacy of Somers, Halifax, and the other leaders—for, when he wrote on their behalf, he was not personally known to them, or to any of them except Sunderland. Even now, however, he did not permit himself to be

identified with their measures; since his regard for the interests of the Church made him look with disfavour, and almost with horror, on the toleration—the licentious toleration, as he considered it—which they proclaimed and practised. For some years, therefore, Swift's pen was not again employed on behalf of either party in the State, nor of his own middle course in politics; and although he seems to have held that the Whigs owed him some more solid reward than their private friendship, for the undoubted service which the "Discourse" had rendered to their cause, yet he took no measures to jog their memories, or chafe their gratitude into a livelier heat. He did the work of his cure faithfully and acceptably during the greater portion of the year; paid annual visits to London, that he might keep himself abreast of the times; and devoted himself rather to study than to literary labour—the fresh productions of his pen, between the years 1701 and 1708, being few and trivial.

But in 1704 he published the "Tale of a Tub" and "Battle of the Books," the first of which at least had enjoyed the full benefit of the Horatian maxim, since, as we have seen, it was in existence even during Swift's college-days. In this powerful satire Swift stood forth as the undaunted and unsparing champion of the Church of England. Under the allegory of three sons, to each of whom their father has left by will a seamless coat, on certain conditions respecting its use and maintenance, but who depart from the instructions in various ways, or return repentant to their obedience—the corruptions and abuses of the Church of Rome, the folly and fanaticism of the Dissenting Churches, are placed in striking contrast with the purity, the dignity, and the moderation of the Reformed Church in England. Teeming with irreverence and coarseness, even when judged by the standard of that day, the satire gave proof of most trenchant and formidable literary power; and though his authorship was not merely unconfessed, but strenuously denied, Swift was at once admitted into the admiring esteem and intimate society of the great wits of his time—the famed frequenters of Button's coffee-house, Addison, Steele, Congreve, Arbuthnot, and the rest. Some odd anecdotes are told of his brusque and actually rude manners when first, before he had burst on the world in the full blaze of his genius, he ventured into the resort of wit; and for some time he was known among the *habitués* under the title of "the mad parson." If the men of letters were delighted by the "Tale of a Tub," however, the Churchmen were correspondingly shocked. Though the purpose and effect of the work were unquestionably friendly to the Church, they could not forgive the levity of the whole allegory, or the reckless freedom with which the author handled the most sacred mysteries of the Christian faith. Swift had, in truth, cut a rod for his own back. There is not the slightest doubt that the "Tale of a Tub" opposed an insuperable obstacle to the bestowment upon him of any high office in the Church. Queen Anne was too piously narrow-minded to look beyond the harsh and gross external disfigurements of the work, into its inner motive and real significance; and Dr Sharpe, the Archbishop of York, who possessed the Queen's ear, was so utterly scandalised by the satire, as to assure Her Majesty that the author must have been an infidel. The offence of Swift was heightened by his clerical character; and he must soon have discovered that the work which redeemed his college career from the reproach of idleness and folly, had opposed a bar to his career in the

Church which it would not be easy for a much greater time-server to surmount. It was not calculated to remove this prejudice, that the infidel philosophers of the Continent hailed the "Tale" as a work well adapted to advance the cause of scepticism; and that Voltaire recommended it to his proselytes, "because the ludicrous combinations which are formed in the mind by the perusal tend to lower the respect due to revelation."

Lifted at once into the society and esteem of wits and statesmen—for the Whigs now began to caress him most eagerly—Swift's life for a number of years now belongs to England rather than Ireland. His mind was still occupied by the desire to reconcile Toryism in matters ecclesiastical with Whiggism in matters political; and he wrote much—but destroyed nearly all that he wrote—with the view of promoting that consummation. In 1708, he inaugurated the busiest and most brilliant portion of his career, by the publication of "The Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man, with respect to Religion and Government;" at once a generally temperate statement of the claims of the National Church on the allegiance of Englishmen, and a powerful plea for the Revolution principles in civil government. But political moderation, in those days, was not so well understood and appreciated as in these; and already Swift began to be accused of preparing for desertion to the Tory ranks. In 1708–9, appeared his "Letter upon the Sacramental Test"—a powerful argument against repeal or relaxation of a disability which the author considered essential to the stability of the Church. When the Whig leaders discovered, what they had suspected, that Swift was the writer, they cooled in their tone towards him; and now, probably, began to arise in his mind that resentment against their ingratitude which was undoubtedly one of the causes which brought about his desertion in 1710. He had also the mortification of finding his personal influence ineffectual to obtain an inconsiderable favour for the Church of Ireland. In 1703–4 Queen Anne, to improve the position of poorer clergymen in the English Church, had granted that institution the first-fruits and tenths—a sum of about £16,000 yearly, originally levied by the Crown as a tax to maintain the Crusade, but in later times diverted to the gratification of Court favourites. The Irish clergy had several times besought a corresponding boon, but without avail; and in 1708, Swift, then supposed to have great power with the Ministry of Godolphin, was commissioned by the Convocation of Ireland to urge the request. But Swift also met with rebuff. Godolphin was indisposed to deal liberally with the Irish clergy, since the measure, in England, had not responded in its political results to the expectations of the Ministry. They had hoped to receive in return the favour and support of the clergy; and the Treasurer gave Swift to understand that unless the Irish clergy "made such acknowledgments as they ought," nothing could be done. And nothing was done—at least while Swift remained in London on this occasion, which was from February 1707–8 to April 1709. During that period, his desire to quit his tranquil but monotonous "banishment" at Laracor was twice frustrated. He would fain have gone to Vienna with Lord Berkeley, in the capacity of secretary, but failing health prevented his lordship's acceptance of the embassy; and, again, there was some talk of sending Swift out to Virginia, as bishop and supervisor of the colonial churches—but neither did this come to anything. Swift still looked in vain for preferment from

the Whigs. An application, understood to have been made by Lord Somers to Lord Wharton on his appointment to the Viceroyalty of Ireland, that Swift should have the chaplaincy at Dublin Castle, proved unavailing. Swift became confirmed in that intense disgust against the Whigs—Lord Somers, even, he calls "a false, deceitful rascal"—which breaks out so often throughout the "Journal to Stella," and which so strongly co-operated with his ecclesiastical Toryism to dispose him to side with Harley and St John. In 1709, Swift published the "Project for the Advancement of Religion," under the auspices of a dedication to Lady Berkeley—following up, in a grave tone, and with a hidden political drift, as preparing the way for the advent of the Tories to power, the humorous "Argument against Abolishing Christianity," which had already appeared. In 1708, Swift had begun the amusing and exceedingly successful attack on the astrologers—who were in too much credit even at that comparatively late date—with the "Predictions for the Year 1708, by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq." Among other fanciful events which should happen during the year, Swift set down the death of John Partridge, the most celebrated almanack-maker and soothsayer of his time, (see page 544); and in reply to Partridge's retort upon "Bickerstaff," in his almanack for 1709, renewed attacks were made on the poor prophet, who found it very difficult to persuade the town that he was alive—impossible to save himself from a perfect storm of ridicule. To make the whole affair more absurd, the Inquisition in Portugal had solemnly burnt the "Predictions" at the stake; while in the following year the Stationers' Company, under the belief that Partridge was really as dead as "Bickerstaff" pretended, had obtained an injunction against the publication of any almanack under his name. The establishment of the *Tatler* was an immediate consequence of the "Bickerstaff Papers;" the *nom de plume* which had become identified with so much wit and humour, was adopted by Steele—the secret of whose authorship Swift enjoyed from the outset; and until party differences terminated the friendship between the two writers, Swift continued to give much assistance to the first and not least sprightly of British periodicals.

Early in 1709, Swift had almost completely broken off his cordial relations with the Ministry and their political friends, excepting Addison, then secretary to Lord Wharton in Ireland; he busied himself in literary labour at Laracor, and bided his time for compensation, if not also for revenge. In May 1710, his mother died—removing, as he mournfully said, "the only barrier between him and death." In the agitating events that attended the prosecution of Dr Sacheverell, and greatly contributed to shake the power of the Whig Ministry, Swift was in no way a participator, though he could not fail to look on with lively interest. The popular enthusiasm for High Church doctrines, so unmistakably displayed on the occasion, led the Irish clergy to think the moment propitious for renewing their request that the first-fruits and twentieth-parts should be granted to them. The Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe were sent to London for that purpose; and by a letter from the other Irish prelates, dated August 31, 1710, Swift was joined with them in the commission—the sole charge of pursuing the request being left in his hands, if he should find that the two bishops had quitted London. Swift set out from Ireland on September 1, reached Chester on September 2, and wrote

the first of his journals to Stella. He arrived in London on September 9, and entered almost immediately into that foremost rank in public affairs which rendered the next three or four years the most brilliant and remarkable of his career. During nearly the whole of that time, Swift every day, except when illness and other unavoidable causes prevented, wrote to Stella a full and precise account, not only of what was passing in the inner political world, but of his own daily life and occupations, his hopes and misgivings, his longings for Laracor and pride in his mighty power at Court, his public triumphs and his private mortifications. That singular and interesting "Journal" (see pages 226 to 403), throws the clearest light upon this eventful period of Swift's life. We know that his hopes of preferment from the Whigs were dead. We know that the conduct of that party in ecclesiastical matters had alienated from them his sincerest convictions and his profoundest sympathies as an earnest Churchman. By as much as he was thus removed from the Whigs, by so much was he necessarily drawn nearer to the Tories. Yet only by his coolness, and his withdrawal from their court and company, had he shown any change of temper towards his old friends—unless the "Project for the Advancement of Religion" may be considered to have been composed with the view of fixing in the mind of Queen Anne a prepossession in favour of the Tories, as the true protectors and friends of morality, religion, and the Establishment. When he came to London, then, the Whigs were joyous and hopeful. Godolphin had ceased in August to be Lord Treasurer; Harley and St John were in power; but the Queen had not so completely broken with the Whigs, that the new Ministry sat securely in their places, or enjoyed an easy task in administration. The pen of Swift could not fail to prove an immense if not decisive weight in the wavering scales. Naturally, therefore, on his arrival his old friends "made a dead set at him." He says: "All the Whigs were ravished to see me, and would have laid hold on me as a twig, to save them from sinking; and the great men were all making their clumsy apologies. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make of my ill usage." Meanwhile the Tories, unaware of Swift's altered dispositions, held aloof. He was, by their own admission, "the only man in England they were afraid of." But their fears were dissipated by the blunders of their foes, who destroyed the slight remaining chance that Swift would adhere to his party allegiance. Godolphin "received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so, I am almost vowing revenge." Lord Somers, to whom the "Tale of a Tub," had been dedicated, was suspected by Swift of disingenuous conduct in the business of that chaplaincy to Lord Wharton which he had failed to obtain; and the intimacy now ceased, to be replaced by bitter and contemptuous hatred. Lord Halifax—who had promised him preferment so late as October 1709, in a letter which the recipient endorsed with the biting memorandum that it was "kept as a true original of courtiers and court-promisers"—did not yet come under the same ban as the other Whig leaders; but Swift, when in company with Addison and Steele, declined to pledge "Halifax and the Resurrection of the Whigs," unless he might add, "their Reformation." Still, he did not at once go into the Tory ranks. His old idea of a party that would rise above party, had not lost its strength. The rival factions, however, were struggling for life or death;

and Swift did not long stand neutral. On the 1st October, he had already fulfilled his vow of vengeance on Godolphin, by writing the stinging and immensely successful lampoon, "Sid Hamet's Rod;" and three days afterwards he declined an invitation to dine with Halifax at Hampton Court, and was admitted to his first private interview with Harley.

The reception which Swift met with from Harley, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was most cordial. Harley had been already prepared, "by another hand where he was very intimate," to find his visitor exceedingly discontented, through the ill usage of the late Ministry; and Swift informs Stella that the Tory statesman "received him with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable." Three days afterwards, Harley "entered with all kindness" into the business that had brought him to town; invited him to dinner; promised to introduce him to St John, then First Secretary of State; and, with characteristic "refinement," forbade him to attend at his levee, because "that was no place for friends." On the 10th October, the request of the Irish clergy was already as good as granted; purely, Swift says, through his personal credit with Harley—"who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better." Only ten days after his first interview with the usually reserved and procrastinatory, but on this occasion singularly frank, prompt, and effective Harley, Swift had been fairly won to the Tory cause, and wrote to Stella—"I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed." The new statesmen, indeed, required the aid of Swift so much, that caresses were an extremely cheap price to pay for his services. They were not themselves Tories of the old school—only two years before, they had been members of the Whig Administration; and one of their principal difficulties was to reconcile the people, and especially the country party in Parliament, to their moderate, cautious, and half-hearted policy. They proceeded very slowly to make those changes in the minor offices which ensue upon a change of the Government; and they appreciated the full value of securing the devotion of such a writer as Swift, who, extremely Tory in his views of those Church questions on which the people were then excited, was yet in politics an occupant of that middle ground on which the Ministry stood, and were insecure. Swift was keenly alive to the proud importance with which such a *rôle* would invest him; to the claim for preferment in the Church which his services would give him; and to the opportunity of avenging his slight from the Whigs which was now presented. At the same time, his convictions of what was best alike for Church and for State, seem to have completely warranted him in espousing the Tory cause; for he says, "according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what lies in my power." And so he did, with the full vigour of his mind and the whole energy of his will, during the next four years.

Most of Swift's old friends at Button's coffee-house—Addison, Steele, Congreve, Rowe, Burnet, and the rest—were already engaged, by various publications, in attacking and attempting to discredit the Administration. In defence and counter-attack, the Government had established the *Examiner*, published once a

week, and supported by the skilful pens of St John, Atterbury, Prior, Freind, and several other Tory writers. The *Examiner* had reached its thirteenth number when it was entrusted entirely to Swift—who, says Mr Sheridan, "entered the field alone, and, with a Sampson-like strength, scorned assistance and despised numbers." Shortly before Swift undertook the conduct of the *Examiner*, Addison, the least virulent and partisan of all the Whig writers, withdrew from the contest—resigning the *Whig Examiner*, which he had for some time carried on with vigour and biting effect. Thus it became possible for Swift and Addison to retain some measure of the personal friendship which had intimately existed between them; and although their relations greatly cooled, "on account of party," still there was no such open breach, or loss of mutual respect, as occurred between Swift and Steele. From the 10th November 1710 (No. 14) till the 7th June 1711 (No. 45), Swift bore upon his single shield and spear the entire battle of the Administration, against the writers in the *Medley* and other Whig prints. His mode of fighting was peculiarly formidable. The intense individuality and bitter cynicism of his nature made personal attack and invective his most ready and effective weapons in controversy; and while he did not shrink from joining combat on the wider issues of party or policy, he delighted with a kind of savage delight to pillory particular opponents or offenders. Wharton, Godolphin, Somers, Sunderland, Marlborough, Walpole, all in turn were assailed by the keen shafts of his galling satire; his spite and resentment even rendering him in some cases—notably in that of Somers—unmindful of former services, of old professions of esteem, and of truth itself. The cause of the Administration, however, was in too great jeopardy to admit of much niceness of feeling or scruple on the part of their single champion. Even six months after his arrival, in March 1710–11, Swift writes: "This kingdom is certainly ruined, as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have a peace, let it be a bad or a good one; though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. . . . The Ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an isthmus, between the Whigs on one side, and violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen; but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them." They needed Swift's utmost skill and exertion; and he did not confine himself to writing the *Examiner*, but drew upon his poetic talent and satirical faculty for weapons of annoyance to be used against the enemy. He followed up "Sid Hamet's Rod" by many other lampoons in verse, and by frequent occasional pamphlets attacking the character of leading Whigs, or defending the conduct of his Ministerial friends. Conspicuous among these tracts was the "Short Character of the Earl of Wharton," against whose vices resentment for his ingratitude made Swift especially indignant and severe. All the while, he did not neglect the business which he had been especially commissioned to accomplish; and after some delay, caused by Harley's relapse into procrastinatory ways after Swift's adhesion had been placed beyond doubt, a royal warrant was issued in February 1710–11, granting to the clergy of Ireland the often-solicited first-fruits. In the interval, however—as Swift records with much angry vexation in the "Journal,"—the bishops, foolishly fancying that his former intimacy with the Whigs would impair his influence with the new Administration, recalled his commission, intending to entrust the matter to the Duke of Ormond,

who had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant in the room of Wharton. Justly offended by this ungrateful mistrust, Swift refrained from pushing a request which he had meditated, for a further concession to the Irish Church; and he entered into a somewhat acrimonious correspondence with Dr King, the Archbishop of Dublin, with whom he never afterwards was on terms of much more than civility and official respect. The interference of the bishops, however, came far too late to take from Swift the whole credit of obtaining the boon for which the Irish clergy had long petitioned in vain.

Swift had been admitted to the closest friendship, and enjoyed most constant and familiar intercourse, with the two chiefs of the Tory Administration; not on a footing of patronage or condescension, but on that of sincere regard and perfect equality. Indeed, if any difference marked their companionship, it was rather that Swift assumed the language and airs of a superior. Whether he may have become somewhat *tête exaltée* by the freedom and deference with which his great friends treated him, and his knowledge that he was valuable, nay indispensable, to them; or whether he assumed a dogmatism and *brusquerie* of manner, in order to satisfy his quick spirit of independence that he was not thus well entreated through any sacrifice of his own individuality or personal pride—certain it is, that he sometimes treated the Ministers very cavalierly. "Indeed it is hard," he says, "to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me." He dined every Saturday with Harley, in an exclusive little company; and he was wont to object if any were present besides the usual circle. Once, when he dined with St John, he went away early, because some people were present whom he did not know or like; subsequently, he would only come on condition that he should choose the company himself—"and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before." Swift's frankness of speech and freedom of demeanour towards the greatest men in England, were no doubt often prompted by his real desire to advance some public interest; but there were occasions on which they seem to have amounted to arrogance, if not even to insolence. Take, for example, this entry in the "Journal," on February 12, 1710–11: "I dined to-day with Mr Secretary St John; I went to the Court of Requests at noon, and sent Mr Harley into the house to call the Secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late." Even when it is remembered that this incident closely followed Swift's reconciliation with Harley, after a wound inflicted by the latter upon his pride, one is scarcely prepared to look upon it as Mr Sheridan does—who finds in it a high proof of Swift's magnanimity. More reasonable is the view which that biographer had stated only to dismiss: "When we are informed that a private clergyman, vicar of a small country living, in an obscure part of the world, sent the Prime Minister of Great Britain, to bring out to him the First Secretary of State from the Senate-House, where he was engaged in the important business of the nation, upon so frivolous an occasion, we should be apt to consider it was a wanton exertion of the most insolent pride." The Ministers, however, sanctioned Swift's behaviour towards them, by "coming into his terms." He says that they "are good, honest, hearty fellows; I use them like dogs, because I expect they will use me so. They call me nothing but Jonathan, and I said I believed they

would leave me Jonathan as they found me; and that I never knew a Minister do anything for those whom they made companions of their pleasures: and I believe you will find it so, but I care not." He did find it so—and *did* care, when he had found it so. St John at dinner one day "seemed terribly down and melancholy;" two days after, Swift calls to inquire "what the d—l ailed him on Sunday;" and reports: "I made him a proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper, ... and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I expected every great Minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he saw or heard anything to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my Lord Keeper, and Mr Harley, know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly." More justifiable was that quarrel with Harley to which we have referred. In February 1710–11, the Minister conveyed to Swift a bank note for £50, no doubt intended as some partial recognition of his literary services; but Swift returned the note, with a letter of bitter complaint, through Mr Lewis, a mutual friend, and next day he refused Harley's invitation to dinner, "for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends." The day after, Harley sent through Mr Lewis a letter desiring to be reconciled; but Swift was deaf to all entreaties, and demanded farther satisfaction,—for "if we let these great Ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I shall cast him off." The Minister, however, made the required amends for the assault on Swift's pride; on the 13th, Swift writes that he has "taken Mr Harley into favour again;" and thus a breach was avoided, which probably would have materially changed the current of Swift's life, and the prospects of the Tory Administration. For his services in the cause of the Irish clergy, and in that of the Ministry, Swift does not appear to have ever received the slightest pecuniary remuneration; and he came near to finding the gratitude of his political friends not more warm or effectual than that of the Irish clergy.

Meanwhile, he was entirely in the secret of State affairs and the confidence of the Ministry; and it has been seen that his close view of the condition of the country, and the position of the Government, made him anything but hopeful. He braced himself, however, to the task of smoothing away the difficulties that embarrassed his friends, not only abroad and in Parliament, but also in their own private counsels. The jealousies and diversities between Harley and St John, which subsequently led to their open and ruinous conflict, even now resulted in occasional disputes, in which Swift was called upon to act the part of mediator, with temporary success—although the contentions ultimately became so frequent and so flagrant, that they baffled even his great influence. He saw that "any falling out would ruin them, and so he told them several times;" and he repeatedly warned both Harley and St John of the disastrous consequences that must ensue from their dissensions. He had also a difficult work to do in keeping

Harley from falling a hopeless prey to his vicious habit of procrastination, and in moderating St John's devotion to pleasures not of the table alone. He grievously blames the Ministers because they "teazed him to death for his assistance, laid the whole weight of their affairs upon it, and slipped opportunities." He describes St John as promising, when Swift went to him in the morning and found him engaged, to do all their business after dinner—and then "sitting till eight, growing merry, and no business done." He over and over again laments, in like fashion, the dilatoriness and sloth of Harley; and he did not shrink from plain speaking when he thought it advantageous to scold them or rally them upon their errors and neglect, and urge them to better behaviour. Once, for instance, Swift received from Colonel Hill, brother of Mrs Masham, the present of a curious snuff-box, which he showed to Harley—then Lord Oxford. His lordship, examining the workmanship of the gem, found upon the bottom the image of a goose wrought in studs; whereupon, turning to Swift, he said, "Jonathan, I think the Colonel has made a goose of you!" "'Tis true, my lord," replied Swift; "but if you will look a little farther, you will see I am driving a snail before me!" which, indeed, happened to be the full device. Oxford, on this, said, "Jonathan, that's severe enough; but I deserved it." With all his endeavours to promote peace and promptitude, however, Swift was deeply impressed with a sense of the great peril which the Ministry incurred through these intestine feuds and failings in duty. At home, the extreme Tories in the House of Commons had banded themselves together, under the title of the "October Club," for the purpose of pressing the Ministry to take the decided measure of expelling the Whigs who still held office, and giving their places to Tories. In his "Advice to the Members of the October Club," Swift strove, not without effect, to moderate their discontent, and dissolve the strong bond of fancied common grievance which held their formidable phalanx together. But the most serious danger of the Administration lay abroad. An urgent necessity existed for bringing about a peace with France, while yet contriving that France should not seem to gain any undue advantage in a negotiation that was forced upon the British Cabinet, not by loss of battles, but by failure of national resources and increasing distress under popular burdens. The popular mind, inflamed by the brilliant but resultless series of Marlborough's victories, was bent on continuing the contest. But Swift had deliberately, in his "Journal," expressed the opinion that the people were wrong—that a peace was essential, if there was not to be a crash in the national affairs; and the Ministry desired that he should convert the popular temper from warlike to pacific. The task was not an easy one; yet Swift accomplished it with singular success. After printing an amusing account of Prior's journey to Paris as the bearer of pacific overtures—perhaps designed to break the fall of the idea of peace upon the public mind—Swift, on the 27th November 1711, a few days before the meeting of the Parliament that had to determine the question of peace or continued war, published his famous pamphlet on "The Conduct of the Allies." This work, as the "Journal to Stella" abundantly proves, was drawn up with the utmost pains and care; and it was most skilfully adapted to convince the people that they had been deluded and plundered, not for their own profit or advantage, but for that of their allies and the Whig Ministry, who had alone reaped the

benefit of a protracted war, the chief burden of which pressed on the commons of Great Britain. The effect of this able and trenchant exposure of the causes and consequences of the war, was marvellous. Four editions were greedily bought up within a week; public opinion almost unanimously accepted its views of affairs past and present; it was re-talked in the House of Commons by the adherents of Government; and it drew down the most violent denunciations from the Whigs, who even, through Walpole and Aislabie, clamoured for Swift's impeachment at the bar of the Lords. No step of that nature, however, was ventured upon; and Swift, secure against prosecution, composed for his friends the "Representation of the House of Commons on the State of the Nation," and an "Address of Thanks to the Queen." At the same time that he was thus reconciling the divisions of the Ministers—giving an impulse to the tardy nature and negligent habits of Harley—confronting, dissuading, and finally breaking up, the formidable October Club—and lashing the nation into rage against the war in which it had been duped, and eager desire for the peace which it had but yesterday derided—Swift was engaged in projects for accomplishing a task that had long occupied his thoughts, the establishment of the English language, by means of a fixed standard, upon a firm and solid basis. The Lord Treasurer, Oxford, had promised Swift that he would "erect some kind of society, or academy, under the patronage of the Ministers and protection of the Queen, for correcting, enlarging, polishing, and fixing our language;" and in July, 1711, Swift was engaged in writing to the Treasurer his "Letter" of proposal on the subject. The ingenious and learned men of his acquaintance readily fell in with his project; but the objections to which it was liable, both in practice and in principle, were so many and so powerful, that when the scheme was promulgated, in 1712, it met with a cold reception from Swift's friends, and the bitterest censure from his enemies—who accused him of no other or higher end than to make a place for himself.

It has been said that party differences cast a cloud on Swift's friendship with Addison. The latter, it appears from the "Journal," exhibited the first signs of coldness; which Swift, with all his freedom from merely party rancour, was too proud-spirited not to notice and resent. But Swift's friendship was stronger than his partisanship; and while he actually conferred benefits on some of his former associates, he made repeated endeavours to serve Steele, who had given the greatest umbrage to the men in power. Though Steele lost his post as Gazetteer, through violent party writing inconsistent with that office, he retained his Commissionership of Stamps by Swift's intercession. But soon a virulent personal combat took place between the *quondam* friends, in the *Guardian* and *Examiner;* and an open rupture was the result. Consolation for the loss of old companions was abundantly afforded to Swift by the formation of a Society of Brothers, composed of sixteen of the most eminent Tory statesmen, courtiers, and wits; they dined together periodically, and contrived means for the advancement of deserving authors, and the furtherance of literature in general. By the aid of this Society, and especially through Swift's good-will and passion for encouraging merit, Congreve, Parnell, Philips, Rowe, Pope, Gay, Berkeley, King, Diaper, Harrison, and others, found themselves secured against distress, or placed in positions where

their genius was recognised and found free play. The "Journal to Stella" abounds with passages, written not in ostentation or boast, but in the mere matter-of-fact tone of his daily report, which attest Swift's largeness of nature, his thorough benevolence, his love of doing good to the meritorious. His account of the death of Harrison, a young man who was rising through his influence, shows that he took a deep and real personal concern in the fortunes of those whom he had served; and the proudest reward of his three years' power in London, was the genuine admiration and the cordial friendship of Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Prior, and many more, who had enjoyed his society, and had been advanced through his influence, during this bright period of his career.

The public was surprised, and Swift himself not a little disappointed, that while he was able with ease to do so much for others, he could do nothing for himself. Frequently in the "Journal to Stella," he betrays hopes that might most reasonably be founded on his political services to the Tories, and his intimate personal relations with their leaders. He even treats with scorn the report that he was to be made a Bishop in Ireland, on the ground that the Ministers would not let him go so far from Court. He does not seem, for a long time, to have suspected that behind the procrastination of his friends, and their desire to retain his aid, there worked an irresistible force—the resentment of the Queen against the author of the "Tale of a Tub." It has been said that the Archbishop of York had poisoned the narrow mind of that pious woman against the most strenuous supporter of her Administration; while by the "Windsor Prophecy," (see page 582,) he had made a deadly enemy of the Duchess of Somerset—who was intriguing at Court in favour of the Whigs. Occasion after occasion passed over, and still Swift's claims were ignored. About the end of 1712, the See of Hereford fell vacant, and Oxford sought to obtain it for his friend—but in vain; for the Archbishop and the Duchess now conspired to confirm the Queen in her opposition to Swift's advancement. In the spring of 1713, Swift began to realise that there was no prospect of overcoming the resistance which his deserts and his hopes encountered at Court. Finding that appointments to three deaneries, and one or two other benefices, had been made without mention of his name, he declared, before the warrants were issued, that he would at once retire—only blaming Oxford for not informing him, as he had promised, if he discovered that the Queen would do nothing for him. Even then, it was not easy to find a preferment for Swift, whose claims, after his decided declaration, it was no longer possible to set aside. At last his friend, Dr Sterne, was appointed Bishop of Dromore, in order to vacate for Swift the deanery of St Patrick's; and, after an attempt to exchange this office for a prebend at Windsor had been baffled by his enemies at Court, Swift departed for Ireland, in June 1713, to take possession of the deanery. When we remember his services to the interests of the Ministry and the cause of the Church, his brilliant and powerful place both at Court and in literature, and the abundant food with which his proud position might naturally supply the most soaring hopes of preferment—we may well fancy with what intense mortification Swift returned to his native country, and understand the bitterness with which, throughout his life, he spoke of his residence in Ireland as a banishment.

The beginning of his exile was not rendered more pleasant or promising by the cold and unfriendly reception which he met with from the clergy and people in Dublin, and by the cessation of his intercourse with Vanessa—Miss Vanhomrigh, whom he had so rarely and slightly mentioned in the otherwise excessively frank "Journal to Stella," yet with whom he had contracted the most intimate and even tender friendship during his prolonged stay in London. To Vanessa, he writes that at his first coming he thought he should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing him; but the feeling soon began to change to dulness. Speedily, however, Swift was recalled to England by the open outbreak of those dissensions between Oxford and Bolingbroke, which he alone had been able to control or repress, and in which he had foreseen that the great peril of the Tory Administration consisted. His influence for a season allayed the discord; and he found himself anew involved in the whirl of politics, battling, with all the keenness of his wit and the force of his satire, against a crowd of literary opponents, foremost among whom were Burnet and Steele. In answer to the "Crisis," a pamphlet published by the ex-Gazetteer, Swift wrote the famous "Public Spirit of the Whigs;" where Steele was vehemently assailed by personalities in which he had not indulged, and was not even now induced to indulge, against his *quondam* friend. To confirm the Scottish peers in their dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Ministry, the author of the "Crisis" had praised the Scottish nation, and expressed strong approval of the Union. Swift, on the other hand—who never liked the Scotch, and especially detested the Duke of Argyll, now in opposition to his Tory friends—launched out, in his "Public Spirit of the Whigs," into the severest satire on the poverty and greed of the Scotch, and the bitterest condemnation of the Union, as unequal and unduly profitable to the "poor, fierce Northern people." Appealed to immediately by the Whig peers, the House of Lords pronounced strongly against the pamphlet; Oxford was forced to disown it, and reprobate the language applied to the Scotch; the printer and bookseller were ordered into custody; and when the Ministry endeavoured to shield Swift by prosecuting the printer, instead of merely extorting information from him as to the authorship and then setting him free, the Scottish peers went in a body to the Queen, demanding that a proclamation should be issued, offering a reward for discovery of the libeller. A reward of £300 was accordingly proclaimed; but no proceedings ensued, and ultimately the clamour subsided and the matter fell to the ground. With Oxford, who had especially protected him during this time of danger, Swift was, if possible, upon more close, almost more tender, terms of friendship than ever before. His influence was as great as it had been, and once again the prospect of a bishopric might have dazzled his eyes. So far from achieving this reward of his services, however, he could not even obtain the grant of £1000 that he had solicited to meet the initiatory expenses of his benefice, which his three years residence in London had done much to disqualify him from bearing. Not merely so, but he failed in an application for the post of historiographer, which he coveted as the means of enabling him to complete and amplify the "History of the Peace of Utrecht," which afterwards was styled the "History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne," but which he desired to enlarge into a survey of that monarch's entire reign. Further to mortify Swift, he saw the gradual decline of his power to keep the rival Ministers

even in apparent harmony, Personal and poetical expostulation failed; and a crowning ineffectual effort—made in an interview with both disputants, intriguing Bolingbroke and paltering Oxford, at Mrs Masham's, in May 1714, not long before the death of the Queen—led to the retirement of Swift from a scene of conflict in which his warm friendship for each of the rivals painfully distracted him. For some weeks, he buried himself in seclusion in Berkshire, exciting the surprise of everybody, and the rancorous triumph of his political foes. During the time, he busied himself in writing a pamphlet called "Free Thoughts on the State of Public Affairs;" in which the more serious blame was laid on Oxford, the author's greater friend, and Bolingbroke was counselled to take bold measures, with the view of securing the predominance of the Church party in politics, and at the same time relieving the Tory party from fear of Hanoverian interference with their designs upon the Government. The pamphlet would have been published, but that, while it was in the printer's hands, Bolingbroke made some alterations to which Swift refused to consent. Bolingbroke, now triumphant over Oxford, did his utmost to secure Swift's hearty support, and persuaded the Queen to sign a Treasury warrant for £1000, to defray the deanery charges; while Lady Masham besought Swift that he would remain faithful to the Queen in the hour of crisis, and fresh promises were made that at last seemed to open to Swift a clear path to Court favour and Church dignity. But Oxford, sunk in disgrace and despondency, had written imploring Swift, by the memory of their friendship, to attend him on his sad and lonely journey down to Herefordshire; and Swift, without a moment's hesitation, complied. "It lessens not the merit of this sacrifice," Scott remarks, "that, within three days, fate closed the prospects of the Tory party by the death of Queen Anne, when the accession of George I. confounded the triumphant Bolingbroke and the disgraced Oxford in common peril and proscription." Alone among the dispirited Tories, Swift still retained his courage, and endeavoured to rally the party for a bold, final effort to retain power. But all was useless. Bolingbroke refused to make common cause with Oxford; the last Ministers of Queen Anne either hastened into exile, or were thrown into the Tower; and Swift, an object of execration and violence which even endangered his life, commenced anew and in earnest, his exile in Ireland.

Pursued into exile by the suspicion of disloyalty to the Hanoverian succession, persecuted by the populace, and frowned upon by the clergy of Dublin—Swift's first years in the deanery of St Patrick's could not have been happy, even if they had not been embittered by the perplexities and regrets of his relationship with Stella and Vanessa. The exalted and brilliant society amid which he had moved, an ornament and a power, was no longer at his command; in the room of Oxford, Prior, Pope, and the other illustrious friends of London days, he had to choose acquaintances among such comparatively obscure men as the society of the Irish capital afforded. But though concerning the brothers Grattan, Rochfort, Ludlow, Dr Sheridan, and other Dublin friends, Swift could say that "greater companions he might have conversed with, but better he neither did nor could"—still, his mind dwelt intensely and bitterly on all that he had left and lost. With Bolingbroke and Lady Masham, but especially with Oxford, his sympathy was profound and sincere; of the latter he implored permission to attend him during his im-

prisonment in the Tower,—a permission prudently as well as generously refused; and his correspondence with his friends in England is tinged by a deep melancholy, springing from the thought of those friends' misfortunes and his own unhappy isolation from the society which he loved. Nor did even the uninterrupted personal intercourse which he could now enjoy with Stella, withdraw his mind from these futile regrets. For the intimacy with Vanessa, which had commenced in London, had obtained so considerable a hold upon Swift's inner life, that his feelings towards Stella, although they had not changed, could not but have caused him frequent and severe internal conflict. Swift, as the "Journal" shows, was, during his brilliant residence in London, from 1710 to 1713, a constant guest at the house of his neighbour, Mrs Vanhomrigh, the widow of a Dutch gentleman; who had been commissary of stores in Ireland, and afterwards a commissioner of the revenue. The eldest daughter, Esther,—whom Swift, after his curious romantic fashion, styled Vanessa,—was a graceful, sprightly, accomplished girl of twenty when Swift arrived in the capital; and the gifted visitor gradually came to take a perilous interest in the studies of his young hostess, who was fond of reading. Miss Vanhomrigh accepted the attentions of her tutor very much in the same manner that Stella had done. She did not know the relations of Swift with the latter; and, though she had known, the knowledge might not have prevented that which actually happened—for she conceived the most ardent attachment to Swift. To so great a length was she carried by her passion, that, perhaps apprehending that the coldness of Swift's temperament would hinder a declaration from his side, she told him the nature of her regard for him. The position of Swift was most painful; all the more so, because he must have in no slight measure reproached himself for permitting the rise of a passion so warm and so determined, as to have overcome even the natural delicacy of the sex. In this crisis, he did what was unworthy of himself and unkind to both women. Instead of telling Vanessa the plain truth—that he was morally if not formally bound to Stella, or that for other reasons he could not take her at her word and marry her—he parried her avowal by light defences of raillery, and then by making offers of "devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem." This fine Platonic proposal did not content the devoted and ardent woman, who appears to have resolved that she would leave no effort untried to overcome the objections of her insufficiently responsive tutor. When Swift quitted England, he indicated to Vanessa his desire to break off all the ties that bound him to her—a step which, no doubt, he took with a sad heart, for there is evidence, in the altered tone of the later "Journals" to Stella, and otherwise, that Miss Vanhomrigh held at the time a higher place in Swift's esteem, than did the absent rival whose claims he could not cast aside. Vanessa, however, soon formed the determination to follow her too much beloved preceptor into Ireland. Her mother and brothers were dead, and the fortunes of herself and her sister were so much impaired that they could not affect to despise the advantage of more economical living which the Green Isle afforded. Accordingly, they retired to a small property, named Marley Abbey, at Celbridge, near Dublin, which had been bequeathed to them by their father. Between his two mistresses, so dangerously near to him and to each other, the position of Swift

now became most mortifying and delicate; and his conduct cannot be held free from the reproach of moral cowardice. While he continued, not purposely or directly to feed Vanessa's hopes, yet to treat her with such evidences of affectionate regard as could not but inspire her with the resolution to persevere in her suit, the failing health of Stella caused him remorse and anguish. She had frankly declared to the Bishop of Clogher, whom Swift had commissioned to learn the cause of the deep dejection she betrayed, that the recent coldness of the Dean, and her sense that her character had suffered by the relations known to have so long existed between them, were preying upon her spirits, and undermining her health. Swift, it is said, saw no other course to comfort and satisfy a woman who had given up much for his sake, than marriage; and on the most stringent conditions of secrecy, and the understanding that the event should be followed by no alteration of their relations in the eye of the world, he consented to wed Esther Johnson. Stella accepted these hard terms, which at least protected her honour, and secured Swift to herself alone; and the marriage took place in the Dean's garden in 1716—Swift's confidential friend, the Bishop of Clogher, performing the ceremony. For some days afterwards, the Dean is understood to have suffered the most intense agony of mind; and it is related by Scott that his friend Dr Delany, who had gone to the Archbishop of Dublin in order to speak about Swift's condition, encountered Swift coming out of his Grace's library with a countenance of distraction, and was told by the weeping prelate, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." After this storm passed over, the life of Swift and Stella flowed in the same even current as before. Vanessa, however, was still in Dublin, still ignorant of Swift's secret, still eager to make her conquest complete. Swift, naturally, desired very much that her thoughts should be diverted from his person, and he brought into her society Dean Winter, "a gentleman of character and fortune," who sued for her hand, but was decisively rejected; Dr Price, afterwards Archbishop of Cashel, finding no better fortune. At last, in 1717, Miss Vanhomrigh finally retired to Marley Abbey, in spite of the apprehensive entreaties of Swift that she would not thus seclude herself from the world to nurse a hopeless love; and until 1720 they met only on the rare occasions when the lady visited Dublin. But, in that year, Vanessa's sister died; she was left alone in the world, without even the distraction which the care of her sister's failing health had afforded; and she determined on making a crowning effort to overcome Swift's refusal to crown her passion with marriage. Carried away by the combined forces of love and jealousy, at last she wrote to Stella, demanding to know the nature of the connexion between her and Swift. Stella felt a natural transport of anger that Swift should have entertained those intimate relations with Vanessa, the existence of which the letter betrayed; and, informing Vanessa that she was the wife of Swift, she sent her rival's letter to the Dean, and retired to the house of a friend. When he received the letter of Vanessa, Swift's rage was boundless. He rode at once to Marley Abbey, abruptly appeared in the presence of Miss Vanhomrigh, and, with a countenance that chilled the very heart of his hapless lover, threw her own letter on the table; then he rushed out of the room, and galloped back to Dublin. In a few weeks,

Vanessa died of a broken heart, having revoked a will which she had made in favour of Swift. Thus tragically closed that love-drama, whose opening scenes the Dean had beautifully described in the poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa."

While these absorbing relations and momentous incidents occupied Swift's private life, he took little part in public affairs. The circumstances under which he had come to Ireland, the suspicion of disaffection under which he lay, the disfavour of the people whose idol he was yet destined to become, all tended to restrain his pen. In 1714, indeed, he had composed the "Memoirs Relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry," (see page 217;) and, subsequently, "An Inquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry"—that of Oxford—with regard to their quarrels among themselves, and their alleged design of altering the succession to the Crown in favour of the Pretender. These tracts, however, were not composed with the view of their publication till after his death; a fact which lends additional weight to the solemn affirmations and powerful arguments by means of which the writer sought to exonerate the Ministry of his friends from the gravest charges brought against them. Swift faithfully devoted himself to the business of his office as Dean, which the unfriendliness of the Archbishop and some of the clergy had for a season rendered somewhat irksome and difficult; and to study, during the abundant leisure which his duties left him. Herodotus, Aulus Gellius, Lucretius, the classics in general, Rabelais, Boileau, La Bruyère, —these indicate the pursuits to which, in this season of retirement from public life, he devoted his attention. In the practice of that careful economy which had become a second nature to him, he boarded with Mr Worrall, a vicar of the cathedral, whose fondness for walking had recommended him to the favour of the Dean. Twice in the week, however, under the graceful direction of Stella, there were public days at the deanery, when Swift gave moderate but good entertainment—though not such as to satisfy the expectations of some of the minor clergy, who looked coldly on what they termed his parsimony. His principal companion was Dr Sheridan, a distinguished schoolmaster—a man of great simplicity and ready humour, whose society became in time indispensable to the Dean, and who alone had the power to divert him from those dark fits of despondency and despair into which he was often plunged by his bitter regrets, his perplexities between the claims of Stella and Vanessa, his sorrow for the misfortunes of his political friends, his cruel consciousness of failure and mortality, and the influence of his disease, which grew ever more marked as he advanced in years. Much of Swift's pleasure in his Dublin life was derived from his correspondence with Bolingbroke, Oxford, Addison, Arbuthnot, Pope, Lewis, Prior, and other comrades of his brightest days; and there is no doubt that, besides a host of trifles that occupied his pen, the marvellous "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver" now began to assume form. The idea of that fiction had been conceived during the brief existence of the Scriblerus Club, and "Martinus Scriblerus" was the destined hero; but the dispersion of the club, when Oxford fell, postponed the execution of the plan, and probably gave the plot of the work a wider scope. The "Travels," indeed, are the vehicle of a satire upon the politics of a later day; but the framework of the story

might well have been prepared beforehand. Thus, amid a constant bickering of slight satires, epigrams, complimentary and birthday verses, rhymed invitations, and *jeux d'esprit* of all kinds, wore on the six years of Swift's retirement from public affairs.

In 1720, no longer able to contain himself under the insults, oppressions, and miseries heaped upon Ireland by the English nation and Government, Swift's patriotic life began to stir afresh within him. Profiting by the abject condition of the Roman Catholics, and the jealousies and dissensions that distracted the Protestant population in Ireland, the English Parliament not only assumed the right of legislating for the sister country, but abused that usurped right for the meanest ends of commercial gain. The woollen manufacture of Ireland had been ruined by a law forbidding the export of woollen goods to any country but England; and the most violent denunciations in the English Parliament followed every attempt to utter a word of protest against the legislative arrogance and the commercial injustice of the dominant country. The task which Swift undertook —that of demanding justice for the land of his birth and his residence—was, therefore, one of extreme delicacy and danger, even if it had been undertaken by a man who lay under no ban of political suspicion and animosity. But the *sæva indignatio* of the man was as uncontrollable, as his fearlessness was unquestioned; and perhaps his fearlessness took a sterner cast from that weariness of life which led him to read, on each recurring birthday, Job's bitter execration of the hour when he was born, and to wish always and earnestly that the day of his death had come. "Do not the corruptions and villanies of men eat your flesh and exhaust your spirits?" he said to Delany; and he broke silence in a pamphlet, entitled, "A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures," in which he urged that the Irish should trust to themselves for defence and retaliation against the tyrannous legislation of England, and should "utterly renounce and reject every wearable thing" that came from that country. The pamphlet aroused immediate sympathy in the breasts of the people, and swift anger in those of the rulers. "A person in great office," says Swift, "immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the Chief Justice"—Whitshed, a man admirably adapted for such dirty business—"and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two countries at variance; directing at the same time that the printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." The grand juries were influenced to represent the tract "with all aggravating epithets;" the printer, Waters, was seized and held to bail in a large amount; and when, on his trial, the jurors found him not guilty, the Chief Justice sent them back nine times, kept them eleven hours, and finally badgered them into returning a "special verdict"—thus leaving the matter to the discretion of the judge, who had solemnly protested that the author's design was to bring in the Pretender, while not one word in the whole pamphlet could bear such a construction. The conduct of Whitshed excited such a storm of public indignation, that the sentence of Waters was deferred from term to term; until the Duke of Grafton, coming over as Lord-Lieutenant, directed that the prosecution should be abandoned. Although the victory remained with Swift, he seems to have been convinced of the inefficacy and the danger of attempting to make the voice of

justice and the complaint of Ireland heard; and for three or four years he published little, pouring into the mould of "Gulliver's Travels" the molten wrath of his outraged patriotism, and the fierce passion of his canker-bitten life. A remonstrance against the establishment of a National Bank in Dublin coincided with the views of the Irish Parliament, and the project was laid aside. A pseudo confession of one Elliston, a noted street robber in Dublin, put an end for many years to the offence for which that criminal was hung; Swift ingeniously imitated the style proper to such a character, persuading the predatory fraternity that their deceased comrade had left with a friend a paper containing all their names, which should be given to the Government if any one enrolled upon it were tried for robbery or housebreaking. A number of slight and fugitive pieces, some of them glancing at the political and social state of Ireland, prepared the people to hail in Swift a true patriot and an unflinching defender of their rights, when the need for such a man should arise. Meanwhile, the death of Vanessa, under the shock inflicted by the anger of her beloved, and the wreck of her long-sustained hopes, had taken place. The poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa," in which Swift had retraced to her the earlier and happier passages of their intercourse, was now for the first time published, by her dying commands—which also extended to the letters of Swift, although her executors, one of whom was Bishop Berkeley, did not think it judicious to carry out her will literally. The death of Vanessa, and his remorseful sorrow for the incidents that had led to it, drove the Dean into profound seclusion in the south of Ireland, where he remained for two months; but when that period of lonely suffering in the wilderness was over, he returned to Dublin, and was without much difficulty received again into the good graces of Stella.

Ere long, the need for all Swift's public spirit and fearless power of satire arose. The scarcity of copper coin in Ireland had become a source of much inconvenience, and even injustice; for a man possessed of a piece of silver, as Dr Johnson says, might run in debt on the credit of the single coin; since the cook or publican could not refuse to supply any one who had silver in his hand, and the buyer would not leave his money without receiving change, which there was often no copper to afford. The supply of a new copper coinage, therefore, was a mere question of social and commercial advantage, against which no objection need have been raised, if the business had been gone about with proper respect to the rights and dignity of Ireland, and the coins made of just proportionate value. In neither respect, however, had the Irish people reason to be satisfied. By a bribe to the Duchess of Kendal, the King's mistress, William Wood of Wolverhampton, "an enterprising and rapacious man," obtained in 1723 a patent authorising him to coin halfpence and farthings to the value of £108,000, for circulation in Ireland. This delegation of the King's sovereign right to coin money, into the hands of a greedy and obscure adventurer, who pushed his fortune by *douceurs* to a titled and mercenary harlot, excited the keenest resentment throughout the sister kingdom, which former English measures did not leave in a placable humour. The Irish Government had not been consulted—much less the Irish Parliament, which flew instantly into a ferment of alarm and rage at the insult that had been offered to the dignity and the liberties of the country. Eminent Whigs, even,

took up warmly the quarrel of their native land, against an arbitrary and arrogant measure by which the total subjugation of Ireland to the level of an abject dependency seemed to be proclaimed. The jealousy and disgust of the populace were inflamed by the report—which does not seem to have been entirely founded in truth—that the new coins were vilely debased in value; as well as by the knowledge that Wood, the better to profit by his patent, was buying up the remainder of the existing coinage, in order to force his depreciated currency the more easily upon the people. The Privy Council, the Parliament, the grand juries, the corporations, and numerous bodies of the inhabitants throughout the whole of Ireland, sent to London the strongest remonstrances against the project. Sir Robert Walpole, however, obstinately refused to listen; while Wood, relying on the Minister's firmness, imprudently boasted that if the Irish did not take his coins willingly, they must be made to do so by force. Orders were sent to all officers under the Crown in Ireland, that they should aid to the utmost of their power the circulation of the detested money; and the gravest consequences were apprehended from the payment of the troops in coin which the tradespeople and alehouse-keepers would not accept. Swift had already written and published a letter, under the signature of "M. B. Drapier;" by which he had sought, in terse, simple, plain language, beseeming such an origin and such an audience, to represent to the trading and labouring classes the fatal effects upon the welfare of the country that would arise from the coin passing into use—and to create a prejudice against Wood himself, by painting him as "an avaricious and unprincipled projector, ready and eager to ruin the whole kingdom of Ireland, in order to secure an exorbitant profit for himself." Observing the obstinacy of the English Government, Swift followed up the first letter by a second, wherein he made an advertisement which set forth the prejudicial consequences of the patent, and embodied a kind of "solemn league and covenant," to be subscribed all over the country, abjuring the detested coinage, and directing all dependants of the subscribers to refuse it on every occasion. Those "advertisements" were numerously signed in every quarter; and the popular ferment and outcry became so great, that Walpole was provoked to new exertions in furtherance of his resolve. He thought at first to put an end to the commotion—which Swift was energetically fanning by ballads, satires, sermons, epigrams, and every conceivable means of agitation, as well as the publication of the "Letters"—by diminishing the authorised issue of the new coin from £108,000 to £40,000. But the Irish people saw in this pretended compromise only an attempt to get the thin end of the wedge inserted; while the main grievance which had set their patriotism on fire—the invasion of their national rights, and the attack on their national dignity—remained unabated. The English Minister then sent over a successor to the Duke of Grafton in the Lord-Lieutenancy, in the person of Lord Carteret, his rival in the Cabinet—who is said to have done much, with the view of prejudicing Walpole, to foment those very troubles in Ireland, which the crafty Premier now charged him with the task of pacifying. Before Carteret's arrival, Swift had published his fourth "Letter." Abandoning the lower and safer ground of railing against the debasement of the coin and the rapacity of Wood, he now entered with unsparing energy into an examination of the just claims of Ireland,

and an exposure of the tyranny and inequality of England's dealings with that country; and he concluded by not obscurely calling upon the Irish people to assert their independence of England, if the abuses which he pointed out were not remedied, and the test and evidence of them—the discreditable patent of Wood—were not revoked. This direct and dangerous statement of the case between the two countries, crowned the alarm and wrath of the English Government. Carteret, on his arrival, proclaimed a reward of £300 to the person who should discover the author of the fourth "Letter;" while Harding, the printer, was imprisoned, and a Crown prosecution commenced against him. Swift, bolder now, through the rightfulness of his cause, than when he was writing party papers in London, made no change in his manner of living while the proclamation was in force. Nay, when his butler, who had transcribed the MS. of the letter, and who alone was in the secret, stayed out one night drinking—and it was apprehended that, if harshly dealt with, he might make the disclosure—Swift next day made him strip off his livery and quit the deanery, declaring that, because he was in a servant's power, for that very reason he would the less bear to be treated with insolence or neglect. The disgraced man, however, remained proof against temptation; and when the term fixed by the proclamation had expired, Swift not only took him again into his service, but by-and-by promoted him to a vergership in the cathedral—though the honest fellow chose rather to continue the Dean's servant for some years. On the eve of the presentation of the indictment against Harding to the grand jury, Swift issued his "Seasonable Advice" to that body, calling to their memory the disastrous consequences entailed by the fabled league of the wolves with the sheep—the condition of which was, that the latter should banish their shepherds and watch-dogs. Despite the vehement efforts of Chief Justice Whitshed to secure, through intimidation and objurgation, the finding of a true bill, the grand jury responded to the expectations of their countrymen, and ignored the indictment. The baffled judge was only able to wreak his wrath by instantly dissolving the recalcitrant body. The behaviour of Whitshed but emboldened Swift, and intensified the resistance of the Irish people to English tyranny. Three additional "Drapier's Letters," rather explanatory than exhortatory, vindicated that resistance. Finally, Lord Carteret represented that the attempt to enforce the acceptance of the new coinage was desperate; and Wood's patent was cancelled, the projector receiving an indemnity of £3000 per annum for twelve years. A seventh "Letter," intended to follow the fourth, had been written by Swift, but was not published till after the storm had subsided. The six "Letters" which had appeared—written as they were in a style, and couched in a tone, unequalled for command at once over the language and the feelings of the classes to whom they were addressed—made Swift's claim to the laurels of this great triumph indisputable; and the joyful gratitude of the Irish people knew no bounds. The Drapier was hailed as the saviour of his country; his "Head" became the most popular signboard; his features, engraven on steel, woven into handkerchiefs, embossed upon medals, represented in busts, became familiar and honoured in every street; clubs were formed under his name; bumpers innumerable were drunk to his health; and until his dying day Ireland honoured "The Dean," as he was universally called,

with a reverent and tender regard, as rare in history as it was creditable to those who cherished, and to him who had nobly earned it.

Before the battle of the halfpence was entirely over, Swift withdrew to Quilca, the rustic residence of Dr Sheridan, near Kells; and there, amid the relaxations of the country, and in the genial society of his amiable and witty friend—whose imprudence and simplicity frustrated repeated attempts of Swift to serve him—he devoted himself to the preparation of "Gulliver's Travels" for the press, designing to publish them "so soon as he could find a printer courageous enough to venture his ears." When the last touches had been given to this *magnum opus*, in the spring of 1726, Swift resolved, after an absence of twelve years, to visit England, in quest of the desired ally. On his appearance in London, he received the warmest welcome from his old friends—Bolingbroke, no longer in banishment, Peterborough, Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, Bathurst, and the rest. They all pressed him in the most cordial manner to transfer his abode to England; and Swift himself, as we might well conceive if we did not know it to be a fact, would have made no objection to the change—for he always considered England to be his country, as it had been the country of his forefathers and kinsfolk. He dined with Sir Robert Walpole, by invitation, at Chelsea; and afterwards, through the intervention of Peterborough, he had an interview with the Minister, in which he endeavoured to impress Walpole with a true understanding of the condition of affairs in Ireland—"not only without any view to myself, but to any party whatsoever," according to Swift's own testimony. But his representations did not succeed in shaking the Minister's preconceived views; and the interview was subsequently perverted by party friends of Walpole—under the countenance, even, of their leader himself—into an evidence of the allegation that Swift had made offer of his literary services to Walpole, by whom they were rejected. The Minister and the satirist parted with civility, but still irreconcilably opposed in their views on Ireland; and whatever hope Swift may have entertained of a change of preferment that would settle him permanently in England, Walpole was not likely to facilitate the advent upon the political scene of a writer whose pen, unequalled for the force of its satire, would probably have been unsparingly used against the Whigs. At the little opposition Court which the Prince and Princess of Wales held at Leicester House, Swift was a welcome attendant—as were all discontented Whigs or disfavoured Tories. He first came by the Princess's commands, nine times repeated before his compliance; and Caroline, receiving him most graciously, frequently sent for him during his stay in the metropolis. She regarded him with high esteem; a sentiment in the indulgence of which, however, she was surpassed by Mrs Howard—the first lady of the Princess—between whom and Swift had arisen a most intimate and admiring friendship. He spent most of his time with Pope at Twickenham, or with Bolingbroke at Dawley; and while he remained in London, Pope published those volumes of "Miscellanies"—consisting chiefly of select pieces by Swift, along with some of his own and Arbuthnot's writings—in the large pecuniary profits of which Swift declined to participate. Meanwhile, news of an alarming decline in Stella's health had reached him from Ireland. The recovery of his friend was considered hopeless; and Swift, smitten with de-

spondency and grief, quitted Pope's villa, and retired into a private lodging, where he might mourn and suffer unseen. Declining an invitation to pass the winter with Bolingbroke in Italy, he set out for Ireland whenever the state of his own health permitted; striving to conquer the extreme horror which he felt at the prospect of being at hand when his beloved Stella should breathe her last. His arrival was seized by the inhabitants of Dublin as an occasion for making a display of popular admiration and gratitude. Amid the joyful jangle of bells and the blaze of bonfires, he was escorted in public procession, by water and then by land, from his ship to the deanery. Either the prospect or the effect of his return, sufficed to brace the flagging vital energies of Stella; she was restored to "imperfect and tottering health;" and the shock which Swift so much dreaded was a while deferred.

It was in August 1726 that Swift had quitted England; and he had left behind him the manuscript of "Gulliver's Travels," mysteriously deposited in the hands of Motte, the bookseller. Next November, the work appeared; and immediately it created the most prodigious sensation, and enjoyed the most unqualified success, of any similar book, excepting perhaps "Don Quixote." Little doubt was entertained respecting the authorship—although some of Swift's friends wrote to him, inquiring whether he had any part in it, or knowledge of it. In the Introductory Note (see pages 110–112) some remark has been made on the nature, purpose, and genius of this powerful satire; here, it is enough to say that, while much of it was read with the keenest and truest pleasure, other parts were not so well relished, and some were perused even with repugnance and disgust. In admiration for the author's genius, however, everybody was agreed; and the favour with which the work was received, extended into foreign countries, and induced the fabrication of several counterfeit sequels—a certain testimony of success. At Voltaire's instigation, the Abbé Desfontaines translated the "Travels" into French; and they have become one of those few works of human genius, of which the scope and appreciation are peculiar not to one country only, but to the whole family of intelligent mankind. The satire on the Whigs which pervaded the earlier parts of the "Travels," naturally inspired the Court at Leicester House with a pleasure altogether independent of that which the skill and interest of the fiction excited. Mutual passages of compliment and raillery were exchanged on the subject, between the author, the Princess, and Mrs Howard; and circumstances seemed to favour Swift's desire and expectation that the succession of the Prince and Princess to the throne, would be speedily followed by his preferment to a bishopric in England. In March 1727, Swift again visited London, where the opposition Court received him with all the former cordiality. The publication of the "Travels," however, together with Swift's independent bearing, had finally offended Walpole, and caused him to break off all communication with the Dean; who, on his side, may have seen good reason for keeping no farther measures with a minister whose partisans had sought to destroy his political character, by spreading the story that he had fruitlessly offered his pen to the Whigs. During this visit, Swift furnished Gay with two songs—"Through all the employments of life," and, "Since laws were made for every degree"—for the "Beggar's Opera," the idea of which he is said to have originally suggested.

Having spent a summer in the old delightful intercourse with his literary and Court friends, the Dean was about to depart for the south of France, where he intended to pass the winter, when George I. died, and the Prince and Princess of Wales became George II. and Queen Caroline. The Tories, whom Swift had served so well, had always been in high favour at Leicester House; and, wholly apart from his hold upon the personal admiration and gratitude of, at least, the new Queen, Swift seemed to possess an indefeasible title to promotion in the Church, if, as every one expected, the politics of Leicester House were also to be those of St James's. His friends, especially Bolingbroke and Mrs Howard, were far more sanguine on this score than Swift himself—who was about to resume his suspended preparations for travel, when he was anew detained by their urgent entreaties that he should not frustrate all their hopes, now that Walpole was on the point of ruin, and the opportunity of quitting Ireland for England was fairly before him. Moreover, a severe attack of his constantly-recurring disorder, and the news that Stella had relapsed into weakness and was now really in a hopeless state, induced him to abandon his foreign journey; but he grew tired of waiting at Court, where Walpole had been retained in power, and the Queen, vindictive against all the friends of Mrs Howard—who continued to be George's mistress—ignored the claims of Swift. Taking a courteous farewell of Her Majesty in a letter to Mrs Howard, and a mournfully affectionate leave of Pope, Swift bade adieu to England for ever, in October 1727.

He found Stella at the brink of death, with not the slightest possibility that her gradual decline could be arrested. For three months she lingered, till, on the 28th of January 1727–28, she died, in her forty-fourth year. A short time before her death, a conversation took place between her and Swift, the purport of which is variously reported. Plainly, however, its subject was the secret marriage; and Stella appears to have either pleaded that their union should now be owned, or complained that it had not been sooner acknowledged. According to the more charitable and the more probable report, Swift intimated his willingness that the connexion should be owned; but Stella replied, "It is too late." Swift unquestionably suffered so severe a shock at her death, as to warrant the belief that his intercourse with her in these closing days was not less kind, not less tender, not less devoted, within the limits of their strange bond, than ever before. He was wholly overwhelmed and bowed down with grief and desolation; a paroxysm of his now often-recurring disease rendered him for a time incapable of bearing the retrospect of the past, or the prospect of the future. In her grave, lay buried all that had lent solace, and zest, and pleasure, to his private life for thirty years. Lonely, loveless, exiled, his dearest friends one by one dying from his side,—with failing health, and reason already tottering on its throne,—the old man had to look into the gloomy future, saddened and embittered by the disappointment and remorse of the past. From the day of Stella's death, Swift began to grow more morose, more passionate, more intolerable to his friends, more unendurable to himself. Yet he fought bravely against the accumulated burden of his miseries. He attended zealously to the duties of his office; he carried on a war beyond the proper limits of that office, against ignorance, poverty, wretchedness of every kind. Soured towards individuals, his benevolence still flowed freely forth upon the

poor and miserable; and it was not less genuine, because it was now deeply tinged with misanthropy and cynical contempt for the race. He studiously observed every passing incident that bore upon the public weal, and "wrote from time to time," says Johnson, "such directions, admonitions, or censures as the exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made proper; and nothing fell from his pen in vain." The distresses and degradations of the country had still a lively interest for "The Drapier;" and those of the Dublin people had stimulated his charity into most active and efficient exercise. Sheridan tells us that he had set on foot "some of the best planned and best conducted charities that ever were supported from a private purse. In this respect, there probably was no man in the British dominions who either gave so much in proportion to his fortune, or disposed of it to such advantage. From the time he was out of debt, after his settlement at the deanery, he divided his income into three equal shares. One of these he appropriated to his own immediate support; the second he laid up as a provision against the accidents of life, and ultimately with a view to a charitable foundation at his death; and the third he constantly disposed of in charities to the poor, and liberalities to the distressed." He tested in person every claim upon his benevolence; and he appropriated a fund of £500 to the assistance of deserving poor tradesmen, who repaid the loans weekly, without interest. Thus his hold on the affections of the people was not more firmly fixed by his public services, than it was retained by his private benefactions; and it is easy to understand how the grateful adoration of the Dublin people should have been unfalteringly lavished upon him during the long period of his decay, when we know that, while he could, he atoned for his savage hatred of mankind, by pure and self-sacrificing generosity to his poor neighbours.

His rupture with the Court of England ere long became complete. Further prejudice was created against him, in 1731, through the receipt, by Queen Caroline, of three forged letters bearing the Dean's signature; in which she was insolently recommended to inquire into the sad condition of Ireland, and to patronise Mrs Barber—the wife of a Dublin woollen-draper, who had written some poems, and had prevailed on Swift to obtain from Lord Orrery permission that the book should be dedicated to him. The Queen was made exceedingly angry by the perusal of these letters; and although she was soon convinced that they were forgeries, Swift rendered his breach with the Court irreparable, by accompanying his letter of disclaimer with a bitter complaint against the treatment he had sustained from Her Majesty and Mrs Howard—who had even failed to send him some trifling gifts of medals, promised when he quitted the Court. In 1733, to revenge himself for the hostility of Walpole and the ingratitude of Caroline, he wrote the poem of the "Rhapsody," in which he showered a host of ironical praises on the King, Queen, and Royal family. In various other methods he betrayed his rooted detestation of the Hanoverian family, and of Walpole; and the enmity he excited at Court was so bitter, that all hope of preferment was now destroyed, and Walpole, in fact, was once prevented from ordering his arrest only through fear of the consequences from the anger of the Irish people. Among the pieces by which Swift strove to promote the interests and the liberties of Ireland, were his "View of the State of Ireland," his "Story of an Injured Lady," and

his incomparably witty "Modest Proposal" for turning into a beneficial source of revenue the children of poor people in Ireland, by rearing them as food for the tables of the rich. On every subject his pen was ready and potent; and his lofty reputation for patriotism and integrity rendered all men eager for his aid and counsel in matters affecting the public welfare. An attempt, jointly made by Swift and Sheridan about this time, to start and maintain a journal called the "Intelligencer," speedily miscarried; and, indeed, the occasional and irregular mode of attack better suited Swift's genius and the demands of the period. He stood on fair and friendly terms with Lord Carteret, who was Lord-Lieutenant for several years after the death of Stella. Carteret did not molest him or restrain his liberty—nay, on occasion, he even followed Swift's counsel; while Swift directed his attacks against the English Government, and spared its representative, for whom he entertained much respect. Among the productions of Swift's pen during the interval between Stella's death and the commencement of marked decline in his faculties, many were of much less noble and useful quality than those directed to the redress of Irish grievances; light jests and skits, and poetical efforts more worthy of Swift's friends than of his Muse, were mingled with copies of verses in which—Sir Walter Scott has correctly said—"the Dean neglected both the decency due to his station as a clergyman and a gentleman, and his credit as a man of literature." These poems, gross and disgusting even beyond the low taste of Swift's day, may be most truly, and most charitably, "ranked with the description of the Yahoos, as the marks of an incipient disorder of the mind, which induced the author to dwell upon degrading and disgusting subjects, from which all men, in possession of sound and healthful faculties, turn with abhorrence." But between 1730 and 1735, some of Swift's best poems bear date; among them the "Rhapsody on Poetry," and the "Verses on his own Death," which display at their full his power of poetical composition, his command of the weapons of raillery and satire, and his knowledge and dislike of the human kind. During the same period, a number of short tracts in vindication of the rights of the clergy, and in criticism of measures calculated, as he considered, to damage the interests of the Church, flowed from his pen; and during this period it might almost be said of him that there was nothing he did not touch, and—with some reservations—nothing he did not adorn.

But the lack of Stella's genial and soothing companionship, the torture of his passionate and embittered mind, prone to dwell on the cruel past and apprehend the fearful future, and the advance of old age, at length made the attacks of his old disease no longer intermittent. In 1736, his memory was nearly gone, and his imagination and intellect had proportionately decayed. The paroxysms of passion in which he had always been liable to indulge, now became more frequent and terrible, and almost wholly deprived him of the attentions and solaces of friendship. In 1736, while engaged in writing an intensely satirical poem, entitled "The Legion Club,"—aimed at the Irish House of Commons, which, as then composed, he regarded as the resolute and dangerous enemy of the Church—he was seized with an attack of deafness and giddiness, under which he laboured for a full year. His violences, and that intensification of frugality, even to

sordid meanness, which often accompanies old age, had deprived him of the resource of company; literary work was impossible; he had taken, and refused to break, a vow that he would never wear spectacles, and thus the pastime of reading was denied him by the failure of his sight. The days wore heavily away, each making the burden of existence more intolerable. In 1737–39, however, the life of the Dean became somewhat less wretched; and he could even take an interest in attempting the publication of his "History of the Peace of Utrecht," which Mr Lewis, at the instigation of the Earl of Oxford, and other persons, the characters of whose friends were implicated in the events narrated, induced him to withdraw from the press. The "Verses on his own Death," and the "Directions to Servants"—which he could not finish, and which remains an elaborate fragment, a perfect miracle of minute observation—were also prepared for publication about this time. In the summer of 1740, the darkness began to close in fast within and around Swift. To Mrs Whiteway, his niece—who conducted the household affairs of the Dean during the closing years of his life, and tended her unfortunate relative with assiduous gentleness—Swift wrote the last words his hand ever penned; words that terribly show how near was the final collapse of reason:—

"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is, and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.—I am, for those few days, yours entirely, J. SWIFT.

"If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,
July 26, 1740."

Miserable his remaining days indeed were—but not so few as he thought and hoped. Next year, he broke forth into violent lunacy, so that it became necessary to appoint legal guardians of his person and property; and he gradually lapsed into helpless and fatuous imbecility. He lost all knowledge of persons, remembering Mrs Whiteway last of all. "His meat," Johnson says, "was brought him cut into mouthfuls; but he would never touch it while the servant stayed; and at last, after it had stood perhaps an hour, he would eat it walking; for he continued his old habit, and was on his feet ten hours a day." In 1742, after the subsidence of a fearful tumour in the eye, reason returned for a few days—only to mock the hopes of his friends, and the prayers of the poor of Dublin, who waited for tidings of his condition with no feigned or interested concern; for he sank again into speechless unconsciousness. Only, after a year, when he was told that preparations were making to celebrate his birthday as usual, he said, "It is all folly; they had better let it alone." At last, on the 19th of October 1745, when he had almost completed his seventy-eighth year, he gently and painlessly passed away—released by death from a life that had grown worse than death, and endowed with the mysterious liberty of the departed.

Nothing more touching, nothing more honouring, could be conceived than the behaviour of the citizens of Dublin—not merely the poor alone, but all who had

known his worth—when it was known that "The Dean" was no more. He had been, to all intents, dead for years; but while the breath lingered in his wrecked and wretched body, he was still theirs, and gratitude quickened their hopes. But when he had passed beyond hope and reach, the grief of the people knew no limit. They gathered from all quarters; they crowded into the deanery-house; they would pay in person a last adieu to their benefactor and their pride. The Liberty resounded with wailing and mourning. The afflicted mob, made gentle and sympathetic by a common sorrow and a common loss, thronged towards the chamber of the dead; and there the foremost and fortunate bought of the servants, by bribes, locks of the Dean's hair, which they might keep "for memory, and, dying, mention it within their wills, bequeathing it as a rich legacy unto their issue." In an hour from the moment when Swift drew his last breath—so says Mr Sheridan—"his venerable head was entirely stripped of all its silver ornaments;" a desecration of the dead which we may not but pardon, since it sprang so straight from the reverence and adoration of the living. "They buried him darkly, at dead of night," with the strictest privacy, as he had instructed by his will, in the great aisle of St Patrick's Cathedral. There—while along the bright choir the banners of the Knights tremble to the roll of the organ, and the sunlight falls in chastened streams through the rich windows, on the plumed helmets that surmount the stalls—the visitor may mark, "out in the cold," deserted, as it might seem, by the warm currents of devotion and reverential pomp, the black marble memorial of England's greatest satirist. Composed by himself, the inscription bitterly yet nobly sums up the passion, the anguish, and the triumph of his life—the fierce wrath against the vices and follies of mankind, the burning love of freedom for men worthy to enjoy it:—

HIC DEPOSITUM EST CORPUS
JONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ CATHEDRALIS
DECANI:
UBI SÆVA INDIGNATIO
ULTERIUS COR LACERARE NEQUIT.
ABI, VIATOR,
ET IMITARE, SI POTERIS,
STRENUUM PRO VIRILI LIBERTATIS VINDICEM.
OBIIT ANNO (1745);
MENSIS (OCTOBRIS) DIE (19);
ÆTATIS ANNO (78).

So lived and died Jonathan Swift; a man strangely compounded of contrary extremes, uniting many natures within his own. A genuine and pious believer in the sacred truths of revealed religion, he deliberately exposed the holy mysteries to ridicule, in those passages of the "Tale of a Tub" where the schisms and follies of the Church are satirised. A strenuous and even merciless defender of the Church as by law established, he sometimes brought discredit upon his profession,

and upon the institution he so much revered, by the freedom of his behaviour and the recklessness of his wit. A vehement lover of liberty, he was guilty of no compassion for hostile scribblers, whose arrest and punishment he often urged on the Tory leaders; while he constantly inveighed against any relaxation of the disabilities that shut out Dissenters from offices under the Crown. A friend to the principles of the Revolution in the State, he cleaved to the principles of the reaction in the Church; Somers was his friend, while Sacheverell seemed his exemplar. A man of piquant and at times charming manner, of social sensibilities, enjoying company, tolerant of foibles, he was nevertheless a stern censor and an unsparing censurer of the race, which he hated and contemned. A despiser of mankind, incessantly aflame with rage against the cruelties of the dominant and the cowardice of the subject, he was full of good works, such as only the truest and largest benevolence could dictate. A student of economy, parsimonious to a fault in private affairs, in philanthropic and literary relations he was a very Mæcenas for his generous munificence; and many men owed their fortune to one who neither sued nor intrigued for himself. An ardent admirer and tender friend of not a few women, he disappointed the love of two who were deeply and fatally devoted to him, and heartily despised the sex. A marvel of cold purity in his personal life, in his poems and satires he rushed repeatedly into grossness and downright filthiness, worthy only of a man who had passed the stage in vice at which sexual pleasures cease to give the desired satisfaction to the appetites. A coward in many trivial matters of daily incident—dreading small-pox and other such mischances of our civilisation—in his public life he was fearless, when freedom of speech brought him face to face with an enraged and tyrannical law. A master in every style of English, he chose for the ordinary vehicle of his thought the commonest and simplest language; with all the compass of his invention, he preferred the real to the imaginative. A writer of works which were to a great extent ephemeral in their nature, so far as they were inspired by the political exigencies and animosities of the time, what he has written remains as an invaluable body of historical, social, moral, and political instruction. A lover of anonymity, a courtier of obscurity, a despiser of pretence, a hater of show, his genius made him the familiar of Princes, the friend and counsellor of Ministers, the pride of a whole country, the peculiar trust and boast of the poor within its borders. In two things alone was he throughout consistent: in the thorough and even offensive personal independence, into which the unhappy experience of his youth but too harshly trained him; and in the inextinguishable love of liberty, the incorruptible patriotism, that guided his political career from the first to the last. Few men who were more literally and intensely men of their time, have left a fame and power like those of Swift. Few men have had their private life placed under an examination more curious, more jealous, more censorious, than his endured; for few enshrined a secret so fascinating, so insoluble, and yet so provocative of solutions, as Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa. Let us be content to leave the sad secret with the dead; recognising that, while the sorrow was common to all three, the shame, if shame there was, lay at the door of the first alone. Swift's personal power made a distinct mark on English history; the magic Sesame of his pen has opened to all generations a treasury of mental

delight and moral teaching that will enrich and control life so long as the English tongue exists. With all his littlenesses, he was great; with all his blemishes, he was pure and noble; with all his errors, he was wise for others; for all his faults, he bitterly atoned by a sorrow and a suffering such as few men have been made to endure. Over no grave should the censor, the prude, the partisan, or the bigot, be more silent, than that of Jonathan Swift; whom it seemed as though some divine visitation had struck with death in life—and who, being dead, through his works yet speaketh, with a clearness, directness, and power, that are rare in the long roll of English literature.

A TALE OF A TUB.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSAL IMPROVEMENT OF MANKIND.

Diu multumque desideratum.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN ACCOUNT OF A BATTLE BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS IN ST JAMES'S LIBRARY;

WITH THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY, AND EXPLANATORY NOTES.

"*Basyma cacabassa eanaa, irraumista diarbada caëota bafobor camelanthi.*"[1]—IREN., Lib. I. c. 18.

"*—Juvatque novos decerpere flores,*
Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ."—LUCRET., I. 928.

"*—Ridentem dicere verum*
Quid vetat?"—HORACE, Sat. I. 1. 25.

[THE TALE OF A TUB was first published, anonymously, in 1704; but it had been sketched out and composed, if not while Swift was at Trinity College, Dublin, at least during his first residence with Sir William Temple at Moor Park, in or after 1692. Swift would never acknowledge himself to be the author; but one or two indirect allusions in his writings, and other evidences—to say nothing of the unmistakable power of the allegory and character of the style—leave, and almost from the very first allowed, no room for doubt on that point. Under the allegory of three sons altering, neglecting, observing, or mistaking, the will of their father, Swift satirises unsparingly the corruptions and pretensions of the Church of Rome, and the extremes and follies of the Dissenting bodies; and describes with approval, or at least without conspicuous offensiveness, the origin and establishment of the Reformed Churches, particularly that of England. At the same time, in his Preface and Digressions, he stops and turns aside to deal piercing thrusts and crushing downstrokes at arrogant, feeble, pretentious, and scurrilous critics, pedants, and authors, of his own and all time. Though in its day and way it did service to the interests of the High Church party, the work could not escape the imputation of levity and irreligion; and most of all Swift's writings it stood in the way of that preferment in the Church, the long delay and limited measure of which so bitterly disappointed him.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS was written at Moor Park, during Swift's second residence there; but though believed, with the Tale of a Tub, to have been arranged for publication before Sir William Temple's death in 1699, it was not published till 1704. The occasion of it was Sir William's entering, on the side of the ancients, into a controversy that had been initiated by Perrault and Fontenelle in France; who contended that the modern was far superior to the ancient learning. To Temple's "Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning," a reply on the side of the moderns was made by Mr William Wotton, B.D., and the learned Dr Bentley; the former attacking Temple's main argument, the latter, in an appendix, assailing the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris and the Fables of Æsop, which Temple had cited as

[1] These uncouth and unintelligible words are quoted by Irenæus, in his books against the Heretics, as a form of initiation used by the ascetic heretical sect of the Marcionites, who gained considerable ground in the second century; the formula is believed to be mere gibberish.

examples, and warmly lauded, in his Essay. Bentley's appendix brought into the field the Hon. Charles Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery, who a little time before had sent forth a new edition of the Epistles; and Dr Bentley rejoined. Through gratitude at once to his patron, Sir William Temple, and to his friends of Oxford University (which had conferred on him the degree of D.D.,) whence Temple and Boyle drew countenance and aid, Swift was deeply interested in the controversy; and made, under the form of an account of a battle between the ancient and modern books in the royal library at St James's, a vigorous and witty attack upon the vindicators of the moderns, in which blows are unmercifully dealt at many reputations, some of which not only were then, but are still, considerable. The idea of the allegory was alleged (though in the Author's Apology it is denied) to be taken from a French author, Courtay, who wrote a book entitled: *Histoire Poëtique de la Guerre nouvellement declarée entre les Anciens et les Modernes.* The style and treatment are copied, with a liberal dash of the burlesque, from Homer's narrations of the combats around Troy.]

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

ANALYTICAL TABLE.[1]

[*The Tale approved of by a great majority among the men of taste. Some treatises written expressly against it; but not one syllable in its defence. The greatest part of it finished in* 1696, *eight years before it was published. The Author's intention when he began it. No irreligious or immoral opinion can fairly be deduced from the book. The Clergy have no reason to dislike it. The Author's intention not having met with a candid interpretation, he declined engaging in a task he had proposed to himself, of examining some publications that were intended against all religion. Unfair to fix a name upon an Author who had so industriously concealed himself. The Letter on Enthusiasm*[2] *ascribed by several to the same author. If the abuses in Law or Physic had been the subject of this treatise, the learned professors in either faculty would have been more liberal than the Clergy. The passages which appear most liable to objection, are parodies. The Author entirely innocent of any intention of glancing at those tenets of Religion which he has by some prejudiced or ignorant readers been supposed to mean. This particularly the case in the passage about the three wooden machines. An irony runs through the whole book. Not necessary to take notice of treatises written against it. The usual fate of common answerers to books of merit is to sink into waste paper and oblivion. The case very different when a great genius exposes a foolish piece. Reflections occasioned by Dr King's Remarks on the Tale of a Tub; others, by Mr Wotton. The manner in which the Tale was first published accounted for. The Fragment not printed in the way the Author intended: being the groundwork of a much larger discourse.*[1] *The oaths of Peter, why introduced. The severest strokes of Satire in the treatise are levelled against the custom of employing wit in profaneness or immodesty. Wit the noblest and most useful gift of human nature; and Humour the most agreeable. Those who have no share of either, think the blow weak, because they are themselves insensible.*

P.S.—The Author of the Key wrong in all his conjectures. The whole work entirely by one hand; the Author defying any one to claim three lines in the book.[2]]

June 3, 1709.

If good and ill nature equally operated upon mankind, I might have saved myself the trouble of this Apology; for it is manifest, by the reception the following discourse has met with, that those who approve it are a great majority among the men of taste: yet there have been two or three treatises written expressly against it, besides many others that have flirted at it occasionally, without one syllable having been ever published in its defence, or even quotation to its advantage, that I can remember, except by the polite author of a late Discourse between a Deist and a Socinian.

Therefore, since the book seems calculated to live at least as long as our language and our taste admit no great alterations, I am content to convey some apology along with it.

The greatest part of that book was finished about thirteen years since, 1696, which is eight years before it was published. The author was then young, his invention at the height, and his reading fresh in his head. By the assistance of

1 In Sheridan's and Scott's editions, the Analytical Table is prefixed entire at this place; it has been thought more convenient—as well as advantageous, by diminishing the great amount of explanatory matter that interposes between the faithful reader and the proper commencement of the Tale—to break up the Table, and give it in the form of "arguments" at the head of the various Sections, &c.

2 The author of this letter—generally supposed to be Swift, while by Swift himself said to be his friend Colonel Hunter—was Lord Shaftesbury, the author of the Characteristics; in which collection, given to the world in 1713, it holds the foremost rank. It was published in 1708, and bears date September 1707; and its object was to criticise or ridicule the French prophets, whose enthusiastic extravagances and severities were then at their height.

1 In several parts of the Apology, the Author dwells much on the circumstance of the book having been published while his original papers were out of his own possession.—*H.*

2 The date of the Apology, it will be seen, is 1709; the Postscript was added after the publication in 1710 of the "Complete Key to the Tale of a Tub," in which the credit is claimed for Thomas Swift—contemptuously styled by the Dean his "parson-cousin"—of having had a share, and indeed the greater share, in the original work.

some thinking, and much conversation, he had endeavoured to strip himself of as many real prejudices as he could; I say *real* ones, because, under the notion of prejudices, he knew to what dangerous heights some men have proceeded. Thus prepared, he thought the numerous and gross corruptions in religion and learning might furnish matter for a satire, that would be useful and diverting. He resolved to proceed in a manner that should be altogether new, the world having been already too long nauseated with endless repetitions upon every subject. The abuses in religion he proposed to set forth in the allegory of the coats and the three brothers, which was to make up the body of the discourse; those in learning he chose to introduce by way of digressions. He was then a young gentleman much in the world,[1] and wrote to the taste of those who were like himself; therefore, in order to allure them, he gave a liberty to his pen, which might not suit with maturer years or graver characters, and which he could have easily corrected with a very few blots, had he been master of his papers for a year or two before their publication.

Not that he would have governed his judgment by the ill-placed cavils of the sour, the envious, the stupid, and the tasteless, which he mentions with disdain. He acknowledges there are several youthful sallies, which from the grave and the wise may deserve a rebuke. But he desires to be answerable no farther than he is guilty, and that his faults may not be multiplied by the ignorant, the unnatural, and uncharitable applications of those, who have neither candour to suppose good meanings, nor palate to distinguish true ones. After which, he will forfeit his life, if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from that book, which is contrary to religion or morality.

Why should any clergyman of our Church be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner; since that is perhaps the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther spreading? Besides, though it was not intended for their perusal, it rallies nothing but what they preach against. It contains nothing to provoke them, by the least scurrility upon their persons or their functions. It celebrates the Church of England as the most perfect of all others in discipline and doctrine; it advances no opinion they reject, nor condemns any they receive. If the clergy's resentments lay upon their hands, in my humble opinion they might have found more proper objects to employ them on: *nondum tibi defuit hostis;* I mean those heavy, illiterate scribblers, prostitute in their reputations, vicious in their lives, and ruined in their fortunes, who, to the shame of good sense as well as piety, are greedily read, merely upon the strength of bold, false, impious assertions, mixed with unmannerly reflections upon the priesthood, and openly intended against all religion: in short, full of such principles as are kindly received, because they are levelled to remove those terrors that religion tells men will be the consequence of immoral lives. Nothing like which is to be met with in this discourse, though some of them are pleased so freely to censure it. And I wish there were no other instance of what I have too frequently observed, that many of that reverend body are not always very nice in distinguishing between their enemies and their friends.

Had the author's intentions met with a more candid interpretation from some, whom out of respect he forbears to name, he might have been encouraged to an examination of books written by some of those authors above described, whose errors, ignorance, dulness, and villany, he thinks he could have detected and exposed in such a manner, that the persons who are most conceived to be affected by them would soon lay them aside and be ashamed; but he has now given over those thoughts, since the weightiest men in the weightiest stations[1] are pleased to think it a more dangerous point to laugh at those corruptions in religion which they themselves must disapprove, than to endeavour pulling up those very foundations wherein all Christians have agreed.

He thinks it no fair proceeding, that any person should offer determinately to fix a name upon the author of this discourse, who has all along concealed himself from most of his nearest friends: yet several have gone a farther step, and pronounced another book[2] to have been the work of the same hand with this; which the author directly affirms to be a thorough mistake, he having yet never so much as read that discourse: a plain instance how little truth there often is in general surmises, or in conjectures drawn from a similitude of style or way of thinking.

Had the author written a book to expose the abuses in law or in physic, he believes the learned professors in either faculty would have been so far from resenting it, as to have given him thanks for his pains, especially if he had made an honourable reservation for the true practice of either science: but religion, they tell us, ought not to be ridiculed; and they tell us truth: yet surely the corruptions in it may; for we are taught by the tritest maxim in the world, that, religion being the best of things, its corruptions are likely to be the worst.

There is one thing which the judicious reader cannot but have observed: that some of those passages in this discourse which appear most liable to objection, are what they call parodies, where the author personates the style and manner of other writers, whom he has a mind to expose. I shall produce one instance of a passage[3] in which Dryden, L'Estrange, and some

[1] Swift fairly describes his position when living as the companion of Sir W. Temple, at Moor Park.

[1] Swift here refers to the representations of him, (or of the anonymous author,) made to Queen Anne by Dr Sharpe, the Archbishop of York—that he was little, if at all, better than an infidel.

[2] The Letter on Enthusiasm, already mentioned.

[3] See *infra*, p. 59. The passage of Dryden here cited, is in the Essay on Satire prefixed to his translation of Juvenal.

others I shall not name, are levelled at; who, having spent their lives in faction and apostasies and all manner of vice, pretended to be sufferers for loyalty and religion. So Dryden tells us, in one of his prefaces, of his merits and sufferings, and thanks God that he *possesses his soul in patience;* in other places he talks at the same rate; and L'Estrange often uses the like style; and I believe the reader may find more persons to give that passage an application: but this is enough to direct those who may have overlooked the author's intention.

There are three or four other passages, which prejudiced or ignorant readers have drawn by great force to hint at ill meanings; as if they glanced at some tenets in religion. In answer to all which, the author solemnly protests he is entirely innocent; and never had it once in his thoughts, that anything he said would in the least be capable of such interpretations, which he will engage to deduce full as fairly from the most innocent book in the world. And it will be obvious to every reader, that this was not any part of his scheme or design, the abuses he notes being such as all Church of England men agree in; nor was it proper for his subject to meddle with other points, than such as have been perpetually controverted since the Reformation.

To instance only that passage about the three wooden machines mentioned in the Introduction: in the original manuscript there was a description of a fourth, which those who had the papers in their power blotted out, as having something in it of satire that I suppose they thought was too particular; and therefore they were forced to change it to the number three, whence some have endeavoured to squeeze out a dangerous meaning that was never thought on. And indeed the conceit was half spoiled by changing the numbers; that of four being much more cabalistic, and therefore better exposing the pretended virtue of numbers, a superstition there intended to be ridiculed.

Another thing to be observed is, that there generally runs an irony through the thread of the whole book, which the man of taste will observe and distinguish, and which will render some objections that have been made, very weak and insignificant.

This Apology being chiefly intended for the satisfaction of future readers, it may be thought unnecessary to take any notice of such treatises as have been written against the ensuing discourse, which are already sunk into waste paper and oblivion, after the usual fate of common answerers to books which are allowed to have any merit: they are indeed like annuals, that grow about a young tree, and seem to vie with it for a summer, but fall and die with the leaves in autumn, and are never heard of more. When Dr Eachard writ his book about the contempt of the clergy, numbers of those answerers immediately started up, whose memory if he had not kept alive by his replies, it would now be utterly unknown that he was ever answered at all. There is indeed an exception, when any great genius thinks it worth his while to expose a foolish piece; so we still read Marvell's answer to Parker[1] with pleasure, though the book it answers be sunk long ago: so the Earl of Orrery's Remarks will be read with delight, when the Dissertation he exposes will neither be sought nor found:[2] but these are no enterprises for common hands, nor to be hoped for above once or twice in an age. Men would be more cautious of losing their time in such an undertaking, if they did but consider, that to answer a book effectually requires more pains and skill, more wit, learning, and judgment, than were employed in the writing of it. And the author assures those gentlemen who have given themselves that trouble with him, that his discourse is the product of the study, the observation, and the invention of several years; that he often blotted out much more than he left, and, if his papers had not been a long time out of his possession, they must have still undergone more severe corrections: and do they think such a building is to be battered with dirt-pellets, however envenomed the mouths may be that discharge them? He has seen the productions but of two answerers, one of which at first appeared as from an unknown hand, but has since been avowed by a person,[3] who, upon some occasions, has discovered no ill vein of humour. It is a pity any occasion should put him under a necessity of being so hasty in his productions, which otherwise might often be entertaining. But there were other reasons obvious enough for his miscarriage in this; he wrote against the conviction of his talent, and entered upon one of the wrongest attempts in nature, to turn into ridicule, by a week's labour, a work which had cost so much time, and met with so much success in ridiculing others: the manner how he handled his subject I have now forgot, having just looked it over, when it first came out, as others did, merely for the sake of the title.

The other answer is from a person of a graver character, and is made up of half invective, and half annotation; in the latter of which he has generally succeeded well enough.[4] And the

[1] Andrew Marvell, the patriotic assistant of Milton in the Latin Secretaryship, wrote a severe reply, in a little book called "The Rehearsal Transprosed," to Parker, (subsequently Bishop of Oxford,) who had repeatedly attacked the Nonconformists, with irritating "insolence and contempt" according to Burnet.

[2] "Dr Bentley's Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris Examined," by the Hon. Charles Boyle, (afterwards Earl of Orrery, in whose honour the astronomical model now familiar by his name was christened by Steele, in the erroneous impression that his Lordship possessed the first ever made.)

[3] Supposed to be Dr William King, the civilian, author of some comic pieces—and *not* the Archbishop of Dublin in Swift's time. His offending criticism was published in 1704; but its fate is described, or fixed, in Swift's note at this point:—"This we cannot discover at present, it being so absolutely forgotten the oldest booksellers in trade know nothing of it."

[4] The reference here is to Wotton's Defence of his Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning, from which—*fas est et ab hoste doceri*—were selected by Swift the annotations on the "Tale of a Tub," which are distinguished by Wotton's name; thus, says Hawkesworth, Wotton "appears busied to illustrate a

project at that time was not amiss to draw in readers to his pamphlet, several having appeared desirous that there might be some explication of the more difficult passages. Neither can he be altogether blamed for offering at the invective part, because it is agreed on all hands that the author had given him sufficient provocation.[1] The great objection is against his manner of treating it, very unsuitable to one of his function. It was determined by a fair majority, that this answerer had, in a way not to be pardoned, drawn his pen against a certain great man then alive, and universally reverenced for every good quality that could possibly enter into the composition of the most accomplished person; it was observed, how he was pleased, and affected to have that noble writer called his adversary; and it was a point of satire well directed; for, I have been told, Sir William Temple was sufficiently mortified at the term. All the men of wit and politeness were immediately up in arms through indignation, which prevailed over their contempt by the consequences they apprehended from such an example; and it grew Porsenna's case; *idem trecenti juravimus.*[2] In short, things were ripe for a general insurrection, till my lord Orrery had a little laid the spirit, and settled the ferment. But his lordship being principally engaged with another antagonist,[3] it was thought necessary, in order to quiet the minds of men, that this opposer should receive a reprimand, which partly occasioned that discourse of the "Battle of the Books;" and the author was farther at the pains to insert one or two remarks on him in the body of the book.

This answerer has been pleased to find fault with about a dozen passages, which the author will not be at the trouble of defending, farther than by assuring the reader, that for the greater part the reflector is entirely mistaken, and forces interpretations which never once entered into the writer's head, nor will (he is sure) into that of any reader of taste and candour; he allows two or three at most there produced, to have been delivered unwarily; for which he desires to plead the excuse offered already, of his youth and frankness of speech, and his papers being out of his power at the time they were published.

But this answerer insists, and says, what he chiefly dislikes is the design: what that was, I have already told, and I believe there is not a person in England who can understand that book, that ever imagined it to be anything else, but to expose the abuses and corruptions in learning and religion.

But it would be good to know what design this reflector was serving, when he concluded his pamphlet with a caution to the reader, to beware of thinking the author's wit was entirely his own: surely this must have had some alloy of personal animosity at least, mixed with the design of serving the public by so useful a discovery; and it indeed touches the author in a tender point; who insists upon it, that through the whole book he has not borrowed one single hint from any writer in the world; and he thought, of all criticisms, that would never have been one. He conceived, it was never disputed to be an original, whatever faults it might have. However, this answerer produces three instances to prove *this author's wit is not his own in many places.* The first is, that the names of Peter, Martin, and Jack, are borrowed from a letter of the late Duke of Buckingham.[1] Whatever wit is contained in those three names, the author is content to give it up, and desires his readers will subtract as much as they placed upon that account; at the same time protesting solemnly, that he never once heard of that letter, except in this passage of the answerer: so that the names were not borrowed, as he affirms, though they should happen to be the same; which, however, is odd enough, and what he hardly believes: that of Jack being not quite so obvious as the other two. The second instance to show the author's wit is not his own, is Peter's banter (as he calls it in his Alsatia phrase[2]) upon transubstantiation, which is taken from the same Duke's conference with an Irish priest, where a cork is turned into a horse. This the author confesses to have seen about ten years after his book was written, and a year or two after it was published. Nay, the answerer overthrows this himself; for he allows the Tale was written in 1697; and I think that pamphlet was not printed in many years after. It was necessary that corruption should have some allegory as well as the rest; and the author invented the properest he could, without inquiring what other people had written; and the commonest reader will find there is not the least resemblance between the two stories. The third instance is in these words: "I have been assured, that the Battle in St James's Library is, *mutatis mutandis*, taken out of a French book, entitled *Combat des Livres*, if

work which he laboured to condemn, and adds force to a satire pointed against himself; as captives were bound to the chariot-wheel of the victor, and compelled to increase the pomp of his triumph, whom they had in vain attempted to defeat."

1 In the "Battle of the Books," where Swift assailed Wotton in the cause of his patron Sir W. Temple, here panegyrised.

2 "Three hundred of us have sworn the same oath." Lars Porsenna, of Clusium, made war on Rome to restore the Tarquins, and (after the exploit of Horatius at the bridge) straitly besieged the city. Mucius Scævola, a young Roman, resolved to slay Porsenna; and, penetrating to the Etruscan camp, killed the royal secretary in mistake for the king. Seized and threatened with torture, his brave behaviour led the king to let him go; and the grateful Roman thereupon counselled Porsenna to make peace, for three hundred Roman youths had sworn to make or perish in the attempt to take his life. Porsenna followed the counsel, and Rome was delivered.

3 Dr Bentley, on the Phalaris question—Boyle maintaining, and Bentley denying, the genuineness of the Epistles.

1 Villiers, the second duke, who wrote the Rehearsal.

2 Alsatia is a nickname for Whitefriars, then and formerly the haunt of violent and abandoned characters; and the application of the term to the word "banter," shows that that word was in no favour with Swift—one good reason for which might be, that it was in favour with L'Estrange.

I mis-remember not." In which passage there are two clauses observable: "I have been assured;" and, "if I mis-remember not." I desire first to know whether, if that conjecture proves an utter falsehood, those two clauses will be a sufficient excuse for this worthy critic? The matter is a trifle; but would he venture to pronounce at this rate upon one of greater moment? I know nothing more contemptible in a writer than the character of a plagiary; which he here fixes at a venture; and this not for a passage, but a whole discourse, taken out from another book, only *mutatis mutandis*. The author is as much in the dark about this as the answerer; and will imitate him by an affirmation at random; that if there be a word of truth in this reflection, he is a paltry, imitating pedant, and the answerer is a person of wit, manners, and truth. He takes his boldness from never having seen any such treatise in his life, nor heard of it before; and he is sure it is impossible for two writers, of different times and countries, to agree in their thoughts after such a manner that two continued discourses shall be the same, only *mutatis mutandis*. Neither will he insist upon the mistake in the title; but let the answerer and his friend produce any book they please, he defies them to show one single particular, where the judicious reader will affirm he has been obliged for the smallest hint; giving only allowance for the accidental encountering of a single thought, which he knows may sometimes happen; though he has never yet found it in that discourse, nor has heard it objected by anybody else.

So that if ever any design was unfortunately executed, it must be that of this answerer; who, when he would have it observed that the author's wit is none of his own, is able to produce but three instances, two of them mere trifles, and all three manifestly false. If this be the way these gentlemen deal with the world in those criticisms where we have not leisure to defeat them, their readers had need be cautious how they rely upon their credit; and whether this proceeding can be reconciled to humanity or truth, let those who think it worth their while determine.

It is agreed this answerer would have succeeded much better, if he had stuck wholly to his business as a commentator upon the "Tale of a Tub," wherein it cannot be denied that he has been of some service to the public, and has given very fair conjectures towards clearing up some difficult passages; but it is the frequent error of those men, otherwise very commendable for their labours, to make excursions beyond their talent and their office, by pretending to point out the beauties and the faults; which is no part of their trade, which they always fail in, which the world never expected from them nor gave them any thanks for endeavouring at. The part of Minellius, or Farnaby,[1] would have fallen in with his genius, and might have been serviceable to many readers who cannot enter into the abstruser parts of that discourse: but *optat ephippia bos piger;* the dull, unwieldy, ill-shaped ox would needs put on the furniture of a horse, not considering he was born to labour, to plough the ground for the sake of superior beings, and that he has neither the shape, mettle, nor speed, of that noble animal he would affect to personate.

It is another pattern of this answerer's fair dealing, to give us hints that the author is dead, and yet to lay the suspicion upon somebody, I know not who, in the country; to which can only be returned, that he is absolutely mistaken in all his conjectures; and surely conjectures are, at best, too light a pretence to allow a man to assign a name in public. He condemns a book, and consequently the author, of whom he is utterly ignorant; yet at the same time fixes, in print, what he thinks a disadvantageous character upon those who never deserved it. A man who receives a buffet in the dark, may be allowed to be vexed; but it is an odd kind of revenge to go to cuffs in broad day with the first he meets, and lay the last night's injury at his door. And thus much for this discreet, candid, pious, and ingenious answerer.

How the author came to be without his papers, is a story not proper to be told, and of very little use, being a private fact, of which the reader would believe as little, or as much, as he thought good. He had, however, a blotted copy by him, which he intended to have written over, with many alterations; and this the publishers were well aware of, having put it into the bookseller's preface that they *apprehended a surreptitious copy, which was to be altered*, &c. This, though not regarded by readers, was a real truth, only the surreptitious copy was rather that which was printed; and they made all the haste they could, which indeed was needless, the author not being at all prepared; but he has been told the bookseller was in much pain, having given a good sum of money for the copy.

In the author's original copy there were not so many chasms as appear in the book; and why some of them were left he knows not. Had the publication been trusted to him, he would have made several corrections of passages against which nothing has been ever objected; he would likewise have altered a few of those that seem with any reason to be excepted against; but, to deal freely, the greatest number he should have left untouched, as never suspecting it possible any wrong interpretations could be made of them.

The author observes, at the end of the book there is a discourse, called "A Fragment;"[1] which he more wondered to see in print, than all the rest; having been a most imperfect sketch, with the addition of a few loose hints,

[1] Low commentators, who wrote notes upon classic authors for the use of schoolboys.—*H.*

[1] "A Discourse concerning the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit; in a letter to a Friend: a Fragment;"* not included in this Selection.

which he once lent a gentleman who had designed a discourse on somewhat the same subject; he never thought of it afterwards, and it was a sufficient surprise to see it pieced up together, wholly out of the method and scheme he had intended, for it was the groundwork of a much larger discourse; and he was sorry to observe the materials so foolishly employed.

There is one further objection made by those who have answered this book, as well as by some others, that Peter is frequently made to repeat oaths and curses. Every reader observes, it was necessary to know that Peter did swear and curse. The oaths are not printed out, but only supposed; and the idea of an oath is not immoral, like the idea of a profane or immodest speech. A man may laugh at the Popish folly of cursing people to hell, and imagine them swearing, without any crime; but lewd words, or dangerous opinions, though printed by halves, fill the reader's mind with ill ideas; and of these the author cannot be accused. For the judicious reader will find, that the severest strokes of satire, in his book, are levelled against the modern custom of employing wit upon those topics; of which there is a remarkable instance in the seventy-eighth page, as well as in several others, though perhaps once or twice expressed in too free a manner, excusable only for the reasons already alleged. Some overtures have been made by a third hand to the bookseller for the author's altering those passages which he thought might require it; but it seems the bookseller will not hear of any such thing, being apprehensive it might spoil the sale of the book.

The author cannot conclude this Apology without making this one reflection: that, as wit is the noblest and most useful gift of human nature, so humour is the most agreeable; and where these two enter far into the composition of any work, they will render it always acceptable to the world. Now, the great part of those who have no share or taste of either, but by their pride, pedantry, and ill manners, lay themselves bare to the lashes of both, think the blow is weak, because they are insensible; and where wit has any mixture of raillery, it is but calling it *banter*, and the work is done. This polite word of theirs was first borrowed from the bullies in Whitefriars, then fell among the footmen, and at last retired to the pedants; by whom it is applied as properly to the production of wit, as if I should apply it to Sir Isaac Newton's mathematics. But if this bantering, as they call it, be so despisable a thing, whence comes it to pass they have such a perpetual itch towards it themselves? To instance only the answerer already mentioned: it is grievous to see him, in some of his writings, at every turn going out of his way to be waggish, to tell us of a cow that pricked up her tail; and in his answer to this discourse, he says it is all a farce and a ladle; with other passages equally shining. One may say of these *impedimenta literarum*, that wit owes them a shame; and they cannot take wiser counsel, than to keep out of harm's way, or at least not to come till they are sure they are called.

To conclude: with those allowances above required this book should be read; after which, the author conceives, few things will remain, which may not be excused in a young writer. He wrote only to the men of wit and taste; and he thinks he is not mistaken in his accounts, when he says they have been all of his side, enough to give him the vanity of telling his name; wherein the world, with all its wise conjectures, is yet very much in the dark; which circumstance is no disagreeable amusement either to the public or himself.

The author is informed, that the bookseller has prevailed on several gentlemen to write some explanatory notes; for the goodness of which he is not to answer, having never seen any of them, nor intending it till they appear in print; when it is not unlikely he may have the pleasure to find twenty meanings which never entered into his imagination.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the writing of this, which was about a year ago, a prostitute bookseller has published a foolish paper, under the name of "Notes on the Tale of a Tub, with some Account of the Author:" and, with an insolence which I suppose is punishable by law, has presumed to assign certain names. It will be enough for the author to assure the world, that the writer of that paper is utterly wrong in all his conjectures upon that affair. The author farther asserts, that the whole work is entirely of one hand, which every reader of judgment will easily discover; the gentleman who gave the copy to the bookseller being a friend of the author, and using no other liberties besides that of expunging certain passages, where now the chasms appear under the name of *desiderata*. But, if any person will prove his claim to three lines in the whole book, let him step forth and tell his name and titles; upon which, the bookseller shall have orders to prefix them to the next edition, and the claimant shall thenceforward be acknowledged the undisputed author.

Treatises written by the same Author, most of them mentioned in the following Discourses; which will be speedily published.

A Character of the present Set of Wits in this Island.

A panegyrical Essay upon the Number Three.

A Dissertation upon the principal Productions of Grub-street.

Lectures upon a Dissection of Human Nature.

A Panegyric upon the World.

An analytical Discourse upon Zeal, *histori-theo-physi-logically* considered.

A general History of Ears.

A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all ages.

A Description of the Kingdom of Absurdities.[1]

[1] The following is part of a description "in the

A Voyage into England, by a Person of Quality in *Terra Australis Incognita*,[1] translated from the Original.

A critical Essay upon the Art of Canting, philosophically, physically, and musically considered.

THE BOOKSELLER'S DEDICATION.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD SOMERS.[2]

[*How he finds out that lord to be the patron intended by his Author. Dedicators ridiculous, who praise their patrons for qualities that do not belong to them.*]

My Lord,—

Although the author has written a large dedication, yet that being addressed to a prince whom I am never likely to have the honour of being known to; a person besides, as far as I can observe, not at all regarded or thought on by any of our present writers; and being wholly free from that slavery which booksellers usually lie under, to the caprices of authors; I think it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these papers to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's protection of them. God and your lordship know their faults, and their merits; for, as to my own particular, I am altogether a stranger to the matter; and though every body else should be equally ignorant, I do not fear the sale of the book at all the worse upon that score. Your lordship's name on the front in capital letters will at any time get off one edition: neither would I desire any other help to grow an alderman, than a patent for the sole privilege of dedicating to your lordship.

I should now, in right of a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly, I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. And I was just going on, in the usual method, to peruse a hundred or two of dedications, and transcribe an abstract to be applied to your lordship; but I was diverted by a certain accident: for upon the covers of these papers I casually observed written in large letters the two following words, DETUR DIGNISSIMO; which, for aught I knew, might contain some important meaning. But it unluckily fell out, that none of the authors I employ understood Latin, (though I have them often in pay to translate out of that language;) I was therefore compelled to have recourse to the curate of our parish, who englished it thus, "Let it be given to the worthiest:" and his comment was, that the author meant his work should be dedicated to the sublimest genius of the age for wit, learning, judgment, eloquence, and wisdom. I called at a poet's chamber (who works for my shop) in an alley hard by, showed him the translation, and desired his opinion, who it was that the author could mean: he told me, after some consideration, that vanity was a thing he abhorred, but by the description he thought himself to be the person aimed at; and at the same time, he very kindly offered his own assistance *gratis* towards penning a dedication to himself. I desired him, however, to give a second guess: Why then, said he, it must be I, or my Lord Somers. From thence I went to several other wits of my acquaintance, with no small hazard and weariness to my person from a prodigious number of dark, winding stairs; but found them all in the same story, both of your lordship and themselves. Now, your lordship is to understand, that this proceeding was not of my own invention; for I have somewhere heard, it is a maxim, that those to whom everybody allows the second place, have an undoubted title to the first.[1]

This infallibly convinced me that your lordship was the person intended by the author. But being very unacquainted[2] in the style and form of dedications, I employed those wits aforesaid to furnish me with hints and materials towards a panegyric upon your lordship's virtues.

In two days they brought me ten sheets of paper, filled up on every side. They swore to

Kingdom of Absurdities," said by Mr Nichols to be copied from Swift's own handwriting:—"The bells of glass, with iron clappers. The houses of gunpowder; and as they are apt to get drunk, they leave candles burning, so that they have fires very frequently. The children always die there before their parents;" &c.

[1] *Terra Australis Incognita*, as appears from the "Project for the Universal Benefit of Mankind" appended to the "Tale of a Tub," signifies the future world; the person of quality, doubtless, Satan.

[2] John Somers, born at Worcester 1652, when called to the bar strongly opposed the Court, and, as one of the counsel for the Seven Bishops, displayed remarkable ability, eloquence, and zeal for liberty. Heartily concurring in the Revolution of 1688, he was knighted, and made in succession Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and Lord Keeper. In 1697, he was created Lord Somers, Baron Evesham, and raised to the Lord Chancellorship; but in 1700 he was removed from the Woolsack, and next year impeached by the Commons for his share in the Treaty of Partition. The Lords triumphantly acquitted him; but he retired from political life for a time, gave himself to letters, and was chosen President of the Royal Society. In 1706. he drew up the plan for the union of Scotland with England consummated next year; in 1708, he was made President of the Council; in 1710, he again lost office; and he died in 1716. He was the first patron of Addison, encouraged authors and fostered letters, and collected the rare tracts known by his name. In 1704, when the Tale appeared, Somers was in his refined retirement. Macaulay remarks that "till Swift turned Tory, he always extolled Somers, not only as the most accomplished, but as the most virtuous of men;" but "after Swift had ratted, he described Somers as a man who 'possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue.'"

[1] Don Quixote (Part II., B. ii. c. 18) says to Don Lorenzo de Miranda: "I pray, sir, tell me what verses are those you have now in hand which your father says engross your thoughts. If they are intended for a poetical prize, I would advise you to endeavour to obtain the second. The first is always determined by favour, or the high rank of the candidate; but the second is bestowed according to merit: so that the third becomes the second, and the first no more than the third, according to the usual practice in our universities."

[2] The style here, as indeed not infrequently, is inaccurate; "very little acquainted with," ought to have been written.

me that they had ransacked whatever could be found in the characters of Socrates, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cato, Tully, Atticus, and other hard names which I cannot now recollect. However, I have reason to believe they imposed upon my ignorance; because, when I came to read over their collections, there was not a syllable there, but what I and everybody else knew as well as themselves: therefore I grievously suspect a cheat; and that these authors of mine stole and transcribed every word from the universal report of mankind. So that I look upon myself as fifty shillings out of pocket to no manner of purpose.

If, by altering the title, I could make the same materials serve for another dedication, (as my betters have done,) it would help to make up my loss; but I have made several persons dip here and there in those papers, and, before they read three lines, they have all assured me plainly, that they cannot possibly be applied to any person besides your lordship.

I expected, indeed, to have heard of your lordship's bravery at the head of an army; of your undaunted courage in mounting a breach or scaling a wall; or to have had your pedigree traced in a lineal descent from the house of Austria; or [to have heard] of your wonderful talent at dress and dancing, or your profound knowledge in algebra, metaphysics, and the oriental tongues. But to ply the world with an old beaten story of your wit, and eloquence, and learning, and wisdom, and justice, and politeness, and candour, and evenness of temper in all scenes of life; of that great discernment in discovering, and readiness in favouring, deserving men; with forty other common topics: I confess, I have neither conscience nor countenance to do it. Because there is no virtue, either of a public or a private life, which some circumstances of your own have not often produced upon the stage of the world; and those few which, for want of occasions to exert them, might otherwise have passed unseen or unobserved by your friends, your enemies have at length brought to light.[1]

It is true, I should be very loth [that] the bright example of your lordship's virtues should be lost to after-ages, both for their sake and your own; but chiefly, because they will be so very necessary to adorn the history of a late reign;[2] and that is another reason why I would forbear to make a recital of them here; because I have been told by wise men, that, as dedications have run for some years past, a good historian will not be apt to have recourse thither in search of characters.

There is one point, wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons' liberality, to spend a word or two in admiring their patience. I can put no greater compliment on your lordship's, than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship upon that score, who, having been formerly used to tedious harangues,[1] and sometimes to as little purpose, will be the readier to pardon this; especially when it is offered by one who is, with all respect and veneration, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most faithful servant,

THE BOOKSELLER.

[1] By his impeachment: for the Commons, whether because their proofs were defective, or from other causes, delayed coming to a trial; and the Lords proceeded without them to try and acquit him.

[2] Somers defended King William's memory in the House of Lords against some aspersions of Nottingham.

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

[*Tells how long he has had these papers, when they were written, and why he publishes them now.*]

IT is now six years since these papers came first to my hand, which seems to have been about a twelvemonth after they were written; for the author tells us in his preface to the first treatise, that he has calculated it for the year 1697, and in several passages of that discourse, as well as the second, it appears they were written about that time.

As to the author, I can give no manner of satisfaction; however, I am credibly informed that this publication is without his knowledge; for he concludes the copy is lost, having lent it to a person since dead, and being never in possession of it after: so that, whether the work received his last hand, or whether he intended to fill up the defective places, is likely to remain a secret.

If I should go about to tell the reader by what accident I became master of these papers, it would, in this unbelieving age, pass for little more than the cant or jargon of the trade. I therefore gladly spare both him and myself so unnecessary a trouble. There yet remains a difficult question: why I published them no sooner. I forbore upon two accounts: first, because I thought I had better work upon my hands; and secondly, because I was not without some hope of hearing from the author, and receiving his directions. But I have been lately alarmed with intelligence of a surreptitious copy, which a certain great wit had new polished and refined, or, as our present writers express themselves, *fitted to the humour of the age:* as they have already done, with great felicity, to Don Quixote, Boccalini, La Bruyère, and other authors.[2] However, I thought it fairer dealing to offer the whole work in its naturals. If any gentleman will please to furnish me with a key, in order to explain the more difficult parts, I shall very gratefully acknowledge the favour, and print it by itself.

[1] In his legal career.

[2] That is, given to their translations a licence for the introduction of a grossness not in the original, but demanded by the spirit or "humour" of the time; Don Quixote was an especial sufferer.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE POSTERITY.[1]

[*The Author, apprehending that Time will soon destroy almost all the writings of this age, complains of his malice against modern authors and their productions, in hurrying them so quickly off the scene; and therefore addresses Posterity in favour of his contemporaries: assures him they abound in wit, and learning, and books: and, for instance, mentions Dryden, Tate, D'Urfey, Bentley, and Wotton.*]

SIR,— *December* 1697.

I here present your highness with the fruits of a very few leisure hours, stolen from the short intervals of a world of business, and of an employment quite alien from such amusements as this: the poor production of that refuse of time, which has lain heavy upon my hands during a long prorogation of parliament, a great dearth of foreign news, and a tedious fit of rainy weather; for which and other reasons, it cannot choose extremely to deserve such a patronage as that of your highness, whose numberless virtues, in so few years, make the world look upon you as the future example to all princes: for although your highness is hardly got clear of infancy, yet has the universal learned world already resolved upon appealing to your future dictates with the lowest and most resigned submission; fate having decreed you sole arbiter of the productions of human wit in this polite and most accomplished age. Methinks the number of appellants were enough to shock and startle any judge of a genius less unlimited than yours: but, in order to prevent such glorious trials, the person, it seems, to whose care the education of your highness is committed, has resolved (as I am told) to keep you in almost a universal ignorance of our studies, which it is your inherent birthright to inspect.

It is amazing to me that this person should have assurance in the face of the sun to go about persuading your highness that our age is almost wholly illiterate, and has hardly produced one writer upon any subject. I know very well, that when your highness shall come to riper years, and have gone through the learning of antiquity, you will be too curious to neglect inquiring into the authors of the very age before you: and to think that this insolent, in the account he is preparing for your view, designs to reduce them to a number so insignificant as I am ashamed to mention; it moves my zeal and my spleen for the honour and interest of our vast flourishing body, as well as of myself, for whom, I know by long experience, he has professed, and still continues, a peculiar malice.

It is not unlikely that, when your highness will one day peruse what I am now writing, you may be ready to expostulate with your governor upon the credit of what I here affirm, and command him to show you some of our productions. To which he will answer, (for I am well informed of his designs,) by asking your highness, where they are? and what has become of them? and pretend it a demonstration that there never were any, because they are not then to be found. Not to be found! who has mislaid them? are they sunk in the abyss of things? It is certain, that in their own nature they were light enough to swim upon the surface for all eternity. Therefore the fault is in him, who tied weights so heavy to their heels, as to depress them to the centre. Is their very essence destroyed? who has annihilated them? were they drowned by purges, or martyred by pipes? who administered them to the posteriors of ——? But, that it may no longer be a doubt with your highness who is to be the author of this universal ruin, I beseech you to observe that large and terrible scythe which your governor affects to bear continually about him. Be pleased to remark the length and strength, the sharpness and hardness, of his nails and teeth; consider his baneful, abominable breath, enemy to life and matter, infectious and corrupting; and then reflect, whether it be possible for any mortal ink and paper of this generation to make a suitable resistance. O! that your highness would one day resolve to disarm this usurping *maître du palais*[1] of his furious engines, and bring your empire *hors de page*.[2]

It were needless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun, there is not one to be heard of: unhappy infants! many of them barbarously destroyed before they have so much as learnt their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulsions whereof they suddenly die; some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch;[3] and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

But the concern I have most at heart is for our corporation of poets; from whom I am pre-

[1] It is the usual style of decried writers to appeal to the verdict of Posterity, who is here represented as a prince in his nonage, and Time as his governor. Swift imitates those writers who offer, for publishing, such excuses as they should have been ashamed of and concealed.—*H.*

[1] Properly *maires du palais*, mayors or governors of the palace; in whose hands the last kings of the Merovingian dynasty in France were mere puppets, hence acquiring the name of *les rois faineants*, as doing nothing of their own motive. At last, in 752, one of those masterful servants "converted the fact into a right;" Pepin l'Heristal had himself proclaimed king at Soissons, and the Merovingians gave way to the Carlovingians.

[2] "Out of pagehood," or guardianship: that is, that Prince Posterity would become his own master.

[3] Passed through the fire to Moloch.—Lev. xviii. 21.

paring a petition to your highness, to be subscribed with the names of one hundred and thirty-six of the first rate; but whose immortal productions are never likely to reach your eyes, though each of them is now a humble and earnest appellant for the laurel, and has large comely volumes ready to show for a support to his pretensions. The never-dying works of these illustrious persons your governor, sir, has devoted to unavoidable death; and your highness is to be made believe that our age has never arrived at the honour to produce one single poet.

We confess Immortality to be a great and powerful goddess; but in vain we offer up to her our devotions and our sacrifices, if your highness's governor, who has usurped the priesthood, must by an unparalleled ambition and avarice wholly intercept and devour them.

To affirm that our age is altogether unlearned, and devoid of writers in any kind, seems to be an assertion so bold and so false, that I have been some time thinking the contrary may almost be proved by uncontrollable demonstration. It is true, indeed, that although their numbers be vast, and their productions numerous in proportion, yet are they hurried so hastily off the scene, that they escape our memory and elude our sight. When I first thought of this address, I had prepared a copious list of titles to present your highness, as an undisputed argument for what I affirm. The originals were posted fresh upon all gates and corners of streets;[1] but, returning in a very few hours to take a review, they were all torn down, and fresh ones in their places: I inquired after them among readers and booksellers, but I inquired in vain; the memorial of them was lost among men, their place was no more to be found; and I was laughed to scorn for a clown and a pedant, without all taste and refinement, little versed in the course of present affairs, and that knew nothing of what had passed in the best companies of court and town. So that I can only avow in general to your highness, that we do abound in learning and wit; but to fix upon particulars is a task too slippery for my slender abilities. If I should venture in a windy day to affirm to your highness, that there is a large cloud near the horizon in the form of a bear, another in the zenith with the head of an ass, a third to the westward with claws like a dragon; and your highness should in a few minutes think fit to examine the truth; it is certain they would all be changed in figure and position: new ones would arise, and all we could agree upon would be, that clouds there were, but that I was grossly mistaken in the zoography and topography of them.

But your governor perhaps may still insist, and put the question: What is then become of those immense bales of paper which must needs have been employed in such numbers of books? Can these also be wholly annihilate, and so of a sudden, as I pretend? What shall I say in return of so invidious an objection? It ill befits the distance between your highness and me to send you for ocular conviction to a jakes, or an oven; to the windows of a bawdy-house, or to a sordid lantern.[1] Books, like men their authors, have no more than one way of coming into the world; but there are ten thousand to go out of it and return no more.

I profess to your highness, in the integrity of my heart, that what I am going to say is literally true this minute I am writing: what revolutions may happen before it shall be ready for your perusal, I can by no means warrant: however, I beg you to accept it as a specimen of our learning, our politeness, and our wit. I do therefore affirm, upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called John Dryden, whose translation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen.[2] There is another, called Nahum Tate, who is ready to make oath that he has caused many reams of verse to be published, whereof both himself and his bookseller (if lawfully required) can still produce authentic copies, and therefore wonders why the world is pleased to make such a secret of it. There is a third, known by the name of Tom D'Urfey, a poet of a vast comprehension, a universal genius, and most profound learning. There are also one Mr Rymer, and one Mr Dennis, most profound critics.[3] There is a person styled Dr Bentley,[4] who has written near a thousand pages of immense erudition, giving a full and true account of a certain squabble of wonderful importance between himself and a bookseller: he is a writer of infinite wit and humour; no man rallies with a better grace, and in more sprightly turns. Farther, I avow to your highness, that with these eyes I have beheld the person of William Wotton, B.D., who has written a good sizeable volume against a friend of your governor,[5] (from whom, alas!

1 ——*Mediocribus esse poëtis.*
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.
—HORACE, A.P., 372.
"To witless wooers of the poetic Muse,
Gods, men, and booksellers, a place refuse."

1 Swift refers to the baser uses of books; patching the broken windows of disreputable houses, furnishing the covering of cheap lanterns, &c.

2 Dryden's "Virgil" came out in 1697, and was at once in high favour; but Swift had a revenge to take on Dryden for his criticism on an "Ode to the Athenian Society," written in 1691—"Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet." The revenge is amply taken in the "Tale."

3 Tate was poet-laureate to William III. and Anne, and partner with Dr Brady in making the English metrical version of the psalms; Durfey, or D'Urfey, wrote plays and songs that pleased the licentious court of Charles II.; Rymer, a critic and antiquary, is now better known by his "Fœdera," or collection of treaties, than by his tragedy; and the vain and splenetic John Dennis, critic and play-writer, was a butt of the wits of his time.

4 Bentley, in his controversy with Boyle upon the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris, has given in a preface a long account of his dialogues with a bookseller about the loan and restitution of a manuscript.—*H.*

5 Sir William Temple; who took the side of Time, in his defence of ancient learning against Wotton, who upheld the moderns.

he must therefore look for little favour), in a most gentlemanly style, adorned with the utmost politeness and civility; replete with discoveries equally valuable for their novelty and use; and embellished with traits of wit so poignant and so apposite, that he is a worthy yokemate to his forementioned friend.

Why should I go upon farther particulars, which might fill a volume with the just eulogies of my contemporary brethren? I shall bequeath this piece of justice to a larger work, wherein I intend to write a character of the present set of wits in our nation; their persons I shall describe particularly and at length, their genius and understandings in miniature.

In the meantime, I do here make bold to present your highness with a faithful abstract, drawn from the universal body of all arts and sciences, intended wholly for your service and instruction; nor do I doubt in the least but your highness will peruse it as carefully, and make as considerable improvements, as other young princes have already done, by the many volumes of late years written for a help to their studies.[1]

That your highness may advance in wisdom and virtue, as well as years, and at last outshine all your royal ancestors, shall be the daily prayer of,

Sir, your highness's most devoted, &c.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

[*The occasion and design of this work. Project for employing the beaux of the nation. Of modern prefaces. Modern wit, how delicate. Method for penetrating into an author's thoughts. Complaints of every writer against the multitude of writers, like the fat fellow's in a crowd. Our Author insists on the common privilege of writers, to be favourably explained when not understood; and to praise himself in the modern way. This treatise without satire; and why. Fame sooner gotten by satire than panegyric; the subject of the latter being narrow, and that of the former infinite. Difference between Athens and England, as to general and particular satire. The Author designs a panegyric on the world, and a modest defence of the rabble.*]

August 1697.

The wits of the present age being so very numerous and penetrating, it seems the grandees of Church and State begin to fall under horrible apprehensions lest these gentlemen, during the intervals of a long peace, should find leisure to pick holes in the weak sides of religion and government. To prevent which, there has been much thought employed of late upon certain projects for taking off the force and edge of those formidable inquirers from canvassing and reasoning upon such delicate points. They have at length fixed upon one, which will require some time as well as cost to perfect. Meanwhile, the danger hourly increasing by new levies of wits, all appointed (as there is reason to fear) with pen, ink, and paper, which may at an hour's warning be drawn out into pamphlets, and other offensive weapons, ready for immediate execution; it was judged of absolute necessity, that some present expedient be thought on, till the main design can be brought to maturity. To this end, at a grand committee some days ago, this important discovery was made by a certain curious and refined observer: that seamen have a custom, when they meet a whale, to fling him out an empty tub by way of amusement, to divert him from laying violent hands upon the ship. This parable was immediately mythologised; the whale was interpreted to be Hobbes' Leviathan,[1] which tosses and plays with all schemes of religion and government, whereof a great many are hollow, and dry, and empty, and noisy, and wooden, and given to rotation: this is the leviathan, from which the terrible wits of our age are said to borrow their weapons. The ship in danger is easily understood to be its old antitype, the commonwealth. But how to analyse the tub, was a matter of difficulty; when, after long inquiry and debate, the literal meaning was preserved; and it was decreed, that in order to prevent these leviathans from tossing and sporting with the commonwealth, which of itself is too apt to fluctuate, they should be diverted from that game by a Tale of a Tub. And, my genius being conceived to lie not unhappily that way, I had the honour done me to be engaged in the performance.

This is the sole design in publishing the following treatise, which I hope will serve for an interim of some months to employ those unquiet spirits, till the perfecting of that great work into the secret of which it is reasonable the courteous reader should have some little light.

It is intended, that a large academy be erected, capable of containing nine thousand seven hundred forty and three persons;[2] which, by modest computation, is reckoned to be pretty near the current number of wits in this island. These are to be disposed into the several schools of this academy, and there pursue those studies to which their genius most inclines them. The undertaker himself will publish his proposals with all convenient speed; to which I shall refer the curious reader for a more particular account, mentioning at present only a few of the principal schools. There is, first, a large pæderastic school, with French and Italian

[1] Referring to the books prepared in France for the use of the Dauphins; the "Delphin" editions of the classics took their name from the titling of these books *in usum Delphini*.

[1] Hobbes' "Leviathan; or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil," was published in 1651, and drew down on the author great suspicion and hostility from the clergy; in 1666 it was censured in Parliament, on the imputation of atheism and profaneness. That Swift here speaks of Hobbes with a certain sympathy, could not predispose the clergy to regard with favour or tolerance the "Tale of a Tub."

[2] The number of livings in England.—*Pate.*

masters. There is also the spelling-school, a very spacious building: the school of looking-glasses: the school of swearing: the school of critics: the school of salivation: the school of hobby-horses: the school of poetry: the school of tops: the school of spleen: the school of gaming: with many others, too tedious to recount. No person to be admitted member into any of these schools without an attestation under two sufficient persons' hands, certifying him to be a wit.

But to return: I am sufficiently instructed in the principal duty of a preface, if my genius were capable of arriving at it. Thrice have I forced my imagination to make the tour of my invention, and thrice it has returned empty; the latter having been wholly drained by the following treatise. Not so my more successful brethren the moderns; who will by no means let slip a preface or dedication, without some notable distinguishing stroke to surprise the reader at the entry, and kindle a wonderful expectation of what is to ensue. Such was that of a most ingenious poet, who, soliciting his brain for something new, compared himself to the hangman, and his patron to the patient: this was *insigne, recens, indictum ore alio.*[1] When I went through that necessary and noble course of study,[2] I had the happiness to observe many such egregious touches, which I shall not injure the authors by transplanting: because I have remarked, that nothing is so very tender as a modern piece of wit, and which is apt to suffer so much in the carriage. Some things are extremely witty to-day, or fasting, or in this place, or at eight o'clock, or over a bottle, or spoke by Mr What-d'y'call'm, or in a summer's morning: any of the which, by the smallest transposal or misapplication, is utterly annihilate. Thus wit has its walks and purlieus, out of which it may not stray the breadth of a hair, upon peril of being lost. The moderns have artfully fixed this mercury, and reduced it to the circumstances of time, place, and person. Such a jest there is, that will not pass out of Covent-Garden; and such a one, that is nowhere intelligible but at Hyde-Park corner. Now, though it sometimes tenderly affects me to consider, that all the towardly passages I shall deliver in the following treatise, will grow quite out of date and relish with the first shifting of the present scene; yet I must needs subscribe to the justice of this proceeding: because I cannot imagine why we should be at expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours: wherein I speak the sentiment of the very newest and consequently the most orthodox refiners, as well as my own. However, being extremely solicitous that every accomplished person, who has got into the taste of wit calculated for this present month of August, 1697, should descend to the very bottom of all the sublime throughout this treatise; I hold fit to lay down this general maxim: whatever reader desires to have a thorough comprehension of an author's thoughts, cannot take a better method, than by putting himself into the circumstances and postures of life that the writer was in, upon every important passage, as it flowed from his pen: for this will introduce a parity, and strict correspondence of ideas, between the reader and the author. Now, to assist the diligent reader in so delicate an affair, as far as brevity will permit, I have recollected, that the shrewdest pieces of this treatise were conceived in bed, in a garret; at other times, for a reason best known to myself, I thought fit to sharpen my invention with hunger; and, in general, the whole work was begun, continued, and ended under a long course of physic, and a great want of money. Now, I do affirm, it will be absolutely impossible for the candid peruser to go along with me in a great many bright passages, unless, upon the several difficulties emergent, he will please to capacitate and prepare himself by these directions. And this I lay down as my principal *postulatum*.

Because I have professed to be a most devoted servant of all modern forms, I apprehend some curious wit may object against me, for proceeding thus far in a preface without declaiming, according to the custom, against the multitude of writers, whereof the whole multitude of writers most reasonably complain. I am just come from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning this enormous grievance. Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them.

One begins thus: For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c.

Another: The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester, &c.

Another: When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c.

Another: To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c.

Another: Sir, It is merely in obedience to your commands that I venture into the public; for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers, &c.

Now, I have two words in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation, having strenuously maintained the contrary in several parts of the following discourse. Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions. Upon which, I shall tell the reader a short tale.

A mountebank, in Leicester-Fields, had drawn a huge assembly about him. Among the rest, a fat unwieldy fellow, half stifled in the press,

[1] Remarkable, novel, hitherto unsaid by other lips. —HORACE, Odes, iii. 25, 8.

[2] Reading the prefaces of other authors.

would be every fit crying out, "Lord! what a filthy crowd is here! pray, good people, give way a little. Bless me! what a devil has raked this rabble together? z—ds! what squeezing is this! honest friend, remove your elbow." At last a weaver, that stood next him, could hold no longer. "A plague confound you (said he) for an overgrown sloven; and who, in the devil's name, I wonder, helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider, with a pox, that you take up more room with that carcass than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? bring your own guts to a reasonable compass, and be d——d, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all."

There are certain common privileges of a writer, the benefit whereof, I hope, there will be no reason to doubt; particularly, that where I am not understood, it shall be concluded that something very useful and profound is couched underneath: and again, that whatever word or sentence is printed in a different character, shall be judged to contain something extraordinary either of wit or sublime.

As for the liberty I have thought fit to take of praising myself, upon some occasion or none; I am sure it will need no excuse, if a multitude of great examples be allowed sufficient authority: for it is here to be noted, that praise was originally a pension paid by the world; but the moderns, finding the trouble and charge too great in collecting it, have lately bought out the fee-simple; since which time, the right of presentation is wholly in ourselves. For this reason it is, that, when an author makes his own eulogy, he uses a certain form to declare and insist upon his title, which is commonly in these or the like words, "I speak without vanity;" which I think plainly shows it to be a matter of right and justice. Now I do here once for all declare, that in every encounter of this nature through the following treatise, the form aforesaid is implied; which I mention, to save the trouble of repeating it on so many occasions.

It is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse without one grain of satire intermixed; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the public much at the rate pedants do a naughty boy ready horsed for discipline: first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash. Now, if I know anything of mankind, these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction: for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake, that, because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers: for it is well known among mythologists, that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch of this island, whose taste and judgment were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two.[1] For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries, that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed.[2] Here may it long flourish and abound: may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt, as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge. Besides, those whose teeth are too rotten to bite, are best of all others qualified to revenge that defect with their breath.

I am not like other men, to envy or undervalue the talents I cannot reach; for which reason I must needs bear a true honour to this large eminent sect of our British writers. And I hope this little panegyric will not be offensive to their ears, since it has the advantage of being only designed for themselves. Indeed, nature herself has taken order, that fame and honour should be purchased at a better pennyworth by satire, than by any other productions of the brain; the world being soonest provoked to praise by lashes, as men are to love. There is a problem in an ancient author, why dedications, and other bundles of flattery, run all upon stale musty topics, without the smallest tincture of anything new; not only to the torment and nauseating of the Christian reader, but, if not suddenly prevented, to the universal spreading of that pestilential disease, the lethargy, in this island: whereas there is very little satire which has not something in it untouched before. The defects of the former are usually imputed to the want of invention among those who are dealers in that kind; but, I think, with a great deal of injustice, the solution being easy and natural; for the materials of panegyric, being very few in number, have been long since exhausted. For, as health is but one thing, and has been always the same, whereas diseases are by thousands, besides new and daily additions: so all the virtues that have been ever in mankind are to be counted upon a few fingers; but their follies and vices are innumerable, and time adds hourly to the heap. Now the utmost a poor poet can do, is to get by heart a list of the cardinal virtues, and deal them with his utmost liberality to his hero or his patron: he may ring the changes as

[1] James I. of England, and the Order of the Thistle, are referred to.

[2] *i.e.*, From Scotland, with James.

far as it will go, and vary his phrase till he has talked round; but the reader quickly finds it is all pork, with a little variety of sauce. For there is no inventing terms of art beyond our ideas; and when our ideas are exhausted, terms of art must be so too.

But though the matter for panegyric were as fruitful as the topics of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason why the latter will be always better received than the first. For this, being bestowed only upon one or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words, from the rest, who have no share in the blessing: but satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose, I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England with respect to the point before us. In the Attic commonwealth, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in public, or to expose upon the stage by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, a Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes: but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetoric against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, "That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemic as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa;"[1] with any other common-places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*.[2] And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication and something else: against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at Whitehall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the Inns of Court chapel: and, in a city pulpit, be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and every man carries a racket about him, to strike it from himself among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop but a single hint in public how such a one starved half the fleet and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play: how such a one has got a clap, and runs out of his estate: how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench:[1] or how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate, with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for *scandalum magnatum*, to have challenges sent him, to be sued for defamation, and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards "A Panegyric upon the World;" to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, "A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages." Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of appendix to the following treatise; but finding my common-place book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestic misfortune; in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion as the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any farther attendance at the porch; and, having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.

[1] One of the daughters of Zeus, who tarried the longest on earth, to bless men, when the golden age was declining; and then, withdrawing to heaven, was placed among the stars—where she shines in Virgo.

[2] Hor. Sat. ii. 3, 141.—Spleen.

[1] A reference to some forgotten judicial scandal; Swift says: "Juno and Venus are money and a mistress; very powerful bribes to a judge, if scandal says true. I remember such reflections were cast about that time; but I cannot fix the person intended here."

A TALE OF A TUB.

Democritus, dum ridet, philosophatur.

SECTION I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

[*A physico-mythological dissertation on the different sorts of oratorial machines. Of the bar and the bench. The Author fond of the number Three; promises a panegyric on it. Of pulpits; which are the best. Of ladders; on which the British orators surpass all others. Of the stage itinerant; the seminary of the two former. A physical reason why those machines*

are elevated. Of the curious contrivance of modern theatres. These three machines emblematically represent the various sorts of authors. An apologetical dissertation for the Grub Street Writers, against their revolted rivals of Gresham and Will's. Superficial readers cannot easily find out Wisdom; which is compared to several pretty things. Commentaries promised on several writings of Grub Street authors; as Reynard the Fox, Tom Thumb, Dr Faustus, Whittington and his Cat, the Hind and Panther, Tommy Pots, and the Wise Men of Gotham. The Author's pen and person worn out in serving the State. Multiplicity of titles and dedications.]

WHOEVER has an ambition to be heard in a crowd, must press, and squeeze, and thrust, and climb, with indefatigable pains, till he has exalted himself to a certain degree of altitude above them. Now in all assemblies, though you wedge them ever so close, we may observe this peculiar property, that over their heads there is room enough, but how to reach it is the difficult point; it being as hard to get quit of number, as of hell:

——— *Evadere ad auras,*
Hoc opus, hic labor est.[1]

To this end the philosopher's way in all ages has been by erecting certain edifices in the air: but, whatever practice and reputation these kind of structures have formerly possessed, or may still continue in, not excepting even that of Socrates, when he was suspended in a basket to help contemplation; I think, with due submission, they seem to labour under two inconveniences. First, That, the foundations being laid too high, they have been often out of sight, and ever out of hearing. Secondly, That the materials, being very transitory, have suffered much from inclemencies of air, especially in these north-west regions.

Therefore, towards the just performance of this great work, there remain but three methods that I can think on; whereof the wisdom of our ancestors being highly sensible, has, to encourage all aspiring adventurers, thought fit to erect three wooden machines for the use of those orators who desire to talk much without interruption. These are the pulpit, the ladder, and the stage itinerant. For as to the bar, though it be compounded of the same matter, and designed for the same use, it cannot, however, be well allowed the honour of a fourth, by reason of its level or inferior situation exposing it to perpetual interruption from collaterals. Neither can the bench itself, though raised to a proper eminency, put in a better claim, whatever its advocates insist on. For, if they please to look into the original design of its erection, and the circumstances or adjuncts subservient to that design, they will soon acknowledge the present practice exactly correspondent to the primitive institution, and both to answer the etymology of the name, which in the Phœnician tongue is a word of great signification, importing, if literally interpreted, *the place of sleep*; but, in common acceptation, a seat well bolstered and cushioned for the repose of old and gouty limbs: *senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* Fortune being indebted to them this part of retaliation, that, as formerly they have long talked while others slept, so now they may sleep as long while others talk.

But if no other argument could occur to exclude the bench and the bar from the list of oratorial machines, it were sufficient that the admission of them would overthrow a number which I was resolved to establish, whatever argument it might cost me; in imitation of that prudent method observed by many other philosophers and great clerks, whose chief art in division has been to grow fond of some proper mystical number, which their imaginations have rendered sacred, to a degree that they force common reason to find room for it in every part of nature; reducing, including, and adjusting every genus and species within that compass, by coupling some against their wills, and banishing others at any rate. Now, among all the rest, the profound number THREE is that which has most employed my sublimest speculations, nor ever without wonderful delight. There is now in the press, and will be published next term, a panegyrical essay of mine upon this number, wherein I have, by most convincing proofs, not only reduced the senses and the elements under its banner, but brought over several deserters from its two great rivals, SEVEN and NINE.[1]

Now, the first of these oratorial machines in place as well as dignity, is the pulpit. Of pulpits there are in this island several sorts; but I esteem only that made of timber from the *sylva Caledonia*,[2] which agrees very well with our climate. If it be upon its decay, it is the better both for conveyance of sound, and for other reasons to be mentioned by and by. The degree of perfection in shape and size I take to consist in being extremely narrow, with little ornament, and, best of all, without a cover, (for, by ancient rule, it ought to be the only uncovered vessel in every assembly where it is rightfully used;) by which means, from its near resemblance to a pillory, it will ever have a mighty influence on human ears.

Of ladders I need say nothing: it is observed by foreigners themselves, to the honour of our country, that we excel all nations in our practice and understanding of this machine. The ascending orators do not only oblige their audience in the agreeable delivery, but the whole world in the early publication, of their

1 VIRGIL, Æneid, vi. 128.
"But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labour lies."
—*Dryden.*

1 Seven times seven, and seven times nine, made the two grand climacterics, at which, according to the astrologers, the body sustained great changes, and there was imminent danger of death.

2 Scotland.

speeches,[1] which I look upon as the choicest treasury of our British eloquence, and whereof, I am informed, that worthy citizen and bookseller, Mr John Dunton, has made a faithful and painful collection, which he shortly designs to publish in twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates. A work highly useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand.

The last engine of orators is the stage itinerant, erected with much sagacity, *sub Jove pluvio, in triviis et quadriviis*.[2] It is the great seminary of the two former, and its orators are sometimes preferred to the one, and sometimes to the other, in proportion to their deservings; there being a strict and perpetual intercourse between all three.

From this accurate deduction it is manifest, that for obtaining attention in public there is of necessity required a superior position of place. But, although this point be generally granted, yet the cause is little agreed in; and it seems to me that very few philosophers have fallen into a true, natural solution of this phenomenon. The deepest account, and the most fairly digested, of any I have yet met with, is this: that air being a heavy body, and therefore, according to the system of Epicurus,[3] continually descending, must needs be more so, when loaded and pressed down by words; which are also bodies of much weight and gravity, as it is manifest from those deep impressions they make and leave upon us; and therefore must be delivered from a due altitude, or else they will neither carry a good aim, nor fall down with a sufficient force.

Corpoream quoque enim vocem constare fatendum est,
Et sonitum, quoniam possunt impellere sensus.[4]
—LUCRETIUS, Lib. iv. 527.

And I am the readier to favour this conjecture, from a common observation; that in the several assemblies of these orators, nature itself has instructed the hearers to stand with their mouths open, and erected parallel to the horizon, so as they may be intersected by a perpendicular line from the zenith to the centre of the earth. In which position, if the audience be well compact, every one carries home a share, and little or nothing is lost.

I confess, there is something yet more refined in the contrivance and structure of our modern theatres. For, first, the pit is sunk below the stage, with due regard to the institution above deduced; that whatever weighty matter shall be delivered thence, whether it be lead or gold, may fall plumb into the jaws of certain critics, as I think they are called, which stand ready opened to devour them. Then, the boxes are built round, and raised to a level with the scene, in deference to the ladies; because that large portion of wit laid out in raising pruriences and protuberances, is observed to run much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The whining passions, and little starved conceits, are gently wafted up by their own extreme levity to the middle region, and there fix and are frozen by the frigid understandings of the inhabitants. Bombastry and buffoonery, by nature lofty and light, soar highest of all, and would be lost in the roof, if the prudent architect had not, with much foresight, contrived for them a fourth place, called the twelve-penny gallery, and there planted a suitable colony, who greedily intercept them in their passage.

Now, this physico-logical scheme of oratorial receptacles or machines contains a great mystery; being a type, a sign, an emblem, a shadow, a symbol, bearing analogy to the spacious commonwealth of writers, and to those methods by which they must exalt themselves to a certain eminency above the inferior world. By the pulpit are adumbrated the writings of our modern saints in Great Britain, as they have spiritualised and refined them from the dross and grossness of sense and human reason. The matter, as we have said, is of rotten wood; and that upon two considerations; because it is the quality of rotten wood to give light in the dark: and secondly, because its cavities are full of worms; which is a type with a pair of handles, having a respect to the two principal qualifications of the orator, and the two different fates attending upon his works.[1]

The ladder is an adequate symbol of faction, and of poetry, to both of which so noble a number of authors are indebted for their fame. Of faction, because[2] . . . . *Hiatus in MS.* . . . . . Of poetry, because its orators do *perorare* with a song; and because, climbing up by slow degrees, fate is sure to turn them off before they can reach within many steps of the top: and because it is a preferment attained by transferring of property, and a confounding of *meum* and *tuum*.

Under the stage itinerant are couched those productions designed for the pleasure and delight of mortal man; such as, Six-penny-worth of Wit, Westminster Drolleries, Delightful Tales, Complete Jesters, and the like; by which the writers of and for GRUB STREET have in these latter ages so nobly triumphed over Time; have clipped his wings, pared his

1 The speeches here intended are those of persons hanged; which, from a note by Mr Pate, (styled by Swift "the learned woollen-draper,") appear to have been given to the world in the papers of Paul Lorraine, then ordinary of Newgate. Dunton, the bookseller, published a "Life and Errors," in which are many curious particulars and anecdotes concerning the booksellers, publishers, stationers, bookbinders, and printers in London.

2 The strolling-player's booth or stage; set up in the open air in the cross-roads and places most frequented: whose orators Swift sends either to the gallows or the conventicle.

3 LUCRETIUS, Lib. ii.

4 "'Tis certain, then, that voice that thus can wound
Is all material; body every sound."
—*Hawkesworth.*

1 The two principal qualifications of a fanatic preacher are, his inward light, and his head full of maggots; and the two different fates of his writings are, to be burnt or worm-eaten.—*H.*

2 Here is pretended a defect in the manuscript; and this is very frequent with our author, either when he thinks he cannot say anything worth reading, or when he has no mind to enter on the subject, or when it is a matter of little moment; or perhaps to amuse his reader, whereof he is frequently very fond; or, lastly, with some satirical intention.—*H.*

nails, filed his teeth, turned back his hour-glass, blunted his scythe, and drawn the hob-nails out of his shoes. It is under this class I have presumed to list my present treatise, being just come from having the honour conferred upon me to be adopted a member of that illustrious fraternity.

Now, I am not unaware how the productions of the Grub Street brotherhood have of late years fallen under many prejudices, nor how it has been the perpetual employment of two junior start-up societies to ridicule them and their authors, as unworthy their established post in the commonwealth of wit and learning. Their own consciences will easily inform them whom I mean; nor has the world been so negligent a looker-on, as not to observe the continual efforts made by the societies of Gresham and of Will's[1] to edify a name and reputation upon the ruin of OURS. And this is yet a more feeling grief to us, upon the regards of tenderness as well as of justice, when we reflect on their proceedings not only as unjust, but as ungrateful, undutiful, and unnatural. For how can it be forgot by the world or themselves, to say nothing of our own records, which are full and clear in the point, that they both are seminaries not only of our planting, but our watering too? I am informed, our two rivals have lately made an offer to enter into the lists with united forces, and challenge us to a comparison of books, both as to weight and number. In return to which, with licence from our president, I humbly offer two answers: first, we say, the proposal is like that which Archimedes made upon a smaller affair,[2] including an impossibility in the practice; for where can they find scales of capacity enough for the first, or an arithmetician of capacity enough for the second? Secondly, we are ready to accept the challenge; but with this condition, that a third indifferent person be assigned, to whose impartial judgment it should be left to decide which society, each book, treatise, or pamphlet, does most properly belong to. This point, God knows, is very far from being fixed at present; for we are ready to produce a catalogue of some thousands, which in all common justice ought to be entitled to our fraternity, but by the revolted and newfangled writers [are] most perfidiously ascribed to the others. Upon all which, we think it very unbecoming our prudence that the determination should be remitted to the authors themselves; when our adversaries, by briguing and caballing, have caused so universal a defection from us, that the greatest part of our society has already deserted to them, and our nearest friends begin to stand aloof, as if they were half-ashamed to own us.

[1] At Gresham College the Royal Society met before it removed to Crane Court, in Fleet Street. Will's Coffee-house, at the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street, in Covent Garden, was the meeting-place of the poets, where Dryden presided.

[2] That he would move the earth—if he had but a point without it whereon to stand.

This is the utmost I am authorised to say upon so ungrateful and melancholy a subject; because we are extreme unwilling to inflame a controversy whose continuance may be so fatal to the interests of us all, desiring much rather that things be amicably composed; and we shall so far advance on our side, as to be ready to receive the two prodigals with open arms whenever they shall think fit to return from their husks and their harlots: which, I think, from the present course of their studies,[1] they most properly may be said to be engaged in; and, like an indulgent parent, continue to them our affection and our blessing.

But the greatest maim given to that general reception which the writings of our society have formerly received, (next to the transitory state of all sublunary things,) has been a superficial vein among many readers of the present age, who will by no means be persuaded to inspect beyond the surface and the rind of things; whereas, wisdom is a fox, who, after long hunting, will at last cost you the pains to dig out: it is a cheese, which, by how much the richer, has the thicker, the homelier, and the coarser coat, and whereof to a judicious palate the maggots are the best: it is a sack-posset, wherein the deeper you go, you will find it the sweeter. Wisdom is a hen, whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg: but then, lastly, it is a nut, which, unless you choose with judgment, may cost you a tooth, and pay you with nothing but a worm. In consequence of these momentous truths, the grubæan sages have always chosen to convey their precepts and their arts shut up within the vehicles of types and fables; which having been perhaps more careful and curious in adorning than was altogether necessary, it has fared with these vehicles after the usual fate of coaches over-finely painted and gilt; that the transitory gazers have so dazzled their eyes and filled their imaginations with the outward lustre, as neither to regard or consider the person or the parts of the owner within. A misfortune we undergo with somewhat less reluctancy, because it has been common to us with Pythagoras, Æsop, Socrates, and other of our predecessors.

However, that neither the world nor ourselves may any longer suffer by such misunderstandings, I have been prevailed on, after much importunity from my friends, to travel in a complete and laborious dissertation upon the prime productions of our society; which, besides their beautiful externals for the gratification of superficial readers, have darkly and deeply couched under them the most finished and refined systems of all sciences and arts; as I do not doubt to lay open by untwisting or unwinding, and either to draw up by exantlation,[2] or display by incision.

[1] Virtuoso experiments, and modern comedies.—*Original.*

[2] Drawing out, as of water from a well; from the Greek εξαντλειν.

This great work was entered upon some years ago, by one of our most eminent members: he began with the *History of Reynard the Fox*,[1] but neither lived to publish his essay, nor to proceed farther in so useful an attempt; which is very much to be lamented, because the discovery he made and communicated to his friends is now universally received; nor do I think any of the learned will dispute that famous treatise to be a complete body of civil knowledge, and the revelation, or rather the apocalypse, of all state arcana. But the progress I have made is much greater, having already finished my annotations upon several dozens; from some of which, I shall impart a few hints to the candid reader, as far as will be necessary to the conclusion at which I aim.

The first piece I have handled is that of *Tom Thumb*, whose author was a Pythagorean philosopher. This dark treatise contains the whole scheme of the Metempsychosis, deducing the progress of the soul through all her stages.

The next is *Dr Faustus*, penned by Artephius, an author *bonæ notæ*, and an *adeptus;* he published it in the nine-hundred-eighty-fourth year of his age;[2] this writer proceeds wholly by reincrudation, or in the *viâ humidâ;* and the marriage between Faustus and Helen does most conspicuously dilucidate the fermenting of the male and female dragon.

Whittington and his Cat is the work of that mysterious rabbi, Jehuda Hannasi, containing a defence of the gemara of the Jerusalem misna,[3] and its just preference to that of Babylon, contrary to the vulgar opinion.

The Hind and Panther. This is the masterpiece of a famous writer now living,[4] intended for a complete abstract of sixteen thousand school-men, from Scotus to Bellarmin.

Tommy Pots.[5] Another piece supposed by the same hand, by way of supplement to the former.

The Wise Men of Gotham, cum appendice. This is a treatise of immense erudition, being the great original and fountain of those arguments bandied about both in France and England, for a just defence of the moderns' learning and wit against the presumption, the pride, and ignorance of the ancients. This unknown author has so exhausted the subject, that a penetrating reader will easily discover whatever has been written since upon that dispute to be little more than repetition. An abstract of this treatise has been lately published by a worthy member of our society.[1]

These notices may serve to give the learned reader an idea, as well as a taste, of what the whole work is likely to produce; wherein I have now altogether circumscribed my thoughts and my studies; and, if I can bring it to a perfection before I die, shall reckon I have well employed the poor remains of an unfortunate life.[2] This, indeed, is more than I can justly expect from a quill worn to the pith in the service of the State, in *pros* and *cons* upon Popish plots, and meal-tubs,[3] and exclusion bills, and passive obedience, and addresses of lives and fortunes; and prerogative, and property, and liberty of conscience, and letters to a friend; from an understanding and a conscience threadbare and ragged with perpetual turning; from a head broken in a hundred places by the malignants of the opposite factions; and from a body spent with poxes ill cured, by trusting to bawds and surgeons who, as it afterwards appeared, were professed enemies to me and the government, and revenged their party's quarrel upon my nose and shins. Fourscore and eleven pamphlets have I written under three reigns, and for the service of six-and-thirty factions.[4] But, finding the State has no farther occasion for me and my ink, I retire willingly to draw it out into speculations more becoming a philosopher; having, to my unspeakable comfort, passed a long life with a conscience void of offence.

But to return. I am assured from the reader's candour, that the brief specimen I have given will easily clear all the rest of our society's productions from an aspersion grown, as it is manifest, out of envy and ignorance; that they are of little farther use or value to mankind beyond the common entertainments of their wit and their style; for these I am sure have never yet been disputed by our keenest adversaries: in both which, as well as the more profound and mystical part, I have, throughout this treatise, closely followed the most applauded originals. And, to render all complete, I have with much thought and application of mind so ordered, that the chief title prefixed to it, I mean that under which I design it shall pass in the common conversations of court and town,

1 The well-known History of Reynard the Fox—of much greater antiquity than Swift ascribes to it, or even Hawkesworth when, correcting Swift, he carries it back a century—was translated from the Dutch by Caxton, and printed in 1481.

2 The chemists say of him in their books that he prolonged his life to a thousand years, and then died voluntarily.—*H.*

3 The *gemara* is the decision, explanation, or interpretation of the Jewish rabbis; and the *misna* is properly the code or body of the Jewish civil or common law.—*H.*

4 Viz., in the year 1697.—*Original.* Dryden, who is the author here assailed, died in 1700.

5 A popular ballad.

1 Wotton's Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning.

2 Here the author glances at the professions of Dryden, L'Estrange, and others, "who, after having spent their lives in vices, faction, and falsehood, have the impudence to talk of merit, and innocence, and sufferings."—*H.* See Author's Apology, *ante*, page 43.

3 The Meal-Tub Plot was a kind of imitation of the famous Popish plot, devised by Titus Oates the year before, in 1678, and stimulated by Presbyterian aversion to the Roman Catholics; it took its name from the place where the papers concerning it had been hidden.

4 It is on this passage that Porson partly founded his belief that Swift was really the author of the Tale of a Tub; for in "Gulliver's Travels" the numbers given above are repeated—where Gulliver says he was confined, in Lilliput, by fourscore and eleven chains locked to his left leg by six-and-thirty padlocks; the coincidence of numbers is inferred to have been intended by Swift as an indirect acknowledgment of the earlier work.

is modelled exactly after the manner peculiar to our society.

I confess to have been somewhat liberal in the business of titles,[1] having observed the humour of multiplying them to bear great vogue among certain writers whom I exceedingly reverence. And indeed it seems not unreasonable that books, the children of the brain, should have the honour to be christened with variety of names, as well as other infants of quality. Our famous Dryden has ventured to proceed a point farther, endeavouring to introduce also a multiplicity of godfathers;[2] which is an improvement of much more advantage upon a very obvious account. It is a pity this admirable invention has not been better cultivated, so as to grow by this time into general imitation, when such an authority serves it for a precedent. Nor have my endeavours been wanting to second so useful an example; but it seems there is an unhappy expense usually annexed to the calling of a godfather, which was clearly out of my head, as it is very reasonable to believe. Where the pinch lay, I cannot certainly affirm; but having employed a world of thoughts and pains to split my treatise into forty sections, and having entreated forty lords of my acquaintance that they would do me the honour to stand, they all made it a matter of conscience, and sent me their excuses.

SECTION II.

A TALE OF A TUB.

[*Of a Father and his Three Sons. His will, and his legacies to them. Of the young men's carriage at the beginning and of the genteel qualifications they acquired in town. Description of a new sect, who adored their creator the tailor. Of their idol, and their system. The three brothers follow the mode, against their father's will; and get shoulder-knots, by help of distinctions; gold-lace, by help of tradition; flame-coloured satin lining, by means of a supposed codicil; silver fringe, by virtue of critical interpretation; and embroidery of Indian figures, by laying aside the plain literal meaning. The will at last locked up. Peter got into a lord's house, and after his death turned out his children, and took in his own brothers in their stead.*]

ONCE upon a time, there was a man who had three sons by one wife,[3] and all at a birth, neither could the midwife tell certainly which was the eldest. Their father died while they were young; and upon his death-bed, calling the lads to him, spoke thus:—

"Sons; because I have purchased no estate, nor was born to any, I have long considered of some good legacies to bequeath you; and at last, with much care as well as expense, have provided each of you (here they are) a new coat.[1] Now, you are to understand, that these coats have two virtues contained in them: one is, that with good wearing they will last you fresh and sound as long as you live; the other is, that they will grow in the same proportion with your bodies, lengthening and widening of themselves, so as to be always fit. Here; let me see them on you before I die. So; very well; pray, children, wear them clean, and brush them often. You will find in my will[2] (here it is) full instructions in every particular concerning the wearing and management of your coats; wherein you must be very exact, to avoid the penalties I have appointed for every transgression or neglect, upon which your future fortunes will entirely depend. I have also commanded in my will, that you should live together in one house, like brethren and friends; for then you will be sure to thrive, and not otherwise."

Here, the story says, this good father died; and the three sons went all together to seek their fortunes.

I shall not trouble you with recounting what adventures they met for the first seven years,[3] any farther than by taking notice that they carefully observed their father's will, and kept their coats in very good order: that they travelled through several countries, encountered a reasonable quantity of giants, and slew certain dragons.

Being now arrived at the proper age for producing themselves, they came up to town, and fell in love with the ladies, but especially three, who about that time were in chief reputation; the Duchess d'Argent, Madame de Grands Titres, and the Countess d'Orgueil.[4] On their first appearance our three adventurers met with a very bad reception; and soon with great sagacity guessing out the reason, they quickly began to improve in the good qualities of the town: they writ, and rallied, and rhymed, and sung, and said, and said nothing; they drank, and fought, and whored, and slept, and swore, and took snuff; they went to new plays on the first night, haunted the chocolate-houses, beat the watch, lay on bulks, and got claps; they bilked hackney-coachmen, ran in debt with shopkeepers, and lay with their wives; they killed bailiffs, kicked fiddlers down stairs, eat at Locket's, loitered at Will's;[5] they talked of

1 The title-page in the original was so torn, that it was not possible to recover several titles, which the author here speaks of.—*Original.*

2 He dedicated the different parts of his translation of Virgil to as many different patrons.

3 By these three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack, Popery, the Church of England, and our Protestant Dissenters, are designed.—*Wotton.*

1 By Wotton, interpreted "the garment of the Israelites;" by Pate, the Scripture; but by Lambin, accurately, the Christian doctrine and faith, fitted, by the wisdom of the Divine Founder, to all times, places, and circumstances.

2 The New Testament.

3 The first seven centuries after Christ, when the Church in the main preserved its unity and purity, and extended its sway into many pagan countries.

4 The Church grows prosperous and worldly. The three mistresses, Wotton explains, are "Covetousness, Ambition, and Pride; which were the three great vices that the ancient fathers inveighed against as the first corruptions of Christianity."

5 Noted London taverns.

the drawing-room, and never came there; dined with lords they never saw; whispered a duchess, and spoke never a word; exposed the scrawls of their laundress for billets-doux of quality; came ever just from court, and were never seen in it; attended the levee *sub dio;* got a list of peers by heart in one company, and with great familiarity retailed them in another. Above all, they constantly attended those committees of senators who are silent in the house, and loud in the coffee-house, where they nightly adjourn to chew the cud of politics, and are encompassed with a ring of disciples, who lie in wait to catch up their droppings. The three brothers had acquired forty other qualifications of the like stamp, too tedious to recount, and by consequence were justly reckoned the most accomplished persons in the town; but all would not suffice, and the ladies aforesaid continued still inflexible. To clear up which difficulty I must, with the reader's good leave and patience, have recourse to some points of weight, which the authors of that age have not sufficiently illustrated.

For about this time it happened a sect arose[1] whose tenets obtained and spread very far, especially in the *grand monde*, and among every body of good fashion. They worshipped a sort of idol, who, as their doctrine delivered, did daily create men by a kind of manufactory operation. This idol they placed in the highest part of the house, on an altar erected about three foot; he was shown in the posture of a Persian emperor, sitting on a superficies, with his legs interwoven under him. This god had a goose for his ensign; whence it is that some learned men pretend to deduce his original from Jupiter Capitolinus.[2] At his left hand, beneath the altar, hell seemed to open, and catch at the animals the idol was creating; to prevent which, certain of his priests hourly flung in pieces of the uninformed mass, or substance, and sometimes whole limbs already enlivened, which that horrid gulf insatiably swallowed, terrible to behold. The goose was also held a subaltern divinity, or *deus minorum gentium*, before whose shrine was sacrificed that creature whose hourly food is human gore, and who is in so great renown abroad for being the delight and favourite of the Ægyptian Cercopithecus.[1] Millions of these animals were cruelly slaughtered every day to appease the hunger of that consuming deity. The chief idol was also worshipped as the inventor of the yard and needle; whether as the god of seamen, or on account of certain other mystical attributes, has not been sufficiently cleared.

The worshippers of this deity had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests everything: that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman Nature has been to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white satin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat,[2] or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? as to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more; is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt, and conscience a pair of breeches, which, though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is easily slipt down for the service of both?[3]

These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For is it not manifest that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up parliament-, coffee-, play-, bawdy-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod,

1 See CARLYLE'S "Sartor Resartus," p. 177, (ed. 1858.) "If the fruit of these long vigils, and almost preternatural inquiries, is not to perish utterly, the world will have approximated towards a higher Truth; and the doctrine, which Swift, with the keen forecast of genius, dimly anticipated, will stand revealed in clear light; that the Tailor is not only a Man, but something of a Creator or Divinity. . . . For . . . is not the fair fabric of Society itself, with all its royal mantles and pontifical stoles, whereby, from nakedness and dismemberment, we are organised into Polities, into nations, and a whole co-operating Mankind, the creation, as has here been often irrefragably evinced, of the Tailor alone? . . . And this is he, whom sitting downcast, on the hard basis of his Shopboard, the world treats with contumely, as the ninth part of a man! Look up, thou much-injured one, look up with the kindling eye of hope, and prophetic bodings of a noble better time. . . . With astonishment the world will recognise that the Tailor is its Hierophant, and Hierarch, or even its God."

2 It was in the temple of Juno, not of Jupiter, on the Capitol at Rome, that the sacred geese were kept, whose cackling saved the citadel from surprise by the Gauls—to which Swift alludes here, as an instance of the circuitous and far-fetched explanations of "some learned men."

1 The long-tailed monkey which Juvenal (15, 4) says received divine honours in Egypt; the monkey tribe are fond of lice, here styled devourers of human gore.

2 A play on the word *microcosm*, or little world, as man has been called by philosophers.—*H.*

3 A touch of satire on the fanatics, amplified and intensified in the "Discourse on the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit.

and a great horse, it is called *a lord mayor;* if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them *a judge;* and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle *a bishop.*

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce*, but the former of daily creation and circumfusion; this last they proved by Scripture, because in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase: by all which it is manifest that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with great vogue: as particularly the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: embroidery was sheer wit, gold fringe was agreeable conversation, gold lace was repartee, a huge long periwig was humour, and a coat full of powder was very good raillery; all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.

I have, with much pains and reading, collected out of ancient authors this short summary of a body of philosophy and divinity, which seems to have been composed by a vein and race of thinking very different from any other systems either ancient or modern. And it was not merely to entertain or satisfy the reader's curiosity, but rather to give him light into several circumstances of the following story; that, knowing the state of dispositions and opinions in an age so remote, he may better comprehend those great events which were the issue of them. I advise, therefore, the courteous reader to peruse with a world of application, again and again, whatever I have written upon this matter. And leaving these broken ends, I carefully gather up the chief thread of my story, and proceed.

These opinions, therefore, were so universal, as well as the practices of them, among the refined part of court and town, that our three brother adventurers, as their circumstances then stood, were strangely at a loss. For, on the one side, the three ladies they addressed themselves to, whom we have named already, were ever at the very top of the fashion, and abhorred all that were below it but the breadth of a hair. On the other side, their father's will was very precise; and it was the main precept in it, with the greatest penalties annexed, not to add to or diminish from their coats one thread, without a positive command in the will. Now, the coats their father had left them were, it is true, of very good cloth, and, besides, so neatly sown, you would swear they were all of a piece; but at the same time very plain, and with little or no ornament: and it happened that before they were a month in town great shoulder-knots came up:[1] straight all the world was shoulder-knots; no approaching the ladies' *ruelles* without the *quota* of shoulder-knots. That fellow, cries one, has no soul; where is his shoulder-knot? Our three brethren soon discovered their want by sad experience, meeting in their walks with forty mortifications and indignities. If they went to the playhouse, the door-keeper showed them into the twelve-penny gallery; if they called a boat, says a waterman, "I am first sculler;" if they stepped to the Rose to take a bottle, the drawer would cry, "Friend, we sell no ale;" if they went to visit a lady, a footman met them at the door with "Pray send up your message." In this unhappy case they went immediately to consult their father's will, read it over and over, but not a word of the shoulder-knot. What should they do? what temper[2] should they find? obedience was absolutely necessary, and yet shoulder-knots appeared extremely requisite. After much thought, one of the brothers, who happened to be more book-learned than the other two, said he had found an expedient. It is true, said he, there is nothing here in this will, *totidem verbis*, making mention of shoulder-knots: but I dare conjecture we may find them *inclusivè*, or *totidem syllabis*. This distinction was immediately approved by all, and so they fell again to examine; but their evil star had so directed the matter, that the first syllable was not to be found in the whole writings. Upon which disappointment, he who found the former evasion took heart, and said: Brothers, there are yet hopes; for though we cannot find them *totidem verbis*, nor *totidem syllabis*, I dare engage we shall make them out *tertio modo*, or *totidem literis*. This discovery was also highly commended, upon which they fell once more to the scrutiny, and soon picked out S, H, O, U, L, D, E, R; when the same planet, enemy to their repose, had wonderfully contrived that a K was not to be found. Here was a weighty difficulty! but the distinguishing brother, for whom we shall hereafter find a name, now his hand was in,

[1] In the first part of the Tale, the history of Peter, Popery is exposed. Wotton says: "Everybody knows the Papists have made great additions to Christianity, that indeed is the great exception which the Church of England makes against them; accordingly, Peter begins his pranks with adding a shoulder-knot to his coat." Illustrating the neat sowing and plainness of the coats, he quotes Ammianus Marcellinus' description of the Christian religion as *absoluta et simplex*. Hawkesworth observes that by the use of shoulder-knots "is understood the first introducing of pageantry and unnecessary ornaments in the Church, such as were neither for convenience nor edification; as a shoulder-knot, in which there is neither symmetry nor use."

[2] What middle course, what compromise, should they discover or devise?

proved by a very good argument that K was a modern illegitimate letter, unknown to the learned ages, nor anywhere to be found in ancient manuscripts. It is true, said he, the word Calendæ has in Q. V. C.[1] been sometimes written with a K, but erroneously; for in the best copies it has been ever spelt with a C. And by consequence it was a gross mistake in our language to spell knot with a K; but that from henceforward he would take care it should be written with a C. Upon this all farther difficulty vanished; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno*, and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and as flaunting ones as the best.

But, as human happiness is of a very short duration, so in those days were human fashions, upon which it entirely depends. Shoulder-knots had their time, and we must now imagine them in their decline; for a certain lord came just from Paris with fifty yards of gold lace upon his coat, exactly trimmed after the court fashion of that month. In two days all mankind appeared closed up in bars of gold lace;[2] whoever durst peep abroad without his complement of gold lace was as scandalous as a ——, and as ill received among the women: what should our three knights do in this momentous affair? they had sufficiently strained a point already in the affair of shoulder-knots: upon recourse to the will, nothing appeared there but *altum silentium*. That of the shoulder-knots was a loose, flying, circumstantial point; but this of gold lace seemed too considerable an alteration without better warrant; it did *aliquo modo essentiæ adhærere*, and therefore required a positive precept. But about this time it fell out that the learned brother aforesaid had read *Aristotelis dialectica*, and especially that wonderful piece *de interpretatione*, which has the faculty of teaching its readers to find out a meaning in everything but itself; like commentators on the Revelations, who proceed prophets[3] without understanding a syllable of the text. Brothers, said he, you are to be informed, that of wills *duo sunt genera*, nuncupatory[4] and scriptory: that in the scriptory will here before us there is no precept or mention about gold lace, *conceditur*: but *si idem affirmetur de nuncupatorio, negatur*. For, brothers, if you remember, we heard a fellow say when we were boys that he heard my father's man say, [that he heard my father say,] that he would advise his sons to get gold lace on their coats as soon as ever they could procure money to buy it. By G—! that is very true, cries the other; I remember it perfectly well, said the third. And so without more ado they got the largest gold lace in the parish, and walked about as fine as lords.

A while after there came up all in fashion a pretty sort of flame-coloured satin[1] for linings; and the mercer brought a pattern of it immediately to our three gentlemen: An please your worships, said he, my lord Conway and sir John Walters had linings out of this very piece last night; it takes wonderfully, and I shall not have a remnant left, enough to make my wife a pincushion, by to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. Upon this they fell again to rummage the will, because the present case also required a positive precept, the lining being held by orthodox writers to be of the essence of the coat. After a long search they could fix upon nothing to the matter in hand, except a short advice of their father in the will to take care of fire, and put out their candles before they went to sleep.[2] This, though a good deal for the purpose, and helping very far towards self-conviction, yet not seeming wholly of force to establish a command; (being resolved to avoid further scruple as well as future occasion for scandal) says he that was the scholar: I remember to have read in wills of a codicil annexed, which is indeed a part of the will, and what it contains has equal authority with the rest. Now, I have been considering of this same will here before us, and I cannot reckon it to be complete for want of such a codicil: I will therefore fasten one in its proper place very dexterously; I have had it by me some time; it was written by a dog-keeper[3] of my grandfather's, and talks a great deal, as good luck would have it, of this very flame-coloured satin. The project was immediately approved by the other two; an old parchment scroll was tagged on according to art, in the form of a codicil annexed, and the satin bought and worn.

Next winter a player, hired for the purpose by the corporation of fringe-makers, acted his part in a new comedy all covered with silver fringe,[4] and, according to the laudable custom, gave rise to that fashion. Upon which the brothers, consulting their father's will, to their great astonishment found these words: *item*, I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, &c.; with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too

1 *Quibusdam veteribus codicibus* — certain ancient manuscripts. This whole passage, with the search for a wished-for meaning in so many words, in so many syllables, and in so many letters, is an excellent satire on the schoolmen.

2 Hawkesworth "cannot tell whether the author means any new innovation by this word, or whether it be only to introduce the new methods of forcing and perverting Scripture."

3 Give themselves out for, affirm themselves, proceed as, prophets; the use of the verb *proceed* in this sense is obsolete.

4 Blackstone defines this, "depending on oral evidence;" tradition, allowed to have like authority with Scripture, if not greater, is here meant; whither, says Wotton, the Papists resort when they cannot find in Scripture anything they want.

1 The doctrine of purgatory is aimed at; it is more specifically dealt with farther on; the author here only seeks to show how Scripture was perverted in its support, by equal authority being given to the Apocrypha —here styled the *codicil*. The *linings*, Bentley explains to mean the prayers for souls in purgatorial flame.

2 To take care of hell, and for that end to subdue and extinguish their lusts.—*H.*

3 The part of the Apocrypha containing the story of Tobit and his dog.—*H.*

4 The Church farther introduces "pomps of habit and temporal splendour," which the Gospel (the will) forbids.

long here to insert. However, after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which he said should be nameless, that the same word which in the will is called fringe, does also signify a broomstick, and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph.[1] This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not, he humbly conceived, in propriety of speech be reasonably applied to a broomstick; but it was replied upon him that this epithet was understood in a mythological and allegorical sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broomstick on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into or nicely reasoned upon. And in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk, this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

A while after was revived an old fashion, long antiquated, of embroidery with Indian figures of men, women, and children.[2] Here they [had no occasion to examine the will: they] remembered but too well how their father had always abhorred this fashion; that he [had] made several paragraphs on purpose, importing his utter detestation of it, and bestowing his everlasting curse to his sons, whenever they should wear it. For all this, in a few days they appeared higher in the fashion than anybody else in the town. But they solved the matter by saying, that these figures were not at all the same with those that were formerly worn and were meant in the will. Besides, they did not wear them in the sense as forbidden by their father; but as they were a commendable custom, and of great use to the public.[3] That these rigorous clauses in the will did therefore require some allowance and a favourable interpretation, and ought to be understood *cum grano salis*.

But, fashions perpetually altering in that age, the scholastic brother grew weary of searching farther evasions and solving everlasting contradictions. Resolved, therefore, at all hazards to comply with the modes of the world, they concerted matters together, and agreed unanimously to lock up their father's will in a strong box, brought out of Greece or Italy, I have forgotten which;[4] and trouble themselves no farther to examine it, but only refer to its authority whenever they thought fit. In consequence whereof, a while after it grew a general mode to wear an infinite number of points, most of them tagged with silver: upon which the scholar pronounced *ex cathedrâ*,[1] that points were absolutely *jure paterno*, as they might very well remember; it was true, indeed, the fashion prescribed somewhat more than were directly named in the will; however, that they, as heirs-general of their father, had power to make and add certain clauses for public emolument, though not deducible, *totidem verbis*, from the letter of the will, or else *multa absurda sequerentur*. This was understood for canonical; and therefore, on the following Sunday, they came to church all covered with points.

The learned brother so often mentioned, was reckoned the best scholar in all that or the next street to it; insomuch as, having run something behindhand in the world, he obtained the favour of a certain lord to receive him into his house, and to teach his children. A while after, the lord died; and he, by long practice upon his father's will, found the way of contriving a deed of conveyance[2] of that house to himself and his heirs: upon which he took possession, turned the young squires out, and received his brothers in their stead.

SECTION III.

A DIGRESSION CONCERNING CRITICS.[3]

[*Three sorts of Critics; the two first sorts now extinct. The true sort of Critics' genealogy; office; definition. Antiquity of their race proved from Pausanias, who represents them by asses browsing on vines; and Herodotus, by asses with horns, and by an ass that frightened a Scythian army; and Diodorus, by a poisonous weed; and Ctesias, by serpents that poison with their vomit; and Terence, by the name of* Malevoli. *The true Critic compared to a tailor, and to a true beggar. Three characteristics of a true modern Critic.*]

ALTHOUGH I have been hitherto as cautious as I could, upon all occasions, most nicely to follow tongues unknown to the vulgar; the New Testament being in Greek, and the Vulgate Bible, the standard of the Church, in Latin.

1 The gainful rites of the Church of Rome—as masses, dispensations, absolutions, indulgences—sanctioned in the bulls and decretals of the Popes, though unknown to Scripture or the primitive Church.

2 The lord who patronised Peter, is Constantine the Great, who first tolerated Christianity in the Roman empire. The Bishops of Rome enjoyed their privileges originally by the favour of the Emperors; whom at last they extruded from their own capital, and, to justify their usurpation of temporal power, forged or alleged a donation from Constantine of "the patrimony of St Peter." Pate remarks that "thus the Pope, [Clement VIII., in 1598,] upon the decease of the Duke of Ferrara without lawful issue, seized upon the duchy as falling to the Holy See, *jure divino*."

3 The several digressions that interrupt the story of the three brothers, are written to ridicule bad critics, dull commentators, and all the fraternity of Grub Street philosophers.

1 Swift now strikes at the glosses and interpretations of Scripture, many of which, of the absurdest kind, occur in the standard books of the Roman Church. Bentley says the special reference is to the Romanist distinction between λατρεια and δουλεια—worship of God, and reverence for or service of the saints.

2 The worship by the Church of Rome of images of saints, the Virgin Mary, and the infant Christ.

3 The defence of this image worship: that they were not used, as among the heathen, as idols; but for aids to devotional remembrance of their sacred originals.

4 The Church of Rome locked up the Scripture in

the rules and methods of writing laid down by the example of our illustrious moderns; yet has the unhappy shortness of my memory led me into an error, from which I must immediately extricate myself, before I can decently pursue my principal subject. I confess with shame, it was an unpardonable omission to proceed so far as I have already done, before I had performed the due discourses, expostulatory, supplicatory, or deprecatory, with my good lords the critics. Towards some atonement for this grievous neglect, I do here make humbly bold to present them with a short account of themselves and their art; by looking into the original and pedigree of the word, as it is generally understood among us, and very briefly considering the ancient and present state thereof.

By the word critic, at this day so frequent in all conversations, there have sometimes been distinguished three very different species of mortal men, according as I have read in ancient books and pamphlets. For first, by this term was understood such persons as invented or drew up rules for themselves and the world, by observing which a careful reader might be able to pronounce upon the productions of the learned, form his taste to a true relish of the sublime and the admirable, and divide every beauty of matter or of style from the corruption that apes it: in their common perusal of books, singling out the errors and defects, the nauseous, the fulsome, the dull, and the impertinent, with the caution of a man that walks through Edinburgh streets in a morning, who is indeed as careful as he can to watch diligently, and spy out the filth in his way;[1] not that he is curious to observe the colour and complexion of the ordure, or take its dimensions, much less to be paddling in or tasting it; but only with a design to come out as cleanly as he may. These men seem, though very erroneously, to have understood the appellation of critic in a literal sense; that one principal part of his office was to praise and acquit; and that a critic, who sets up to read only for an occasion of censure and reproof, is a creature as barbarous as a judge who should take up a resolution to hang all men that came before him upon a trial.

Again, by the word critic have been meant the restorers of ancient learning from the worms, and graves, and dust of manuscripts.

Now, the races of those two have been for some ages utterly extinct; and besides, to discourse any farther of them would not be at all to my purpose.

The third and noblest sort is that of the TRUE CRITIC, whose original is the most ancient of all. Every true critic is a hero born, descending in a direct line from a celestial stem by Momus and Hybris, who begat Zoilus, who begat Tigellius, who begat Etcætera the elder, who begat Bentley, and Rymer, and Wotton, and Perrault, and Dennis, who begat Etcætera the younger.

And these are the critics from whom the commonwealth of learning has in all ages received such immense benefits, that the gratitude of their admirers placed their origin in Heaven, among those of Hercules, Theseus, Perseus, and other great deservers of mankind. But heroic virtue itself has not been exempt from the obloquy of evil tongues. For it has been objected that those ancient heroes, famous for their combating so many giants, and dragons, and robbers, were in their own persons a greater nuisance to mankind than any of those monsters they subdued; and therefore, to render their obligations more complete, when all other vermin were destroyed, should in conscience have concluded with the same justice upon themselves. As Hercules most generously did; and upon that score procured to himself more temples and votaries than the best of his fellows. For these reasons, I suppose, it is why some have conceived it would be very expedient for the public good of learning that every true critic, as soon as he had finished his task assigned, should immediately deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude; and that no man's pretensions to so illustrious a character should by any means be received, before that operation were performed.

Now, from this heavenly descent of criticism, and the close analogy it bears to heroic virtue, it is easy to assign the proper employment of a true ancient genuine critic: which is, to travel through this vast world of writings; to pursue and hunt those monstrous faults bred within them; to drag out the lurking errors, like Cacus from his den; to multiply them like Hydra's heads; and rake them together like Augeas's dung: or else drive away a sort of dangerous fowl, who have a perverse inclination to plunder the best branches of the tree of knowledge, like those stymphalian birds that eat up the fruit.[1]

These reasonings will furnish us with an adequate definition of a true critic; that he is a discoverer and collector of writers' faults; which may be farther put beyond dispute by the following demonstration: that whoever will examine the writings in all kinds, wherewith this ancient sect has honoured the world, shall immediately find, from the whole thread and tenor of them, that the ideas of the authors have been altogether conversant and taken up with the faults, and blemishes, and oversights, and mistakes, of other writers: and, let the subject treated on be whatever it will, their imaginations are so entirely possessed and replete with the defects of other pens, that the very quintessence of what is bad does of necessity distil into their own; by which means the whole

1 Swift hardly needed to go so far abroad for such a comparison; but his often-exhibited lively spite against Scotland and things Scotch, a product of his High-Churchism, tempts him here to an excursion of wit which probably enough actual experience at that time would have warranted.

1 The brazen-clawed, beaked, and winged birds of Lake Stymphalus, in Arcadia, which fed on human flesh, and whose destruction was one of the labours of Hercules.

appears to be nothing else but an abstract of the criticisms themselves have made.

Having thus briefly considered the original and office of a critic, as the word is understood in its most noble and universal acceptation, I proceed to refute the objections of those who argue from the silence and pretermission of authors; by which they pretend to prove that the very art of criticism, as now exercised, and by me explained, is wholly modern; and consequently that the critics of Great Britain and France have no title to an original so ancient and illustrious as I have deduced. Now, if I can clearly make out, on the contrary, that the ancient writers have particularly described both the person and the office of a true critic, agreeable to the definition laid down by me, their grand objection from the silence of authors will fall to the ground.

I confess to have, for a long time, borne a part in this general error; from which I should never have acquitted myself, but through the assistance of our noble moderns: whose most edifying volumes I turn indefatigably over night and day, for the improvement of my mind and the good of my country: these have, with unwearied pains, made many useful searches into the weak sides of the ancients, and given us a comprehensive list of them.[1] Besides, they have proved beyond contradiction, that the very finest things delivered of old have been long since invented and brought to light by much later pens; and that the noblest discoveries those ancients ever made of art or nature, have all been produced by the transcending genius of the present age. Which clearly shows how little merit those ancients can justly pretend to; and takes off that blind admiration paid them by men in a corner, who have the unhappiness of conversing too little with present things. Reflecting maturely upon all this, and taking in the whole compass of human nature, I easily concluded that those ancients, highly sensible of their many imperfections, must needs have endeavoured from some passages in their works to obviate, soften, or divert the censorious reader, by satire or panegyric upon the true critics, in imitation of their masters the moderns. Now, in the common-places of both these[2] I was plentifully instructed by a long course of useful study in prefaces and prologues; and therefore immediately resolved to try what I could discover of either by a diligent perusal of the most ancient writers, and especially those who treated of the earliest times. Here I found, to my great surprise, that although they all entered, upon occasion, into particular descriptions of the true critic, according as they were governed by their fears or their hopes; yet whatever they touched of that kind, was with abundance of caution, adventuring no farther than mythology and hieroglyphic. This, I suppose, gave ground to superficial readers for urging the silence of authors against the antiquity of the true critic, though the types are so apposite, and the applications so necessary and natural, that it is not easy to conceive how any reader of a modern eye and taste could overlook them. I shall venture from a great number to produce a few, which, I am very confident, will put this question beyond dispute.

It well deserves considering, that these ancient writers, in treating enigmatically upon the subject, have generally fixed upon the very same hieroglyph, varying only the story according to their affections or their wit. For first; Pausanias is of opinion that the perfection of writing correct was entirely owing to the institution of critics; and that he can possibly mean no other than the true critic is, I think, manifest enough from the following description. He says, they were a race of men who delighted to nibble at the superfluities and excrescencies of books; which the learned at length observing, took warning, of their own accord, to lop the luxuriant, the rotten, the dead, the sapless, and the overgrown branches from their works. But now, all this he cunningly shades under the following allegory; that the Nauplians in Argos learned the art of pruning their vines, by observing that when an ASS had browsed upon one of them, it thrived the better, and bore fairer fruit. But Herodotus, holding the very same hieroglyph, speaks much plainer, and almost *in terminis*. He has been so bold as to tax the true critics of ignorance and malice; telling us openly, for I think nothing can be plainer, that in the western part of Lybia there were ASSES with horns: upon which relation Ctesias yet refines, mentioning the very same animal about India, adding that, whereas all other ASSES wanted a gall, these horned ones were so redundant in that part, that their flesh was not to be eaten, because of its extreme bitterness.

Now, the reason why those ancient writers treated this subject only by types and figures was, because they durst not make open attacks against a party so potent and so terrible as the critics of those ages were; whose very voice was so dreadful, that a legion of authors would tremble and drop their pens at the sound; for so Herodotus tells us expressly in another place, how a vast army of Scythians was put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ASS. From which it is conjectured, by certain profound philologers, that the great awe and reverence paid to a true critic by the writers of Britain have been derived to us from those our Scythian ancestors. In short, this dread was so universal, that in process of time those authors who had a mind to publish their sentiments more freely, in describing the true critics of their several ages, were forced to leave off the use of the former hieroglyph, as too nearly approaching the prototype, and invented other terms instead thereof, that were more cautious and mystical: so, Diodorus, speaking to the same purpose, ventures no farther

[1] See Wotton of Ancient and Modern Learning.—*Swift.*

[2] *i.e.*, The satire and panegyric.

than to say that in the mountains of Helicon there grows a certain weed, which bears a flower of so damned a scent as to poison those who offer to smell it. Lucretius gives exactly the same relation :

Est etiam in magnis Heliconis montibus arbos,
Floris odore hominem tetro consueta necare.[1]
Lib. vi. 787.

But Ctesias, whom we lately quoted, has been a great deal bolder; he had been used with much severity by the true critics of his own age, and therefore could not forbear to leave behind him at least one deep mark of his vengeance against the whole tribe. His meaning is so near the surface, that I wonder how it possibly came to be overlooked by those who deny the antiquity of the true critics. For, pretending to make a description of many strange animals about India, he has set down these remarkable words: Among the rest, says he, there is a serpent that wants teeth, and consequently cannot bite; but if its vomit, to which it is much addicted, happens to fall upon anything, a certain rottenness or corruption ensues: these serpents are generally found among the mountains where jewels grow, and they frequently emit a poisonous juice: whereof whoever drinks, that person's brains fly out of his nostrils.

There was also among the ancients a sort of critics, not distinguished in species from the former, but in growth or degree, who seem to have been only the tyros or junior scholars; yet, because of their differing employments, they are frequently mentioned as a sect by themselves. The usual exercise of these younger students was to attend constantly at theatres, and learn to spy out the worst parts of the play, whereof they were obliged carefully to take note, and render a rational account to their tutors. Fleshed at these smaller sports, like young wolves, they grew up in time to be nimble and strong enough for hunting down large game. For it has been observed, both among ancients and moderns, that a true critic has one quality in common with a whore and an alderman, never to change his title or his nature; that a gray critic has been certainly a green one, the perfections and acquirements of his age being only the improved talents of his youth; like hemp, which some naturalists inform us is bad for suffocations, though taken but in the seed. I esteem the invention, or at least the refinement, of prologues, to have been owing to these younger proficients, of whom Terence makes frequent and honourable mention, under the name of *malevoli*.

Now, it is certain, the institution of the true critics was of absolute necessity to the commonwealth of learning. For all human actions seem to be divided like Themistocles and his company; one man can fiddle, and another can make a small town a great city; and he that cannot do either one or the other, deserves to be kicked out of the creation. The avoiding of which penalty has doubtless given the first birth to the nation of critics; and withal, an occasion for their secret detractors to report that a true critic is a sort of mechanic, set up with a stock and tools for his trade at as little expense as a tailor; and that there is much analogy between the utensils and abilities of both: that the tailor's hell is the type of a critic's common-place-book, and his wit and learning held forth by the goose: that it requires at least as many of these to the making up of one scholar, as of the others to the composition of a man: that the valour of both is equal, and their weapons nearly of a size. Much may be said in answer to those invidious reflections; and I can positively affirm the first to be a falsehood: for, on the contrary, nothing is more certain than that it requires greater layings out to be free of the critic's company, than of any other you can name. For as, to be a true beggar, it will cost the richest candidate every groat he is worth; so, before one can commence a true critic, it will cost a man all the good qualities of his mind; which perhaps for a less purchase would be thought but an indifferent bargain.

Having thus amply proved the antiquity of criticism, and described the primitive state of it, I shall now examine the present condition of this empire, and show how well it agrees with its ancient self. A certain author,[1] whose works have many ages since been entirely lost, does, in his fifth book and eighth chapter, say of critics, that the writings are the mirrors of learning. This I understand in a literal sense, and suppose our author must mean, that whoever designs to be a perfect writer must inspect into the books of critics, and correct his invention there, as in a mirror. Now, whoever considers, that the mirrors of the ancients were made of brass, and *sine mercurio*, may presently apply the two principal qualifications of a true modern critic, and consequently must needs conclude that these have always been, and must be for ever, the same. For brass is an emblem of duration, and, when it is skilfully burnished, will cast reflections from its own superficies without any assistance of mercury from behind. All the other talents of a critic will not require a particular mention, being included [in] or easily reducible to these. However, I shall conclude with three maxims, which may serve both as characteristics to distinguish a true modern critic from a pretender, and will be also of admirable use to those worthy spirits who engage in so useful and honourable an art.

The first is, that criticism, contrary to all other faculties of the intellect, is ever held the truest and best, when it is the very first result of the critic's mind; as fowlers reckon the first aim for the surest, and seldom fail of missing the mark if they stay not for a second.

Secondly, the true critics are known by their

[1] "Near Helicon, and round the learned hill,
Grow trees whose blossoms with their odour kill."
—*H.*

[1] An imitation of imposing learned quotation, aimed against Bentley.

talent of swarming about the noblest writers, to which they are carried merely by instinct, as a rat to the best cheese, or as a wasp to the fairest fruit. So, when the king is on horseback, he is sure to be the dirtiest person of the company; and they that make their court best, are such as bespatter him most.

Lastly, a true critic, in the perusal of a book, is like a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what the guests fling away, and consequently is apt to snarl most, when there are the fewest bones.

Thus much, I think, is sufficient to serve by way of address to my patrons, the true modern critics; and may very well atone for my past silence, as well as that which I am likely to observe for the future. I hope I have deserved so well of their whole body, as to meet with generous and tender usage from their hands. Supported by which expectation, I go on boldly to pursue those adventures already so happily begun.

SECTION IV.

A TALE OF A TUB—*continued.*

[*Peter assumes grandeur and titles; and, to support them, turns projector. The Author's hopes of being translated into foreign languages. Peter's first invention of* Terra Australis Incognita. *The second, of a remedy for Worms. The third, a Whispering-Office. Fourth, an Insurance-Office. Fifth, an Universal Pickle. Sixth, a set of Bulls with leaden feet. Lastly, his pardons to malefactors. Peter's brains turned; he plays several tricks, and turns out his brothers' wives. Gives his brothers bread for mutton and for wine. Tells huge lies; of a cow's milk that would fill* 3000 *churches; of a Sign-post as large as a man-of-war; of a House that travelled* 2000 *leagues. The brothers steal a copy of the will; break open the cellar door; and are both kicked out of doors by Peter.*]

I HAVE now with much pains and study conducted the reader to a period where he must expect to hear of great revolutions. For no sooner had our learned brother, so often mentioned, got a warm house of his own over his head, than he began to look big, and take mightily upon him; insomuch that unless the gentle reader, out of his great candour, will please a little to exalt his idea, I am afraid he will henceforth hardly know the hero of the play when he happens to meet him; his part, his dress, and his mien being so much altered.

He told his brothers, he would have them to know that he was their elder, and consequently his father's sole heir; nay, a while after, he would not allow them to call him brother, but *Mr* PETER, and then he must be styled *Father* PETER; and sometimes *My Lord* PETER. To support this grandeur, which he soon began to consider could not be maintained without a better *fonde* than what he was born to;[1] after much thought, he cast about at last to turn projector and virtuoso, wherein he so well succeeded, that many famous discoveries, projects, and machines, which bear great vogue and practice at present in the world, are owing entirely to lord PETER'S invention. I will deduce the best account I have been able to collect of the chief among them, without considering much the order they came out in; because, I think, authors are not well agreed as to that point.

I hope, when this treatise of mine shall be translated into foreign languages (as I may without vanity affirm, that the labour of collecting, the faithfulness in recounting, and the great usefulness of the matter to the public, will amply deserve that justice), that the worthy members of the several academies abroad, especially those of France and Italy, will favourably accept these humble offers for the advancement of universal knowledge. I do also advertise the most reverend fathers the Eastern missionaries, that I have, purely for their sakes, made use of such words and phrases as will best admit an easy turn into any of the oriental languages, especially the Chinese. And so I proceed, with great content of mind, upon reflecting how much emolument this whole globe of the earth is likely to reap by my labours.

The first undertaking of lord Peter was, to purchase a large continent, lately said to have been discovered in *terra australis incognita*. This tract of land he bought at a very great pennyworth from the discoverers themselves (though some pretended to doubt whether they had ever been there), and then retailed it into several cantons to certain dealers, who carried over colonies, but were all shipwrecked in the voyage. Upon which lord Peter sold the said continent to other customers again, and again, and again, and again, with the same success.[2]

The second project I shall mention was his sovereign remedy for the worms, especially those in the spleen.[3] The patient was to eat nothing after supper for three nights; as soon as he went to bed, he was carefully to lie on one side, and when he grew weary to turn upon the other; he must also duly confine his two eyes to the same object; and by no means break wind at both ends together without manifest occasion. These prescriptions diligently observed, the worms would void insensibly by perspiration, ascending through the brain.

A third invention was the erecting of a whispering-office[4] for the public good and ease

[1] The Popes, having assumed arrogant titles, begin to advance pretensions to supremacy.

[2] Pate takes this to mean the West Indies, sold by the Pope to the King of Spain; but Bentley and Hawkesworth, more reasonably, seeing that all Peter's other projects have a doctrinal significance, take it to mean Purgatory.

[3] The remedy is penance, and its operation absolution. The author ridicules penance by describing what are no penances at all—such as the rich could easily purchase.

[4] The Whispering-office is the confessional; the ass's head, the priest receiving the confession.

of all such as are hypochondriacal or troubled with the colic; as [likewise of all eavesdroppers, physicians,] midwives, small politicians, friends fallen out, repeating poets, lovers happy or in despair, bawds, privy-counsellors, pages, parasites, and buffoons: in short, of all such as are in danger of bursting with too much wind. An ass's head was placed so conveniently, that the party affected might easily with his mouth accost either of the animal's ears; to which he was to apply close for a certain space, and by a fugitive faculty, peculiar to the ears of that animal, receive immediate benefit, either by eructation, or expiration, or evomitation.

Another very beneficial project of lord Peter's was, an office of insurance for tobacco-pipes, martyrs of the modern zeal, volumes of poetry, shadows, ——, and rivers; that these, nor any of these, shall receive damage by fire.[1] Whence our friendly societies may plainly find themselves to be only transcribers from this original; though the one and the other have been of great benefit to the undertakers, as well as of equal to the public.

Lord PETER was also held the original author of puppets and raree-shows;[2] the great usefulness whereof being so generally known, I shall not enlarge farther upon this particular.

But another discovery, for which he was much renowned, was his famous universal pickle. For having remarked how your common pickle in use among housewives was of no farther benefit than to preserve dead flesh and certain kinds of vegetables; Peter, with great cost as well as art, had contrived a pickle proper for houses, gardens, towns, men, women, children, and cattle; wherein he could preserve them as sound as insects in amber. Now, this pickle, to the taste, the smell, and the sight, appeared exactly the same with what is in common service for beef, and butter, and herrings, and has been often that way applied with great success; but, for its many sovereign virtues, [it] was a quite different thing. For Peter would put in a certain quantity of his powder pimperlimpimp,[3] after which it never failed of success. The operation was performed by spargefaction, in a proper time of the moon. The patient who was to be pickled, if it were a house, would infallibly be preserved from all spiders, rats, and weasels; if the party affected were a dog, he should be exempt from mange, and madness, and hunger. It also infallibly took away all scabs, and lice, and scalled heads from children, never hindering the patient from any duty, either at bed or board.

But, of all Peter's rarities, he most valued a certain set of bulls,[4] whose race was by great fortune preserved in a lineal descent from those that guarded the golden fleece. Though some, who pretended to observe them curiously, doubted the breed had not been kept entirely chaste; because they had degenerated from their ancestors in some qualities, and had acquired others very extraordinary, by a foreign mixture. The bulls of Colchis are recorded to have [had] brazen feet: but whether it happened by ill pasture and running, by an alloy from intervention of other parents, from stolen intrigues; whether a weakness in their progenitors had impaired the seminal virtue; or by a decline necessary through a long course of time, the originals of nature being depraved in these latter sinful ages of the world; whatever was the cause, it is certain that lord Peter's bulls were extremely vitiated by the rust of time in the metal of their feet, which was now sunk into common lead. However, the terrible roaring peculiar to their lineage was preserved; as likewise that faculty of breathing out fire from their nostrils, which, notwithstanding, many of their detractors took to be a feat of art, to be nothing so terrible as it appeared, proceeding only from their usual course of diet, which was of squibs and crackers.[1] However, they had two peculiar marks, which extremely distinguished them from the bulls of Jason, and which I have not met together in the description of any other monster besides that in Horace:

Varias inducere plumas;—and
Atrum desinat in piscem.

For these had fishes' tails, yet upon occasion could outfly any bird in the air. Peter put these bulls upon several employs. Sometimes he would set them a-roaring to fright naughty boys, and make them quiet. Sometimes he would send them out upon errands of great importance; where, it is wonderful to recount (and perhaps the cautious reader may think much to believe it), an *appetitus sensibilis* deriving itself through the whole family from their noble ancestors, guardians of the golden fleece, they continued so extremely fond of gold, that if Peter sent them abroad, though it were only upon a compliment, they would roar, and spit, and belch, and piss, and f—t, and snivel out fire, and keep a perpetual coil, till you flung them a bit of gold; but then, *pulveris exigui jactu*, they would grow calm and quiet as lambs. In short, whether by secret connivance, or encouragement from their master, or out of their own liquorish affection to gold, or both; it is certain they were no better than a sort of sturdy, swaggering beggars; and, where they could not prevail to get an alms, would make women miscarry, and children fall into fits, who to this very day usually call sprights

[1] This I take to be the office of indulgences, the gross abuses of which first gave occasion for the Reformation. —*H.*

[2] The processions of the Host, the representation of Miracle-plays, the contrivance of images performing vital actions or working miracles, &c.

[3] Holy water; Peter's "powder of pimperlimpimp" probably means the prayers, exorcisms, and ceremonies attending its consecration.

[4] The papal bulls, fulminations, and excommunications; the "leaden feet" and "fishes' tails," subsequently mentioned, are the leaden seals of these documents, and the seal of the fisherman thereon impressed —*sub signo* (or *annulo*) *piscatoris*.

[1] The fulminations of the Popes, threatening hell and damnation to the princes that offend them.

and hobgoblins by the name of bull-beggars.[1] They grew at last so very troublesome to the neighbourhood, that some gentlemen of the north-west got a parcel of right English bull-dogs, and baited them so terribly, that they felt it ever after.

I must needs mention one more of lord Peter's projects, which was very extraordinary, and discovered him to be master of a high reach and profound invention. Whenever it happened that any rogue of Newgate was condemned to be hanged, Peter would offer him a pardon for a certain sum of money; which when the poor caitiff had made all shifts to scrape up and send, his lordship would return a piece of paper in this form:[2]

"To all mayors, sheriffs, jailors, constables, bailiffs, hangmen, &c. Whereas we are informed that A. B. remains in the hands of you, or some of you, under the sentence of death. We will and command you, upon sight hereof, to let the said prisoner depart to his own habitation, whether he stands condemned for murder, sodomy, rape, sacrilege, incest, treason, blasphemy, &c., for which this shall be your sufficient warrant; and if you fail hereof, G—d—— you and yours to all eternity. And so we bid you heartily farewell. Your most humble man's man, Emperor PETER."

The wretches trusting to this, lost their lives and money too.

I desire of those whom the learned among posterity will appoint for commentators upon this elaborate treatise, that they will proceed with great caution upon certain dark points, wherein all who are not *verè adepti* may be in danger to form rash and hasty conclusions, especially in some mysterious paragraphs, where certain *arcana* are joined for brevity sake, which in the operation must be divided. And I am certain that future sons of art will return large thanks to my memory for so grateful, so useful an *innuendo*.

It will be no difficult part to persuade the reader, that so many worthy discoveries met with great success in the world; though I may justly assure him that I have related much the smallest number; my design having been only to single out such as will be of most benefit for public imitation, or which best served to give some idea of the reach and wit of the inventor. And therefore it need not be wondered at if by this time lord Peter was become exceeding rich: but, alas! he had kept his brain so long and so violently upon the rack, that at last it shook itself, and began to turn round for a little ease. In short, what with pride, projects, and knavery, poor Peter was grown distracted, and conceived the strangest imaginations in the world. In the height of his fits, as it is usual with those who run mad out of pride, he would call himself God Almighty, and sometimes monarch of the universe.[1] I have seen him (says my author) take three old high-crowned hats, and clap them all on his head, three story high, with a huge bunch of keys at his girdle, and an angling rod in his hand.[2] In which guise, whoever went to take him by the hand in the way of salutation, Peter with much grace, like a well-educated spaniel, would present them with his foot,[3] and if they refused his civility, then he would raise it as high as their chaps, and give them a d——d kick on the mouth, which has ever since been called a salute. Whoever walked by without paying him their compliments, having a wonderful strong breath, he would blow their hats off into the dirt.[4] Meantime his affairs at home went upside down, and his two brothers had a wretched time; where his first *boutade*[5] was to kick both their wives one morning out of doors, and his own too;[6] and in their stead gave orders to pick up the first three strollers that could be met with in the streets. A while after he nailed up the cellar-door, and would not allow his brothers a drop of drink to their victuals.[7] Dining one day at an alderman's in the city, Peter observed him expatiating, after the manner of his brethren, in the praises of his sirloin of beef. "Beef," said the sage magistrate, "is the king of meat; beef comprehends in it the quintessence of partridge, and quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard." When Peter came home he would needs take the fancy of cooking up this doctrine into use, and apply the precept, in default of a sirloin, to his brown loaf. "Bread," says he, "dear brothers, is the staff of life; in which bread is contained, *inclusivè*, the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard; and, to render all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity of water, whose crudities are also corrected by yeast or barm, through which means it becomes a wholesome fermented liquor, diffused through the mass of the bread." Upon the strength of these conclusions, next day at dinner, was the brown loaf served up in all the formality of a city feast. "Come, brothers," said Peter, "fall to, and spare not; here is excellent good mutton;[8] or hold, now my hand

1 Heretics or Schismatics, as the Pope calls Protestants.—*Bentley.*

2 A copy of a general pardon by the Pope, signed *servus servorum;* in which absolution *in articulo mortis* and the tax *camerœ apostolicæ* (says Wotton) are jested upon.

1 The Pope is not only allowed to be the Vicar of Christ, but by several divines is called "God upon earth" and other blasphemous titles.—*H.*

2 The triple crown or tiara; the keys of the gate of Heaven, or the Church; and the crosier or pastoral staff.

3 Neither does his arrogant way of requiring men to kiss his slipper escape reflection.—*Wotton.*

4 The crowns of insubordinate or offending temporal rulers.

5 Freak: the word signifies an unexpected jerk or lash of a horse.

6 The imposition of celibacy on the clergy, and divorcing of those then married; while concubines were allowed.

7 The refusal of the cup to the laity, who were asked to believe that the blood was contained in the bread, which was the real and entire body of Christ.

8 The doctrine of transubstantiation is shown up in this energetic and humorous if rather broad piece of satire. Peter asserts that his bread is flesh; and his

is in, I will help you." At which word, in much ceremony, with fork and knife he carves out two good slices of a loaf, and presents each on a plate to his brothers. The elder of the two, not suddenly entering into lord Peter's conceit, began with very civil language to examine the mystery. "My lord," said he, "I doubt, with great submission, there may be some mistake." "What," says Peter, "you are pleasant; come then, let us hear this jest your head is so big with." "None in the world, my lord; but, unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased a while ago to let fall a word about mutton, and I would be glad to see it with all my heart." "How," said Peter, appearing in great surprise, "I do not comprehend this at all." Upon which the younger interposing to set the business aright, "My lord," said he, "my brother I suppose is hungry, and longs for the mutton your lordship has promised us to dinner." "Pray," said Peter, "take me along with you; either you are both mad, or disposed to be merrier than I approve of; if you there do not like your piece I will carve you another; though I should take that to be the choice bit of the whole shoulder." "What then, my lord," replied the first, "it seems this is a shoulder of mutton all this while?" "Pray, sir," says Peter, "eat your victuals, and leave off your impertinence, if you please, for I am not disposed to relish it at present." But the other could not forbear, being over-provoked at the affected seriousness of Peter's countenance: "By G—, my lord," said he, "I can only say, that to my eyes, and fingers, and teeth, and nose, it seems to be nothing but a crust of bread." Upon which the second put in his word: "I never saw a piece of mutton in my life so nearly resembling a slice from a twelvepenny loaf." "Look ye, gentlemen," cries Peter, in a rage; "to convince you what a couple of blind, positive, ignorant, wilful puppies you are, I will use but this plain argument: by G—, it is true, good, natural mutton as any in Leadenhall-market; and G— confound you both eternally if you offer to believe otherwise." Such a thundering proof as this left no farther room for objection; the two unbelievers began to gather and pocket up their mistake as hastily as they could. "Why, truly," said the first, "upon more mature consideration—" "Ay," says the other, interrupting him, "now I have thought better on the thing, your lordship seems to have a great deal of reason." "Very well," said Peter; "here, boy, fill me a beer-glass of claret; here's to you both with all my heart." The two brethren, much delighted to see him so readily appeased, returned their most humble thanks, and said they would be glad to pledge his lordship. "That you shall," said Peter; "I am not a person to refuse you anything that is reasonable; wine, moderately taken, is a cordial; here is a glass a-piece for you; it is true natural juice from the grape, none of your d——d vintner's brewings." Having spoke thus, he presented to each of them another large dry crust, bidding them drink it off, and not be bashful, for it would do them no hurt. The two brothers, after having performed the usual office in such delicate conjunctures, of staring a sufficient period at lord Peter and each other, and finding how matters were likely to go, resolved not to enter on a new dispute, but let him carry the point as he pleased; for he was now got into one of his mad fits, and to argue or expostulate farther would only serve to render him a hundred times more untractable.

I have chosen to relate this worthy matter in all its circumstances, because it gave a principal occasion to that great and famous rupture[1] which happened about the same time among these brethren, and was never afterwards made up. But of that I shall treat at large in another section.

However, it is certain that lord Peter, even in his lucid intervals, was very lewdly given in his common conversation, extreme wilful and positive, and would at any time rather argue to the death, than allow himself once to be in an error. Besides, he had an abominable faculty of telling huge palpable lies upon all occasions; and not only swearing to the truth, but cursing the whole company to hell, if they pretended to make the least scruple of believing him.[2] One time he swore he had a cow at home which gave as much milk at a meal as would fill three thousand churches; and, what was yet more extraordinary, [the milk] would never turn sour. Another time he was telling of an old sign-post that belonged to his father, with nails and timber enough in it to build sixteen large men of war. Talking one day of Chinese waggons, which were made so light as to sail over mountains, "Z——ds," said Peter, "where's the wonder of that? By G—, I saw a large house of lime and stone travel over sea and land, (granting that it stopped sometimes to bait) above two thousand German leagues."[3] And, that which was the good of it, he would swear desperately all the while that he never

wine also, according to the Romish doctrine of concomitancy, which was that the blood was contained in the body—the ground of the refusal of the cup to the laity. Peter's "plain argument" points at the dogmatic assertion and intolerance of the Papacy—especially the string of anathemas pronounced by the Council of Trent against whoever denied or doubted the sacramental doctrines of the Church. The Author defended Peter's swearing, it will be remembered, in the Apology, *ante*, p. 47; perhaps not only because the Romish Church was so fond of cursing, but having in his mind the mode of Peter's denial of his Master.

1 The Reformation of the sixteenth century.

2 Here the infallibility claimed by the Popes is satirised.

3 The ridiculous multiplying of the milk of the Virgin Mary, is intended by the vast yield of Peter's cow; by the huge sign-post, the cross of our Saviour, the timber that is shown in the Catholic world as having formed part of it, being really of enormous bulk; and by the flying house, the *Casa Santa* in the cathedral of Loretto, said to have been the house of the Virgin Mary, and to have been carried by the angels to Dalmatia, and thence to Italy, at the end of the thirteenth century. Immense resort used to be made to the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto by pilgrims, the number of whom has amounted to 100,000 annually.

told a lie in his life; and at every word, "By G—, gentlemen, I tell you nothing but the truth; and the devil broil them eternally that will not believe me."

In short, Peter grew so scandalous, that all the neighbourhood began in plain words to say he was no better than a knave. And his two brothers, long weary of his ill usage, resolved at last to leave him; but first, they humbly desired a copy of their father's will, which had now lain by neglected time out of mind. Instead of granting this request, he called them d——d sons of whores, rogues, traitors, and the rest of the vile names he could muster up. However, while he was abroad one day upon his projects, the two youngsters watched their opportunity, made a shift to come at the will, and took a *copia vera*,[1] by which they presently saw how grossly they had been abused; their father having left them equal heirs, and strictly commanded that whatever they got should lie in common among them all. Pursuant to which their next enterprise was to break open the cellar-door, and get a little good drink,[2] to spirit and comfort their hearts. In copying the will they had met another precept against whoring, divorce, and separate maintenance; upon which their next work was to discard their concubines, and send for their wives.[3] While all this was in agitation, there enters a solicitor from Newgate, desiring lord Peter would please procure a pardon for a thief that was to be hanged to-morrow. But the two brothers told him, he was a coxcomb to seek pardons from a fellow who deserved to be hanged much better than his client; and discovered all the method of that imposture in the same form I delivered it a while ago, advising the solicitor to put his friend upon obtaining a pardon from the king.[4] In the midst of all this clutter and revolution, in comes Peter with a file of dragoons at his heels;[5] and gathering from all hands what was in the wind, he and his gang, after several millions of scurrilities and curses not very important here to repeat, by main force very fairly kicked them both out of doors, and would never let them come under his roof from that day to this.[6]

SECTION V.

A DIGRESSION IN THE MODERN KIND.

[*Our Author expatiates on his great pains to serve the public by instructing, and more by diverting. The Moderns having so far excelled the Ancients, the Author gives them a receipt for a complete system of all arts and sciences, in a small pocket volume. Several defects discovered in Homer; and his ignorance in modern invention, &c. Our Author's writings fit to supply all defects. He justifies his praising his own writings, by modern examples.*]

We, whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of modern authors, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance and never-dying fame, if our endeavours had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind. This, O universe! is the adventurous attempt of me thy secretary;

> —— *Quemvis perferre laborem*
> *Suadet, et inducit noctes vigilare serenas.*[1]

To this end I have some time since, with a world of pains and art, dissected the carcase of human nature, and read many useful lectures upon the several parts, both containing and contained; till at last it smelt so strong I could preserve it no longer. Upon which, I have been at a great expense to fit up all the bones with exact contexture and in due symmetry; so that I am ready to show a complete anatomy thereof to all curious gentlemen and others. But not to digress farther in the midst of a digression, as I have known some authors enclose digressions in one another, like a nest of boxes; I do affirm that, having carefully cut up human nature, I have found a very strange, new, and important discovery, that the public good of mankind is performed by two ways, instruction and diversion. And I have farther proved, in my said several readings (which perhaps the world may one day see, if I can prevail on any friend to steal a copy, or on any certain gentleman of my admirers to be very importunate,) that as mankind is now disposed, he receives much greater advantage by being diverted than instructed; his epidemical diseases being fastidiosity, amorphy, and oscitation: whereas, in the present universal empire of wit and learning, there seems but little matter left for instruction. However, in compliance with a lesson of great age and authority, I have attempted carrying the point in all its heights; and accordingly, throughout this divine treatise, have skilfully kneaded up both together, with a layer of *utile* and a layer of *dulce*.

When I consider how exceedingly our illustrious moderns have eclipsed the weak glimmering lights of the ancients, and turned them out of the road of all fashionable commerce, to [such] a degree, that our choice town wits of most refined accomplishments are in grave dispute whether there have been ever any ancients or not:[2] in which point we are likely to receive

1 The translation of the Scriptures into the language of the common people, by Wycliffe in England, Luther in Germany, and others.

2 Administered the cup to the laity at the communion, thitherto denied.

3 Permitted the marriage of the priests.

4 Directed penitents not to trust to pardons and absolutions procured for money, but sent them to implore the mercy of God, whence alone remission is to be obtained.—*H.*

5 The civil power, called into operation to persecute the Reformers by the Princes who were not of that side.

6 All who dissent from the Pope are thrust out of the Church; Luther was excommunicated in 1520.

1 Lucretius, Lib. i. 142,—

"To whatsoever toil thou bend'st my will,
And bidst me watch when all the world is still."

2 The learned person here meant by our author has been endeavouring to annihilate so many ancient writers, that, until he is pleased to stop his hand, it will be dan-

wonderful satisfaction from the most useful labours and lucubrations of that worthy modern, Dr Bentley: I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but bewail, that no famous modern has ever yet attempted a universal system, in a small portable volume, of all things that are to be known, or believed, or imagined, or practised in life. I am, however, forced to acknowledge, that such an enterprise was thought on some time ago by a great philosopher of O. Brazile.[1] The method he proposed was, by a certain curious receipt, a nostrum, which, after his untimely death, I found among his papers; and do here, out of my great affection to the modern learned, present them with it, not doubting it may one day encourage some worthy undertaker.

You take fair correct copies, well bound in calf-skin and lettered at the back, of all modern bodies of arts and sciences whatsoever, and in what language you please. These you distil *in balneo Mariæ*, infusing quintessence of poppy Q. S.,[2] together with three pints of Lethe, to be had from the apothecaries. You cleanse away carefully the *sordes* and *caput mortuum*, letting all that is volatile evaporate. You preserve only the first running, which is again to be distilled seventeen times, till what remains will amount to about two drams. This you keep in a glass phial, hermetically sealed, for one and twenty days. Then you begin your catholic treatise, taking every morning fasting, first shaking the phial, three drops of this elixir, snuffing it strongly up your nose. It will dilate itself about the brain (where there is any) in fourteen minutes, and you immediately perceive in your head an infinite number of abstracts, summaries, compendiums, extracts, collections, medullas, *excerpta quædams*, *florilegias*, and the like, all disposed into great order, and reducible upon paper.

I must needs own, it was by the assistance of this arcanum that I, though otherwise *impar*, have adventured upon so daring an attempt, never achieved or undertaken before, but by a certain author called Homer; in whom, though otherwise a person not without some abilities, and, for an ancient, of a tolerable genius, I have discovered many gross errors, which are not to be forgiven his very ashes, if by chance any of them are left. For whereas we are assured he designed his work for a complete body of all knowledge, human, divine, political, and mechanic;[3] it is manifest he has wholly neglected some, and been very imperfect in the rest. For, first of all, as eminent a cabalist as his disciples would represent him, his account of the *opus magnum* is extremely poor and deficient; he seems to have read but very superficially either Sendivogus, Behmen, or Anthroposophia Theomagica.[1] He is also quite mistaken about the *sphæra pyroplastica*, a neglect not to be atoned for; and, if the reader will admit so severe a censure, *vix crederem auctorem hunc unquam audivisse ignis vocem*. His failings are not less prominent in several parts of the mechanics. For, having read his writings with the utmost application usual among modern wits, I could never yet discover the least direction about the structure of that useful instrument, a save-all; for want of which, if the moderns had not lent their assistance, we might yet have wandered in the dark. But I have still behind a fault far more notorious to tax this author with; I mean, his gross ignorance in the common laws of this realm, and in the doctrine as well as discipline of the Church of England.[2] A defect, indeed, for which both he and all the ancients stand most justly censured by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr Wotton, Bachelor of Divinity, in his incomparable Treatise of Ancient and Modern Learning; a book never to be sufficiently valued, whether we consider the happy turns and flowings of the author's wit, the great usefulness of his sublime discoveries upon the subject of flies and spittle, or the laborious eloquence of his style. And I cannot forbear doing that author the justice of my public acknowledgments, for the great helps and liftings I had out of his incomparable piece, while I was penning this treatise.

But beside these omissions in Homer already mentioned, the curious reader will also observe several defects in that author's writings, for which he is not altogether so accountable. For whereas every branch of knowledge has received such wonderful acquirements since his age, especially within these last three years, or thereabouts; it is almost impossible he could be so very perfect in modern discoveries as his advocates pretend. We freely acknowledge him to be the inventor of the compass, of gunpowder, and the circulation of the blood; but I challenge any of his admirers to show me, in all his writings, a complete account of the spleen. Does he not also leave us wholly to seek in the art of political wagering? What can be more defective and unsatisfactory than his long dissertation upon tea? And as to his method of salivation without mercury, so much celebrated of late, it is, to my own knowledge and experience, a thing very little to be relied on.

It was to supply such momentous defects, that

gerous to affirm whether there have been any ancients in the world.—*Swift.*

[1] Hawkesworth says that this was an imaginary island placed in some unknown part of the ocean, merely at the fancy of the map-maker; but Scott gives a more precise explanation, stating that the inhabitants of the isle of Arran were believed sometimes to distinguish an enchanted island far off to the west, which they called O Brazil.

[2] *Quantum sufficit*—as much as may be needed.

[3] *Homerus omnes res humanas poematis complexus est.* Xenoph. in Conviv.—*Swift.*

[1] A treatise written about fifty years ago, by a Welsh gentleman of Cambridge. His name, as I remember, Vaughan, as appears by the answer to it written by the learned Dr Henry More. It is a piece of the most unintelligible fustian, that perhaps ever was published in any language.—*Swift.*

[2] Swift is ridiculing the defenders of modern learning who impute as a defect to the ancients the ignorance of modern inventions and systems; particularly Wotton, who in his comparison of ancient and modern learning reckons divinity, law, &c., among those parts of knowledge wherein we excel the ancients. There is more of this in the "Battle of the Books."

I have been prevailed on, after long solicitation, to take pen in hand; and I dare venture to promise, the judicious reader shall find nothing neglected here, that can be of use upon any emergency of life. I am confident to have included and exhausted all that human imagination can rise or fall to. Particularly, I recommend to the perusal of the learned certain discoveries that are wholly untouched by others; whereof I shall only mention, among a great many more, my new help for smatterers, or the art of being deep-learned and shallow-read. A curious invention about mouse-traps. A universal rule of reason, or every man his own carver; together with a most useful engine for catching of owls. All which, the judicious reader will find largely treated on in the several parts of this discourse.

I hold myself obliged to give as much light as is possible into the beauties and excellencies of what I am writing, because it is become the fashion and humour most applauded among the first authors of this polite and learned age, when they would correct the ill-nature of critical, or inform the ignorance of courteous, readers. Besides, there have been several famous pieces lately published, both in verse and prose, wherein, if the writers had not been pleased, out of their great humanity and affection to the public, to give us a nice detail of the sublime and the admirable they contain, it is a thousand to one whether we should ever have discovered one grain of either. For my own particular, I cannot deny that whatever I have said upon this occasion had been more proper in a preface, and more agreeable to the mode, which usually directs it thither. But I here think fit to lay hold on that great and honourable privilege of being the last writer; I claim an absolute authority in right, as the freshest modern, which gives me a despotic power over all authors before me. In the strength of which title, I do utterly disapprove and declare against that pernicious custom of making the preface a bill of fare to the book. For I have always looked upon it as a high point of indiscretion in monster-mongers, and other retailers of strange sights, to hang out a fair large picture over the door, drawn after the life, with a most eloquent description underneath: this has saved me many a threepence; for my curiosity was fully satisfied, and I never offered to go in, though often invited by the urging and attending orator with his last moving and standing piece of rhetoric: Sir, upon my word we are just going to begin. Such is exactly the fate at this time of prefaces, epistles, advertisements, introductions, prolegomenas, apparatuses, to the readers. This expedient was admirable at first; our great Dryden has long carried it as far as it would go, and with incredible success. He has often said to me in confidence, that the world would have never suspected him to be so great a poet, if he had not assured them so frequently in his prefaces, that it was impossible they could either doubt or forget it. Perhaps it may be so; however, I much fear his instructions have edified out of their place, and taught men to grow wiser in certain points where he never intended they should; for it is lamentable to behold with what a lazy scorn many of the yawning readers of our age do now-a-days twirl over forty or fifty pages of preface and dedication, (which is the usual modern stint,) as if it were so much Latin. Though it must be also allowed, on the other hand, that a very considerable number is known to proceed critics and wits by reading nothing else. Into which two factions I think all present readers may justly be divided. Now, for myself, I profess to be of the former sort; and therefore, having the modern inclination to expatiate upon the beauty of my own productions, and display the bright parts of my discourse, I thought best to do it in the body of the work; where, as it now lies, it makes a very considerable addition to the bulk of the volume; a circumstance by no means to be neglected by a skilful writer.

Having thus paid my due deference and acknowledgment to an established custom of our newest authors, by a long digression unsought for, and a universal censure unprovoked; by forcing into the light, with much pains and dexterity, my own excellencies and other men's defaults, with great justice to myself and candour to them; I now happily resume my subject, to the infinite satisfaction both of the reader and the author.

SECTION VI.

A TALE OF A TUB—*continued.*

[*The two brothers ejected, agree in a resolution to reform, according to the will. They take different names, and are found to be of different complexions. How Martin began rudely, but proceeded more cautiously, in reforming his coat. Jack, of a different temper, and full of zeal, begins tearing all to pieces. He endeavours to kindle up Martin to the same pitch; but not succeeding, they separate. Jack runs mad, gets many names, and founds the sect of Æolists.*]

We left lord Peter in open rupture with his two brethren; both for ever discarded from his house, and resigned to the wide world, with little or nothing to trust to. Which are circumstances that render them proper subjects for the charity of a writer's pen to work on; scenes of misery ever affording the fairest harvest for great adventures. And in this the world may perceive the difference between the integrity of a generous author, and that of a common friend. The latter is observed to adhere close in prosperity, but on the decline of fortune to drop suddenly off. Whereas, the generous author, just on the contrary, finds his hero on the dunghill, thence by gradual steps raises him to a throne, and then immediately

withdraws, expecting not so much as thanks for his pains: in imitation of which example, I have placed lord Peter in a noble house, given him a title to wear, and money to spend. There I shall leave him for some time; returning where common charity directs me, to the assistance of his two brothers at their lowest ebb. However, I shall by no means forget my character of an historian, to follow the truth step by step, whatever happens or wherever it may lead me.

The two exiles, so nearly united in fortune and interest, took a lodging together; where, at their first leisure, they began to reflect on the numberless misfortunes and vexations of their life past, and could not tell on the sudden to what failure in their conduct they ought to impute them; when, after some recollection, they called to mind the copy of their father's will, which they had so happily recovered. This was immediately produced, and a firm resolution taken between them to alter whatever was already amiss, and reduce all their future measures to the strictest obedience prescribed therein. The main body of the will (as the reader cannot easily have forgot) consisted in certain admirable rules about the wearing of their coats; in the perusal whereof, the two brothers at every period duly comparing the doctrine with the practice, there was never seen a wider difference between two things; horrible, downright transgressions of every point. Upon which they both resolved, without farther delay, to fall immediately upon reducing the whole exactly after their father's model.

But here it is good to stop the hasty reader, ever impatient to see the end of an adventure before we writers can duly prepare him for it. I am to record, that these two brothers began to be distinguished at this time by certain names. One of them desired to be called MARTIN, and the other took the appellation of JACK.[1] These two had lived in much friendship and agreement under the tyranny of their brother Peter, as it is the talent of fellow-sufferers to do; men in misfortune being like men in the dark, to whom all colours are the same: but when they came forward into the world, and began to display themselves to each other and to the light, their complexions appeared extremely different; which the present posture of their affairs gave them sudden opportunity to discover.

But here the severe reader may justly tax me as a writer of short memory, a deficiency to which a true modern cannot but, of necessity, be a little subject. Because memory, being an employment of the mind upon things past, is a faculty for which the learned in our illustrious age have no manner of occasion, who deal entirely with invention, and strike all things out of themselves, or at least by collision from each other: upon which account we think it highly reasonable to produce our great forgetfulness, as an argument unanswerable for our great wit. I ought in method to have informed the reader, about fifty pages ago, of a fancy lord Peter took, and infused into his brothers, to wear on their coats whatever trimmings came up in fashion, never pulling off any as they went out of the mode, but keeping on all together; which amounted in time to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive; and this to [such] a degree, that upon the time of their falling out there was hardly a thread of the original coat to be seen:[1] but an infinite quantity of lace, and ribbons, and fringe, and embroidery, and points; I mean only those tagged with silver,[2] for the rest fell off. Now this material circumstance, having been forgot in due place, as good fortune has ordered, comes in very properly here, when the two brothers are just going to reform their vestures into the primitive state prescribed by their father's will.

They both unanimously entered upon this great work, looking sometimes on their coats, and sometimes on the will. Martin laid the first hand;[3] at one twitch brought off a large handful of points; and, with a second pull, stripped away ten dozen yards of fringe. But when he had gone thus far, he demurred a while: he knew very well there yet remained a great deal more to be done; however, the first heat being over, his violence began to cool, and he resolved to proceed more moderately in the rest of the work; having already narrowly escaped a swinging rent in pulling off the points, which, being tagged with silver (as we have observed before), the judicious workman had, with much sagacity, double sown, to preserve them from falling.[4] Resolving therefore to rid his coat of a huge quantity of gold-lace, he picked up the stitches with much caution, and diligently gleaned out all the loose threads as he went, which proved to be a work of time. Then he fell about the embroidered Indian figures of men, women, and children; against which, as you have heard in its due place, their father's testament was extremely exact and severe: these, with much dexterity and application, were, after a while, quite eradicated or utterly defaced.[5] For the rest, where he observed the embroidery to be worked so close as not to be got away without damaging the cloth, or where it served to hide or strengthen any flaw in the body of the coat, contracted by the perpetual tampering of workmen upon it; he concluded the wisest course was to let it re-

[1] The Reformers at first agreed among themselves. *Martin* is Martin Luther; *Jack* is John Calvin.

[1] The Romish ceremonies multiplied so fast, that there was little of religion left besides the form.——*Bentley.*

[2] The doctrines and practices (formerly referred to) that promoted the greatness and wealth of the Church, and therefore were most tenaciously retained.

[3] Luther originated the Reformation; but, the first decided step taken, conducted it with deliberation and moderation.

[4] The Reformation began by the seizure of the abbey lands and dissolution of the monasteries; measures which, as in England during the reign of Edward VI., provoked popular discontent and even insurrection.

[5] The abolition of saint-worship, one of the grand steps of the Reformation—which the Calvinists carried to violent extremes.

main, resolving in no case whatsoever that the substance of the stuff should suffer injury; which he thought the best method for serving the true intent and meaning of his father's will.[1] And this is the nearest account I have been able to collect of Martin's proceedings upon this great revolution.

But his brother Jack, whose adventures will be so extraordinary, as to furnish a great part in the remainder of this discourse, entered upon the matter with other thoughts and a quite different spirit. For the memory of lord Peter's injuries produced a degree of hatred and spite, which had a much greater share of inciting him than any regards after his father's commands; since these appeared at best only secondary and subservient to the other. However, for this medley of humour he made a shift to find a very plausible name, honouring it with the title of zeal; which is perhaps the most significant word that has been ever yet produced in any language: as I think I have fully proved in my excellent analytical discourse upon that subject; wherein I have deduced a histori-theo-physiological account of zeal, showing how it first proceeded from a notion into a word, and thence in a hot summer ripened into a tangible substance. This work, containing three large volumes in folio, I design very shortly to publish by the modern way of subscription, not doubting but the nobility and gentry of the land will give me all possible encouragement; having had already such a taste of what I am able to perform.

I record therefore, that brother Jack, brimful of this miraculous compound, reflecting with indignation upon Peter's tyranny, and farther provoked by the despondency of Martin, prefaced his resolutions to this purpose. "What," said he, "a rogue that locked up his drink, turned away our wives, cheated us of our fortunes; palmed his damned crusts upon us for mutton; and at last kicked us out of doors; must we be in his fashions, with a pox! a rascal, besides, that all the street cries out against." Having thus kindled and inflamed himself as high as possible, and by consequence in a delicate temper for beginning a reformation, he set about the work immediately; and in three minutes made more despatch than Martin had done in as many hours. For, courteous reader, you are given to understand that zeal is never so highly obliged, as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doted on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer. But the matter was yet infinitely worse (I record it with tears) when he proceeded to the embroidery: for, being clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient; withal, beholding millions of stitches that required the nicest hand and sedatest constitution to extricate; in a great rage he tore off the whole piece, cloth and all, and flung it into the kennel, and furiously thus continued his career: "Ah, good brother Martin," said he, "do as I do, for the love of God; strip, tear, pull, rend, flay off all, that we may appear as unlike that rogue Peter as it is possible; I would not for a hundred pounds carry the least mark about me that might give occasion to the neighbours of suspecting that I was related to such a rascal."[1] But Martin, who at this time happened to be extremely phlegmatic and sedate, begged his brother, of all love, not to damage his coat by any means; for he never would get such another: desired him to consider that it was not their business to form their actions by any reflection upon Peter, but by observing the rules prescribed in their father's will. That he should remember Peter was still their brother, whatever faults or injuries he had committed; and therefore they should by all means avoid such a thought as that of taking measures for good and evil from no other rule, than of opposition to him. That it was true, the testament of their good father was very exact in what related to the wearing of their coats: yet it was no less penal and strict in prescribing agreement, and friendship, and affection between them. And therefore, if straining a point were at all dispensable, it would certainly be so rather to the advance of unity than increase of contradiction.

MARTIN had still proceeded as gravely as he began; and doubtless would have delivered an admirable lecture of morality, which might have exceedingly contributed to my reader's repose both of body and mind, the true ultimate end of ethics; but Jack was already gone a flight-shot beyond his patience. And as, in scholastic disputes, nothing serves to rouse the spleen of him that opposes, so much as a kind of pedantic affected calmness in the respondent; disputants being for the most part like unequal scales, where the gravity of one side advances the lightness of the other, and causes it to fly up and kick the beam: so it happened here, that the weight of Martin's argument exalted Jack's levity, and

[1] Unessential and unobjectionable ceremonies, observances, or doctrines retained in the Reformed religion.

[1] The extremes of the Calvinists are here allegorized: Jack's rending his coat, is the destruction of the Episcopal form of Church government; his tearing of the embroidery, the furious breaking of images and indiscriminate abandonment of forms and ceremonies of the Church, even such as were warranted by Scripture; his patching up the rent coat with packthread and a skewer, the establishment of Presbyterianism, whose ministers were left poor by the confiscation of the Church property, and were, as Swift perhaps also means to insinuate, as mean in attainments as in estate. Scott takes Jack's appeal to Martin to refer especially to the anxiety of the Scotch Presbyterians to extend their form of Church government into England; it need not be so restricted in its application, but may be referred to the controversy between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, leading to their formal separation in 1561. "Clumsy by nature, and of temper impatient," describes the behaviour of Calvin—arrogant, harsh, bitter, cruel even to shameful persecution.

made him fly out and spurn against his brother's moderation. In short, Martin's patience put Jack in a rage; but that which most afflicted him was, to observe his brother's coat so well reduced into the state of innocence; while his own was either wholly rent to his shirt, or those places which had escaped his cruel clutches were still in Peter's livery. So that he looked like a drunken beau, half rifled by bullies; or like a fresh tenant of Newgate, when he has refused the payment of garnish; or like a discovered shoplifter, left to the mercy of Exchange women;[1] or like a bawd in her old velvet petticoat, resigned into the secular hands of the mobile.[2] Like any or like all of these, a medley of rags, and lace, and rents, and fringes, unfortunate Jack did now appear: he would have been extremely glad to see his coat in the condition of Martin's, but infinitely gladder to find that of Martin in the same predicament with his. However, since neither of these was likely to come to pass, he thought fit to lend the whole business another turn, and to dress up necessity into a virtue. Therefore, after as many of the fox's arguments[3] as he could muster up, for bringing Martin to reason, as he called it; or, as he meant it, into his own ragged, bob-tailed condition; and observing he said all to little purpose; what, alas! was left for the forlorn Jack to do, but, after a million of scurrilities against his brother, to run mad with spleen, and spite, and contradiction? To be short, here began a mortal breach between these two. Jack went immediately to new lodgings, and in a few days it was for certain reported, that he had run out of his wits. In a short time after, he appeared abroad, and confirmed the report by falling into the oddest whimsies that ever a sick brain conceived.

And now the little boys in the streets began to salute him with several names. Sometimes they would call him Jack the bald; sometimes, Jack with a lantern; sometimes, Dutch Jack; sometimes, French Hugh; sometimes, Tom the beggar; and sometimes Knocking Jack of the north.[4] And it was under one, or some, or all of these appellations, which I leave the learned reader to determine, that he has given rise to the most illustrious and epidemic sect of Æolists;[1] who, with honourable commemoration, do still acknowledge the renowned JACK for their author and founder. Of whose original, as well as principles, I am now advancing to gratify the world with a very particular account:

—Melleo contingens cuncta lepore.[2]

SECTION VII.

A DIGRESSION IN PRAISE OF DIGRESSIONS.

[*Digressions suited to modern palates. A proof of depraved appetites; but necessary for modern writers. Two ways now in use to be book-learned:* 1. *By learning Titles;* 2. *By reading Indexes. Advantages of this last; and of Abstracts. The number of writers increasing above the quantity of matter, this method becomes necessary and useful. The Reader empowered to transplant this Digression.*]

I HAVE sometimes heard of an Iliad in a nut-shell; but it has been my fortune to have much oftener seen a nut-shell in an Iliad. There is no doubt that human life has received most wonderful advantages from both; but to which of the two the world is chiefly indebted, I shall leave among the curious, as a problem worthy of their utmost inquiry. For the invention of the latter, I think the commonwealth of learning is chiefly obliged to the great modern improvement of digressions: the late refinements in knowledge running parallel to those of diet in our nation, which, among men of a judicious taste, are dressed up in various compounds, consisting in soups and olios, fricassees and ragouts.

It is true, there is a sort of morose, detracting, ill-bred people, who pretend utterly to disrelish these polite innovations; and as to the similitude from diet, they allow the parallel, but are so bold [as] to pronounce the example itself a corruption and degeneracy of taste. They tell us that the fashion of jumbling fifty things together in a dish was at first introduced, in compliance to a depraved and debauched appetite as well as to a crazy constitution: and

1 The galleries over the piazzas in the Royal Exchange [of a century ago] were formerly filled with shops, kept chiefly by women; the same use was made of a building called the New Exchange, in the Strand; the female shopkeepers of the Royal Exchange are often spoken of in the "Spectator," usually with more gallantry than Swift here shows; for instance, (No. 454): "It was not the least of my satisfaction in my survey, to go up stairs, and pass the shops of agreeable females; to observe so many pretty hands busy in the folding of ribands, and the utmost eagerness of agreeable faces in the sale of patches, pins, and wires, on each side of the counter, was an amusement in which I could longer have indulged myself, had not the dear creatures called to me, to ask what I wanted, when I could not answer, only 'To look at you.'"

2 The mob—*mobile vulgus:* the shorter word was only coming up in Swift's time; "Mobil" is as old as Chaucer.

3 The fox in the fable, which, having left his tail in a trap, sought, that he might escape ridicule for his mutilation, to persuade his fellows to cut off their tails also, as incumbrances and inelegant.

4 The various sections of the Calvinists, in various countries: "Jack the bald," is Calvin—*Calvus* being the Latin for bald; "Jack with a lantern," the pretenders everywhere to inward light; "Dutch Jack," John of Leyden, the fanatical founder of the Anabaptists; "French Hugh," the Huguenots in France; "Tom the beggar," the Gueux—the noblemen and popular leaders in the Netherlands who combined to throw off the yoke of Spain, and, being styled "beggars" in derision by one of the officers of Philip II., adopted the title with pride; "Knocking Jack of the North," John Knox, the energetic and unsparing Reformer of Scotland.

1 Pretenders to inspiration and windy declaimers among the Dissenters, who are ridiculed in Section VIII.

2 LUCRETIUS, Lib. iv. 9. The quotation is inaccurate, and, as it stands, will not scan. It should be

——Musæo contingens cuncta lepore.

"Touching all things with the charm of the Muse."

to see a man hunting through an olio after the head and brains of a goose, a widgeon, or a woodcock, is a sign he wants a stomach and digestion for more substantial victuals. Farther, they affirm that digressions in a book are like foreign troops in a state, which argue the nation to want a heart and hands of its own, and often either subdue the natives, or drive them into the most unfruitful corners.

But, after all that can be objected by these supercilious censors, it is manifest the society of writers would quickly be reduced to a very inconsiderable number, if men were put upon making books, with the fatal confinement of delivering nothing beyond what is to the purpose. It is acknowledged, that were the case the same among us as with the Greeks and Romans, when learning was in its cradle, to be reared and fed and clothed by invention; it would be an easy task to fill up volumes upon particular occasions, without farther expatiating from the subjects than by moderate excursions, helping to advance or clear the main design. But with knowledge it has fared as with a numerous army, encamped in a fruitful country; which, for a few days, maintains itself by the product of the soil it is on; till, provisions being spent, they are sent to forage many a mile, among friends or enemies, it matters not. Meanwhile the neighbouring fields, trampled and beaten down, become barren and dry affording no sustenance but clouds of dust.

The whole course of things being thus entirely changed between us and the ancients, and the moderns wisely sensible of it, we of this age have discovered a shorter and more prudent method to become scholars and wits, without the fatigue of reading or of thinking. The most accomplished way of using books at present is two-fold: either, first, to serve them as some men do lords, learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance; or, secondly, which is indeed the choicer, the profounder, and politer method, to get a thorough insight into the index, by which the whole book is governed and turned, like fishes by the tail. For to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and forms; therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door. For the arts are all in a flying march, and therefore more easily subdued by attacking them in the rear. Thus physicians discover the state of the whole body, by consulting only what comes from behind. Thus men catch knowledge by throwing their wit on the posteriors of a book, as boys do sparrows with flinging salt upon their tails. Thus human life is best understood by the wise man's rule of regarding the end. Thus are the sciences found, like Hercules's oxen,[1] by tracing them backwards. Thus are old sciences unravelled, like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.

Besides all this, the army of the sciences has been of late, with a world of martial discipline, drawn into its close order, so that a view or a muster may be taken of it with abundance of expedition. For this great blessing we are wholly indebted to systems and abstracts, in which the modern fathers of learning, like prudent usurers, spent their sweat for the ease of us their children. For labour is the seed of idleness, and it is the peculiar happiness of our noble age to gather the fruit.

Now, the method of growing wise, learned, and sublime, having become so regular an affair, and so established in all its forms; the number of writers must needs have increased accordingly, and to a pitch that has made it of absolute necessity for them to interfere continually with each other. Besides, it is reckoned that there is not at this present a sufficient quantity of new matter left in nature to furnish and adorn any one particular subject to the extent of a volume. This I am told by a very skilful computer, who has given a full demonstration of it from rules of arithmetic.

This perhaps may be objected against by those who maintain the infinity of matter, and therefore will not allow that any species of it can be exhausted. For answer to which, let us examine the noblest branch of modern wit or invention planted and cultivated by the present age, and which of all others has borne the most and the fairest fruit. For though some remains of it were left us by the ancients, yet have not any of these, as I remember, been translated or compiled into systems for modern use. Therefore we may affirm, to our own honour, that it has, in some sort, been both invented and brought to perfection by the same hands. What I mean is that highly celebrated talent among the modern wits of deducing similitudes, allusions, and applications, very surprising, agreeable, and apposite, from the *pudenda* of either sex, together with their proper uses. And truly, having observed how little invention bears any vogue, besides what is derived into these channels, I have sometimes had a thought that the happy genius of our age and country was prophetically held forth by that ancient typical description of the Indian pigmies, whose stature did not exceed above two foot; *sed quorum pudenda crassa, et ad talos usque pertingentia.* Now, I have been very curious to inspect the late productions wherein the beauties of this kind have most prominently appeared; and although this vein has bled so freely, and all endeavours have been used in the power of human breath to dilate, extend, and keep it open; like the Scythians, who had a custom, and an instrument, to blow up the privities of their mares, that they might yield the more milk: yet I am under an apprehension it is near growing dry and past all

[1] Hercules returning from Spain with the oxen he had taken from Geryon, (the tenth labour,) Cacus, son of Vulcan, a giant dwelling in a cave of the Aventine Mount, stole some of the cattle during the hero's slumbers and dragged them by the tails to his cave; so that they could not be followed and found, till their lowing led Hercules to pursue the traces backward.

recovery; and that either some new *fonde* of wit should if possible be provided, or else that we must e'en be content with repetition here, as well as upon all other occasions.

This will stand as an incontestable argument, that our modern wits are not to reckon upon the infinity of matter for a constant supply. What remains, therefore, but that our last recourse must be had to large indexes and little compendiums? quotations must be plentifully gathered, and booked in alphabet; to this end, though authors need be little consulted, yet critics, and commentators, and lexicons carefully must. But, above all, those judicious collectors of bright parts, and flowers, and *observandas*, are to be nicely dwelt on; by some called the sieves and boulters of learning, though it is left undetermined whether they dealt in pearls or meal, and consequently, whether we are more to value that which passed through, or what staid behind.

By these methods, in a few weeks, there starts up many a writer capable of managing the profoundest and most universal subjects. For what though his head be empty, provided his common-place-book be full? and if you will bate him but the circumstances of method, and style, and grammar, and invention; allow him but the common privileges of transcribing from others, and digressing from himself, as often as he shall see occasion; he will desire no more ingredients towards fitting up a treatise that shall make a very comely figure on a bookseller's shelf; there to be preserved neat and clean for a long eternity, adorned with the heraldry of its title fairly inscribed on a label; never to be thumbed or greased by students, nor bound to everlasting chains of darkness in a library: but when the fulness of time is come, shall happily undergo the trial of purgatory, in order to ascend the sky.

Without these allowances, how is it possible we modern wits should ever have an opportunity to introduce our collections, listed under so many thousand heads of a different nature; for want of which the learned world would be deprived of infinite delight, as well as instruction, and we ourselves buried beyond redress in an inglorious and undistinguished oblivion?

From such elements as these, I am alive to behold the day wherein the corporation of authors can outvie all its brethren in the guild. A happiness derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors; among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it than by saying that in the regions far to the north it was hardly possible for a man to travel, the very air was so replete with feathers.[1]

The necessity of this digression will easily excuse the length; and I have chosen for it as proper a place as I could readily find. If the judicious reader can assign a fitter, I do here impower him to remove it into any other corner he pleases. And so I return with great alacrity to pursue a more important concern.

[1] HERODOTUS, Book iv., cap. 31; where the feathers are explained to mean the snows of Scythia.

SECTION VIII.

A TALE OF A TUB—*continued.*

[*System of the Æolists; they hold wind, or spirit, to be the origin of all things, and to bear a great part in their composition. Of the fourth and fifth* animas *attributed by them to man. Of their belching, or preaching. Their inspiration from* Σκορία. *They use barrels for pulpits. Female officers used for inspiration; and why. The notion opposite to that of a Deity, fittest to form a Devil. Two Devils dreaded by the Æolists. Their relation with a Northern nation. The Author's respect for this sect.*]

THE learned Æolists maintain the original cause of all things to be wind, from which principle this whole universe was at first produced, and into which it must at last be resolved; that the same breath which had kindled and blew up the flame of nature, should one day blow it out:

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans.[1]

This is what the *adepti* understand by their *anima mundi;* that is to say, the spirit, or breath, or wind of the world; for, examine the whole system by the particulars of nature, and you will find it not to be disputed. For whether you please to call the *forma informans* of man by the name of *spiritus, animus, afflatus,* or *anima;* what are all these but several appellations for wind, which is the ruling element in every compound, and into which they all resolve upon their corruption? Farther, what is life itself, but, as it is commonly called, the breath of our nostrils? whence it is very justly observed by naturalists, that wind still continues of great emolument in certain mysteries not to be named, giving occasion for those happy epithets of *turgidus* and *inflatus*, applied either to the *emittent* or *recipient* organs.

By what I have gathered out of ancient records, I find the compass of their doctrine took in two and thirty points, wherein it would be tedious to be very particular. However, a few of their most important precepts, deducible from it, are by no means to be omitted; among which the following maxim was of much weight: that since wind had the master-share, as well as operation, in every compound, by consequence those beings must be of chief excellence wherein that *primordium* appears most prominently to abound; and therefore man is in the highest perfection of all created things, as having, by the great bounty of philosophers, been endued with three distinct *animas* or

[1] LUCRETIUS, Lib. v. 108—
"Controlling fate avert from us the day!"

winds, to which the sage Æolists, with much liberality, have added a fourth, of equal necessity as well as ornament with the other three; by this *quartum principium* taking in the four corners of the world; which gave occasion to that renowned cabalist, *Bumbastus*,[1] of placing the body of man in due position to the four cardinal points.

In consequence of this, their next principle was, that man brings with him into the world a peculiar portion or grain of wind, which may be called a *quinta essentia*, extracted from the other four. This quintessence is of a catholic use upon all emergencies of life, is improveable into all arts and sciences, and may be wonderfully refined, as well as enlarged, by certain methods in education. This, when blown up to its perfection, ought not to be covetously hoarded up, stifled, or hid under a bushel, but freely communicated to mankind. Upon these reasons, and others of equal weight, the wise Æolists affirm the gift of BELCHING to be the noblest act of a rational creature. To cultivate which art, and render it more serviceable to mankind, they made use of several methods. At certain seasons of the year, you might behold the priests among them in vast numbers, with their mouths gaping wide against a storm.[2] At other times were to be seen several hundreds linked together in a circular chain, with every man a pair of bellows applied to his neighbour's breech, by which they blew up each other to the shape and size of a tun; and for that reason, with great propriety of speech, did usually call their bodies their vessels. When, by these and the like performances, they were grown sufficiently replete, they would immediately depart, and disembogue, for the public good, a plentiful share of their acquirements into their disciples' chaps. For we must here observe, that all learning was esteemed among them to be compounded from the same principle. Because, first, it is generally affirmed, or confessed, that learning puffeth men up: and, secondly, they proved it by the following syllogism: Words are but wind; and learning is nothing but words; *ergo*, learning is nothing but wind. For this reason, the philosophers among them did in their schools deliver to their pupils all their doctrines and opinions by eructation, wherein they had acquired a wonderful eloquence, and of incredible variety. But the great characteristic by which their chief sages were best distinguished, was a certain position of countenance, which gave undoubted intelligence to what degree or proportion the spirit agitated the inward mass. For, after certain gripings, the wind and vapours issuing forth (having first by their turbulence and convulsions within caused an earthquake in man's little world,) distorted the mouth, bloated the cheeks, and gave the eyes a terrible kind of relievo; at which junctures all their belches were received for sacred, the sourer the better, and swallowed with infinite consolation by their meagre devotees. And, to render these yet more complete, because the breath of man's life is in his nostrils, therefore the choicest, most edifying, and most enlivening belches were very wisely conveyed through that vehicle, to give them a tincture as they passed.

Their gods were the four winds, whom they worshipped as the spirits that pervade and enliven the universe, and as those from whom alone all inspiration can properly be said to proceed. However, the chief of these, to whom they performed the adoration of *latria*,[1] was the almighty North, an ancient deity, whom the inhabitants of Megalopolis, in Greece, had likewise in the highest reverence: *omnium deorum Boream maxime celebrant*.[2] This god, though endued with ubiquity, was yet supposed by the profounder Æolists to possess one peculiar habitation, or (to speak in form) a *cœlum empyræum*, wherein he was more intimately present. This was situated in a certain region, well known to the ancient Greeks, by them called Σκοτία, or the land of darkness. And although many controversies have arisen upon that matter, yet so much is undisputed; that from a region of the like denomination the most refined Æolists have borrowed their original; whence, in every age, the zealous among their priesthood have brought over their choicest inspiration, fetching it with their own hands from the fountain-head in certain bladders, and disploding it among the sectaries in all nations, who did, and do, and ever will, daily gasp and pant after it.

Now, their mysteries and rites were performed in this manner.[3] It is well known among the learned, that the virtuosoes of former ages had a contrivance for carrying and preserving winds in casks or barrels, which was of great assistance upon long sea-voyages: and the loss of so useful an art at present is very much to be lamented; although, I know not how, with great negligence omitted by Pancirolus.[4] It was an invention ascribed to Æolus himself, from whom this sect is denominated; who, in honour of their founder's memory, have to this day preserved great numbers of those barrels, whereof they fix one in each of their temples, first beating out

1 Paracelsus, one of the princes of quackery, in the 16th century, had for full title Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus de Hohenheim; Hawkesworth gives it, Christophorus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bumbastus.

2 This is meant of those seditious preachers, who blow up the seeds of rebellion, &c.—*H.*

> "When Gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
> With long-eared rout, to battle sounded;
> And pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
> Was beat with fists instead of a stick."
> —BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

1 Λατρεια—worship paid only to the supreme Deity, as distinguished from δουλεια; see *ante*, Note, p. 64.

2 PAUSANIAS, L. viii. Most of all the gods they hold the North Wind in honour. The satirist here shoots another shaft against Scotland, the Presbyterian sectaries there being the most zealous of all the followers of Jack. In this point of view, Σκοτια is a pun on *Scotia*.

3 The original of tub-preaching described.—*Bentley.*

4 An author who wrote of the lost arts, and of arts invented.

the top; into this barrel, upon solemn days, the priest enters; where, having before duly prepared himself by the methods already described, a secret funnel is also conveyed from his posteriors to the bottom of the barrel, which admits new supplies of inspiration from a northern chink or cranny. Whereupon, you behold him swell immediately to the shape and size of his vessel. In this posture he disembogues whole tempests upon his auditory, as the spirit from beneath gives him utterance; which, issuing *ex adytis et penetralibus*, is not performed without much pain and gripings. And the wind, in breaking forth, deals with his face as it does with that of the sea, first blackening, then wrinkling, and at last bursting it into a foam. It is in this guise the sacred Æolist delivers his oracular belches to his panting disciples; of whom, some are greedily gaping after the sanctified breath; others are all the while hymning out the praises of the winds; and, gently wafted to and fro by their own humming, do thus represent the soft breezes of their deities appeased.[1]

It is from this custom of the priests, that some authors maintain these Æolists to have been very ancient in the world. Because the delivery of their mysteries, which I have just now mentioned, appears exactly the same with that of other ancient oracles, whose inspirations were owing to certain subterraneous *effluviums* of wind, delivered with the same pain to the priest, and much about the same influence on the people. It is true, indeed, that these were frequently managed and directed by female officers, whose organs were understood to be better disposed for the admission of those oracular gusts, as entering and passing up through a receptacle of greater capacity, and causing also a pruriency by the way, such as, with due management, hath been refined from carnal into spiritual ecstacy. And, to strengthen this profound conjecture, it is farther insisted, that this custom of female priests[2] is kept up still in certain refined colleges of our modern Æolists, who are agreed to receive their inspiration, derived through the receptacle aforesaid, like their ancestors the sibyls.

And whereas the mind of a man, when he gives the spur and bridle to his thoughts, does never stop, but naturally sallies out into both extremes, of high and low, of good and evil; his first flight of fancy commonly transports him to ideas of what is most perfect, finished, and exalted; till having soared out of his own reach and sight, not well perceiving how near the frontiers of height and depth border upon each other;[3] with the same course and wing he falls down plumb into the lowest bottom of things; like one who travels the east into the west; or like a straight line drawn by its own length into a circle. Whether a tincture of malice in our natures makes us fond of furnishing every bright idea with its reverse; or whether reason, reflecting upon the sum of things, can, like the sun, serve only to enlighten one half of the globe, leaving the other half by necessity under shade and darkness; or whether fancy, flying up to the imagination of what is highest and best, becomes overshot, and spent, and weary, and suddenly falls, like a dead bird of paradise, to the ground; or whether, after all these metaphysical conjectures, I have not entirely missed the true reason; the proposition, however, which has stood me in so much circumstance, is altogether true: that as the most uncivilised parts of mankind have some way or other climbed up into the conception of a *god*, or supreme power, so they have seldom forgot to provide their fears with certain ghastly notions, which, instead of better, have served them pretty tolerably for a *devil*. And this proceeding seems to be natural enough; for it is with men whose imaginations are lifted up very high, after the same rate as with those whose bodies are so; that, as they are delighted with the advantage of a nearer contemplation upwards, so they are equally terrified with the dismal prospect of a precipice below. Thus, in the choice of a devil, it has been the usual method of mankind to single out some being, either in act or in vision, which was in most antipathy to the god they had framed. Thus also the sect of Æolists possessed themselves with a dread, and horror, and hatred, of two malignant natures, betwixt whom and the deities they adored, perpetual enmity was established. The first of these was the chameleon, sworn foe to inspiration, who in scorn devoured large influences of their god, without refunding the smallest blast by eructation. The other was a huge terrible monster, called Moulinavent, who, with four strong arms, waged eternal battle with all their divinities, dexterously turning to avoid their blows, and repay them with interest.[1]

Thus furnished and set out with gods, as well as devils, was the renowned sect of Æolists, which makes at this day so illustrious a figure in the world, and whereof that polite nation of Laplanders are, beyond all doubt, a most authentic branch; of whom I therefore cannot, without injustice, here omit to make honourable mention; since they appear to be so closely allied in point of interest, as well as inclinations, with their brother Æolists among us, as not only to buy their winds by wholesale from the same merchants, but also to retail them after the same rate and method, and to customers much alike.[2]

1 Alluding to the fashion of the sectaries, of expressing by a loud and general hum their satisfaction with favourite passages of the sermon.

2 The oracles of Apollo were delivered, in his temple at Delos, by the Pythoness and other priestesses; to whom Swift finds a parallel in the female preachers among the Quakers.

3 "There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

1 Latitudinarians and indifferentists are apparently typified by the sympathetically colour-changing chameleon; and infidels, utter deniers of inspiration, by the windmill (*moulin à vent*)—though Scott supposes this to refer to the imaginary obstacles to salvation conjured up by the fanatics.

2 The Lapland witches sold to superstitious sailors

Now, whether this system here delivered was wholly compiled by Jack, or, as some writers believe, rather copied from the original at Delphos, with certain additions and emendations, suited to the times and circumstances, I shall not absolutely determine. This I may affirm, that Jack gave it at least a new turn, and formed it into the same dress and model as it lies deduced by me.

I have long sought after this opportunity of doing justice to a society of men for whom I have a peculiar honour, and whose opinions, as well as practices, have been extremely misrepresented and traduced by the malice or ignorance of their adversaries. For I think it one of the greatest and best of human actions to remove prejudices, and place things in their truest and fairest light; which I therefore boldly undertake, without any regards of my own, besides the conscience, the honour, and the thanks.

SECTION IX.

A DISSERTATION CONCERNING THE ORIGINAL, THE USE, AND IMPROVEMENT OF MADNESS IN A COMMONWEALTH.

[*Great conquerors of empires, and founders of sects in philosophy and religion, have generally been persons whose reason was disturbed. A small vapour, mounting to the brain, may occasion great revolutions. Examples; of Henry IV., who made great preparations for war, because of his mistress's absence; and of Louis XIV., whose great actions concluded in a fistula. Extravagant notions of several great philosophers, how nice to distinguish from madness. Mr Wotton's fatal mistake, in misapplying his peculiar talents. Madness the source of conquests and systems. Advantages of fiction and delusion over truth and reality. The outside of things better than the inside. Madness, how useful. A proposal for visiting Bedlam, and employing the divers members in a way useful to the public.*]

NOR shall it any ways detract from the just reputation of this famous sect, that its rise and institution are owing to such an author as I have described Jack to be; a person whose intellectuals were overturned, and his brain shaken out of its natural position; which we commonly suppose to be a distemper, and call by the name of madness or phrensy. For, if we take a survey of the greatest actions that have been performed in the world under the influence of single men; which are, the establishment of new empires by conquest; the advance and progress of new schemes in philosophy; and the contriving, as well as the propagating, of new religions; we shall find the authors of them all to have been persons whose natural reason had admitted great revolutions, from their diet, their education, the prevalency of some certain temper, together with the particular influence of air and climate. Besides, there is something individual in human minds, that easily kindles at the accidental approach and collision of certain circumstances, which, though of paltry and mean appearance, do often flame out into the greatest emergencies of life. For great turns are not always given by strong hands, but by lucky adaption, and at proper seasons; and it is of no import where the fire was kindled, if the vapour has once got up into the brain. For the upper region of man is furnished like the middle region of the air; the materials are formed from causes of the widest difference, yet produce at last the same substance and effect. Mists arise from the earth, steams from dunghills, exhalations from the sea, and smoke from fire; yet all clouds are the same in composition as well as consequences; and the fumes issuing from a jakes will furnish as comely and useful a vapour as incense from an altar. Thus far, I suppose, will easily be granted me; and then it will follow that, as the face of nature never produces rain but when it is overcast and disturbed, so human understanding, seated in the brain, must be troubled and overspread by vapours ascending from the lower faculties to water the invention and render it fruitful. Now, although these vapours (as it has been already said) are of as various original as those of the skies, yet the crops they produce differ both in kind and degree, merely according to the soil. I will produce two instances, to prove and explain what I am now advancing.

A certain great prince[1] raised a mighty army, filled his coffers with infinite treasures, provided an invincible fleet, and all this without giving the least part of his design to his greatest ministers or his nearest favourites. Immediately the whole world was alarmed; the neighbouring crowns in trembling expectations towards what point the storm would burst; the small politicians everywhere forming profound conjectures. Some believed he had laid a scheme for universal monarchy; others, after much insight, determined the matter to be a project for pulling down the Pope, and setting up the reformed religion, which had once been his own. Some, again, of a deeper sagacity, sent him into Asia, to subdue the Turk and recover Palestine. In the midst of all these projects and preparations, a certain state-surgeon, gathering the nature of

bags of wind, which, it was pretended, would waft them to whatever quarter they wished. So in *Hudibras*—

> "And sell their blasts of wind as dear,
> As Lapland witches bottled air;".

and Cleveland, in the *King's Disguise*—

> "The Laplanders, when they would sell a wind
> Wafting to hell, bag up thy phrase and bind
> It to the barque, which at the voyage end
> Shifts poops, and breeds the colic in the fiend,".

[1] Henry IV. of France, who in 1610 was making vast preparations against Spain and Austria, in the cause of the Protestants of Germany who had implored his aid; but was, when on the very point of taking the field, stabbed to the heart in the streets of Paris by the fanatic Ravaillac—who a little below is styled a "state-surgeon."

the disease by these symptoms, attempted the cure, at one blow performed the operation, broke the bag, and out flew the vapour; nor did anything want to render it a complete remedy, only that the prince unfortunately happened to die in the performance. Now, is the reader exceedingly curious to learn whence this vapour took its rise, which had so long set the nations at a gaze; what secret wheel, what hidden spring, could put into motion so wonderful an engine? It was afterwards discovered that the movement of this whole machine had been directed by an absent female, whose eyes had raised a protuberancy, and before emission she was removed into an enemy's country. What should an unhappy prince do in such ticklish circumstances as these? He tried in vain the poet's never-failing receipt of *corpora quœque;* for,

Idque petit corpus mens unde est saucia amore:
Unde feritur, eo tendit, gestitque coire.[1]

Having to no purpose used all peaceable endeavours, the collected part of the semen, raised and inflamed, became adust, converted to choler, turned head upon the spinal duct, and ascended to the brain: the very same principle that influences a bully to break the windows of a whore who has jilted him, naturally stirs up a great prince to raise mighty armies, and dream of nothing but sieges, battles, and victories.

——Teterrima belli
Causa——.[2]

The other instance is what I have read somewhere in a very ancient author, of a mighty king, who, for the space of above thirty years, amused himself to take and lose towns; beat armies, and be beaten; drive princes out of their dominions; fright children from their bread and butter; burn, lay waste, plunder, dragoon,[3] massacre subject and stranger, friend and foe, male and female. It is recorded, that the philosophers of each country were in grave dispute upon causes natural, moral, and political, to find out where they should assign an original solution of this phenomenon. At last, the vapour or spirit which animated the hero's brain, being in perpetual circulation, seized upon that region of the human body so renowned for furnishing the *zibeta occidentalis*, and, gathering there into a tumour, left the rest of the world for that time in peace. Of such mighty consequence it is where those exhalations fix, and of so little whence they proceed. The same spirits which, in their superior progress, would conquer a kingdom, descending upon the anus, conclude in a fistula.

1 Lucretius, Lib. iv. 1044, 1051:—
"The love-smit soul desires what gave the blow,
And longs and strains to clasp the lovely foe."

2 Horace, Sat. i. 3, 108:—
"Ere Helen's time a lady light beloved
The shameful cause of bitter war had proved."

3 The exterminating persecutions of the Protestants in the south of France, and especially the cruel dragonnades by which the preaching of the priests was enforced, are among the most disgraceful features of the reign of Louis XIV. of France, who is the prince here pointed at by Swift.

Let us next examine the great introducers of new schemes in philosophy, and search till we can find from what faculty of the soul the disposition arises in mortal man of taking it into his head to advance new systems, with such an eager zeal, in things agreed on all hands [to be] impossible to be known: from what seeds this disposition springs, and to what quality of human nature these grand innovators have been indebted for their number of disciples. Because it is plain that several of the chief among them, both ancient and modern, were usually mistaken by their adversaries, and indeed by all except their own followers, to have been persons crazed, or out of their wits; having generally proceeded, in the common course of their words and actions, by a method very different from the vulgar dictates of unrefined reason; agreeing for the most part in their several models with their present undoubted successors in the academy of modern Bedlam; whose merits and principles I shall farther examine in due place. Of this kind were Epicurus, Diogenes, Apollonius, Lucretius, Paracelsus, Descartes, and others; who, if they were now in the world, tied fast, and separate from their followers, would, in this our undistinguishing age, incur manifest danger of phlebotomy, and whips, and chains, and dark chambers, and straw. For what man, in the natural state or course of thinking, did ever conceive it in his power to reduce the notions of all mankind exactly to the same length, and breadth, and height of his own? yet this is the first humble and civil design of all innovators in the empire of reason. Epicurus modestly hoped that, one time or other, a certain fortuitous concourse of all men's opinions, after perpetual justlings, the sharp with the smooth, the light and the heavy, the round and the square, would by certain *clinamina*[1] unite in the notions of atoms and void, as these did in the originals of all things. Cartesius reckoned to see, before he died, the sentiments of all philosophers, like so many lesser stars in his romantic system, wrapped and drawn within his own vortex.[2] Now, I would gladly be informed how it is possible to account for such imaginations as these in particular men, without recourse to my phenomenon of vapours ascending from the lower faculties to overshadow the brain, and there distilling into conceptions for which the narrowness of our mother-tongue has not yet assigned any other name, besides that of madness or phrensy. Let us therefore now conjecture how it comes to pass that none of these great prescribers do ever fail providing themselves and their notions with a number of implicit disciples. And I

1 Inclinations; the reference probably being to Lucretius' *clinamen principiorum.*—Lib. ii. 292.

2 Descartes' system of the universe was founded on the hypothesis that there existed, filling all space, vast and powerful currents of ethereal matter, which caused the motion of the planets; and Swift quotes this "romantic system" to illustrate the alleged belief of Descartes that the sentiments and theories of all other philosophers would soon, like smaller stars, be absorbed in the vortex of his own philosophy.

think the reason is easy to be assigned: for there is a peculiar string in the harmony of human understanding, which in several individuals is exactly of the same tuning. This, if you can dexterously screw up to its right key, and then strike gently upon it; whenever you have the good fortune to light among those of the same pitch, they will, by a secret necessary sympathy, strike exactly at the same time. And in this one circumstance lies all the skill or luck of the matter; for if you chance to jar the string among those who are either above or below your own height, instead of subscribing to your doctrine, they will tie you fast, call you mad, and feed you with bread and water. It is therefore a point of the nicest conduct to distinguish and adapt this noble talent with respect to the differences of persons and of times. Cicero understood this very well, who, when writing to a friend in England, with a caution, among other matters, to beware of being cheated by our hackney-coachmen (who, it seems, in those days were as arrant rascals as they are now), has these remarkable words: *Est quod gaudeas, te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere videre.*[1] For, to speak a bold truth, it is a fatal miscarriage so ill to order affairs, as to pass for a fool in one company, when in another you might be treated as a philosopher. Which I desire some certain gentlemen of my acquaintance to lay up in their hearts, as a very seasonable *innuendo*.

This, indeed, was the fatal mistake of that worthy gentleman, my most ingenious friend, Mr Wotton; a person, in appearance, ordained for great designs as well as performances: whether you will consider his notions or his looks, surely no man ever advanced into the public with fitter qualifications of body and mind for the propagation of a new religion. O! had those happy talents, misapplied to vain philosophy, been turned into their proper channels of dreams and visions, where distortion of mind and countenance are of such sovereign use; the base detracting world would not then have dared to report that something is amiss, that his brain has undergone an unlucky shake; which even his brother modernists themselves, like ungrates, do whisper so loud, that it reaches up to the very garret I am now writing in.

Lastly, whosoever pleases to look into the fountains of enthusiasm, whence in all ages have eternally proceeded such fattening streams, will find the spring-head to have been as troubled and muddy as the current: of such great emolument is a tincture of this vapour, which the world calls madness, that without its help the world would not only be deprived of those two great blessings, conquests and systems, but even all mankind would unhappily be reduced to the same belief in things invisible. Now, the former *postulatum* being held, that it is of no import from what originals this vapour proceeds, but either in what angles it strikes and spreads over the understanding, or upon what species of brain it ascends; it will be a very delicate point to cut the feather, and divide the several reasons to a nice and curious reader, how this numerical difference in the brain can produce effects of so vast a difference from the same vapour,[1] as to be the sole point of individuation between Alexander the Great, Jack of Leyden, and Monsieur Descartes. The present argument is the most abstracted that ever I engaged in; it strains my faculties to their highest stretch: and I desire the reader to attend with utmost perpensity; for I now proceed to unravel this knotty point.

There is in mankind a certain[2] . . .

. . . . . .

Hic multa desiderantur. . . . . .

. . . . . .

. . . And this I take to be a clear solution of the matter.

Having therefore so narrowly passed through this intricate difficulty, the reader will, I am sure, agree with me in the conclusion; that if the moderns mean by madness only a disturbance or transposition of the brain, by force of certain vapours issuing up from the lower faculties; then has this madness been the parent of all those mighty revolutions that have happened in empire, in philosophy, and in religion. For the brain, in its natural position and state of serenity, disposes its owner to pass his life in the common forms, without any thoughts of subduing multitudes to his own power, his reasons, or his visions; and the more he shapes his understanding by the pattern of human learning, the less he is inclined to form parties after his particular notions; because that instructs him in his private infirmities, as well as in the stubborn ignorance of the people. But when a man's fancy gets astride on his reason; when imagination is at cuffs with the senses, and common understanding, as well as common sense, is kicked out of doors; the first proselyte he makes, is himself; and when that is once compassed, the difficulty is not so great in bringing over others; a strong delusion always operating from without, as vigorously as from within. For cant and vision are, to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and

[1] Swift here mistakes; Cicero wrote to his friend Trebatius (C. Trebatius Testa, a jurist of some eminence), not in Britain, but more probably in Gaul, whither he had gone with recommendations from Cicero to Julius Cæsar. There does not seem to have been any question of Trebatius going to Britain at all; the full passage is: "You have reason to be glad that you have gone into those parts, where you may have some appearance of being wise: but *if you had gone* as far as Britain, of a certainty there would have been nobody in all that island wiser than you." Cicero, of course, is rallying his friend: he twits him farther on with being much more cautious in military than in legal affairs; who, though fond of swimming, would not wish to cross the ocean, and, though not to be deceived even blindfold by his friends, would not so much as look at a Gaulish charioteer.

[1] "How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
The greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain."
—GARTH.

[2] Another intentional and humorous defect in the manuscript.

pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition, that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow; because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expense to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past and things conceived: and so the question is only this; whether things that have place in the imagination may not as properly be said to exist, as those that are seated in the memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonderfully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion! how shrunk is everything as it appears in the glass of nature! so that, if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights, refracted angles, varnish and tinsel, there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak sides and publishing infirmities; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which, I think, has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world or the playhouse.

In the proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind than curiosity; so far preferable is that wisdom which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell or are drawn by art upon the outward of bodies; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature; one of whose eternal laws it is, to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that in such conclusions as these reason is certainly in the right; and that, in most corporeal beings which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside has been infinitely preferable to the in: whereof I have been further convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed; and you will hardly believe how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stripped in my presence; when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of clothes. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen: but I plainly perceived at every operation, that the farther we proceeded we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk: from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself; that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physic. And he whose fortunes and dispositions have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art; he that can, with Epicurus, content his ideas with the films and images that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves.

But to return to madness. It is certain that, according to the system I have above deduced, every species thereof proceeds from a redundancy of vapours; therefore, as some kinds of phrensy give double strength to the sinews, so there are of other species which add vigour, and life, and spirit to the brain: now, it usually happens that these active spirits, getting possession of the brain, resemble those that haunt other waste and empty dwellings, which, for want of business, either vanish and carry away a piece of the house, or else stay at home and fling it all out of the windows. By which are mystically displayed the two principal branches of madness; which some philosophers, not considering so well as I, have mistaken to be different in their causes, overhastily assigning the first to deficiency, and the other to redundance.

I think it therefore manifest, from what I have here advanced, that the main point of skill and address is to furnish employment for this redundancy of vapour, and prudently to adjust the season of it; by which means it may certainly become of cardinal and catholic emolument in a commonwealth. Thus one man, choosing a proper juncture, leaps into a gulf, thence proceeds a hero, and is called the

saviour of his country: another achieves the same enterprise, but, unluckily timing it, has left the brand of madness fixed as a reproach upon his memory: upon so nice a distinction are we taught to repeat the name of Curtius with reverence and love, that of Empedocles with hatred and contempt.[1] Thus also it is usually conceived that the elder Brutus only personated the fool and madman for the good of the public; but this was nothing else than a redundancy of the same vapour long misapplied, called by the Latins *ingenium par negotiis*;[2] or, to translate it as nearly as I can, a sort of phrensy, never in its right element till you take it up in the business of the state.

Upon all which, and many other reasons of equal weight, though not equally curious, I do here gladly embrace an opportunity I have long sought for of recommending it as a very noble undertaking to sir Edward Seymour, sir Christopher Musgrave, sir John Bowles, John Howe, Esq., and other patriots concerned, that they would move for leave to bring in a bill for appointing commissioners to inspect into Bedlam and the parts adjacent; who shall be empowered to send for persons, papers, and records; to examine into the merits and qualifications of every student and professor; to observe with utmost exactness their several dispositions and behaviour; by which means, duly distinguishing and adapting their talents, they might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state [ecclesiastical], civil, and military; proceeding in such methods as I shall here humbly propose. And I hope the gentle reader will give some allowance to my great solicitudes in this important affair, upon account of the high esteem I have borne that honourable society, whereof I had some time the happiness to be an unworthy member.

Is any student tearing his straw in piecemeal, swearing and blaspheming, biting his grate, foaming at the mouth, and emptying his pisspot in the spectators' faces? let the right worshipful the commissioners of inspection give him a regiment of dragoons, and send him into Flanders among the rest. Is another eternally talking, sputtering, gaping, bawling in a sound without period or article? what wonderful talents are here mislaid! let him be furnished immediately with a green bag and papers, and threepence[3] in his pocket, and away with him to Westminster-Hall. You will find a third gravely taking the dimensions of his kennel; a person of foresight and insight, though kept quite in the dark; for why, like Moses, *ecce cornuta*[1] *erat ejus facies*. He walks duly in one pace, entreats your penny with due gravity and ceremony; talks much of hard times, and taxes, and the whore of Babylon; bars up the wooden window of his cell constantly at eight o'clock; dreams of fire, and shoplifters, and court-customers, and privileged places. Now, what a figure would all these acquirements amount to, if the owner were sent into the city among his brethren! Behold a fourth, in much and deep conversation with himself, biting his thumbs at proper junctures; his countenance checkered with business and design; sometimes walking very fast, with his eyes nailed to a paper that he holds in his hands: a great saver of time, somewhat thick of hearing, very short of sight, but more of memory: a man ever in haste, a great hatcher and breeder of business, and excellent at the famous art of whispering nothing; a huge idolater of monosyllables and procrastination; so ready to give his word to everybody, that he never keeps it: one that has forgot the common meaning of words, but an admirable retainer of the sound: extremely subject to the looseness, for his occasions are perpetually calling him away. If you approach his grate in his familiar intervals; Sir, says he, give me a penny, and I'll sing you a song: but give me the penny first. (Hence comes the common saying, and commoner practice, of parting with money for a song.) What a complete system of court skill is here described in every branch of it, and all utterly lost with wrong application! Accost the hole of another kennel (first stopping your nose), you will behold a surly, gloomy, nasty, slovenly mortal, raking in his own dung and dabbling in his urine. The best part of his diet is the reversion of his own ordure, which, expiring into steams, whirls perpetually about, and at last reinfunds. His complexion is of a dirty yellow, with a thin scattered beard, exactly agreeable to that of his diet upon its first declination; like other insects, who, having their birth and education in an excrement, from thence borrow their colour and their smell. The student of this apartment is very sparing of his words, but somewhat over-liberal of his breath: he holds his hand out ready to receive your penny, and immediately upon receipt withdraws to his former occupations. Now, is it not amazing to think the society of Warwick-lane should have no more concern for the recovery of so useful a member, who, if one may judge from these appearances, would become the greatest ornament to that illustrious body? Another student struts up fiercely to your teeth, puffing with his lips, half squeezing out his eyes, and very graciously holds you out his hand to kiss. The keeper desires you not to be afraid of this

[1] Marcus Curtius, a noble youth of Rome, leaped on horseback into a great gulf that opened in the Forum in 362 B.C., which the soothsayers said only the throwing in of the city's greatest treasure could close; Empedocles, the philosophical poet of Agrigentum, a century earlier, leaped secretly into the crater of Etna, that his divinity might be inferred from his mysterious departure from among men—a design defeated by the volcano casting out his sandal.

[2] TACITUS.

[3] A lawyer's coach-hire, when four together, from any of the Inns of Court to Westminster.—*H.*

[1] *Cornutus* is either horned or shining, and by this term Moses is described in the vulgar Latin of the Bible.—*H.* Michael Angelo's famous statue of Moses, represents him with short horns—the sculptor having availed himself of the ambiguity of the text to convey thus a more commanding and mystical aspect into the face of the lawgiver returned from his awful interview on the mount.

professor, for he will do you no hurt: to him alone is allowed the liberty of the antechamber, and the orator of the place gives you to understand that this solemn person is a tailor run mad with pride. This considerable student is adorned with many other qualities, upon which at present I shall not farther enlarge. . . . .[1] Hark in your ear—I am strangely mistaken if all his address, his motions, and his airs, would not then be very natural, and in their proper element.

I shall not descend so minutely as to insist upon the vast number of beaux, fiddlers, poets, and politicians, that the world might recover by such a reformation; but what is more material, besides the clear gain redounding to the commonwealth, by so large an acquisition of persons to employ, whose talents and acquirements, if I may be so bold as to affirm it, are now buried, or at least misapplied; it would be a mighty advantage accruing to the public from this inquiry, that all these would very much excel, and arrive at great perfection, in their several kinds; which, I think, is manifest from what I have already shown, and shall enforce by this one plain instance: that even I myself, the author of these momentous truths, am a person whose imaginations are hard-mouthed and exceedingly disposed to run away with his reason, which I have observed, from long experience, to be a very light rider and easily shaken off; upon which account my friends will never trust me alone, without a solemn promise to vent my speculations in this or the like manner, for the universal benefit of human kind; which perhaps the gentle, courteous, and candid reader, brimful of that modern charity and tenderness usually annexed to his office, will be very hardly persuaded to believe.

SECTION X.

A FARTHER DIGRESSION; THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE READERS.

[*Great civilities practised between the authors and readers; and our Author's thanks to the whole nation. How well satisfied authors and booksellers are. To what occasions we owe most of the present writings. Of a paltry scribbler our Author is afraid of; and therefore desires Dr Bentley's protection. He gives here his whole store at one meal. Usefulness of this treatise to different sorts of readers; the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned. Proposal for making some ample commentaries on this work; and of the usefulness of commentaries for dark writers. Useful hints for the commentators of this treatise.*]

It is an unanswerable argument of a very refined age, the wonderful civilities that have passed of late years between the nation of authors and that of readers. There can hardly pop out a play, a pamphlet, or a poem, without a preface full of acknowledgment to the world for the general reception and applause they have given it; which the Lord knows where, or when, or how, or from whom, it received. In due deference to so laudable a custom, I do here return my humble thanks to his majesty and both houses of parliament; to the lords of the king's most honourable privy-council; to the reverend the judges; to the clergy, and gentry, and yeomanry of this land; but in a more especial manner to my worthy brethren and friends at Will's coffee-house, and Gresham-college, and Warwick-lane, and Moorfields, and Scotland-yard, and Westminster-hall, and Guild-hall; in short, to all inhabitants and retainers whatsoever, either in court, or church, or camp, or city, or country; for their generous and universal acceptance of this divine treatise. I accept their approbation and good opinion with extreme gratitude, and, to the utmost of my poor capacity, shall take hold of all opportunities to return the obligation.

I am also happy that fate has flung me into so blessed an age for the mutual felicity of booksellers and authors, whom I may safely affirm to be at this day the two only satisfied parties in England. Ask an author how his last piece has succeeded: why, truly, he thanks his stars, the world has been very favourable, and he has not the least reason to complain; and yet, by G—, he wrote it in a week, at bits and starts, when he could steal an hour from his urgent affairs; as it is a hundred to one, you may see farther in the preface, to which he refers you; and for the rest, to the bookseller. There you go as a customer, and make the same question: he blesses his God the thing takes wonderfully, he is just printing the second edition, and has but three left in his shop. You beat down the price: "Sir, we shall not differ;" and, in hopes of your custom another time, lets you have it as reasonable as you please; and "pray send as many of your acquaintance as you will, I shall upon your account furnish them all at the same rate."

Now, it is not well enough considered, to what accidents and occasions the world is indebted for the greatest part of those noble writings which hourly start up to entertain it. If it were not for a rainy day, a drunken vigil, a fit of the spleen, a course of physic, a sleepy Sunday, an ill run at dice, a long tailor's bill, a beggar's purse, a factious head, a hot sun, costive diet, want of books, and a just contempt of learning: but for these events, I say, and some others too long to recite (especially a prudent neglect of taking brimstone inwardly), I doubt the number of authors and of writings would dwindle away to a degree most woful to behold. To confirm this opinion, hear the words of the famous Troglodyte philosopher: It is certain (said he) some grains of folly are of course annexed, as part of the composition of

[1] The chasm here left by the author is unexplained, if not also inexplicable.

human nature, only the choice is left us, whether we please to wear them inlaid or embossed: and we need not to go very far to seek how that is usually determined, when we remember it is with human faculties as with liquors, the lightest will be ever at the top.

There is in this famous island of Britain a certain paltry scribbler, very voluminous, whose character the reader cannot wholly be a stranger to. He deals in a pernicious kind of writings, called *second parts;* and usually passes under the name of the author of the first. I easily foresee, that as soon as I lay down my pen this nimble operator will have stolen it, and treat me as inhumanly as he has already done Dr Blackmore, L'Estrange, and many others who shall here be nameless; I therefore fly for justice and relief into the hands of that great rectifier of saddles,[1] and lover of mankind, Dr Bentley, begging he will take this enormous grievance into his most modern consideration: and if it should so happen that the furniture of an ass, in the shape of a second part, must for my sins be clapped by a mistake upon my back, that he will immediately please, in the presence of the world, to lighten me of the burden, and take it home to his own house, till the true beast thinks fit to call for it.

In the meantime I do here give this public notice, that my resolutions are to circumscribe within this discourse the whole stock of matter I have been so many years providing. Since my vein is once opened, I am content to exhaust it all at a running, for the peculiar advantage of my dear country, and for the universal benefit of mankind. Therefore, hospitably considering the number of my guests, they shall have my whole entertainment at a meal; and I scorn to set up the leavings in the cupboard. What the guests cannot eat, may be given to the poor; and the dogs[2] under the table may gnaw the bones. This I understand for a more generous proceeding, than to turn the company's stomach by inviting them again to-morrow to a scurvy meal of scraps.

If the reader fairly considers the strength of what I have advanced in the foregoing section, I am convinced it will produce a wonderful revolution in his notions and opinions; and he will be abundantly better prepared to receive and to relish the concluding part of this miraculous treatise. Readers may be divided into three classes: the superficial, the ignorant, and the learned; and I have with much felicity fitted my pen to the genius and advantage of each. The superficial reader will be strangely provoked to laughter; which clears the breast and the lungs, is sovereign against the spleen, and the most innocent of all diuretics. The ignorant reader, between whom and the former the distinction is extremely nice, will find himself disposed to stare; which is an admirable remedy for ill eyes, serves to raise and enliven the spirits, and wonderfully helps perspiration. But the reader truly learned, chiefly for whose benefit I wake when others sleep and sleep when others wake, will here find sufficient matter to employ his speculations for the rest of his life. It were much to be wished, and I do here humbly propose for an experiment, that every prince in Christendom will take seven of the deepest scholars in his dominions, and shut them up close for seven years, in seven chambers, with a command to write seven ample commentaries on this comprehensive discourse. I shall venture to affirm that, whatever difference may be found in their several conjectures, they will be all, without the least distortion, manifestly deducible from the text. Meantime, it is my earnest request that so useful an undertaking may be entered upon, if their majesties please, with all convenient speed; because I have a strong inclination, before I leave the world, to taste a blessing which we mysterious writers can seldom reach till we have gotten into our graves: whether it is, that fame, being a fruit grafted on the body, can hardly grow, and much less ripen, till the stock is in the earth: or whether she be a bird of prey, and is lured among the rest to pursue after the scent of a carcase: or whether she conceives her trumpet sounds best and farthest when she stands on a tomb, by the advantage of a rising ground, and the echo of a hollow vault.

It is true, indeed, the republic of dark authors, after they once found out this excellent expedient of dying, have been peculiarly happy in the variety as well as extent of their reputation. For, night being the universal mother of things, wise philosophers hold all writings to be fruitful in the proportion they are dark; and therefore, the true illuminated[1] (that is to say, the darkest of all) have met with such numberless commentators, whose scholastic midwifery has delivered them of meanings that the authors themselves perhaps never conceived, and yet may very justly be allowed the lawful parents of them; the words of such writers being like seed, which, however scattered at random, when they light upon a fruitful ground, will multiply far beyond either the hopes or imagination of the sower.

And therefore, in order to promote so useful a work, I will here take leave to glance a few innuendoes, that may be of great assistance to those sublime spirits who shall be appointed to labour in a universal comment upon this wonderful discourse. And, first, I have couched a very profound mystery in the number of O's multiplied by seven and divided by nine.[2] Also, if a devout brother of the rosy cross will pray fervently for sixty-three mornings, with a lively faith, and then transpose certain letters and syllables, according to prescription in the second

1 Alluding to the trite phrase, "place the saddle on the right horse."—*H.*

2 At the close of Section III., the author compared "a *true critic* in the perusal of a book" to "a dog at a feast, whose thoughts and stomach are wholly set upon what guests fling away."

1 A name of the Rosicrucians, a partly mystical but more alchemistical secret brotherhood, the existence of which became known suddenly at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

2 By similar practisings with the Bible, the cabalists or mystic savants of the Jews pretended to find wonderful mysteries.

and fifth section; they will certainly reveal into a full receipt of the *opus magnum*. Lastly, whoever will be at the pains to calculate the whole number of each letter in this treatise, and sum up the difference exactly between the several numbers, assigning the true natural cause for every such difference; the discoveries in the product will plentifully reward his labour. But then he must beware of Bythus and Sigé, and be sure not to forget the qualities of Achamoth;[1] *à cujus lacrymis humecta prodit substantia, à risu lucida, à tristitiâ solida, et à timore mobilis;* wherein Eugenius Philalethes hath committed an unpardonable mistake.

SECTION XI.

A TALE OF A TUB—*continued.*

[*The Author, not in haste to be at home, shows the difference between a traveller weary or in haste, and another in good plight, that takes his pleasure and views every pleasant scene in his way. The sequel of Jack's adventures; his superstitious veneration for the Holy Scripture, and the uses he made of it. His flaming zeal, and blind submission to the Decrees. His harangue for Predestination. He covers roguish tricks with a show of devotion. Affects singularity in manners and speech. His aversion to music and painting. His discourses provoke sleep. His groaning and affecting to suffer for the good cause. The great antipathy of Peter and Jack made them both run into extremes, where they often met. The degenerate ears of this age cannot afford a sufficient handle to hold men by. The senses and passions afford many handles. Curiosity is that by which our Author has held his readers so long. The rest of this story lost, &c.*]

AFTER so wide a compass as I have wandered, I do now gladly overtake and close in with my subject, and shall henceforth hold on with it an even pace to the end of my journey, except some beautiful prospect appears within sight of my way; whereof though at present I have neither warning nor expectation, yet upon such an accident, come when it will, I shall beg my reader's favour and company, allowing me to conduct him through it along with myself. For in writing it is as in travelling; if a man is in haste to be at home (which I acknowledge to be none of my case, having never so little business as when I am there); if his horse be tired with long riding and ill ways, or naturally a jade; I advise him clearly to make the straightest and the commonest road, be it ever so dirty: but then surely we must own such a man to be a scurvy companion at best; he spatters himself and his fellow-travellers at every step; all their thoughts, and wishes, and conversation, turn entirely upon the subject of their journey's end; and at every splash, and plunge, and stumble, they heartily wish one another at the devil.

On the other side, when a traveller and his horse are in heart and plight; when his purse is full and the day before him; he takes the road only where it is clean and convenient; entertains his company there as agreeably as he can; but, upon the first occasion, carries them along with him to every delightful scene in view, whether of art, of nature, or of both; and if they chance to refuse, out of stupidity or weariness, let them jog on by themselves and be d——d; he'll overtake them at the next town: at which arriving, he rides furiously through; the men, women, and children, run out to gaze; a hundred noisy curs[1] run barking after him, of which if he honours the boldest with a lash of his whip, it is rather out of sport than revenge; but should some sourer mongrel dare too near an approach, he receives a salute on the chaps by an accidental stroke from the courser's heels, nor is any ground lost by the blow which sends him yelping and limping home.

I now proceed to sum up the singular adventures of my renowned Jack; the state of whose dispositions and fortunes the careful reader does no doubt most exactly remember, as I last parted with them in the conclusion of a former section. Therefore his next care must be, from two of the foregoing to extract a scheme of notions, that may best fit his understanding for a true relish of what is to ensue.

JACK had not only calculated the first revolution of his brain so prudently as to give rise to that epidemic sect of Æolists; but, succeeding also into a new and strange variety of conceptions, the fruitfulness of his imagination led him into certain notions which, although in appearance very unaccountable, were not without their mysteries and their meanings, nor wanted followers to countenance and improve them. I shall therefore be extremely careful and exact in recounting such material passages of this nature as I have been able to collect, either from undoubted tradition or indefatigable reading; and shall describe them as graphically as it is possible, and as far as notions of that height and latitude can be brought within the compass of a pen. Nor do I at all question but they will furnish plenty of noble matter for such whose converting imaginations dispose them to reduce all things into types; who can make shadows, no thanks to the sun; and then mould them into substances, no thanks to philosophy; whose peculiar talent lies in fixing tropes and allegories to the letter, and refining what is literal into figure and mystery.

JACK had provided a fair copy of his father's

[1] These barbarous words are said by Hawkesworth to be quoted from Irenæus, from whom Swift took the uncouth motto at the head of the book; and the whole sentence—wherein Swift has another fling at the Welsh gentleman of Cambridge, mentioned at page 73, who wrote under the name of Eugenius Philalethes—is a jumble of perverse unintelligibility, meant to ridicule and mislead. The Latin, Wotton says, is also from Irenæus.

[1] The "true critics."

will, engrossed in form upon a large skin of parchment; and resolving to act the part of a most dutiful son, he became the fondest creature of it imaginable. For although, as I have often told the reader, it consisted wholly in certain plain, easy directions about the management and wearing of their coats, with legacies and penalties in case of obedience or neglect; yet he began to entertain a fancy that the matter was deeper and darker, and therefore must needs have a great deal more of mystery at the bottom. "Gentlemen," said he, "I will prove this very skin of parchment to be meat, drink, and cloth, to be the philosopher's stone and the universal medicine." In consequence of which raptures, he resolved to make use of it in the most necessary as well as the most paltry occasions of life.[1] He had a way of working it into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a nightcap when he went to bed, and for an umbrella in rainy weather. He would lap a piece of it about a sore toe, or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or, if anything lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny; they were all infallible remedies. With analogy to these refinements, his common talk and conversation ran wholly in the phrase of his will, and he circumscribed the utmost of his eloquence within that compass, not daring to let slip a syllable without authority from that. Once, at a strange house, he was suddenly taken short upon an urgent juncture, whereon it may not be allowed too particularly to dilate; and being not able to call to mind, with that suddenness the occasion required, an authentic phrase for demanding the way to the back-side, he chose rather, as the most prudent course, to incur the penalty in such cases usually annexed. Neither was it possible for the united rhetoric of mankind to prevail with him to make himself clean again; because, having consulted the will upon this emergency, he met with a passage near the bottom (whether foisted in by the transcriber is not known) which seemed to forbid it.[2]

He made it a part of his religion never to say grace to his meat; nor could all the world persuade him, as the common phrase is, to eat his victuals like a Christian.[1]

He bore a strange kind of appetite to snapdragon, and to the livid snuffs of a burning candle, which he would catch and swallow with an agility wonderful to conceive; and, by this procedure, maintained a perpetual flame in his belly, which, issuing in a glowing steam from both his eyes, as well as his nostrils and his mouth, made his head appear in a dark night like the skull of an ass, wherein a roguish boy had conveyed a farthing candle, to the terror of his majesty's liege subjects. Therefore, he made use of no other expedient to light himself home, but was wont to say that a wise man was his own lantern.[2]

He would shut his eyes as he walked along the streets,[3] and if he happened to bounce his head against a post, or fall into a kennel, as he seldom missed either to do one or both, he would tell the gibing apprentices who looked on, that he submitted with entire resignation as to a trip or a blow of fate, with whom he found, by long experience, how vain it was either to wrestle or to cuff; and whoever durst undertake to do either, would be sure to come off with a swinging fall or a bloody nose. "It was ordained," said he, "some few days before the creation, that my nose and this very post should have a rencounter; and therefore nature[4] thought fit to send us both into the world in the same age, and to make us countrymen and fellow-citizens. Now, had my eyes been open, it is very likely the business might have been a great deal worse; for how many a confounded slip is daily got by a man with all his foresight about him? Besides, the eyes of the understanding see best when those of the senses are out of the way; and therefore blind men are observed to tread their steps with much more caution, and conduct, and judgment, than those who rely with too much confidence upon the virtue of the visual nerve, which every little accident shakes out of order, and a drop or a film can wholly disconcert; like a lantern among a pack of roaring bullies, when they scour the streets, exposing its owner and itself to outward kicks and buffets, which both might have escaped if the vanity of appearing would have suffered them to walk in the dark. But farther; if we examine the conduct of these boasted lights, it will prove yet a great deal worse than their fortune. It is true, I have broke my nose against this post, because fortune[4] either forgot, or did not think it convenient, to twitch me by the the elbow and give me notice to avoid it. But let not this encourage either the present age or

[1] The author here lashes those pretenders to purity who place so much merit in using Scripture phrase on all occasions.—*H.* The Protestant Dissenters use Scripture phrases in their serious discourses and composures, more than the Church-of-England men; accordingly Jack is introduced, making his common talk and conversation to run wholly in the phrase of the will.—*Wotton.*

[2] The Editors of Swift have given up this passage; and, had Swift not hunted his allegory so hard, it might have been taken as only an episode intensifying what had been said as to Jack's overstrained preference of Scripture language. It may be, however, that the reference is to the Synod of Dort—"a strange house," Geneva being the native place of Calvinism; and to the adoption there, among the "five points," of the doctrine of the total depravity of human nature, to which the dissenting Churches have since so obstinately clung, and which is one of the favourite elements in the declamation of the fanatics whom Swift is ridiculing. The unsanitary passage in the will is in the 22d chapter of Revelations, v. 11: "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still;" a sentence that is wanting in one of the oldest MS. of the New Testament, the Alexandrian.

[1] Hitting at the slovenly and irreverent mode in which the fanatics received the sacrament; who refused to kneel.

[2] The hot intemperate zeal of the fanatics, and their pretensions to inward illumination, are understood to be here signified.

[3] Unconditional or absolute predestination burlesqued.—*Bentley.*

[4] In the first edition, "Providence" stood instead of "nature" and "fortune."

posterity to trust their noses into the keeping of their eyes, which may prove the fairest way of losing them for good and all. For, O ye eyes, ye blind guides; miserable guardians are ye of our frail noses; ye, I say, who fasten upon the first precipice in view, and then tow our wretched willing bodies after you to the very brink of destruction: but alas! that brink is rotten, our feet slip, and we tumble down prone into a gulf, without one hospitable shrub in the way to break the fall; a fall to which not any nose of mortal make is equal, except that of the giant Laurcalco,[1] who was lord of the silver bridge. Most properly, therefore, O eyes, and with great justice, may you be compared to those foolish lights, which conduct men through dirt and darkness, till they fall into a deep pit or a noisome bog."

This I have produced as a scantling of Jack's great eloquence, and the force of his reasoning upon such abstruse matters.

He was, besides, a person of great design and improvement in affairs of devotion, having introduced a new deity, who has since met with a vast number of worshippers; by some called Babel, by others Chaos; who had an ancient temple of Gothic structure upon Salisbury plain, famous for its shrine and celebration by pilgrims.

When he had some roguish trick to play,[2] he would down with his knees, up with his eyes, and fall to prayers, though in the midst of the kennel. Then it was that those who understood his pranks would be sure to get far enough out of his way; and whenever curiosity attracted strangers to laugh or to listen, he would, of a sudden, with one hand out with his gear and piss full in their eyes, and with the other all bespatter them with mud.

In winter he went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat; and in summer lapped himself close and thick to keep it out.[3]

In all revolutions of government he would make his court for the office of hangman general; and in the exercise of that dignity, wherein he was very dexterous, would make use of no other vizard than a long prayer.[4]

He had a tongue so musculous and subtile, that he could twist it up into his nose, and deliver a strange kind of speech from thence. He was also the first in these kingdoms who began to improve the Spanish accomplishment of braying; and having large ears, perpetually exposed and arrected, he carried his art to such a perfection, that it was a point of great difficulty to distinguish, either by the view or the sound, between the original and the copy.[1]

He was troubled with a disease reverse to that called the stinging of the tarantula; and would run dog-mad at the noise of music, especially a pair of bagpipes.[2] But he would cure himself again by taking two or three turns in Westminster-Hall, or Billingsgate, or in a boarding-school, or the Royal Exchange, or a state coffee-house.

He was a person that feared no colours, but mortally hated all, and, upon that account, bore a cruel aversion against painters; insomuch that, in his paroxysms, as he walked the streets, he would have his pockets loaden with stones to pelt at the signs.[3]

Having, from this manner of living, frequent occasion to wash himself, he would often leap over head and ears into water,[4] though it were in the midst of the winter, but was always observed to come out again much dirtier, if possible, than he went in.

He was the first that ever found out the secret of contriving a soporiferous medicine to be conveyed in at the ears;[5] it was a compound of sulphur and balm of Gilead, with a little pilgrim's salve.

He wore a large plaster of artificial caustics on his stomach, with the fervour of which he could set himself a-groaning, like the famous board upon application of a red-hot iron.

He would stand in the turning of a street, and, calling to those who passed by, would cry to one, "Worthy sir, do me the honour of a good slap in the chaps."[6] To another, "Honest friend, pray favour me with a handsome kick on the a—: Madam, shall I entreat a small box on the ear from your ladyship's fair hands? Noble captain, lend a reasonable thwack, for the love of God, with that cane of yours over these poor shoulders." And when he had, by such earnest solicitations, made a shift to procure a basting sufficient to swell up his fancy and his sides, he would return home extremely

1 "Don Quixote," Part I. chap. 17. The point of the quotation lies in the pun on the word *bridge*.

2 The villanies and cruelties committed by enthusiasts and fanatics among us, were all performed under the disguise of religion and long prayers.—*H.*

3 The fanatics affecting differences in habit and behaviour, and opposing reasonable customs.

4 Their severe persecutions under the guise of zeal for God's cause; especially, perhaps, the professions of Cromwell and the heads of the Commonwealth to seek guidance from heaven when they went about to kill Charles I.

1 Here the snuffling and nasal tones of the dissenting preachers, and the hearers' fashion of pushing forward the ears that they might the better hear or seem to be attentive, are aimed at. Butler calls the hearers the "long-eared rout."

2 The intolerance of dancing, and of instrumental music, especially of organs, in churches, shown by the fanatics. The sting of the tarantula spider afflicted men with an uncontrollable desire to dance, which only lively music could allay; the *tarantella* was a sort of music composed for the purpose. Calvin was opposed to the use of music in churches.

3 The Dissenters utterly refused to have paintings, and reprobated ornament, in church; and, during their ascendancy, they defaced the statues and paintings in all the churches in England.

4 Immersion at baptism—a practice up to 1600 much more in vogue in the Church, than perhaps among Dissenters when Swift wrote.

5 Fanatic preaching, composed either of hell and damnation, or a fulsome description of the joys of heaven, both in such a dirty, nauseous style, as to be well resembled to pilgrim's salve.—*H.*

6 The fanatics have always had a way of affecting to run into persecution, and count vast merit upon every little hardship they suffer.—*H.* It is not impossible that Swift, a little below, sought to throw discredit on the lofty consideration abroad gained by the government of Cromwell, through its bold sympathy with the persecuted in Europe.

comforted, and full of terrible accounts of what he had undergone for the public good. "Observe this stroke" (said he, showing his bare shoulders); "a plaguy janizary gave it me this very morning, at seven o'clock, as, with much ado, I was driving off the great Turk. Neighbours, mind, this broken head deserves a plaster; had poor Jack been tender of his noddle, you would have seen the pope and the French king, long before this time of day, among your wives and your warehouses. Dear Christians, the great Mogul was come as far as Whitechapel, and you may thank these poor sides that he hath not (God bless us!) already swallowed up man, woman, and child."

It was highly worth observing the singular effects of that aversion, or antipathy, which Jack and his brother Peter seemed, even to an affectation, to bear against each other. Peter had lately done some rogueries that forced him to abscond, and he seldom ventured to stir out before night, for fear of bailiffs. Their lodgings were at the two most distant parts of the town from each other; and whenever their occasions or humours called them abroad, they would make choice of the oddest unlikely times, and most uncouth rounds they could invent, that they might be sure to avoid one another; yet, after all this, it was their perpetual fortune to meet. The reason of which is easy enough to apprehend; for, the phrensy and the spleen of both having the same foundation, we may look upon them as two pair of compasses, equally extended, and the fixed foot of each remaining in the same centre, which, though moving contrary ways at first, will be sure to encounter somewhere or other in the circumference. Besides, it was among the great misfortunes of Jack to bear a huge personal resemblance with his brother Peter. Their humour and dispositions were not only the same, but there was a close analogy in their shape, their size, and their mien. Insomuch that nothing was more frequent than for a bailiff to seize Jack by the shoulders, and cry, "Mr Peter, you are the king's prisoner." Or, at other times, for one of Peter's nearest friends to accost Jack with open arms, "Dear Peter, I am glad to see thee; pray send me one of your best medicines for the worms." This, we may suppose, was a mortifying return of those pains and proceedings Jack had laboured in so long; and finding how directly opposite all his endeavours had answered to the sole end and intention which he had proposed to himself, how could it avoid having terrible effects upon a head and heart so furnished as his? However, the poor remainders of his coat bore all the punishment; the orient sun never entered upon his diurnal progress without missing a piece of it. He hired a tailor to stitch up the collar so close, that it was ready to choke him, and squeezed out his eyes at such a rate, as one could see nothing but the white. What little was left of the main substance of the coat he rubbed every day for two hours against a rough-cast wall, in order to grind away the remnants of lace and embroidery; but at the same time went on with so much violence, that he proceeded a heathen philosopher. Yet, after all he could do of this kind, the success continued still to disappoint his expectation. For, as it is the nature of rags to bear a kind of mock resemblance to finery; there being a sort of fluttering appearance in both which is not to be distinguished at a distance, in the dark, or by short-sighted eyes; so, in those junctures, it fared with Jack and his tatters, that they offered to the first view a ridiculous flaunting, which, assisting the resemblance in person and air, thwarted all his projects of separation, and left so near a similitude between them as frequently deceived the very disciples and followers of both.[1]

. . . . . .

Desunt nonnulla. . . . . .

The old Sclavonian proverb said well, that it is with men as with asses; whoever would keep them fast, must find a very good hold at their ears. Yet I think we may affirm that it has been verified by repeated experience that

Effugiet tamen hæc sceleratus vincula Proteus.[2]

It is good, therefore, to read the maxims of our ancestors with great allowances to times and persons; for if we look into primitive records, we shall find that no revolutions have been so great or so frequent as those of human ears. In former days there was a curious invention to catch and keep them, which I think we may justly reckon among the *artes perditæ:* and how can it be otherwise, when in these latter centuries the very species is not only diminished to a very lamentable degree, but the poor remainder is also degenerated so far as to mock our skilfulest tenure? For, if the only slitting of one ear in a stag has been found sufficient to propagate the defect through a whole forest; why should we wonder at the greatest consequences from so many loppings and mutilations to which the ears of our fathers, and our own, have been of late so much exposed? It is true, indeed, that while this island of ours was under the dominion of grace, many endeavours were made to improve the growth of ears once more among us. The proportion of largeness was not only looked upon as an ornament of the outward man, but as a type of grace in the inward.[3] Besides, it is held by naturalists that, if there be a protuberancy of parts in the superior region of the body, as in the ears and nose, there must be a parity also in the inferior: and therefore in that truly pious age the males in every assembly, according as they were gifted, appeared very

[1] The papists and fanatics, though they appear the most averse each against the other, yet bear a near resemblance in many things, as has been observed by learned men.—*Swift.*

[2] HORACE, Satires, ii. 3, 71—
"But still the accursed Proteus slips these bonds."

[3] See Note, page 91.

forward in exposing their ears to view, and the regions about them; because Hippocrates tells us that when the vein behind the ear happens to be cut, a man becomes an eunuch: and the females were nothing backwarder in beholding and edifying by them: whereof those who had already used the means looked about them with great concern, in hopes of conceiving a suitable offspring by such a prospect: others, who stood candidates for benevolence, found there a plentiful choice, and were sure to fix upon such as discovered the largest ears, that the breed might not dwindle between them. Lastly, the devouter sisters, who looked upon all extraordinary dilatations of that member as protusions of zeal, or spiritual excrescences, were sure to honour every head they sat upon, as if they had been marks of grace; but especially that of the preacher, whose ears were usually of the prime magnitude: which, upon that account, he was very frequent and exact in exposing with all advantages to the people; in his rhetorical paroxysms turning sometimes to hold forth the one, and sometimes to hold forth the other; from which custom the whole operation of preaching is to this very day, among their professors, styled by the phrase of *holding forth*.

Such was the progress of the saints for advancing the size of that member; and it is thought the success would have been every way answerable, if, in process of time, a cruel king had not arisen,[1] who raised a bloody persecution against all ears above a certain standard: upon which, some were glad to hide their flourishing sprouts in a black border, others crept wholly under a periwig; some were slit, others cropped, and a great number sliced off to the stumps. But of this more hereafter in my general history of ears; which I design very speedily to bestow upon the public.

From this brief survey of the fallen state of ears in the last age, and the small care had to advance their ancient growth in the present, it is manifest how little reason we can have to rely upon a hold so short, so weak, and so slippery; and that whoever desires to catch mankind fast must have recourse to some other methods. Now, he that will examine human nature with circumspection enough may discover several handles, whereof the six senses afford one apiece, beside a great number that are screwed to the passions, and some few riveted to the intellect. Among these last, curiosity is one, and of all others affords the firmest grasp: curiosity, that spur in the side, that bridle in the mouth, that ring in the nose, of a lazy and impatient and grunting reader. By this handle it is, that an author should seize upon his readers; which as soon as he has once compassed, all resistance and struggling are in vain; and they become his prisoners as close as he pleases, till weariness or dulness force him to let go his grip.

1 Charles the Second, who, at the Restoration, turned out all the dissenting ministers that would not conform.

And therefore, I, the author of this miraculous treatise, having hitherto, beyond expectation, maintained by the aforesaid handle a firm hold upon my gentle readers; it is with great reluctance that I am at length compelled to remit my grasp; leaving them, in the perusal of what remains, to that natural oscitancy inherent in the tribe. I can only assure thee, courteous reader, for both our comforts, that my concern is altogether equal to thine for my unhappiness in losing, or mislaying among my papers, the remaining part of these memoirs; which consisted of accidents, turns, and adventures, both new, agreeable, and surprising; and therefore calculated, in all due points, to the delicate taste of this our noble age. But, alas! with my utmost endeavours, I have been able only to retain a few of the heads. Under which, there was a full account how Peter got a protection out of the king's bench; and of a reconcilement[1] between Jack and him, upon a design they had, in a certain rainy night, to trepan brother Martin into a spunging-house, and there strip him to the skin. How Martin, with much ado, showed them both a fair pair of heels. How a new warrant came out against Peter; upon which, how Jack left him in the lurch, stole his protection, and made use of it himself. How Jack's tatters came into fashion in court and city; how he got upon a great horse, and eat custard.[2] But the particulars of all these, with several others which have now slid out of my memory, are lost beyond all hopes of recovery. For which misfortune, leaving my readers to condole with each other as far as they shall find it to agree with their several constitutions; but conjuring them by all the friendship that has passed between us, from the title-page to this, not to proceed so far as to injure their healths for an accident past remedy; I now go on to the ceremonial part of an accomplished writer, and therefore, by a courtly modern, least of all others to be omitted.

THE CONCLUSION.

[*Of the proper seasons for publishing books. Of profound writers. Of the ghost of wit. Sleep and the Muses nearly related. Apology for the Author's fits of dulness. Method and Reason*

1 In the reign of James the Second the Presbyterians joined the Papists, against the Church of England, and addressed him for repeal of the penal laws and test. The king, by his dispensing power, gave liberty of conscience, which both Papists and Presbyterians made use of; but upon the Revolution, the Papists being down of course, the Presbyterians freely continued their assemblies, by virtue of King James's indulgence, before they had a toleration by law. This I believe the author means by Jack's stealing Peter's protection, and making use of it himself.—*H.*

2 Sir Humphrey Edwyn, a Presbyterian Lord Mayor of London in 1697, went in his robes and with all the formalities of office to his own place of worship; which led to the passing of an Act forbidding any but members of the Church to follow this example. Custard was a famous dish at a Lord Mayor's feast.

the lackeys of Invention. Our Author's great collection of flowers of little use till now.]

GOING too long is a cause of abortion as effectual, though not so frequent, as going too short; and holds true especially in the labours of the brain. Well fare the heart of that noble jesuit,[1] who first adventured to confess in print, that books must be suited to their several seasons, like dress, and diet, and diversions; and better fare our noble nation, for refining upon this among other French modes. I am living fast to see the time when a book that misses its tide shall be neglected, as the moon by day, or like mackerel a week after the season. No man has more nicely observed our climate than the bookseller who bought the copy of this work; he knows to a tittle what subjects will best go off in a dry year, and which it is proper to expose foremost when the weather-glass is fallen to much rain. When he had seen this treatise, and consulted his almanac upon it, he gave me to understand that he had manifestly considered the two principal things, which were the bulk and the subject, and found it would never take but after a long vacation, and then only in case it should happen to be a hard year for turnips. Upon which I desired to know, considering my urgent necessities, what he thought might be acceptable this month. He looked westward and said, I doubt we shall have a fit of bad weather; however, if you could prepare some pretty little banter (but not in verse,) or a small treatise upon the ——, it would run like wildfire. But, if it hold up, I have already hired an author to write something against Dr Bentley, which I am sure will turn to account.[2]

At length we agreed upon this expedient; that when a customer comes for one of these, and desires in confidence to know the author, he will tell him very privately, as a friend, naming whichever of the wits shall happen to be that week in vogue; and if D'Urfey's last play shall be in course, I would as lieve he may be the person as Congreve. This I mention, because I am wonderfully well acquainted with the present relish of courteous readers; and have often observed with singular pleasure, that a fly, driven from a honey-pot, will immediately, with very good appetite, alight and finish his meal on an excrement.

I have one word to say upon the subject of profound writers, who are grown very numerous of late; and I know very well the judicious world is resolved to list me in that number. I conceive therefore, as to the business of being profound, that it is with writers as with wells; a person with good eyes may see to the bottom of the deepest, provided any water be there; and often, when there is nothing in the world at the bottom besides dryness and dirt, though it be but a yard and a half under-ground, it shall pass however for wondrous deep, upon no wiser a reason than because it is wondrous dark.

I am now trying an experiment very frequent among modern authors, which is, to write upon nothing; when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on: by some called the ghost of wit delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done. By the time that an author has written out a book, he and his readers are become old acquaintance, and grow very loth to part; so that I have sometimes known it to be in writing as in visiting, where the ceremony of taking leave has employed more time than the whole conversation before. The conclusion of a treatise resembles the conclusion of human life, which has sometimes been compared to the end of a feast, where few are satisfied to depart, *ut plenus vitæ conviva;* for men will sit down after the fullest meal, though it be only to doze, or to sleep out the rest of the day. But in this latter I differ extremely from other writers; and shall be too proud if, by all my labours, I can have any ways contributed to the repose of mankind in times so turbulent and unquiet as these.[1] Neither do I think such an employment so very alien from the office of a wit as some would suppose. For, among a very polite nation in Greece,[2] there were the same temples built and consecrated to Sleep and the Muses; between which two deities they believed the strictest friendship was established.

I have one concluding favour to request of my reader; that he will not expect to be equally diverted and informed by every line or every page of this discourse; but give some allowance to the author's spleen and short fits or intervals of dulness, as well as his own; and lay it seriously to his conscience, whether, if he were walking the streets in dirty weather or a rainy day, he would allow it fair dealing in folks at their ease from a window to criticise his gait and ridicule his dress at such a juncture.

In my disposure of employments of the brain, I have thought fit to make Invention the master, and to give Method and Reason the office of its lackeys. The cause of this distribution was, from observing it my peculiar case to be often under a temptation of being witty, upon occasions where I could be neither wise, nor sound, nor anything to the matter in hand. And I am too much a servant of the modern way to neglect any such opportunities, whatever pains or improprieties I may be at to introduce them. For I have observed that, from a laborious collection of seven hundred and thirty-eight flowers and shining hints of the best modern authors, digested with great reading into my

1 Père d'Orléans.

2 When Dr Prideaux took his Connection of the Old and New Testament to the bookseller, he told him it was a dry subject, and the printing could not be ventured unless he would enliven it with a little humour. —*H.*

1 Before the Peace of Ryswick, signed in September 1697.

2 The Trœzenians, commemorated by Pausanias, Book 2.

book of common places, I have not been able, after five years, to draw, hook, or force into common conversation, any more than a dozen. Of which dozen, the one moiety failed of success, by being dropped among unsuitable company; and the other cost me so many strains and traps and *ambages* to introduce, that I at length resolved to give it over. Now, this disappointment (to discover a secret), I must own, gave me the first hint of setting up for an author; and I have since found among some particular friends, that it is become a very general complaint, and has produced the same effects upon many others. For I have remarked many a towardly word to be wholly neglected or despised in discourse, which has passed very smoothly, with some consideration and esteem, after its preferment and sanction in print. But now, since by the liberty and encouragement of the press I am grown absolute master of the occasions and opportunities to expose the talents I have acquired, I already discover that the issues of my *observanda* begin to grow too large for the receipts. Therefore I shall here pause a while, till I find, by feeling the world's pulse and my own, that it will be of absolute necessity for us both, to resume my pen.

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN;[1]

Giving an account of his departure from Jack, and their setting up for themselves, on which account they were obliged to travel and meet many disasters, finding no shelter near Peter's habitation: Martin succeeds in the north: Peter thunders against Martin for the loss of the large revenue he used to receive from thence. Harry Huff sent Martin a challenge to fight, which he received; Peter rewards Harry for the pretended victory, which encouraged Harry to huff Peter also. With many other extraordinary adventures of the said Martin in several places with many considerable persons.

With a digression concerning the nature, usefulness, and necessity of wars and quarrels.

How Jack and Martin, being parted, set up each for himself. How they travelled over hills and dales, met many disasters, suffered much for the good cause, and struggled with difficulties and wants, not having where to lay their head; by all which they afterwards proved themselves to be right father's sons, and Peter to be spurious. Finding no shelter near Peter's habitation, Martin travelled northwards; and finding the Thuringians and neighbouring people[1] disposed to change, he set up his stage first among them; where, making it his business to cry down Peter's powders, plasters, salves, and drugs, which he had sold a long time at a dear rate, allowing Martin none of the profit, though he had been often employed in recommending and putting them off; the good people, willing to save their pence, began to hearken to Martin's speeches.[2] How several great lords took the hint, and on the same account declared for Martin; particularly one who, not having enough of one wife, wanted to marry a second; and knowing Peter used not to grant such licences but at a swinging price, he struck up a bargain with Martin, whom he found more tractable, and who assured him he had the same power to allow such things. How most of the other northern lords, for their own private ends, withdrew themselves and their dependants from Peter's authority, and closed in with Martin. How Peter, enraged at the loss of such large territories, and consequently of so much revenue, thundered against Martin, and sent out the strongest and most terrible of his bulls to devour him; but this having no effect, and Martin defending himself boldly and dexterously, Peter at last put forth proclamations, declaring Martin and all his adherents rebels and traitors, ordaining and requiring all his loving subjects to take up arms, and to kill, burn, and destroy all and every one of them; promising large rewards, &c.; upon which ensued bloody wars and desolation.

How Harry Huff, lord of Albion,[3] one of the greatest bullies of those days, sent a cartel to Martin to fight him on a stage, at cudgels, quarter-staff, back-sword, &c. Hence the origin of that genteel custom of prize-fighting, so well known and practised to this day among those polite islanders, though unknown everywhere else. How Martin, being a bold blustering fellow, accepted the challenge; how they met and fought, to the great diversion of the spectators; and, after giving one another broken heads and many bloody wounds and bruises, how they both drew off victorious; in which their example has been frequently imitated by great clerks and others since that time. How Martin's friends applauded his victory; and how lord Harry's friends complimented him on the same score; and particularly lord Peter, who sent him a fine feather for his cap, to be worn by him and his successors as a perpetual mark

1 This history stood in the earlier (but not the first) editions of the Tale of a Tub, under the title of "What follows after Section IX. in the Manuscript;" but in subsequent editions it was by the Dean's orders omitted, to avert the censure of those who put on it a construction foreign to his design. Scott observes that the sketch does not accord with the former part of the Tale, either in political principle or in the conduct of the fable; the tone of many passages is Whiggish and Low Church; and there are two Martins instead of one—the first representing the Lutherans, the second the Anglicans.

1 The northern States of Germany, which adopted the Lutheran religion.

2 Luther's preachings against indulgences, the charge of which had been transferred from the Augustines to the Dominicans; the Vicar-general of the former, Staupitz, thereupon gave Luther authority to assail the indulgences—and much more fell before his assault had ended.

3 Henry VIII. of England entered into controversy with Luther on behalf of the Papacy; a labour which won him the title of "Defender of the Faith," called by Swift below "a fine feather for his cap."

for his bold defence of lord Peter's cause. How Harry, flushed with his pretended victory over Martin, began to huff Peter also, and at last downright quarrelled with him about a wench.[1] How some of lord Harry's tenants, ever fond of changes, began to talk kindly of Martin, for which he mauled them soundly; as he did also those that adhered to Peter. How he turned some out of house and hold, others he hanged or burnt, &c.

How Harry Huff, after a good deal of blustering, wenching, and bullying, died, and was succeeded by a good-natured boy,[2] who, giving way to the general bent of his tenants, allowed Martin's notions to spread everywhere and take deep root in Albion. How, after his death, the farm fell into the hands of a lady who was violently in love with lord Peter.[3] How she purged the whole country with fire and sword, resolved not to leave the name or remembrance of Martin. How Peter triumphed, and set up shops again for selling his own powders, plasters, and salves, which were now called the only true ones, Martin's being all declared counterfeit. How great numbers of Martin's friends left the country, and, travelling up and down in foreign parts, grew acquainted with many of Jack's followers, and took a liking to many of their notions and ways; which they afterwards brought back into Albion, now under another lady, more moderate and more cunning than the former.[4] How she endeavoured to keep friendship both with Peter and Martin, and trimmed for some time between the two, not without countenancing and assisting at the same time many of Jack's followers: but, finding no possibility of reconciling all the three brothers, because each would be master, and allow no other salves, powders, or plasters to be used but his own; she discarded all three, and set up a shop for those of her own farm, well furnished with powders, plasters, salves, and all other drugs necessary, all right and true, composed according to receipts made by physicians and apothecaries of her own creating; which they extracted out of Peter's, and Martin's, and Jack's receipt-books, and of this medley or hodgepodge made up a dispensatory of their own; strictly forbidding any other to be used, and particularly Peter's, from which the greatest part of this new dispensatory was stolen.[5] How the lady, farther to confirm this change, wisely imitating her father, degraded Peter from the rank he pretended as eldest brother, and set up herself in his place as head of the family, and ever after wore her father's old cap, with the fine feather he had got from Peter for standing his friend,[6] which has likewise been worn with no small ostentation to this day by all her successors, though declared enemies to Peter. How lady Bess and her physicians, being told of many defects and imperfections in their new medley dispensatory, resolved on a farther alteration, and to purge it from a great deal of Peter's trash that still remained in it; but were prevented by her death. How she was succeeded by a north-country farmer,[1] who pretended great skill in the managing of farms, though he could never govern his own poor little farm, nor yet this large new one after he got it. How this new landlord, to show his valour and dexterity, fought against enchanters, weeds, giants, and windmills,[2] and claimed great honour for his victories, though he ofttimes b-sh-t himself when there was no danger. How his successor, no wiser than he, occasioned great disorders by the new methods he took to manage his farms. How he attempted to establish, in his northern farm, the same dispensatory used in the southern; but miscarried because Jack's powders, pills, salves, and plasters, were there in great vogue.[3]

How the author finds himself embarrassed by having introduced into his history a new sect, different from the three he had undertaken to treat of; and how his inviolable respect to the sacred number *three* obliges him to reduce these four, as he intends to do all other things, to that number; and for that end to drop the former Martin, and to substitute in his place lady Bess's institution, which is to pass under the name of Martin in the sequel of this true history. This weighty point being cleared, the author goes on and describes mighty quarrels and squabbles between Jack and Martin;[4] how sometimes the one had the better, and sometimes the other, to the great desolation of both farms; till at last both sides concur to hang up the landlord, who pretended to die a martyr for Martin, though he had been true to neither side, and was suspected by many to have a great affection for Peter.

A DIGRESSION ON THE NATURE, USEFULNESS, AND NECESSITY OF WARS AND QUARRELS.

THIS being a matter of great consequence, the author intends to treat it methodically and at large in a treatise apart, and here to give only some hints of what his large treatise contains.

1 The English Reformation, brought about by Henry VIII.'s love for Anne Boylen.
2 Edward VI.
3 The bigoted and persecuting Mary.
4 Queen Elizabeth, under whose reign the Calvinists, or Puritans, gained first a footing in England.
5 The Church of England, in doctrine owing much to the Reformed Churches, in hierarchy and ceremonial retained much of what was in the Church of Rome.
6 At the same time asserted her supremacy as Head of the Church, and retained the title of Defender of the Faith.

1 The conceited and absurd James I., who came from "his own poor little farm," Scotland.
2 James's literary fulminations against dæmonology, tobacco, &c.
3 Vain attempts of Charles I. to introduce Episcopacy into Scotland, which was devotedly Presbyterian.
4 The Great Civil War, ending with the execution of Charles. Scott remarks that at a future period of his life—when he had become a Tory as well as a High Churchman—Swift "would hardly have written thus of Charles I., the Martyr of the Church of England."

The state of war natural to all creatures. War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have and we want. Every man fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself; and every creature finding its own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take everything its nature requires. Brutes much more modest in their pretensions this way than men; and mean men more than great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them; and the more success he has, the greater hero. Thus greater souls, in proportion to their superior merit, claim a greater right to take everything from meaner folks. This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, &c.; as also to purge bodies politic of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic. A comparison of these three. The author is to write a panegyric on each of them. The greatest part of mankind loves war more than peace. They are but few and mean-spirited that live in peace with all men. The modest and meek of all kinds always a prey to those of more noble or stronger appetites. The inclination to war universal: those that cannot, or dare not, make war in person, employ others to do it for them. This maintains bullies, bravoes, cut-throats, lawyers, soldiers, &c. Most professions would be useless, if all were peaceable. Hence brutes want neither smiths nor lawyers, magistrates nor joiners, soldiers nor surgeons. Brutes, having but narrow appetites, are incapable of carrying on or perpetuating war against their own species, or of being led out in troops and multitudes to destroy one another. These prerogatives proper to man alone. The excellency of human nature demonstrated by the vast train of appetites, passions, wants, &c., that attend it. This matter to be more fully treated in the author's Panegyric on Mankind.

THE HISTORY OF MARTIN—*continued.*

How Jack, having got rid of the old landlord, set up another to his mind,[1] quarrelled with Martin, and turned him out of doors. How he pillaged all his shops, and abolished the whole dispensatory. How the new landlord laid about him, mauled Peter, worried Martin, and made the whole neighbourhood tremble.[2] How Jack's friends fell out among themselves, split into a thousand parties, turned all things topsyturvy, till everybody grew weary of them; and at last, the blustering landlord dying, Jack was kicked out of doors, a new landlord brought in, and Martin re-established.[1] How this new landlord let Martin do what he pleased, and Martin agreed to everything his pious landlord desired, provided Jack might be kept low. Of several efforts Jack made to raise up his head, but all in vain; till at last the landlord died, and was succeeded by one who was a great friend to Peter, who, to humble Martin, gave Jack some liberty.[2] How Martin grew enraged at this, called in a foreigner, and turned out the landlord; in which Jack concurred with Martin, because this landlord was entirely devoted to Peter, into whose arms he threw himself, and left his country.[3] How the new landlord secured Martin in the full possession of his former rights, but would not allow him to destroy Jack, who had always been his friend. How Jack got up his head in the north, and put himself in possession of a whole canton,[4] to the great discontent of Martin; who, finding also that some of Jack's friends were allowed to live and get their bread in the south parts of the country, grew highly discontent with the new landlord he had called in to his assistance. How this landlord kept Martin in order, upon which he fell into a raging fever, and swore he would hang himself, or join in with Peter, unless Jack's children were all turned out to starve. Of several attempts made to cure Martin, and make peace between him and Jack, that they might unite against Peter; but all made ineffectual by the great address of a number of Peter's friends, that herded among Martin's, and appeared the most zealous for his interest. How Martin, getting abroad in this mad fit, looked so like Peter in his air and dress, and talked so like him, that many of the neighbours could not distinguish the one from the other; especially when Martin went up and down strutting in Peter's armour, which he had borrowed to fight Jack. What remedies were used to cure Martin's distemper, . . .

Here the author being seized with a fit of dulness, (to which he is very subject,) after having read a poetical epistle addressed to ——, it entirely composed his senses, so that he has not writ a line since.

N.B. Some things that follow after this are not in the MS., but seem to have been written since, to fill up the place of what was not thought convenient then to print.

A PROJECT FOR THE UNIVERSAL BENEFIT OF MANKIND.

THE author, having laboured so long, and done so much, to serve and instruct the public, with-

[1] Cromwell, under whom Dissent was the State religion, and the Church was despoiled and persecuted.

[2] See Note 6, page 91.

[1] The Restoration, after which the tables were turned on the Puritans.

[2] James II.; see Note, page 93.

[3] The Revolution; William of Orange being called in to prevent James restoring Popery.

[4] Presbytery finally set up in Scotland, and Dissent protected in England, to the great alarm and rage of Churchmen, fostered by the intrigues of the Papists and Jacobites.

out any advantage to himself, has at last thought of a project which which will tend to the great benefit of all mankind, and produce a handsome revenue to the author. He intends to print by subscription, in 96 large volumes in folio, an exact description of *Terra Australis Incognita*,[1] collected with great care and pains from 999 learned and pious authors, of undoubted veracity. The whole work, illustrated with maps and cuts agreeable to the subject, and done by the best masters, will cost but one guinea each volume to subscribers; one guinea to be paid in advance, and afterwards a guinea on receiving each volume, except the last. This work will be of great use for all men, and necessary for all families, because it contains exact accounts of all the provinces, colonies, and mansions of that spacious country, where, by a general doom, all transgressors of the law are to be transported; and every one having this work may choose out the fittest and best place for himself, there being enough for all, so as every one shall be fully satisfied.

The author supposes that one copy of this work will be bought at the public charge, or out of the parish-rates, for every parish-church in the three kingdoms, and in all the dominions thereunto belonging; and that every family that can command ten pounds per annum, even though retrenched from less necessary expenses, will subscribe for one. He does not think of giving out above nine volumes yearly; and, considering the number requisite, he intends to print at least 100,000 for the first edition. He is to print proposals against next term, with a specimen, and a curious map of the capital city, with its twelve gates, from a known author, who took an exact survey of it in a dream.[1] Considering the great care and pains of the author, and the usefulness of the work, he hopes every one will be ready, for their own good as well as his, to contribute cheerfully to it, and not grudge him the profit he may have by it; especially if it comes to a third or fourth edition, as he expects it will very soon.

He doubts not but it will be translated into foreign languages by most nations of Europe, as well as of Asia and Africa, being of as great use to all those nations as to his own; for this reason, he designs to procure patents and privileges for securing the whole benefit to himself from all those different princes and states; and hopes to see many millions of this great work printed, in those different countries and languages, before his death.

After this business is pretty well established, he has promised to put a friend on another project, almost as good as this, by establishing insurance-offices everywhere, for securing people from shipwreck and several other accidents in their voyage to this country; and these offices shall furnish, at a certain rate, pilots well versed in the route, and that know all the rocks, shelves, quicksands, &c., that such pilgrims and travellers may be exposed to. Of these he knows a great number ready instructed in most countries: but the whole scheme of this matter he is to draw up at large, and communicate to his friend.

Here ends the manuscript.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT

OF THE

BATTLE FOUGHT LAST FRIDAY BETWEEN THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN BOOKS

IN ST JAMES'S LIBRARY.

ANALYTICAL TABLE.

[*The Preface informs us this piece was written in* 1697, *on account of a famous dispute about Ancient and Modern Learning, between Sir William Temple and the Earl of Orrery on the one side, and Mr Wotton and Bentley on the other.*

War and invasions generally proceed from the attacks of Want and Poverty upon Plenty and Riches. The Moderns quarrel with the Ancients about the possession of the highest top of Parnassus; and desire them to surrender it, or to let it be levelled. The answer of the Ancients not accepted. A war ensues; in which rivulets of ink are spilt; and both parties hang out their trophies, books of controversy. These books haunted with disorderly spirits; though often bound to the peace in Libraries. The Author's advice in this case neglected; which occasions a terrible fight in St James's Library. Dr Bentley, the Library-keeper, a great enemy to the Ancients. The Moderns, finding themselves 50,000 *strong, give the Ancients ill language. Temple, a favourite of the Ancients. An incident of a quarrel be-*

[1] By this title, the author signifies the world to come.

[2] The New Jerusalem seen in vision by St John.

tween a Bee and a Spider; with their arguments on both sides. Æsop applies them to the present dispute. The order of battle of the Moderns, and names of their leaders. The leaders of the Ancients. Jupiter calls a Council of the Gods, and consults the books of Fate; and then sends his orders below. Momus brings the news to Criticism; whose habitation and company are described.. She arrives, and sheds her influence on her son Wotton. The battle described. Paracelsus engages Galen; Aristotle aims at Bacon, and kills Descartes; Homer overthrows Gondibert, kills Denham and Wesley, Perrault and Fontenelle. Encounter of Virgil and Dryden; of Lucan and Blackmore; of Creech and Horace; of Pindar and Cowley. The episode of Bentley and Wotton. Bentley's armour. His speech to the modern generals. Scaliger's answer. Bentley and Wotton march together. Bentley attacks Phalaris and Æsop. Wotton attacks Temple, in vain. Boyle pursues Wotton; and, meeting Bentley in his way, he pursues and kills them both.]

THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

THE following discourse, as it is unquestionably of the same author, so it seems to have been written about the same time, with the former; I mean the year 1697, when the famous dispute was on foot about ancient and modern learning. The controversy took its rise from an essay of Sir William Temple's upon that subject; which was answered by W. Wotton, B.D., with an appendix by Dr Bentley, endeavouring to destroy the credit of Æsop and Phalaris for authors, whom Sir William Temple had in the essay before mentioned highly commended. In that appendix the doctor falls hard upon a new edition of Phalaris, put out by the honourable Charles Boyle (now Earl of Orrery); to which Mr Boyle replied at large with great learning and wit; and the doctor voluminously rejoined. In this dispute, the town highly resented to see a person of Sir William Temple's character and merits roughly used by the two reverend gentlemen aforesaid, and without any manner of provocation. At length, there appearing no end of the quarrel, our author tells us that the BOOKS in St James's Library, looking upon themselves as parties principally concerned, took up the controversy, and came to a decisive battle; but the manuscript, by the injury of fortune or weather, being in several places imperfect, we cannot learn to which side the victory fell.

I must warn the reader to beware of applying to persons, what is here meant only of books in the most literal sense. So, when Virgil is mentioned, we are not to understand the person of a famous poet called by that name; but only certain sheets of paper bound up in leather, containing in print the works of the said poet: and so of the rest.

THE PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

SATIRE is a sort of glass,[1] wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings I have been able to provoke: for anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

There is a brain, that will endure but one scumming; let the owner gather it with discretion, and manage his little stock with husbandry; but, of all things, let him beware of bringing it under the lash of his betters; because that will make it all bubble up into impertinence, and he will find no new supply. Wit without knowledge being a sort of cream, which gathers in a night to the top, and by a skilful hand may be soon whipped into froth; but, once scummed away, what appears underneath will be fit for nothing but to be thrown to the hogs.

A FULL AND TRUE ACCOUNT, &c.

WHOEVER examines, with due circumspection, into the annual records of time, will find it remarked, that war is the child of pride, and pride the daughter of riches:[2] the former of which assertions may be soon granted, but one cannot so easily subscribe to the latter: for pride is nearly related to beggary and want either by father or mother, and sometimes by both; and, to speak naturally, it very seldom happens among men to fall out when all have enough; invasions usually travelling from north to south, that is to say, from poverty to plenty. The most ancient and natural grounds of quarrels are lust and avarice; which, though we may allow to be brethren, or collateral branches, of pride, are certainly the issues of want. For, to speak in the phrase of writers upon politics, we may observe in the republic of dogs, which in its original seems to be an institution of the many,[3] that the whole state is ever in the profoundest peace after a full meal; and that civil broils arise among them when it happens for one great bone to be seized on by some leading dog, who either divides it among the few, and then it falls to an oligarchy, or keeps it to himself, and then it runs up to a tyranny. The same reasoning also holds place among them in those dissensions we behold upon a turgescency in any

1 "Since every man is fond of his own face, why should you, when we hold it, break the glass?"—ETHEREGE.

2 "Riches produce pride; pride is war's ground," &c.: *Ephemerides de Mary Clarke*, in Hawkesworth's time called Wing's Sheet Almanack.

3 Of οἱ πολλοι—a democracy.

of their females. For the right of possession lying in common, (it being impossible to establish a property in so delicate a case,) jealousies and suspicions do so abound, that the whole commonwealth of that street is reduced to a manifest state of war, of every citizen against every citizen; till some one of more courage, conduct, or fortune, than the rest, seizes and enjoys the prize: upon which naturally arises plenty of heart-burning, and envy, and snarling against the happy dog. Again, if we look upon any of these republics engaged in a foreign war, either of invasion or defence, we shall find the same reasoning will serve as to the grounds and occasions of each; and that poverty or want, in some degree or other, (whether real, or in opinion, which makes no alteration in the case,) has a great share, as well as pride, on the part of the aggressor.

Now, whoever will please to take this scheme, and either reduce or adapt it to an intellectual state, or commonwealth of learning, will soon discover the first ground of disagreement between the two great parties at this time in arms; and may form just conclusions upon the merits of either cause. But the issue or events of this war are not so easy to conjecture at; for the present quarrel is so inflamed by the warm heads of either faction, and the pretensions somewhere or other [are] so exorbitant, as not to admit the least overtures of accommodation. This quarrel first began, as I have heard it affirmed by an old dweller in the neighbourhood, about a small spot of ground, lying and being upon one of the two tops of the hill Parnassus; the highest and largest of which had, it seems, been time out of mind in quiet possession of certain tenants called the Ancients; and the other was held by the Moderns. But these, disliking their present station, sent certain ambassadors to the ancients, complaining of a great nuisance; how the height of that part of Parnassus quite spoiled the prospect of theirs, especially towards the *East*;[1] and therefore, to avoid a war, offered them the choice of this alternative: either that the ancients would please to remove themselves and their effects down to the lower summit, which the moderns would graciously surrender to them and advance into their place; or else that the said ancients will give leave to the moderns to come with shovels and mattocks, and level the said hill as low as they shall think it convenient. To which the ancients made answer, how little they expected such a message as this from a colony whom they had admitted, out of their own free grace, to so near a neighbourhood. That, as to their own seat, they were aborigines of it, and therefore to talk with them of a removal or surrender was a language they did not understand. That if the height of the hill on their side shortened the prospect of the moderns, it was a disadvantage they could not help, but desired them to consider whether that injury (if it be any) were not largely recompensed by the shade and shelter it afforded them. That as to the levelling or digging down, it was either folly or ignorance to propose it, if they did or did not know how that side of the hill was an entire rock, which would break their tools and hearts without any damage to itself. That they would therefore advise the moderns rather to raise their own side of the hill, than dream of pulling down that of the ancients; to the former of which they would not only give licence, but also largely contribute. All this was rejected by the moderns with much indignation, who still insisted upon one of the two expedients; and so this difference broke out into a long and obstinate war, maintained on the one part by resolution, and by the courage of certain leaders and allies; but on the other by the greatness of their number, upon all defeats affording continual recruits. In this quarrel whole rivulets of ink have been exhausted, and the virulence of both parties enormously augmented. Now, it must be here understood that ink is the great missive weapon in all battles of the learned; which, conveyed through a sort of engine called a quill, infinite numbers of these are darted at the enemy by the valiant on each side, with equal skill and violence as if it were an engagement of *porcupines*. This malignant liquor was compounded, by the engineer who invented it, of two ingredients, which are, gall and copperas; by its bitterness and venom to suit in some degree, as well as to foment, the genius of the combatants. And as the Grecians, after an engagement, when they could not agree about the victory, were wont to set up trophies on both sides, the beaten party being content to be at the same expense, to keep itself in countenance, (a laudable and ancient custom, happily revived of late, in the art of war;) so the learned, after a sharp and bloody dispute, do on both sides hang out their trophies too, whichever comes by the worst. These trophies have largely inscribed on them the merits of the cause; a full impartial account of such a battle, and how the victory fell clearly to the party that set them up. They are known to the world under several names; as disputes, arguments, rejoinders, brief considerations, answers, replies, remarks, reflections, objections, confutations. For a very few days they are fixed up in all public places, either by themselves or their representatives,[1] for passengers to gaze at; whence the chiefest and largest are removed to certain magazines they call libraries, there to remain in a quarter purposely assigned them, and thenceforth begin to be called books of controversy.

In these books is wonderfully instilled and preserved the spirit of each warrior, while he is alive; and after his death his soul transmigrates thither to inform them. This at least is the more common opinion; but I believe it is with libraries as with other cemeteries; where some

[1] Sir W. Temple traced the progress of arts and sciences from the East, the cradle of the race and of its learning.

[1] Their title-pages.

philosophers affirm that a certain spirit, which they call *brutum hominis*, hovers over the monument, till the body is corrupted and turns to dust or to worms, but then vanishes or dissolves; so, we may say, a restless spirit haunts over every book, till dust or worms have seized upon it; which to some may happen in a few days, but to others later: and therefore books of controversy, being of all others haunted by the most disorderly spirits, have always been confined in a separate lodge from the rest; and, for fear of mutual violence against each other, it was thought prudent by our ancestors to bind them to the peace with strong iron chains. Of which invention the original occasion was this: When the works of Scotus first came out, they were carried to a certain library, and had lodgings appointed them; but this author was no sooner settled, than he went to visit his master Aristotle; and there both concerted together to seize Plato by main force, and turn him out from his ancient station among the *divines*, where he had peaceably dwelt near eight hundred years. The attempt succeeded, and the two usurpers have reigned ever since in his stead: but, to maintain quiet for the future, it was decreed that all *polemics* of the larger size should be held fast with a chain.

By this expedient the public peace of libraries might certainly have been preserved, if a new species of controversial books had not arisen of late years, instinct with a more malignant spirit, from the war above mentioned between the learned about the higher summit of *Parnassus*.

When these books were first admitted into the public libraries, I remember to have said, upon occasion, to several persons concerned, how I was sure they would create broils wherever they came, unless a world of care were taken: and therefore I advised, that the champions of each side should be coupled together or otherwise mixed, that, like the blending of contrary poisons, their malignity might be employed among themselves. And it seems I was neither an ill prophet nor an ill counsellor; for it was nothing else but the neglect of this caution which gave occasion to the terrible fight that happened on Friday last between the ancient and modern books in the king's library. Now, because the talk of this battle is so fresh in everybody's mouth, and the expectation of the town so great to be informed in the particulars; I, being possessed of all qualifications requisite in an historian, and retained by neither party, have resolved to comply with the urgent importunity of my friends, by writing down a full impartial account thereof.

The guardian of the regal library,[1] a person of great valour, but chiefly renowned for his humanity, had been a fierce champion for the moderns; and, in an engagement upon Parnassus, had vowed with his own hands to knock down two of the ancient chiefs, who guarded a small pass on the superior rock; but, endeavouring to climb up, was cruelly obstructed by his own unhappy weight and tendency towards his centre; a quality to which those of the modern party are extremely subject; for, being light-headed, they have, in speculation, a wonderful agility, and conceive nothing too high for them to mount; but, in reducing to practice, discover a mighty pressure about their posteriors and their heels. Having thus failed in his design, the disappointed champion bore a cruel rancour to the ancients; which he resolved to gratify by showing all marks of his favour to the books of their adversaries, and lodging them in the fairest apartments; when, at the same time, whatever book had the boldness to own itself for an advocate of the ancients was buried alive in some obscure corner, and threatened upon the least displeasure to be turned out of doors. Besides, it so happened that about this time there was a strange confusion of place among all the books in the library; for which several reasons were assigned. Some imputed it to a great heap of learned dust, which a perverse wind blew off from a shelf of moderns into the keeper's eyes. Others affirmed he had a humour to pick the worms out of the schoolmen, and swallow them fresh and fasting; whereof some fell upon his spleen, and some climbed up into his head, to the great perturbation of both. And lastly, others maintained that, by walking much in the dark about the library, he had quite lost the situation of it out of his head; and therefore, in replacing his books, he was apt to mistake, and clap Descartes next to Aristotle; poor Plato had got between Hobbes and the Seven Wise Masters; and Virgil was hemmed in with Dryden on one side and Withers on the other.

Meanwhile, those books that were advocates for the moderns chose out one from among them to make a progress through the whole library, examine the number and strength of their party, and concert their affairs. This messenger performed all things very industriously, and brought back with him a list of their forces: in all, fifty thousand, consisting chiefly of light-horse, heavy-armed foot, and mercenaries; whereof the foot were in general but sorrily armed, and worse clad; the horses [of the cavalry] large, but extremely out of case and heart; however, some few, by trading among the ancients, had furnished themselves tolerably enough.

While things were in this ferment, discord grew extremely high, hot words passed on both sides, and ill blood was plentifully bred. Here a solitary ancient, squeezed up among a whole shelf of moderns, offered fairly to dispute the case, and to prove by manifest reason that the priority was due to them from long possession, and in regard of their prudence, antiquity, and above all their great merits toward the moderns. But these denied the premises, and seemed very

[1] Dr Richard Bentley, the distinguished classicist, was then library-keeper, to which office he had been appointed in 1693. The two ancients are Phalaris and Æsop, whom (the former in opposition to the Hon. C. Boyle, afterwards Lord Orrery) he undertook to prove not entitled to their alleged antiquity.

much to wonder how the ancients could pretend to insist upon their antiquity, when it was so plain (if they went to that) that the moderns were much the more ancient of the two.[1] As for any obligations they owed to the ancients, they renounced them all. "It is true," said they, "we are informed some few of our party have been so mean [as] to borrow their subsistence from you; but the rest, infinitely the greater number, (and especially we French and English,) were so far from stooping to so base an example, that there never passed, till this very hour, six words between us. For our horses were of our own breeding, our arms of our own forging, and our clothes of our own cutting out and sowing." Plato was by chance up on the next shelf; and, observing those that spoke to be in the ragged plight mentioned a while ago, their jades lean and foundered, their weapons of rotten wood, their armour rusty, and nothing but rags underneath; he laughed loud, and in his pleasant way swore, by ——, he believed them.

Now, the moderns had not proceeded in their late negotiation with secrecy enough to escape the notice of the enemy. For those advocates who had begun the quarrel by setting first on foot the dispute of precedency, talked so loud of coming to a battle, that Temple[2] happened to overhear them, and gave immediate intelligence to the ancients; who thereupon drew up their scattered troops together, resolving to act upon the defensive; upon which, several of the moderns fled over to their party, and among the rest Temple himself. This Temple, having been educated and long conversed among the ancients, was of all the moderns their greatest favourite, and became their greatest champion.

Things were at this crisis, when a material accident fell out. For upon the highest corner of a large window there dwelt a certain spider, swollen up to the first magnitude by the destruction of infinite numbers of flies, whose spoils lay scattered before the gates of his palace, like human bones before the cave of some giant. The avenues to his castle were guarded with turnpikes and palisadoes, all after the modern way of fortification.[3] After you had passed several courts, you came to the centre, wherein you might behold the constable himself in his own lodgings, which had windows fronting to each avenue, and ports to sally out upon all occasions of prey or defence. In this mansion he had for some time dwelt in peace and plenty, without danger to his person by swallows from above, or to his palace by brooms from below: when it was the pleasure of fortune to conduct thither a wandering bee, to whose curiosity a broken pane in the glass had discovered itself; and in he went; where expatiating a while, he at last happened to alight upon one of the outward walls of the spider's citadel; which, yielding to the unequal weight, sunk down to the very foundation. Thrice he endeavoured to force his passage, and thrice the centre shook. The spider within, feeling the terrible convulsion, supposed at first that nature was approaching to her final dissolution; or else, that Beelzebub,[1] with all his legions, was come to revenge the death of many thousands of his subjects, whom his enemy had slain and devoured. However, he at length valiantly resolved to issue forth and meet his fate. Meanwhile, the bee had acquitted himself of his toils, and, posted securely at some distance, was employed in cleansing his wings, and disengaging them from the ragged remnants of the cobweb. By this time the spider was adventured out, when, beholding the chasms, the ruins, and dilapidations of his fortress, he was very near at his wit's end; he stormed and swore like a madman, and swelled till he was ready to burst. At length, casting his eye upon the bee, and wisely gathering causes from events, (for they knew each other by sight,) A plague split you, said he, for a giddy son of a w——; is it you, with a vengeance, that have made this litter here? could not you look before you, and be d——d? do you think I have nothing else to do (in the devil's name) but to mend and repair after your a—? Good words, friend, said the bee (having now pruned himself, and being disposed to droll): I'll give you my hand and word to come near your kennel no more; I was never in such a confounded pickle since I was born. Sirrah, replied the spider, if it were not for breaking an old custom in our family, never to stir abroad against an enemy, I should come and teach you better manners. I pray have patience, said the bee, or you'll spend your substance; and, for aught I see, you may stand in need of it all, towards the repair of your house. Rogue, rogue, replied the spider; yet methinks you should have more respect to a person whom all the world allows to be so much your betters. By my troth, said the bee, the comparison will amount to a very good jest; and you will do me a favour to let me know the reasons that all the world is pleased to use in so hopeful a dispute. At this the spider, having swelled himself into the size and posture of a disputant, began his argument in the true spirit of controversy, with resolution to be heartily scurrilous and angry; to urge on his own reasons, without the least regard to the answers or objections of his opposite; and fully predetermined in his mind against all conviction.

Not to disparage myself, said he, by the comparison with such a rascal; what art thou but a vagabond without house or home, without stock or inheritance? born to no possession of your

1 According to the modern paradox.—*Swift.*—"If we will reverence the ages, the present is the oldest."—*Hobbes.*

2 The "allies" were those who, with Sir W. Temple, espoused the cause of the ancient against the modern learning.

3 One of the arts on the improvement of which the title of the moderns to superiority was founded; as, with mathematics and architecture, a little below.

1 Whom the Hebrews, as the name signifies, regarded as the tutelar deity of flies—evil spirits being in the East often typified by tormenting insects.

own, but a pair of wings and a drone-pipe. Your livelihood is a universal plunder upon nature; a freebooter over fields and gardens; and, for the sake of stealing, will rob a nettle as easily as a violet. Whereas I am a domestic animal, furnished with a native stock within myself. This large castle (to show my improvements in the mathematics) is all built with my own hands, and the materials extracted altogether out of my own person.

I am glad, answered the bee, to hear you grant at least that I am come honestly by my wings and my voice; for then, it seems, I am obliged to Heaven alone for my flights and my music; and Providence would never have bestowed on me two such gifts, without designing them for the noblest ends. I visit indeed all the flowers and blossoms of the field and garden; but whatever I collect thence enriches myself, without the least injury to their beauty, their smell, or their taste. Now, for you and your skill in architecture and other mathematics, I have little to say: in that building of yours there might, for aught I know, have been labour and method enough; but, by woful experience for us both, it is too plain the materials are naught; and I hope you will henceforth take warning, and consider duration and matter, as well as method and art. You boast indeed of being obliged to no other creature, but of drawing and spinning out all from yourself; that is to say, if we may judge of the liquor in the vessel by what issues out, you possess a good plentiful store of dirt and poison in your breast; and, though I would by no means lessen or disparage your genuine stock of either, yet I doubt you are somewhat obliged, for an increase of both, to a little foreign assistance. Your inherent portion of dirt does not fail of acquisitions by sweepings exhaled from below; and one insect furnishes you with a share of poison to destroy another. So that, in short, the question comes all to this; whether is the nobler being of the two: that which, by a lazy contemplation of four inches round, by an overweening pride, feeding and engendering on itself, turns all into excrement and venom, producing nothing at all but flybane and a cobweb; or that which, by a universal range, with long search, much study, true judgment and distinction of things, brings home honey and wax?

This dispute was managed with such eagerness, clamour, and warmth, that the two parties of books in arms below stood silent a while, waiting in suspense what would be the issue; which was not long undetermined; for the bee, grown impatient at so much loss of time, fled straight away to a bed of roses, without looking for a reply, and left the spider, like an orator, collected in himself, and just prepared to burst out.

It happened upon this emergency that Æsop broke silence first. He had been of late most barbarously treated by a strange effect of the regent's humanity, who had torn off his title-page, sorely defaced one half of his leaves, and chained him fast among a shelf of moderns.[1] Where soon discovering how high the quarrel was likely to proceed, he tried all his arts, and turned himself to a thousand forms. At length, in the borrowed shape of an ass, the regent mistook him for a modern; by which means he had time and opportunity to escape to the ancients, just when the spider and the bee were entering into their contest; to which he gave his attention with a world of pleasure, and, when it was ended, swore in the loudest key that in all his life he had never known two cases so parallel and adapt to each other as that in the window and this upon the shelves. The disputants, said he, have admirably managed the dispute between them, have taken in the full strength of all that is to be said on both sides, and exhausted the substance of every argument *pro* and *con*. It is but to adjust the reasonings of both to the present quarrel; then, to compare and apply the labours and fruits of each, as the bee has learnedly deduced them; and we shall find the conclusion fall plain and close upon the moderns and us. For pray, gentlemen, was ever anything so modern as the spider, in his air, his turns, and his paradoxes? he argues in the behalf of you his brethren and himself, with many boastings of his native stock and great genius; that he spins and spits wholly from himself, and scorns to own any obligation or assistance from without. Then he displays to you his great skill in architecture and improvement in the mathematics. To all this the bee, as an advocate retained by us the ancients, thinks fit to answer: that if one may judge of the great genius or inventions of the moderns by what they have produced, you will hardly have countenance to bear you out in boasting of either. Erect your schemes with as much method and skill as you please; yet, if the materials be nothing but dirt, spun out of your own entrails (the guts of modern brains), the edifice will conclude at last in a cobweb; the duration of which, like that of other spiders' webs, may be imputed to their being forgotten, or neglected, or hid in a corner. For anything else of genuine that the moderns may pretend to, I cannot recollect; unless it be a large vein of wrangling and satire, much of a nature and substance with the spider's poison; which, however they pretend to spit wholly out of themselves, is improved by the same arts, by feeding upon the insects and vermin of the age. As for us the ancients, we are content, with the bee, to pretend to nothing of our own beyond our wings and our voice: that is to say, our flights and our language. For the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite labour and search, and ranging through every corner of nature; the difference is, that, instead of dirt and poison, we have rather chosen to fill our hives with honey and wax; thus furnishing mankind with the two noblest of things, which are sweetness and light.

[1] Bentley's assault on his antiquity and genuineness.

It is wonderful to conceive the tumult [that arose] among the books upon the close of this long descant of Æsop: both parties took the hint, and heightened their animosities so on a sudden, that they resolved it should come to a battle. Immediately the two main bodies withdrew, under their several ensigns, to the farther parts of the library, and there entered into cabals and consults upon the present emergency. The moderns were in very warm debates upon the choice of their leaders; and nothing less than the fear impending from their enemies could have kept them from mutinies upon this occasion. The difference was greatest among the horse, where every private trooper pretended to the chief command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers. The light-horse[1] were commanded by Cowley and Despreaux.[2] There came the bowmen[3] under their valiant leaders, Descartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; whose strength was such that they could shoot their arrows beyond the atmosphere, never to fall down again, but turn, like that of Evander, into meteors; or, like the cannon-ball, into stars. Paracelsus brought a squadron of stinkpot-flingers from the snowy mountains of Rhætia.[4] There came a vast body of dragoons, of different nations, under the leading of Harvey,[5] their great aga: part armed with scythes, the weapons of death; part with lances and long knives, all steeped in poison; part shot bullets of a most malignant nature, and used white powder which infallibly killed without report. There came several bodies of heavy-armed foot, all mercenaries, under the ensigns of Guicciardini, Davila, Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Mariana, Camden, and others.[6] The engineers were commanded by Regiomontanus and Wilkins.[7] The rest were a confused multitude, led by Scotus, Aquinas, and Bellarmin; of mighty bulk and stature, but without either arms, courage, or discipline.[1] In the last place came infinite swarms of calones,[2] a disorderly rout led by L'Estrange; rogues and ragamuffins, that follow the camp for nothing but the plunder; all without coats to cover them.

The army of the ancients was much fewer in number; Homer led the horse, and Pindar the light-horse; Euclid was chief engineer; Plato and Aristotle commanded the bowmen; Herodotus and Livy the foot; Hippocrates the dragoons; the allies, led by Vossius[3] and Temple, brought up the rear.

All things violently tending to a decisive battle, Fame, who much frequented and had a large department formerly assigned her in the regal library, fled up straight to Jupiter, to whom she delivered a faithful account of all that passed between the two parties below; for among the gods she always tells truth. Jove, in great concern, convokes a council in the milky way. The senate assembled, he declares the occasion of convening them; a bloody battle just impendent between two mighty armies of ancient and modern creatures, called books, wherein the celestial interest was but too deeply concerned. Momus,[4] the patron of the moderns, made an excellent speech in their favour; which was answered by Pallas, the protectress of the ancients. The assembly were divided in their affections; when Jupiter commanded the book of fate to be laid before him. Immediately were brought by Mercury three large volumes in folio, containing memoirs of all things past, present, and to come. The clasps were of silver double gilt, the covers of celestial turkey leather, and the paper such as here on earth might almost pass for vellum. Jupiter, having silently read the decree, would communicate the import to none, but presently shut up the book.

Without the doors of this assembly there attended a vast number of light, nimble gods, menial servants to Jupiter: these are his minis-

1 The epic poets were the full-armed horsemen; the lyrical bards the light-horse.

2 Despreaux Nicholas Boileau, the famous French satirist.

3 The philosophers, physical or metaphysical.

4 Paracelsus, the great empiric, was born in Switzerland; the reference here is probably to the *zibeta occidentalis*, or western civet, a perfume the origin of which is known only to the learned, and is named by Swift in the Tale of a Tub.

5 The dragoons are the medical authors—so styled from their actual bloodletting and alleged murderous practice—Louis XIV. having by his dragoonades on the Protestants brought the name into disfavour, as Claverhouse did in Scotland. Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was put forward by the advocates for the moderns as a strong argument for their superiority to the ancients; and Sir W. Temple, on behalf of the ancients, questions its truth or advantage: "Whether either of these [the Copernican system or the circulation of the blood] be modern discoveries, or derived from old fountains, is disputed; nay it is so too, whether they are true or no. . . . But if they are true, yet these two great discoveries have made no change in the conclusions of astronomy, nor in the practice of physic, and so have been of little use to the world, though, perhaps, of much honour to the authors."

6 The historians, of whose truthfulness and fairness Swift conveys the worst impression in calling them "mercenaries."

7 The engineers are the mathematicians; Regiomontanus, or John Muller, of Königsberg, in the 15th century revived in Germany the study of algebra, and laboured in the reformation of the calendar under Pope Sixtus IV.; John Wilkins, brother-in-law of Oliver Cromwell, and made Bishop of Chester after the Restoration, maintained that the moon was inhabited, and published a book to show that it was practicable to travel thither.

1 The schoolmen and polemical authors.

2 Pamphleteers and mercenary writers, who abounded in Swift's time, and whom he terms *calones* to signify their inferiority, mentally and morally, to all other writers; the *calones* being in the Roman armies the servants of the soldiers, in Roman families the slaves employed in the meanest offices of drudgery. They are described as without coats, because those pamphlets were neither bound nor covered. Sir Roger L'Estrange, who started the *Public Intelligencer* and the *London Gazette*, wrote under Charles II. and James II., in a violent spirit and vulgar style, a host of political tracts or flysheets; he died the same year this was published, at the age of 88.

3 Gerhard John Vossius (Vos), a celebrated German critic and philologist, who from 1633 to 1649 occupied the chair of history at Amsterdam, and wrote several books on the literature, religion, and science of the ancients.

4 Momus is made "patron of the moderns," either because of the superiority claimed for them in works of humour, or, more probably, because he was the first critic and satirist—having indeed by his performances in this way made heaven too hot for himself.

tering instruments in all affairs below. They travel in a caravan, more or less together, and are fastened to each other, like a link of galley-slaves, by a light chain, which passes from them to Jupiter's great toe: and yet, in receiving or delivering a message, they may never approach above the lowest step of his throne, where he and they whisper to each other through a large hollow trunk. These deities are called by mortal men *accidents* or *events;* but the gods call them *second causes*. Jupiter having delivered his message to a certain number of these divinities, they flew immediately down to the pinnacle of the regal library, and, consulting a few minutes, entered unseen and disposed the parties according to their orders.

Meanwhile Momus, fearing the worst, and calling to mind an ancient prophecy which bore no very good face to his children the moderns, bent his flight to the region of a malignant deity, called Criticism. She dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; there Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age; at her left, Pride, her mother, dressing her up in the scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong, yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners. The goddess herself had claws like a cat; her head, and ears, and voice, resembled those of an ass; her teeth fallen out before; her eyes turned inward, as if she looked only upon herself; her diet was the overflowing of her own gall; her spleen was so large as to stand prominent, like a dug of the first rate, nor wanted excrescences in form of teats, at which a crew of ugly monsters were greedily sucking; and, what is wonderful to conceive, the bulk of spleen increased faster than the sucking could diminish it. Goddess (said Momus) can you sit idly here while our devout worshippers, the moderns, are this minute entering into a cruel battle, and perhaps now lying under the swords of their enemies? who then hereafter will ever sacrifice or build altars to our divinities? Haste, therefore, to the British isle, and, if possible, prevent their destruction; while I make factions among the gods, and gain them over to our party.

Momus, having thus delivered himself, staid not for an answer, but left the goddess to her own resentment. Up she rose in a rage, and, as it is the form upon such occasions, began a soliloquy: It is I (said she) who give wisdom to infants and idiots; by me children grow wiser than their parents; by me beaux become politicians, and schoolboys judges of philosophy; by me sophisters debate and conclude upon the depths of knowledge; and coffeehouse wits, instinct by me, can correct an author's style, and display his minutest errors, without understanding a syllable of his matter or his language; by me striplings spend their judgment, as they do their estate, before it comes into their hands. It is I who have deposed wit and knowledge from their empire over poetry, and advanced myself in their stead. And shall a few upstart ancients dare to oppose me?—But come, my aged parent, and you my children dear, and thou my beauteous sister; let us ascend my chariot, and haste to assist our devout moderns; who are now sacrificing to us a hecatomb, as I perceive by that grateful smell which thence reaches my nostrils.

The goddess and her train, having mounted the chariot, which was drawn by tame geese, flew over infinite regions, shedding her influence in due places, till at length she arrived at her beloved island of Britain; but in hovering over its metropolis, what blessings did she not let fall upon her seminaries of Gresham and Covent-Garden![1] And now she reached the fatal plain of St James's library, at what time the two armies were upon the point to engage; where, entering with all her caravan unseen, and landing upon a case of shelves, now desert, but once inhabited by a colony of virtuosoes, she staid a while to observe the posture of both armies.

But here the tender cares of a mother began to fill her thoughts and move in her breast: for at the head of a troop of modern bowmen she cast her eyes upon her son Wotton, to whom the fates had assigned a very short thread: Wotton, a young hero, whom an unknown father of mortal race begot by stolen embraces with this goddess. He was the darling of his mother above all her children, and she resolved to go and comfort him. But first, according to the good old custom of deities, she cast about to change her shape, for fear the divinity of her countenance might dazzle his mortal sight, and overcharge the rest of his senses. She therefore gathered up her person into an octavo compass: her body grew white and arid, and split in pieces with dryness; the thick turned into pasteboard, and the thin into paper, upon which her parents and children artfully strewed a black juice, or decoction of gall and soot, in form of letters; her head, and voice, and spleen, kept their primitive form; and that which before was a cover of skin did still continue so. In this guise she marched on towards the moderns, undistinguishable in shape and dress from the divine Bentley, Wotton's dearest friend. Brave Wotton, said the goddess, why do our troops stand idle here, to spend their present vigour and opportunity of the day? away, let us haste to the generals, and advise to give the onset immediately. Having spoke thus, she took the ugliest of her monsters, full glutted from her spleen, and flung it invisibly into his mouth, which, flying straight up into his head, squeezed out his eye-balls, gave him a distorted look, and half overturned his brain. Then she privately ordered two of her beloved children, Dulness and Ill-manners, closely to attend his person in

[1] The Royal Society, and Will's coffeehouse; see *ante*, Note 1, p. 58.

all encounters. Having thus accoutred him, she vanished in a mist, and the hero perceived it was the goddess his mother.

The destined hour of fate being now arrived, the fight began; whereof, before I dare adventure to make a particular description, I must, after the example of other authors, petition for a hundred tongues, and mouths, and hands, and pens; which would all be too little to perform so immense a work. Say, goddess that presidest over history, who it was that first advanced in the field of battle! Paracelsus, at the head of his dragoons, observing Galen in the adverse wing, darted his javelin with a mighty force, which the brave ancient received upon his shield, the point breaking in the second fold.

. . . . . *Hic pauca*
. . . . . *desunt.*

They bore the wounded aga[1] on their shields to his chariot . . . . . .
Desunt . . . . . .
nonnulla. . . . . . .

Then Aristotle, observing Bacon[2] advance with a furious mien, drew his bow to the head, and let fly his arrow, which missed the valiant modern and went whizzing over his head; but Descartes it hit; the steel point quickly found a defect in his headpiece; it pierced the leather and the pasteboard, and went in at his right eye. The torture of the pain whirled the valiant bow-man round, till death, like a star of superior influence, drew him into his own vortex.[3]

Ingens hiatus . . . . . .
hic in MS. . . . . . .

. . . when Homer appeared at the head of the cavalry, mounted on a furious horse, with difficulty managed by the rider himself, but which no other mortal durst approach; he rode among the enemy's ranks, and bore down all before him. Say, goddess, whom he slew first and whom he slew last! First, Gondibert[4] advanced against him, clad in heavy armour, and mounted on a staid sober gelding, not so famed for his speed as his docility in kneeling whenever his rider would mount or alight. He had made a vow to Pallas that he would never leave the field till he had spoiled Homer of his armour: madman, who had never once seen the wearer, nor understood his strength! him Homer overthrew, horse and man, to the ground, there to be trampled and choked in the dirt. Then with a long spear he slew Denham, a stout modern, who from his father's side derived his lineage from Apollo, but his mother was of mortal race.[1] He fell, and bit the earth. The celestial part Apollo took, and made it a star; but the terrestrial lay wallowing upon the ground. Then Homer slew Wesley[2] with a kick of his horse's heel; he took Perrault[3] by mighty force out of his saddle, then hurled him at Fontenelle,[4] with the same blow dashing out both their brains.

On the left wing of the horse Virgil appeared, in shining armour completely fitted to his body: he was mounted on a dapple-gray steed, the slowness of whose pace was an effect of the highest mettle and vigour. He cast his eye on the adverse wing, with a desire to find an object worthy of his valour; when behold, upon a sorrel gelding of a monstrous size appeared a foe, issuing from among the thickest of the enemy's squadrons; but his speed was less than his noise; for his horse, old and lean, spent the dregs of his strength in a high trot, which, though it made slow advances, yet caused a loud clashing of his armour, terrible to hear. The two cavaliers had now approached within the throw of a lance, when the stranger desired a parley, and, lifting up the vizor of his helmet, a face hardly appeared from within, which, after a pause, was known for that of the renowned Dryden. The brave ancient suddenly started, as one possessed with surprise and disappointment together: for the helmet was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situate far in the hinder part, even like the lady in a lobster, or like a mouse under a canopy of state, or like a shrivelled beau from within the penthouse of a modern periwig; and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote. Dryden, in a long harangue, soothed up the good ancient; called him father, and, by a large deduction of genealogies, made it plainly appear that they were nearly related.[5] Then he humbly proposed an exchange of armour, as a lasting mark of hospitality between them. Virgil consented (for the goddess Diffidence came unseen, and cast a mist before his eyes), though his was of gold and cost a hundred beeves, the other's but of rusty iron. However, this glittering armour became the modern yet worse than his own. Then they agreed to exchange horses; but, when it came to the trial, Dryden was afraid and utterly unable to mount.

1 Doctor Harvey. It was not thought proper to name his antagonist, but only to intimate that he was wounded: other moderns are spared by the hiatus that follows.—*H.*

2 Temple had made no mention of Bacon in his book, for which Swift makes a partial *amende* here. Neither Swift nor Temple, Scott remarks, speaks of Newton, though the "Principia" was published in 1657.

3 A figure drawn from Descartes' own "romantic system" of the universe; see *ante*, Note, p. 83.

4 A heroic poem by Sir W. Davenant, in stanzas of four lines, published about 1650.

1 Sir John Denham's poems are very unequal, extremely good and very indifferent.—*H.*

2 Samuel Wesley, rector of Ormesby and Epworth, in Lincolnshire, who died in 1735; he wrote a Life of Christ in verse, &c. The celebrated founder of Methodism was his second son.

3 Charles Perrault, librarian of the French academy of art founded by Colbert, before which in 1687 he read his poem *Le Siècle de Louis le Grand*, exalting the moderns at the expense of the ancients. Out of this poem arose the mighty controversy commemorated in the text. Perrault died in 1703.

4 Fontenelle, the nephew of Corneille, eminent as a poet and universal philosopher, and author of the Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds, took the side of Perrault against Boileau and the vindicators of the ancients. He died, in his 100th year, in 1756.

5 Alluding to the Preliminary Dissertations in Dryden's translation of Virgil—which is here cruelly contrasted with the original.

. . . . . *Alter hiatus*
. . . . . *in MS.*

Lucan appeared upon a fiery horse of admirable shape, but headstrong, bearing the rider where he list over the field; he made a mighty slaughter among the enemy's horse; which destruction to stop, Blackmore,[1] a famous modern, (but one of the mercenaries), strenuously opposed himself, and darted his javelin with a strong hand, which, falling short of its mark, struck deep in the earth. Then Lucan threw a lance; but Æsculapius came unseen, and turned off the point. Brave modern, said Lucan, I perceive some god protects you, for never did my arm so deceive me before; but what mortal can contend with a god? Therefore, let us fight no longer, but present gifts to each other. Lucan then bestowed [on] the modern a pair of spurs, and Blackmore gave Lucan a bridle.[2]. .

Pauca desunt. . . . . . .

. . . . . .

Creech.: but the goddess Dulness took a cloud, formed into the shape of Horace, armed and mounted, and placed in a flying posture before him. Glad was the cavalier to begin a combat with a flying foe, and pursued the image, threatening aloud; till at last it led him to the peaceful bower of his father, Ogleby, by whom he was disarmed and assigned to his repose.

Then Pindar slew ——, and ——, and Oldham, and ——, and Afra[3] the Amazon, light of foot; never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling with incredible agility and force, he made a terrible slaughter among the enemy's light-horse. Him when Cowley observed, his generous heart burnt within him, and he advanced against the fierce ancient, imitating his address, his pace, and career, as well as the vigour of his horse and his own skill would allow. When the two cavaliers had approached within the length of three javelins, first Cowley threw a lance, which missed Pindar, and, passing into the enemy's ranks, fell ineffectual to the ground. Then Pindar darted a javelin so large and weighty, that scarce a dozen cavaliers, as cavaliers are in our degenerate days,[4] could raise it from the ground; yet he threw it with ease, and it went, by an unerring hand, singing through the air; nor could the modern have avoided present death, if he had not luckily opposed the shield that had been given him by Venus.[5] And now both heroes drew their swords; but the modern was so aghast and disordered, that he knew not where he was; his shield dropped from his hands; thrice he fled, and thrice he could not escape; at last he turned, and lifting up his hand in the posture of a suppliant: Godlike Pindar, said he, spare my life, and possess my horse, with these arms, besides the ransom which my friends will give, when they hear I am alive and your prisoner. Dog! said Pindar, let your ransom stay with your friends; but your carcase shall be left for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. With that he raised his sword, and with a mighty stroke cleft the wretched modern in twain, the sword pursuing the blow; and one half lay panting on the ground, to be trod in pieces by the horses' feet; the other half was borne by the frighted steed through the field. This Venus took, washed it seven times in ambrosia, then struck it thrice with a sprig of amaranth; upon which the leather grew round and soft, and the leaves turned into feathers, and, being gilded before, continued gilded still; so it became a dove, and she harnessed it to her chariot. . . . . .

. . . . . *Hiatus valde de-*
. . . . . *flendus in MS.*

THE EPISODE OF BENTLEY AND WOTTON.[1]

Day being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot a captain whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all the moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. His armour was patched up of a thousand incoherent pieces; and the sound of it, as he marched, was loud and dry,[2] like that made by the fall of a sheet of lead, which an Etesian wind blows suddenly down from the roof of some steeple. His helmet was of old rusty iron, but the vizor was brass, which, tainted by his breath, corrupted into copperas, nor wanted gall from the same fountain; so that, whenever provoked by anger or labour, an atramentous quality of most malignant nature was seen to distil from his lips. In his right hand he grasped a flail, and (that he might never be unprovided of an offensive weapon) a vessel full of ordure in his left. Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace where the modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg and humped shoulder, which his

[1] Sir Richard Blackmore, an eminent physician, but a stanch Whig and a voluminous and dull poet, and thus the butt not of Swift and of his contemporaries only, but of the next generation of wits.

[2] That the impetuosity of Lucan's verse might be controlled, and the phlegm and slowness of Blackmore's stimulated.

[3] Mrs Afra Behn, who as a novelist and play-writer fairly held her own among the licentious authors of the age of Charles II.

[4] Homer often uses the phrase *οἷοι νυν βροτοι εἰσι*—"of such sort as men are now"—when exalting the strength of his heroes; for instance, Æneas, in his encounter with Achilles (B. 20) snatches up and hurls a stone "that two men could not carry, as men now are; but he threw it with ease, unaided."

[5] Cowley's poem of "The Mistress," here preferred by Swift to his Pindaric Odes—the movement and structure of which are signified by the phrase "never advancing in a direct line, but wheeling," &c.

[1] As the account of the Battle of the Books is an allegorical representation of Sir W. Temple's Essay, in which the ancients are opposed to the moderns, the account of Bentley and Wotton is called an episode, and their intrusion represented as an under action. —*H.*

[2] So HOMER, B. 12, 160—

κορυθες δ' αμφ' αυον αϋτευν
βαλλομεναι μυλακεσσι, και ασπιδες ομφαλοεσσαι.
"The helms rang dry."

boot and armour, vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but, at other times, did more mischief than good; for, at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such, at this juncture, was the disposition of Bentley; grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with every body's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to understand that he conceived, with great submission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of whores, and d——d cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that, if himself had been constituted general, those presumptuous dogs, the ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. You, said he, sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant modern, kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess. Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger, bestowing [on] him a sour look: Miscreant prater! said he, eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature; thy learning makes thee more barbarous; thy study of humanity, more inhuman; thy converse among poets, more grovelling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilising others render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdens not the army. But never despond; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest shall certainly be thine own; though I hope that vile carcase will first become a prey to kites and worms.

Bentley durst not reply; but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew, in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; resolving by policy or surprise to attempt some neglected quarter of the ancients' army. They began their march over carcases of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb,[1] which they passed on the side of the declining sun. And now they arrived with fear toward the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some straggling sleepers, unarmed and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestic want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier: they with tails depressed, and lolling tongues, creep soft and low; meanwhile the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark, though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when at a distance they might perceive two shining suits of armour hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van Confusion and Amaze, while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep: Bentley would fain have despatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris' breast.[1] But then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Phalaris was just that moment dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull.[2] And Æsop dreamed that, as he and the ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.

He, in the meantime, had wandered long in search of some enterprise, till at length he arrived at a small rivulet that issued from a fountain hard by, called in the language of mortal men Helicon. Here he stopped, and, parched with thirst, resolved to allay it in this limpid stream. Thrice with profane hands he essayed to raise the water to his lips, and thrice it slipped all through his fingers. Then he stooped prone on his breast, but, ere his mouth had kissed the liquid crystal, Apollo came, and in the channel held his shield betwixt the modern and the fountain, so that he drew up nothing but mud. For although no fountain on earth can compare with the clearness of Helicon, yet there lies at bottom a thick sediment of slime and mud; for so Apollo begged of Jupiter, as a punishment to those who durst attempt to taste it with unhallowed lips, and for a lesson to all not to draw too deep or far from the spring.

[1] A traveller and naturalist, of Bologna, who died in 1605.

[1] Bentley subjoined to Wotton's Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning, his own disquisition concerning the authenticity of the Fables of Æsop, and the Epistles of Phalaris, which Sir W. Temple had highly extolled. —*Scott.*

[2] Phalaris was tyrant of Agrigentum, in Sicily, where, among other exercises of cruelty, he subjected offenders to the doom of roasting alive in the body of the brazen bull, invented by Perillus—on whom the invention was first put in action.

At the fountain-head Wotton discerned two heroes; the one he could not distinguish, but the other was soon known for Temple, general of the allies to the ancients. His back was turned, and he was employed in drinking large draughts in his helmet from the fountain, where he had withdrawn himself to rest from the toils of the war. Wotton, observing him, with quaking knees and trembling hands spoke thus to himself: O that I could kill this destroyer of our army, what renown should I purchase among the chiefs! but to issue out against him, man against man, shield against shield, and lance against lance, what modern of us dare? for he fights like a god, and Pallas or Apollo are ever at his elbow. But, O mother! if what Fame reports be true, that I am the son of so great a goddess, grant me to hit Temple with this lance, that the stroke may send him to hell, and that I may return in safety and triumph, laden with his spoils. The first part of this prayer the gods granted, at the intercession of his mother and of Momus; but the rest, by a perverse wind sent from Fate, was scattered in the air. Then Wotton grasped his lance, and, brandishing it thrice over his head, darted it with all his might; the goddess his mother at the same time adding strength to his arm. Away the lance went whizzing, and reached even to the belt of the averted ancient, upon which lightly grazing, it fell to the ground. Temple neither felt the weapon touch him, nor heard it fall: and Wotton might have escaped to his army, with the honour of having remitted his lance against so great a leader, unrevenged; but Apollo, enraged that a javelin flung by the assistance of so foul a goddess should pollute his fountain, put on the shape of ——, and softly came to young Boyle, who then accompanied Temple: he pointed first to the lance, then to the distant modern that flung it, and commanded the young hero to take immediate revenge. Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods,[1] immediately advanced against the trembling foe, who now fled before him. As a young lion in the Libyan plains, or Araby desert, sent by his aged sire to hunt for prey, or health, or exercise; he scours along, wishing to meet some tiger from the mountains, or a furious boar; if chance a wild ass, with brayings importune, affronts his ear, the generous beast, though loathing to distain his claws with blood so vile, yet, much provoked at the offensive noise, which Echo, foolish nymph, like her ill-judging sex, repeats much louder and with more delight than Philomela's song; he vindicates the honour of the forest, and hunts the noisy long-eared animal. So Wotton fled, so Boyle pursued. But Wotton, heavy-armed and slow of foot, began to slack his course; when his lover Bentley appeared, returning laden with the spoils of the two sleeping ancients. Boyle observed him well, and, soon discovering the helmet and shield of Phalaris his friend, both which he had lately with his own hands new polished and gilt,[1] rage sparkled in his eyes; and leaving his pursuit after Wotton, he furiously rushed on against this new approacher. Fain would he be revenged on both; but both now fled different ways: and, as a woman in a little house that gets a painful livelihood by spinning; if chance her geese be scattered o'er the common, she courses round the plain from side to side, compelling here and there the stragglers to the flock; they cackle loud, and flutter o'er the champaign: so Boyle pursued, so fled this pair of friends. Finding at length their flight was vain, they bravely joined and drew themselves in phalanx. First Bentley threw a spear with all his force, hoping to pierce the enemy's breast; but Pallas came unseen, and in the air took off the point, and clapped on one of lead, which, after a dead bang against the enemy's shield, fell blunted to the ground. Then Boyle, observing well his time, took up a lance of wondrous length and sharpness; and as this pair of friends compacted stood close side to side, he wheeled him to the right, and, with unusual force, darted the weapon. Bentley saw his fate approach, and flanking down his arms close to his ribs, hoping to save his body, in went the point, passing through arm and side; nor stopped, nor spent its force, till it had also pierced the valiant Wotton, who, going to sustain his dying friend, shared his fate. As when a skilful cook has trussed a brace of woodcocks, he with iron skewer pierces the tender sides of both, their legs and wings close pinioned to the ribs: so was this pair of friends transfixed, till down they fell, joined in their lives, joined in their deaths; so closely joined, that Charon would mistake them both for one, and waft them over Styx for half his fare. Farewell, beloved, loving pair; few equals have you left behind: and happy and immortal shall you be, if all my wit and eloquence can make you.

And now . . . . . .

. *Desunt cætera.* . .

[1] Boyle (the Earl of Orrery) in taking up the cudgels for Phalaris, assigned as a chief reason for so doing the disrespect with which Bentley had treated Temple. He was assisted in the controversy by Aldrich, Atterbury, and the "Christ Church Wits"—a number of residents at Oxford, illustrious by genius and learning.

[1] Referring to his edition and vindication of Phalaris' Epistles.

TRAVELS

INTO

SEVERAL REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD,

BY

LEMUEL GULLIVER,

FIRST A SURGEON, AND THEN A CAPTAIN, OF SEVERAL SHIPS.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I. A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.—PART II. A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.—PART III. A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.—PART IV. A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

Splendidè mendax.—HORACE, Od. iii. 11, 35.

[GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, the most familiar and favourite of all Swift's works, were published in two parts or volumes, the first in November 1726, the second early in the following year; gravely embellished, after the fashion of books of travel, with maps of the countries discovered, and a portrait of the explorer. They had been in preparation for several years; and though they were, as was the almost invariable rule with Swift's works, published anonymously, still there was not the least hesitation among Swift's literary friends in London in ascribing the authorship to him—indeed, the term *Yahoo* had been applied in raillery by Lord Bolingbroke to Swift, Pope, and Gay, several months before the book came out. Swift left the manuscript, when he was recalled from England to Ireland in August 1726 by the news of Stella's illness, in the hands of his friend Charles Ford, who had before done secret service for him; and by Ford, or through his contrivance, the manuscript was dropped in the dark from a hackney-coach at the door of Motte the bookseller. In passing through the press, several omissions, alterations, and insertions, were made; an effect of the printer's caution of which Swift makes complaint in the "Letter from Captain Gulliver to his friend Sympson," (the publisher,) afterwards prefixed to the Travels. The success of "Gulliver's Travels" has perhaps never been equalled, for its immediateness and universalness, by any satire, or even by any book, but Don Quixote: "children thumb it, boys read it, men understand it, and old folks commend it." While the story, with its framework of wonderfully realistic narration holding together and almost making credible accounts of marvels in miniature and monstrosity, attracts the youthful or merely curious, the art of the construction and the keenness and force of the satire make it meat for the relishing of strong men. So, at least, it may be said of the first two parts, and in a less degree of the third; but in the fourth, the voyage to the Houyhnhnms, the story that forms the vehicle of the satire is so violently improbable, and the satire itself so savagely misanthropical and revoltingly gross, that it can hardly afford pleasure, even in the merely literary sense, to such as are not touched with the *sæva indignatio* that here hurried Swift beyond the bounds of truth and charity. The idea of the work—fanciful voyages to regions which the speculator and the satirist could people with beings, or place under a form of government, designed to illustrate their theories or point their shafts—was not a novel one: by Lucian in his True History, by Rabelais in his Voyage of Pantagruel, by Sir Thomas More in his Utopia, by Cyrano Bergerac in his Journey to the Moon, by Dr Goodwin, Bishop of Llandaff, in his Man in the Moon, or a Discourse of a Voyage thither, by Domingo Gonzalez; and by other writers, it had been worked out

with more or less elaboration and effectiveness. But in none of the previous ventures in this career of fancy and satire, had there been either the closeness of imitation, or the directness of application, that throughout distinguished "Gulliver's Travels;" Swift made his satire, not the plaything of philosophy or learning, not the weapon against false theories, or "romantic systems," or corrupt religion; but the medicine and solace of the common people, and the scourge of those who abused power, or perverted truth, or outraged humanity, in the ordinary every-day course of affairs. In the Voyage to Lilliput—the least offensive, the least at variance with verisimilitude, the most carefully informed with particular satire, of the four Parts—Swift employs the ancient and still popularly familiar fiction of the pigmies, to satirise the Court, and ministry, and policy of the reign of George I.; Sir Robert Walpole in especial being severely handled in the character of Lord-Treasurer Flimnap, and the relations between England and France represented by those imagined between the empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. At the same time with the intrigues and follies and injustices of the English Court and Government, the whole system of modern statecraft and courtiership, all human pomp and consequence, are turned to scorn by the investment of the diminutive Lilliputians with the same attributes of splendour, and rank, and ambition, and pride, and ingratitude, and cruelty, which clothe their antitypes in the real world. In the Voyage to Brobdingnag, the satire becomes more general. "Reversing the telescope," the author presents to our view a race of exaggerated human-seeming beings, raised above our fears, our passions, our deceits, our meannesses, as much as they are above our stature; separated by nature from the rest of the world, whose inferior peoples they neither dread, nor desire to conquer: untroubled by intestine commotions, which simple and good laws, and a wise settlement of things in the State, avert; and thus without wars, parties, politics, or statecraft. William III. is believed to have been, more or less consciously, in Swift's mind when he drew the picture of the huge, stolid, patriotic, and thoughtful King of Brobdingnag; incurious about Gulliver till he found the pigmy possessed a mind, and was not a mere superiorly-articulated beast of the field; but then willing to learn all he could from the rational atom. In both these Voyages, the wonderful *vraisemblance* of the personal portions of the narrative is not to be surpassed even by Defoe; not more when Gulliver relates his own history and transactions in the actual world, than when he recalls the impressions made on his senses and his mind by the surprises and perils and experiences of the unfamiliar world. The constant observance of exact proportion, and the careful appreciation of the force of habit—as shown in Gulliver's measurements among both dwarfs and giants, and his demeanour when he returns from the sole society of either among beings of his own dimensions—very much enhance this *vraisemblance;* and, in the words of Scott: "If Gulliver's first postulates be granted; if, that is, we are contented to suppose the existence of such nations as those to which he travels, every other step of the story is so consistent with their probable conduct to him, and to each other; his hopes, fears, and wishes are pointed out with such striking accuracy; the impressions which he makes on the natives, and which he receives from them, are so distinct and lively; that we give way to the force of the author's genius, and are willing to allow him credit for an ideal world, in which the improbability of the original conception is palliated by the exquisitely artificial combination of the detail." In the Voyage to Laputa, it is no longer politicians and courtiers, but philosophers and projectors and pedants, that occupy the satirist; Swift, never failing elsewhere to seize every opportunity of launching a dart at mathematicians and projectors, here revelling in an onslaught that was as indiscriminate as it was vehement. Sir Isaac Newton and the Royal Society did not escape the writer's lash; yet, leaving out of view the author's spleen against the mathematics, the satire cannot be shown to be directed against faithful and serviceable prosecution of genuine scientific studies, but only against the conceited or calculating pretence of science, that in Swift's time was not only odious to the really wise and discerning, but injurious to private fortunes and happiness, and corrupting to the general body of society. Though in one or two respects the violations of probability are less conspicuous in this than in the preceding Voyages, still the Voyage to Laputa is not nearly so natural, the deception is not nearly so well contrived or sustained. And in the fourth Voyage, to the Land of the Houyhnhnms, the framework of the satire is as repugnant to reason and probability, as the satire itself is revolting to nature and morality. Man may have fallen far below the estate described by the Psalmist: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels; and hast clothed him with glory and honour;" but between the point a little lower than the angels, and that far beneath the brutes to which, under the fiction of the Yahoos, Swift degrades his kind, there happily remains such a great gulf fixed, as the race at large has not succeeded in passing. The satire has no doubt its justification in the few cases; but because only in the

few cases, therefore is it a coarse and cruel libel on humanity. In its very breadth and bitterness, indeed, it administers its own antidote; since it is but too manifest that not truth but spleen, not love of the kind but misanthropy of the most malignant type, not desire for the betterment so much as delight in the disparagement of human nature, pointed Swift's pen in this powerful but repulsive satire. Take them for all in all, however, the Travels of Lemuel Gulliver remain one of the most delightful, ingenious, and instructive works in the English tongue; less close and careful in their allegory, less searching and pungent in their satire, perhaps, than the Tale of a Tub; but superior to that at once in the comparative freedom from the rude reference to religion that renders many suspicious of it, and in the charming naturalness and vivid realism of the narrative of the sturdy, solid, unimaginative, and uncompromisingly veracious and precise seaman of the old type whom Swift has created. Perhaps, among the sailors of his time, that worthy was not solitary in his deception, who swore "he knew Captain Gulliver very well, only he lived at Wapping, and not at Rotherhithe."]

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

THE author of these Travels,[1] Mr Lemuel Gulliver, is my ancient and intimate friend; there is likewise some relation between us on the mother's side. About three years ago Mr Gulliver, growing weary of the concourse of curious people coming to him at his house in Redriff, made a small purchase of land, with a convenient house, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, his native country; where he now lives retired, yet in good esteem among his neighbours.

Although Mr Gulliver was born in Nottinghamshire, where his father dwelt, yet I have heard him say, his family came from Oxfordshire; to confirm which, I have observed in the churchyard at Banbury, in that county, several tombs and monuments of the Gullivers.

Before he quitted Redriff, he left the custody of the following papers in my hands, with the liberty to dispose of them as I should think fit. I have carefully perused them three times. The style is very plain and simple; and the only fault I find is, that the author, after the manner of travellers, is a little too circumstantial. There is an air of truth apparent through the whole; and, indeed, the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbours at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, to say "it was as true as if Mr Gulliver had spoken it."

By the advice of several worthy persons, to whom with the author's permission I communicated these papers, I now venture to send them into the world, hoping they may be, at least for some time, a better entertainment to our young noblemen than the common scribbles of politics and party.

This volume would have been at least twice as large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages, together with the minute descriptions of the management of the ship in storms, in the style of sailors; likewise the account of longitudes and latitudes; wherein I have reason to apprehend that Mr Gulliver may be a little dissatisfied: but I was resolved to fit the work as much as possible to the general capacity of readers. However, if my own ignorance in sea affairs shall have led me to commit some mistakes, I alone am answerable for them: and if any traveller has a curiosity to see the whole work at large, as it came from the hands of the author, I will be ready to gratify him.

As for any farther particulars relating to the author, the reader will receive satisfaction from the first pages of the book.

RICHARD SYMPSON.

[1] "This important year (1727) sent into the world 'Gulliver's Travels;' a production so new and so strange, that it filled the reader with a mingled emotion of merriment and amazement. It was received with such avidity that the price of the first edition was raised before the second could be made; it was read by the high and the low, the learned and illiterate. Criticism was for a while lost in wonder; no rules of judgment were applied to a book written in open defiance of truth and regularity. But when distinctions came to be made, the part which gave least pleasure was that which describes the Flying Island, and that which gave most disgust the history of the Houyhnhnms."—*Johnson*, Life of Swift.

A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN GULLIVER TO HIS COUSIN SYMPSON.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1727.[1]

April 2, 1727.

I HOPE you will be ready to own publicly, whenever you shall be called to it, that by your great and frequent urgency you prevailed on me to publish a very loose and uncorrect account of my travels, with direction to hire some young gentleman of either university to

[1] In this letter to his publisher, (cousin Sympson) Swift complains of and endeavours to correct the excisions and alterations which arose from the timidity or caution of the printer in the first edition. The letter was prefixed to all the subsequent editions. It is written in a tone and terms in keeping with what is subsequently described as the state of mind of Captain Gulliver after his return from the land of the Houyhnhnms. The passages of which Gulliver complains only occur in the first editions; for Swift restored the text wherever it had been altered, and sent a copy thus corrected to Motte through Charles Ford. This copy has been followed in all the subsequent editions, except Faulkner's Irish one.

put them in order, and correct the style, as my cousin Dampier did, by my advice, in his book called "A Voyage Round the World." But I do not remember I gave you power to consent that anything should be omitted, and much less that anything should be inserted: therefore, as to the latter, I do here renounce everything of that kind; particularly a paragraph about her majesty Queen Anne, of most pious and glorious memory; although I did reverence and esteem her more than any of the human species. But you, or your interpolator, ought to have considered that, as it was not my inclination, so was it not decent, to praise any animal of our composition before my master *Houyhnhnm:* and besides, the fact was altogether false; for to my knowledge, being in England during some part of her majesty's reign, she did govern by a chief minister; nay, even by two successively, the first whereof was the lord of Godolphin, and the second the lord of Oxford; so that you have made me say the thing that was not. Likewise, in the account of the academy of projectors, and several passages of my discourse to my master *Houyhnhnm,* you have either omitted some material circumstances, or minced or changed them in such a manner, that I do hardly know my own work. When I formerly hinted to you something of this in a letter, you were pleased to answer that you were afraid of giving offence; that people in power were very watchful over the press, and apt not only to interpret but to punish everything which looked like an innuendo (as I think you call it). But, pray, how could that which I spoke so many years ago, and at above five thousand leagues' distance, in another reign, be applied to any of the *Yahoos* who now are said to govern the herd; especially at a time when I little thought on, or feared, the unhappiness of living under them? Have not I the most reason to complain, when I see these very *Yahoos* carried by *Houyhnhnms* in a vehicle, as if these were brutes and those the rational creatures? And, indeed, to avoid so monstrous and detestable a sight was one principal motive of my retirement hither.[1]

Thus much I thought proper to tell you in relation to yourself, and to the trust I reposed in you.

I do in the next place complain of my own great want of judgment, in being prevailed upon, by the entreaties and false reasonings of you and some others, very much against my own opinion, to suffer my travels to be published. Pray bring to your mind how often I desired you to consider, when you insisted on the motive of public good, that the *Yahoos* were a species of animals utterly incapable of amendment by precepts or example: and so it has proved: for, instead of seeing a full stop put to all abuses and corruptions, at least in this little island, as I had reason to expect; behold, after above six months' warning, I cannot learn that my book has produced one single effect according to mine intentions. I desired you would let me know, by a letter, when party and faction were extinguished; judges learned and upright; pleaders honest and modest, with some tincture of common sense, and Smithfield blazing with pyramids of law-books; the young nobility's education entirely changed; the physicians banished; the female *Yahoos* abounding in virtue, honour, truth, and good sense; courts and levees of great ministers thoroughly weeded and swept; wit, merit, and learning rewarded; all disgracers of the press in prose and verse condemned to eat nothing but their own cotton, and quench their thirst with their own ink. These and a thousand other reformations I firmly counted upon by your encouragement; as indeed they were plainly deducible from the precepts delivered in my book. And it must be owned that seven months were a sufficient time to correct every vice and folly to which *Yahoos* are subject, if their natures had been capable of the least disposition to virtue or wisdom. Yet so far have you been from answering my expectation in any of your letters, that, on the contrary, you are loading our carrier every week with libels, and keys, and reflections, and memoirs, and second parts; wherein I see myself accused of reflecting upon great states-folk, of degrading human nature, (for so they have still the confidence to style it,) and of abusing the female sex. I find, likewise, that the writers of those bundles are not agreed among themselves; for some of them will not allow me to be the author of mine own travels, and others make me author of books to which I am wholly a stranger.

I find, likewise, that your printer has been so careless as to confound the times, and mistake the dates, of my several voyages and returns; neither assigning the true year, nor the true month, nor day of the month: and I hear the original manuscript is all destroyed since the publication of my book; neither have I any copy left; however, I have sent you some corrections, which you may insert, if ever there should be a second edition; and yet I cannot stand to them, but shall leave that matter to my judicious and candid readers, to adjust it as they please.

I hear some of our sea-*Yahoos* find fault with my sea-language, as not proper in many parts, nor now in use.[1] I cannot help it. In my first voyages, while I was young, I was instructed by the oldest mariners, and learned to speak as they did. But I have since found that the sea-*Yahoos* are apt, like the land ones, to become newfangled in their words, which the latter change every year; insomuch as I remember, upon each return to mine own country, their old dialect was so altered, that I could hardly understand the new. And I observe, when any *Yahoo* comes from London, out of curiosity, to visit me at my house, we neither of us are able

[1] To Newark; see Publisher's Preface.

[1] For instance, the account of the storm at the commencement of the Voyage to Brobdingnag, which is a mere random congeries of sea-terms.

to deliver our conceptions in a manner intelligible to the other.

If the censure of the *Yahoos* could any way affect me, I should have great reason to complain, that some of them are so bold as to think my book of travels a mere fiction out of mine own brain; and have gone so far as to drop hints, that the *Houyhnhnms* and *Yahoos* have no more existence than the inhabitants of Utopia.

Indeed I must confess that, as to the people of *Lilliput*, *Brobdingrag*, (for so the word should have been spelt, and not erroneously *Brobdingnag*,) and *Laputa*, I have never yet heard of any *Yahoo* so presumptuous as to dispute their being, or the facts I have related concerning them; because the truth immediately strikes every reader with conviction. And is there less probability in my account of the *Houyhnhnms* or *Yahoos*, when it is manifest, as to the latter, there are so many thousands, even in this country, who only differ from their brother brutes in *Houyhnhnm-land* because they use a sort of jabber, and do not go naked? I wrote for their amendment, and not their approbation. The united praise of the whole race would be of less consequence to me than the neighing of those two degenerate *Houyhnhnms* I keep in my stable; because from these, degenerate as they are, I still improve in some virtues, without any mixture of vice.

Do these miserable animals presume to think that I am so degenerated as to defend my veracity? *Yahoo* as I am, it is well known through all *Houyhnhnm-land* that, by the instructions and example of my illustrious master, I was able, in the compass of two years, (although, I confess, with the utmost difficulty,) to remove that infernal habit of lying, shuffling, deceiving, and equivocating, so deeply rooted in the very souls of all my species, especially the Europeans.

I have other complaints to make upon this vexatious occasion; but I forbear troubling myself or you any farther. I must freely confess that since my last return some corruptions of my *Yahoo* nature have revived in me, by conversing with a few of your species, and particularly those of my own family, by an unavoidable necessity; else I should never have attempted so absurd a project as that of reforming the *Yahoo* race in this kingdom: but I have now done with all such visionary schemes for ever.

PART I.—A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

CHAPTER I.

The Author gives some account of himself and family. His first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life. Gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput. Is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years: my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr Bates I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a-year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master, Mr Bates, to be surgeon to the Swallow, captain Abraham Pannell commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr Bates, my master, encouraged me; and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; but my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and, when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language; wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and in-

tended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter lane, and thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from captain William Prichard, master of the Antelope, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him that, in our passage thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land.[1] By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead, by immoderate labour and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired; and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned; and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul;* the others repeated the same words several times; but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs, that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me; and at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac;* when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not,) and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with

[1] The South Pacific Ocean and the Australian Continent were in Swift's time very imperfectly explored; so that Swift violated no apparent geographical probability by placing Lilliput in those seas. The map published with Hawkesworth's edition represents Lilliput about midway between the Strait of Sunda and Van Diemen's Land, but a long distance to the westward.

him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows; but by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.[1] But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me); whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him; whereof one was a page, that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top: I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint,[1] and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah;* and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul*. I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I had made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue; and producing his credentials under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards, which as I afterwards found was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant; whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I

[1] It is supposed that Swift here makes a side-hit at some of the aristocratic Whigs of his day who were wont to harangue the populace in support of their views and projects. Moore, in his "Ode to Sir Hudson Lowe," taking Gulliver as the type of Napoleon, speaks of

"How the doughty manikins
Amused themselves with sticking pins
And needles in the great man's breeches;
And how some *very* little things,
That passed for Lords, on scaffoldings
Got up, and worried him with speeches."

[1] Swift makes the stature of the Lilliputians one twelfth of the human stature; and in all things he has observed the proportion. The hogshead of which he disposed at a draught, holding hardly half a pint, would contain 108 gallons or thereby of the country measure; the beds allowed him are in number 600, placed four deep and 150 side by side—a close approach to 144, the square of 12; and the amount of sustenance the emperor covenants to allow him (see *post*) corresponds to that of 1728 Lilliputians—the cube of 12.

answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train), and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of the arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan;* and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent which fell with noise and violence from me. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night, while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and, I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for, supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and had arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels, for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.[1]

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped awhile, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and, advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night, with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us; but his great

[1] It is believed by Dr Cooke Taylor that the caution of the Lilliputian courtiers is designed to ridicule the overacted solicitude by which the ministers of George I., at his first landing, affected to protect him from the plots of the Jacobites; but this is to read the allegory backwards, and the precautions seem to be sufficiently explained by Gulliver's dangerous bulk.

officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large; which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand, at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAPTER II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the Author in his confinement. The emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the Author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the enclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a *stang*,[1] and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburdened myself. I was under great difficulties, between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and, shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action; for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he has maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distress I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air, at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning, before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheelbarrows by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance that, perhaps, at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world; which, I am told, some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet; but that prince, who is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in, and held the bridle while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration, but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did with the rest. The empress and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the

[1] A stang is a pole or perch; 16½ feet.—*Original.*

beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European; but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand, to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. The ladies and courtiers were all most magnificently clad; so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground, embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits), who were commanded to address themselves to me; and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were High and Low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and Lingua Franca; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst; and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forward with the butt-ends of their pikes into my reach: I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my pen-knife; but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds of the common measure were brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; a hundred and fifty of their beds, sown together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four double, which, however, kept me but very indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconveniency. He directed that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without licence from the court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon despatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above mentioned; which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury: for this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expense.

[1] In the Emperor of Lilliput, Swift is understood to have represented George I., though the portrait in many points has purposely been drawn unlike. In subsequent passages, however, the simplicity, parsimony, caution, regular attention to business, and ease in private relationships, of the emperor, faithfully reflect characteristics of George I.

An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred tailors should make me a suit of clothes after the fashion of the country; that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language; and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution; and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire that he would please to give me my liberty; which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumos kelmin pesso desmar lon emposo;* that is, swear a peace with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said, his majesty should be satisfied, for I was ready to strip myself and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands; that whatever they took from me should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me; except my two fobs, and another secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessaries that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of everything they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and [it] is, word for word, as follows:—

"*Imprimis*, in the right coat-pocket of the great man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *quinbus flestrin*,) after the strictest search, we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a footcloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin substances, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palms of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the palisadoes before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket, on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *ranfu-lo*, by which they meant my breeches), we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal, of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket were two black pillars irregularly shaped; we could not without difficulty reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was enclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to show us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets which we could not enter; these he called his fobs; they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain, with a wonderful kind of engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found

our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did anything without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life.[1] From the left fob he took out a net, almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and [which] served him for the same use; we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

"Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which, on the left side, hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right, a bag or pouch divided into two cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and [which] required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

"This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the man-mountain, who used us with great civility and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

"CLEFRIN FRELOCK; MARSI FRELOCK."

When this inventory[2] was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymitar, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the meantime he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me, at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge; but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymitar, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout, between terror and surprise; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes as I waved the scymitar to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it to the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket pistols. I drew it out, and, at his desire, as well as I could expressed to him the use of it; and, charging it only with powder, which, by the closeness of my pouch, happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide), I first cautioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scymitar. Hundreds fell down as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner as I had done my scymitar, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeomen of the guard to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about it, which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating; although, indeed, I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold and some smaller ones; my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scymitar, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search; wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes), a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which, being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAPTER III.

The Author diverts the emperor and his nobility of both sexes in a very uncommon manner.

1 Perhaps the author intended to expose the probable fallacy of opinions derived from the relations of travellers, by showing how little truth need to be misunderstood to make falsehood specious.—*H.*

2 The incident of the inventory is designed to ridicule the operations of the Whig Committees of Secresy under Walpole's administration, for inquiring into alleged Jacobite plots; of which Committees it has been said that they found nothing suspicious but what they could not understand, and, as they understood nothing, they suspected everything. In the elaborate precautions taken when Gulliver was about to deliver up his property, are also satirised those displays of alarm, or pretended alarm, against loyal subjects who were accused of Jacobitism, but were all the time unconscious of the notice they had drawn on themselves. The vexatious searches of the houses of suspected or hostile persons, particularly in Ireland, are also struck at in this passage.

The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The Author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens,) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer,[1] is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summerset[2] several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal,[3] principal secretary for private affairs, is in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.[1]

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress and first minister upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; the one is blue, the other red, and the third green.[2] These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon; while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with the most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court, who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give direc-

1 Flimnap, the treasurer, is unquestionably Sir Robert Walpole, who was a perpetual and favourite object of Swift's pitiless satire.

2 *Somerset* or *Summersault*, a gambol of a tumbler, in which he springs up, turns heels over head in the air, and comes down upon his feet.—*Original.*

3 Supposed to mean James Stanhope, made second Secretary of State on the accession of George I., and created Earl Stanhope in 1717.

1 In 1717 Walpole, yielding to the predominant influence of Sunderland and Stanhope, resigned his offices of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; but the Duchess of Kendal, the king's favourite—popularly known as the "Maypole," and here termed "a cushion"—remained his friend, broke his fall, and contributed not a little to his restoration, on the sudden death of Stanhope in 1721, to the highest office in the realm, which he skilfully held for an unwontedly long period.

2 The three orders of knighthood—the Garter, the Bath, and the Thistle. Walpole was distinguished by the two former honours—the first of which he received in 1726, the second, on its revival, in 1724; being, says Coxe, excepting Admiral Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, the only commoner who, since the reign of James I., had been dignified by the order of the Garter. On the occasion of Walpole reviving the order of the Bath, Swift wrote some lines embodying the idea afterwards fully worked out in the Voyage to Lilliput:

"And he who'll leap over a stick for the King
Is qualified best for a dog in a string."

tions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived, with as many carriages drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up, one by one, in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired; and, in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, when she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and, covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troops with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt; and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could: however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found that it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain, and, if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it, with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it; and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but, the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of his army, which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a Colossus,[1] with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot, and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which, however, could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes as they passed under me: and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none except Skyresh Bolgolam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should

[1] The Colossus at Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, was a huge brazen statue of Apollo, 100 or 120 feet high, placed at the mouth of the harbour, with one foot on each mole or pier. The ships of the time could pass between its legs in full sail.

be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under-secretaries and several persons of distinction. Afte they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws; which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument word for word, as near as I was able; which I here offer to the public:

"Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime majesty proposes to the man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which, by a solemn oath, he shall be obliged to perform:

"1st, The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our licence under our great seal.

"2d, He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours' warning to keep within doors.

"3d, The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high-roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

"4th, As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses, or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

"5th, If an express requires an extraordinary despatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry, in his pocket, the messenger and horse a six days' journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

"6th, He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu,[1] and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

"7th, That the said man-mountain shall, at his leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park and other our royal buildings.

"8th, That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons' time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

"Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1728 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign."

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself, in person, did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet: but he commanded me to rise, and, after many gracious expressions which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1728 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determined number; he told me that his majesty's mathematicians, having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1728 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

CHAPTER IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the emperor's palace. A conversation between the Author and a principal secretary, concerning the affairs of that empire. The Author's offer to serve the emperor in his wars.

THE first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their

[1] As Lilliput typifies England, so does Blefuscu France; the author inverting the geographical relations of the two countries.

houses. The people had notice, by proclamation, of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently and sideling through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers who might remain in the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run across, and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls; the houses are from three to five stories; the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is enclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult; for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about a hundred yards distance from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.[1]

But I shall not anticipate the reader with farther descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press; containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes; with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion, their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful: my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions as happened to the public, or to myself, during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary of state (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said, he might pretend to some merit in it; but, however, added, that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. "For," said he, "as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that for above seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves.[2] It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low

[1] Queen Anne, whose breeding was perfect, and her hands beautiful. The portrait, however, for obvious reasons, is not more distinct than that of George I.

[2] High Church and Low Church, or Whig and Tory. As every *accidental* difference between man and man in person and circumstances is by this work rendered extremely contemptible; so *speculative* differences are shown to be equally ridiculous, when the zeal with which they are opposed and defended too much exceeds their importance.—*H.* The strong and natural preference of George I. for the low-heels, or Whigs, is indicated by the exceptional lowness of his heels.

heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch). The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat, nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Tramecksan*, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait.[1] Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: It is allowed on all hands that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs.[2] The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran). This, however, is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end seems in my humble opinion to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various success; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you."

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and state against all invaders.

[1] While George I. is represented as more Whiggish than the Whigs themselves in whom he reposed his confidence and the conduct of affairs, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., is described as having one heel high and the other low, to intimate the favour which, at his opposition Court, was shown alike to Tories and Whigs, if only they looked unfavourably on the persons and policy of the actual Court and Government—thus rendering it uncertain to which party he would entrust the State when he came to the Crown, or whether he would not seek to bring about a fusion of parties. The Prince is said to have been heartily amused when he read this passage.

[2] The Big-endians and Little-endians are the Roman Catholics and Protestants; and the dispute between them is understood to be the controversy on the subject of the sacraments. A little allegory follows, the explanation of which it is easy to find in the history of England from the time of the Reformation, and the persecutions, rebellions, revolutions, and foreign and especially French intrigues in favour of the Roman Catholics and Jacobites, that make up that history. The Papist and Jacobite exiles found a shelter in France, whose rulers more or less cordially and ineffectually sympathised with and aided their cause.

CHAPTER V.

The Author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevent an invasions. A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. The empress' apartment on fire by accident; the Author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

THE empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and, upon

this notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed; who told me that in the middle, at high water, it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as pack-thread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and, putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground: I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frighted when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessaries, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose; and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows; many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and, leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I got out of danger, I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner; but he was soon eased of his fears; for, the channel growing shallower at every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and, holding up the end of the cables, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.[1]

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy; of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments

1 The capture of the Blefuscudian fleet, and the subsequent refusal of Gulliver to push the contest to extremities, refer to the circumstances attending the Peace of Utrecht in 1713; which, while it fairly established the naval preponderance of England and destroyed the French colonial empire, yet was much inveighed against as unduly favourable to France, which was said to have lain at our mercy if only the war had been properly pressed.

drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice: and I plainly protested that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And, when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me. He mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared at least by their silence to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers, maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded, upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had or at least appeared to have at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to show them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country. Accordingly, the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch; which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner; but could not guess the reason till I had a whisper from a certain person that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse[1] with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection; from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter; the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour: yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that, from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other, in order to polish themselves by seeing the world and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which in the midst of great misfortunes, through the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked, upon account of their being too servile; neither could anything but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac*, of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity; and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court, making their way through the crowd, entreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire, by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshiny night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of large thimbles, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and

[1] During the negotiations for the Peace of Utrecht, Bolingbroke was alleged to have been in treasonable communication with the French ministers—to have disclosed to them the instructions of the English plenipotentiaries at Utrecht; and this formed the ground of one of the articles of Walpole's impeachment against him.

came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable: and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground if by a presence of mind unusual to me I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drunk plentifully of a most delicious wine called *glimigrim*, (the Blefuscudians call it *flunec*, but ours is esteemed the better sort,) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so well to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form: which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge.[1]

CHAPTER VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs: the manner of educating their children. The Author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

ALTHOUGH I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet in the meantime I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which to my sight were almost invisible; but nature has adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And to show the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly; and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high; I mean some of those in the royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages has flourished in all its branches among them: but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese; but aslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downward, because they hold an opinion that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again; in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall at their resurrection be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues, in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to say a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but if the person accused makes his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death; and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardship of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he has been at in making his defence: or if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they allege, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual inter-

[1] It is perhaps a constrained interpretation of this incident, to suppose that our author recollected the prejudices of Queen Anne against the indecency and immorality of his own satirical vein, though it was so serviceable to the cause of her Ministry.—*Scott.* It must be admitted that the character and influence of the "Tale of a Tub" are not very inaptly described in the text.

course of buying, and selling, and dealing upon credit, where fraud is permitted and connived at or has no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember, when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust;[1] the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof that he has strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, has a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality or condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of *snilpall*, or legal, which is added to his name, but does not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of Justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes; two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to show she is more disposed to reward than to punish.

In choosing persons for all employments they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a Divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avow themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority, under which he acts.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions, and not the most scandalous corruptions into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on the ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over sticks and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning,[1] and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries; for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he has received no obligation; and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will needs have it that men and women are joined together, like other animals, by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow that a child is under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love encounters were otherwise employed.[2] Upon these and the like reasonings, their opinion is, that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children; and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated, when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities and to both sexes. They have certain professors, well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life

[1] An Act of Parliament has been since passed, by which some breaches of trust have been made capital. —*Original.*

[1] James I., who depreciated honours by their lavish and venal distribution, and created the order of baronets merely to fill his treasury.

[2] This idea is carried much farther in Cyrano Bergerac's Voyage to the Moon, where a nation is found among whom the fathers obeyed their children.

as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclinations. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great; and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor or one of his deputies: whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a-year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child, upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts[men], are managed proportionably after the same manner; only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us; but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex, but always in the presence of a professor or deputy; till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despise all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education made by their difference of sex; only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust, and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that among people of quality a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families who have children at these nurseries are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings, to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expenses by the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always managed with good husbandry and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth; and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals; for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough, out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which, however, they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing at my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist; and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern; they fitted me ex-

actly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plumb-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat, but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house (for the largest of theirs would not have been able to hold them,) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals, in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table: a hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine, and other liquors, slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bites of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkeys I usually eat at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl, I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord high treasurer, attended there likewise, with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly caressed me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at a great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine per cent. below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *sprugs* (their greatest gold coin, about the bigness of a spangle); and, upon the whole, that it would be advisable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she often came to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door, and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands, (for if there were six horses the postillion always unharnessed four,) and place them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table, full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and when I was engaged with one set, the coachman would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer, or his two informers, (I will name them, and let them make the best of it,) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned; to say nothing of my own, though I then had the honour to be a *nardac*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows that he is only a *glumglum*, a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer show his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAPTER VII.

The Author, being informed of a design to accuse him of high treason, makes his escape to Blefuscu. His reception there.

BEFORE I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue, which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night, in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance. The chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket; and, giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and inquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience, in a matter that highly concerned my honour and life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me:

"You are to know," said he, "that several committees of council have lately been called, in the most private manner, on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.[1]

"You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolam (*galbet*, or high admiral) has been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory as admiral is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you, for treason and other capital crimes."

[1] In this chapter, the proceedings of the Whig Ministry in the impeachment of Bolingbroke, Oxford, and Ormond, are satirised. The "committees of council" signify the Committee of Secrecy appointed by the Commons in 1715 to inquire into the Peace of Utrecht; and in the fanciful articles of impeachment, the undoubted friendship shown by Bolingbroke to French interests is placed in the most creditable light.

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt him; when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:

"Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your service.

"'*Articles of impeachment against* QUINBUS FLESTRIN, *the Man-Mountain.*

"'ARTICLE I.—Whereas, by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin Deffar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason; notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, &c., against the duty, &c.

"'ARTICLE II.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin, having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province, to be governed by a viceroy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the Big-endian exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire who would not immediately forsake the Big-endian heresy: he the said Flestrin, like a false traitor against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives, of an innocent people.

"'ARTICLE III.—That whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu to sue for peace in his majesty's court: he the said Flestrin did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in open war against his said majesty.

"'ARTICLE IV.—That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he has received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and, under colour of the said licence, does falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.'

"There are some other articles; but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

"In the several debates upon this impeachment, it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity; often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire on your house at night; and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows, to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion, so that for a long time there was a majority against you; but his majesty, resolving if possible to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

"Upon this incident, Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did; and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial; however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give orders to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived that by this expedient justice might in some measure be satisfied, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty; that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

"This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam, the admiral, could not preserve his temper; but, rising up in a fury, said he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who were able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror), might at another time raise an inundation by the same means to drown the whole palace; that the same strength which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet might serve, upon the first discontent, to carry it back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart, and as treason begins in the heart before it appears in overt acts, so he accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

"The treasurer was of the same opinion: he showed to what straits his majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kinds of fowls, after which they fed the faster and grew sooner fat: that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law.

"But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say that, since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months: neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half-diminished; and immediately upon your death, five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might in two or three days cut the flesh from your bones, take it away by cart-loads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection; leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

"Thus by the great friendship of the secretary the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret; but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress, was perpetually instigated by her majesty to insist upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

"In three days, your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty does not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's

surgeons will attend, in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

"I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came."

His lordship did so; and I remained alone, under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practice of former times), that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published throughout the kingdom; nor did anything terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment and the sufferer more innocent. Yet, as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance; for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I so soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving of my eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should, with great alacrity and readiness, have submitted to so easy a punishment.[1]

But, hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man-of-war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my clothes (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and, drawing it after me, between wading and swimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know I there waited his majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his majesty, attended by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress' hands. I told his majesty that I was come, according to my promise and with the licence of the emperor my master, to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design: neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret while I was out of his power; wherein, however, it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapped up in my coverlet.

[1] Alluding to the proceedings against Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury; and to the flight of Bolingbroke into France, which Swift represents as having been enforced by the persecutions of his opponents.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his native country.

THREE days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed, about half a league off in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide; and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been

driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat: I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a sufficient strength. When the ships came up, I stripped myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat; after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man-of-war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forward as often as I could with one of my hands; and, the tide favouring me, I advanced so far that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, until we arrived within forty yards of the shore; and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under, by the help of certain paddles which cost me ten days making; to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor, that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way, to carry me to some place whence I might return into my native country; and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart; which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was only gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of that cabal, a person of quality was despatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice, and, if I did not return in two hours I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor. The envoy farther added that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That, however, both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given order to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput; and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me, at the same time, (but under the strictest confidence,) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself on the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered, by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.[1]

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen folds of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find after a long search by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows, for greasing my boat and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts; wherein I was, however, much assisted

[1] The French King and Court were not ill-pleased to get rid of Bolingbroke and the other Jacobite exiles, lest by favouring their intrigues, and affording them asylum, a fresh contest with England should be provoked.

by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of a hundred oxen and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into mine own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay, and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the twenty-fourth day of September, 1701, at six in the morning; and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island, about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest. I slept well, and, as I conjecture, at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's Land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east. I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in, upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26th; but my heart leaped within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchantman, returning from Japan by the North and South Seas; the captain, Mr John Biddel of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south. There were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in a few words: but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had undergone had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then showed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April, 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary; neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which, rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was their constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by showing my cattle to many persons of quality, and others; and before I began my second voyage I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return, I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep; which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture, by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeing foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining stock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a year; and I had a long lease of the Black Bull in Fetter-lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was

at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took my leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides; and went on board the Adventure, a merchant-ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas, of Liverpool, commander. But my account of this voyage must be referred to the second part of my travels.

PART II.—A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

CHAPTER I.

A great storm described; the long-boat sent to fetch water; the Author goes with it to discover the country. He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house. His reception, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

HAVING been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the Adventure, captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for, the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together: during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May; at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the foresail; but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the foresail and set him, and hauled aft the foresheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore downhaul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whipstaff, and helped the man at the helm. We could not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that, the topmast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over, we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-topsail, and the fore-topsail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set-in the lee-braces, and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.[1]

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried by my computation about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was stanch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west parts of Great Tartary, and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land.[2] On the 17th, we came in full view of a great island, or continent, (for we knew not whether), on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men, well armed, in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them,

[1] This is a mere higgledy-piggledy of sea-phrases, but very cleverly thrown together, so as to seem coherent and correct, while in reality it only parodies the minute technical detail of the old voyagers. Scott relates that seamen have been known to work hard to try to understand the details.

[2] The map attached to this Voyage shows Brobdingnag as a great oblong peninsula connected by a narrow isthmus with the western coast of North America, about the height of California—whither, by extraordinary chance, the *Adventure* had been driven right through the Asiatic Archipelago, without sighting or touching land.

that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holla after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could; he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides; but our men had the start of him half a league, and, the sea thereabouts being full of sharp pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters like himself came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be; for, upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness, in attempting a second voyage against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind, I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right, when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me: whereupon the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered a while, with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal, in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a

weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me behind, by the middle, between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, (although he grievously pinched my sides,) for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in a humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in: for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time, I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer, having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me. He then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could. I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin, (which he took out of his sleeve,) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and, opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and, taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it; as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey; and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat, (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman), in a dish of about four and twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English; which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat, (which I held under my

arm out of good manners,) and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him), his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled [in] every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled a European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and, pointing to the boy, made my master to understand as well as I could that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress' favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me; though I stood at the farther end of the table, about fifty feet off, and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. And, as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses: one of which was a mastiff equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London-bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth; where I roared so loud, that the urchin was frighted and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy, by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue, both of that and the dug, so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass; where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said, he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable: although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sun-burnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose; nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess, this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them justice to say, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep; which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was

at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked, and found myself alone in a vast room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call; and if I had, it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his comrade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit, I walked gently to and fro on the bed, to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcase off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but, with a strong slash across the neck, I thoroughly despatched it.

Soon after, my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand, that I desired to be set down on the floor; which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther than by pointing to the door, and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at; and, taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling; whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.[1]

CHAPTER II.

A description of the farmer's daughter. The Author carried to a market-town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf, for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I staid with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that, after I had once or twice pulled off my clothes before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sackcloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my schoolmistress, to teach me the language: when I pointed to anything, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of *Grildrig*, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunceletino*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country; we never parted while I was there; I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingrati-

[1] Here again, as in the Voyage to Lilliput, Swift solemnly turns into ridicule the tedious and egotistical minuteness of detail with which the writers of travels in his times—and in these also, not unfrequently—vex the reader.

tude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves; instead of being the innocent but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splacnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions, seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer, who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to inquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him, in his own language, how he did, and told him he was welcome, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better; at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser; and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it by the cursed advice he gave my master to show me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two and twenty miles, from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my fears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and fell a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs, by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said her papa and mamma had promised that Grildrig should be hers; but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover my liberty; and, as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune should never be charged upon me as a reproach if ever I should return to England; since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next market-day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However, I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour; for the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and, after consulting a while with the innkeeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *grultrud*, or crier, to give notice through the town of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacnuck* (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long), and in every part of the body resembling a human creature, could speak several words, and perform a hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table, to take care of me and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded; she asked me questions as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me a part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learnt the art in my youth. I was that day shown to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same fopperies, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation; for those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of

everybody's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise it came with so much violence that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pompion; but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice that he would show me again the next market-day; and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen, from a hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons, with their wives and children (for the country is very populous); and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he showed me at home, although it were only to a single family; so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their Sabbath), although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was likely to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife; and, upon the 17th of August, 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house. My master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap, in a box tied about her waist. The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made everything as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to show me in all the towns by the way, and to step out of the road for fifty or a hundred miles to any village or person of quality's house where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys, of not above seven or eight score miles a day; for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box, at my own desire, to give me air and show me the country; but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers, many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shown in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or Pride of the Universe. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put out bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisadoed it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shown ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learnt their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanson's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAPTER III.

The Author is sent for to court. The queen buys him of his master the farmer, and presents him to the king. He disputes with his majesty's great scholars. An apartment at court provided for the Author. He is in high favour with the queen. He stands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

THE frequent labours I underwent every day, made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and, concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *sardral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me, (after I was set on a table,) which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country and my

travels, which I answered as distinctly and in as few words as I could. She asked, whether I would be content to live at court? I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered, that I was my master's slave; but, if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service.[1] She then asked my master, whether he was willing to sell me at a good price? He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores: but, allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, [this] was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, "Since I was now her majesty's most humble creature and vassal, I must beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor." Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court; and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy. My late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness; and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature, found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led was laborious enough to kill an animal with ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phœnix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless; for I already found my spirits revive by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was, however, surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen, after a cold manner, how long it was since she grew fond of a *splacnuck?* for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who has an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutoire, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words: and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, [he] conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination, he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers; no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting, according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had awhile examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life, either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet, most quadrupeds being an over-match for me, and field-mice, with some others, too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects; which they offered, by many learned arguments, to evince that I could not possibly do. One of these

[1] The Queen of Brobdingnag, painted throughout in complimentary colours, is understood to represent the Princess of Wales — Caroline of Anspach, afterwards Queen of George II., and real sovereign of England for many years, through her wonderful management of her choleric, foolish, and mean little husband.

virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished; and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying-glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate, they concluded unanimously that I was only *relplum scalcath*, which is interpreted literally *lusus naturæ*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I entreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion; and where, by consequence, I might be as able to defend myself and to find sustenance as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson. The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out town. Having, therefore, first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired the queen to order that a particular care should be taken of me; and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box, that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my direction, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in: the smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten, to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome, till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit.

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty eat, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table, to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature; for the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight. She would craunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full-grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth, as big as two twelve penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hogshead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember, when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or a dozen of those enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom that every Wednesday (which, as I have observed, is their Sabbath) the king and queen, with the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times my little chair and table were

placed at his left hand, before one of the salt-cellars. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, inquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess that, after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after a hearty fit of laughing, asked me whether I was a Whig or Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I! "And yet," says he, "I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray!" And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But, as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from their bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating; to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them, as the king and his grandees did at me. Neither indeed could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison: so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf; who, being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antechamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him *brother*, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usually in the mouths of court pages. One day at dinner this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me; for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however, I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and, as a further punishment, forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me: neither was he ever restored to favour; for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the sideboard, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and, squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my entreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me, whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself. The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner, with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my victuals, and leave their loathsome excrement

or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of those insects in his hand, as schoolboys do among us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in a box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England), after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bagpipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piecemeal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I despatched four of them; but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges; I took out their stings, found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all; and, having since shown them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

CHAPTER IV.

The country described. A proposal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace, and some account of the metropolis. The Author's way of travelling. The chief temple described.

I NOW intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis; for the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there stayed till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reaches about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth: whence I cannot but conclude, that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable, by reason of the volcanoes upon the tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one seaport in the whole kingdom; and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats: so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish; for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching; whereby it is manifest that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent; of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rocks, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes, for curiosity, they are brought in hampers to Lorbrulgrud: I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think, indeed, the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near a hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious reader, it may be sufficient to describe Lorbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and about six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length *three glomglungs* (which make about fifty-four English miles), and two and a half in breadth; as I measured it myself, in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended a hundred feet: I paced the diameter and circumference several times barefoot, and, computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but a heap of building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out

to see the town, or go among the shops; and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl at my own desire would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster Hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day, the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever a European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five woolpacks; and another, with a couple of wooden legs each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of a European louse through a microscope; and their snouts, with which they routed like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments, (which I unluckily left behind me in the ship;) although, indeed, the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Besides the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me, of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling; because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach: it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares; and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order: for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers; I suppose more upon account of their majesties' favour, than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, [and] two chairs and a table neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach; and, having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling closet; which Glumdalclitch held in her lap, in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan; and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly, one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top: which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near a hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble, larger than the life, placed in their several niches; I measured a little finger, which had fallen down from one of these statues and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets; of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide, by ten paces, as the cupola at St Paul's; for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least, a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that, if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he

goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse; which indeed I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

CHAPTER V.

Several adventures that happened to the Author. The execution of a criminal. The Author shows his skill in navigation.

I SHOULD have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents: some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens; and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together near some dwarf apple trees, I must needs show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it does in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day, Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the mean time there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hailstones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls: however, I made a shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because, nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hailstone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe; which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious [as] to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place (which I often entreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts), and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden, with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and, taking me in his mouth, ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune, he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse; who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called. She severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog; but the thing was hushed up, and never known at court, for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger: and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me; and, if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over as I was walking alone, and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I

knocked him down, and, seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, (though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws,) that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck; and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired she would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted, because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins: which I do not mention or intend to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget that an intimate friend of mine, in Lilliput, took the freedom, in a warm day when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex; but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was, to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence: for they would strip themselves to the skin and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies; which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust: their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging from it thicker than packthreads; to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogsheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant frolicsome girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.[1]

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed on a chair, upon a scaffold erected for that purpose; and his head cut off at one blow, with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet-d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered, that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king; who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of

[1] Swift had neither admiration nor respect for the maids of honour of his time; Delany says: "I well remember his making strange reports of the phraseologies of persons about the Court, and particularly the maids of honour," when he once visited England. No doubt they deserved the censure the author here implies; though no wonder they took it in dudgeon. Swift, writing to Mrs Howard in the character of Gulliver, says:—"The zeal you have shown for truth [in answering objections to the Travels] calls for my particular thanks, and at the same time encourages me to beg you would continue your goodness to me, by reconciling me to the maids of honour, whom they say I have most grievously offended. I am so stupid as not to find out how I have disobliged them. I will venture to affirm that if ever the young ladies of your Court should meet with a man of as little consequence in this country as I was in Brobdingnag, they would use him with as much contempt."

water, with me in it, by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom, to let out the water when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and when they were weary some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat; but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone: I banged it a good while with one of my sculls; and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box; in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me; and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad,

one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and, putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak, and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health, and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me, [and] his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his majesty, that in Europe we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke), when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequently in England since my return; where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles, from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small footpath in a field; and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must need try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired; and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court; so that all the mirth for some days was at my expense.

CHAPTER VI.

Several contrivances of the Author to please the king and queen. He shows his skill in music. The king inquires into the state of England, which the Author relates to him. The king's observations thereon.

I USED to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which, indeed, was at first very terrible to behold: for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the suds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distances with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the points, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless; neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity; and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to show them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her; protesting I would rather

die a thousand deaths, than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse, about five feet long, with her majesty's name decyphered in gold letters; which I gave to Glumdalclitch, by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for show than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins; and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them: but the noise was so great that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could; then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learned in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was nearly sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived was this: I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with a piece of a mouse's skin, that by rapping on them I might neither damage the tops of the keys, nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed, about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it, that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig, to the great satisfaction of both their majesties; but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent: and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together as other artists do; which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards' distance, upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of: that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it; that, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds: and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs, (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses,) he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms, under one sovereign; besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament; partly made up of an illustrious body, called the House of Peers, persons of the noblest blood and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature; to be members of the highest court of judicature, whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons, as part of that assembly, under the title of bishops; whose peculiar business it was to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives and the depth of their erudition; who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament con-

sisted of an assembly called the House of Commons, who were all principal gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe; to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then descended to the courts of justice; over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided, for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice and protection of innocence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury, the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party, among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about a hundred years past.[1]

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked: What methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives? What course was taken to supply that assembly when any noble family became extinct? What qualifications were necessary in those who were to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements? What share of knowledge those lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort? Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them? Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests; or slavish prostitute chaplains to some noblemen, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow after they were admitted into that assembly?

He then desired to know what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger, with a strong purse, might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood? How it came to pass that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension? because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere. And he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince, in conjunction with a corrupted ministry? He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head; proposing numberless inquiries and objections which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in Chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked: what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense? Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive? Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice? Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs? Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure? Whether they had ever, at different times, pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions? Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation? Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions? And, particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate?

He fell next upon the management of our treasury; and said he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out

[1] By describing in this lofty language what the aristocracy, the bishops, and the judges, &c., ought to be, Swift bitterly censures them as they really were. The actual state of the case is even more skilfully and cuttingly described in the questions of the king.

of its estate like a private person. He asked me who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them? He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet? Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army, in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said: If we were governed by our own consent, in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get a hundred times more by cutting their throats?

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic, (as he was pleased to call it,) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said he knew no reason why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second; for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know, at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes; whether mean, vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them by the losses they received to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century; protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition, could produce.

His majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution which, in its original, might have been tolerable; but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required towards the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself," continued the king, "who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But, by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

CHAPTER VII.

The Author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's great ignorance in politics. The learning of that country very imperfect and confined. The laws and military affairs; and parties in the state.

NOTHING but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to discover my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given: but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn, by many degrees, than the strictness of truth would allow: for I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice recommends to a historian; I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and farther to show the miserable effects of a confined education, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favour, I told him of an invention, discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, into a heap of which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder, rammed into a hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground; sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and, when linked together by a chain, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large, hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes, of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above one hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty as a small tribute of acknowledgment, in return of so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed, how so impotent and grovelling an insect as I, (these were his expressions), could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof, he said, some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom, than be privy to such a secret; which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of narrow principles and [short] views! that a prince possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endued with admirable talents, and almost adored by his subjects; should, from a nice unnecessary scruple, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people.[1] Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character I am sensible will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well, in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics, which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture and all mechanical arts; so that, among us, it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentals, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

[1] Here, as well as in the preceding chapter, Swift is supposed to have had reference to the designs ascribed to George I. of making his rule absolute by means of a standing army; and the Tories, the friends of Swift, made the standing army the subject of severe attack in Parliament.

No law of that country must exceed in words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two-and-twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein those people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation; and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind: but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, does not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived, in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms, a kind of wooden machine, five-and-twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder; the steps were each fifty feet long: it was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall; I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eyes, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom; after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner; and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest I was much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, showing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry. He added, that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times. He said it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it has been confirmed by huge bones and skulls casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of men in our days. He argued that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made, in the beginning, of a size more large and robust; not so liable to destruction from every little accident, of a tile falling from a house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And I believe, upon a strict inquiry, those quarrels might be shown as ill grounded among us, as they are among that people.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of a hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry, without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their exercises and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit: for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen, after the manner of Venice, by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field, near the city, of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier mounted on a large steed might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing: it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightning were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories; for in the course of many ages, they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject; the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which,

however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars; the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather, in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, has been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

CHAPTER VIII.

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The Author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I HAD always a strong impulse, that I should some time recover my liberty; though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had given strict orders, that if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and, with all its crew and passengers, brought in a tumbril to Lorbrulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed; but I think I should rather have died than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages like tame canary birds, and perhaps in time sold about the kingdom to persons of quality, for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness; I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and the delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot, as ill became the dignity of humankind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields without being afraid of being trod to death, like a frog or a young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common: the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third, Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried as usual in my travelling box, which, as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed, by silken ropes, from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired; and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he has near Flanflasnic, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea with a page whom I was very fond of, and who had been sometimes trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me; bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box, about half an hour's walk from the palace, towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to set me down, and, lifting up one of the sashes, cast many a wistful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down, to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that, while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds' eggs; having before observed him from my window searching about and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring which was fastened at the top of my box, for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times, as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head, like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in; that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak, with an intent to let it fall on a rock, like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body and devour it: for the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time, I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle, (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak,) and then, all on a sudden, felt myself falling perpendicularly down for

above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness, that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder to my ears than the cataract of Niagara;[1] after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high, that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then and do now suppose, that the eagle who flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a sash, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof, already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overset by the first violent blast or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could anything have preserved the windows, but the strong lattice wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I certainly should have done, and sat on the top of it; where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer, than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or, if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed; and soon after I began to fancy that the box was pulled or towed along the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief, although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and, thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air; that, if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and [which] had no windows, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet, like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees, at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such transports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a trampling over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice, in the English tongue, "If there be anybody below, let them speak." I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent; and begged by all that was moving to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover, large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time; for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin. Some of them, upon hearing me talk so wildly, thought I was mad; others laughed: for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and thence was taken into the ship, in a very weak condition.

[1] The noise of which is said to be audible at the distance of forty or fifty miles.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshireman, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box, too good to be lost; a fine hammock, a handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton: that if he would let one of the crew bring up my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and show him my goods. The captain, hearing me utter these absurdities, concluded I was raving: however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck sent some of his men down into my closet, whence (as I afterwards found), they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and, when they got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea; which, by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides, sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made; because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I would rather have forgot.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly or talk inconsistently; and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail; which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuit, his own beginning to fall short. That, upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what I was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That, the weather being calm, he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and the wire lattices that defended them. That he discovered two staples upon one side, which was all of boards, without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and fastening a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest (as they called it) towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said, they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity. I asked, whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air, about the time he first discovered me? to which he answered, that, discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size; which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at: and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, how far he reckoned we might be from land. He said, by the best computation he could make, we were at least a hundred leagues. I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country whence I came above two hours before I dropped into the sea. Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely whether I were not troubled in my mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished, at the command of some prince, by exposing me in that chest; as great criminals in other countries have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions: for, although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore in the first port where we arrived. He added, that his suspicions were much increased, by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to his sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did, from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forces its way into rational minds, so this honest, worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had said, I entreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket, (for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet.) I opened it in his presence, and showed him the

small collection of rarities I made in the country whence I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumb-nail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half-a-yard long; four wasp-stings like joiners' tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring, which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I showed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that when I returned to England I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon in a mistake from one of Glumdalclitch's men, who was afflicted with the toothache, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper and making it public. My answer was, that I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels: that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth, than their own vanity or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers; that my story could contain little besides common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals, or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said, he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud; asking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him, it was what I had been used to for above two years past; and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But when I spoke in that country it was like a man talking in the streets to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him I had likewise observed another thing; that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld. For indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass, after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, that while we were at supper he observed me to look at everything with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter; which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered, it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell; and so I went on describing the rest of his household stuff and provisions after the same manner. For although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me; and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain understood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted mine eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, protested he would have gladly given a hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages: and the comparison of Phaëthon was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was, in his return to England, driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and longitude of 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and, coasting New Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water; but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Redriff. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them

stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to inquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in, (like a goose under a gate), for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pigmies, and I a giant. I told my wife she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter to nothing. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the meantime I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages.[1]

PART III.—A VOYAGE TO LAPUTA, BALNIBARBI, LUGGNAGG, GLUBBDUBDRIB, AND JAPAN.[2]

CHAPTER I.

The Author sets out on his third voyage. Is taken by pirates. The malice of a Dutchman. His arrival at an island. He is received into Laputa.

I HAD not been at home above ten days, when captain William Robinson, a Cornish man, commander of the Hopewell, a stout ship of three hundred tons, came to my house. I had formerly been surgeon of another ship, where he was master and a fourth part owner, in a voyage to the Levant. He had always treated me more like a brother than an inferior officer; and hearing of my arrival made me a visit, as I apprehended, only out of friendship, for nothing passed more than what is usual after long absences. But repeating his visits often, expressing his joy to find me in good health, asking whether I were now settled for life, adding that he intended a voyage to the East Indies in two months; at last he plainly invited me, though with some apologies, to be surgeon of the ship; that I should have another surgeon under me, beside our two mates; that my salary should be double to the usual pay; and that, having experienced my knowledge in sea affairs to be at least equal to his, he would enter into any engagement to follow my advice, as much as if I had shared in the command.

He said so many other obliging things, and I knew him to be so honest a man, that I could not reject his proposal; the thirst I had of seeing the world, notwithstanding my past misfortunes, continuing as violent as ever. The only difficulty that remained was to persuade my wife; whose consent, however, I at last obtained by the prospect of advantage she proposed to her children.

We set out the 5th day of August, 1706, and arrived at Fort St George the 11th of April, 1707. We staid there three weeks to refresh our crew, many of whom were sick. Thence we went to Tonquin, where the captain resolved to continue some time, because many of the goods he intended to buy were not ready, nor could he expect to be despatched in several months. Therefore, in hopes to defray some of the charges he must be at, he bought a sloop, loaded it with several sorts of goods wherewith the Tonquinese usually trade to the neighbouring islands, and putting fourteen men on board, whereof three were of the country, he appointed me master of the sloop, and gave me power to traffic, while he transacted his affairs at Tonquin.

We had not sailed above three days, when, a great storm arising, we were driven five days to the north-north-east, and then to the east;

1 From the whole of these two voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag arises one general remark, which, however obvious, has been overlooked by those who consider them as little more than the sport of a wanton imagination. When human actions are ascribed to pigmies and giants, there are few that do not excite either contempt, disgust, or horror; to ascribe them, therefore, to such beings, was perhaps the most probable method of engaging the mind to examine them with attention, and judge of them with impartiality, by suspending the fascination of habit, and exhibiting familiar objects in a new light. The use of the fable, then, is not less apparent than important and extensive; and that this use was intended by the author, can be doubted only by those who are disposed to affirm that order and regularity are the effects of chance. To mortify pride, which, indeed, was not made for man, and produces not only the most ridiculous follies but the most extensive calamity, appears to have been one general view of the author in every part of these travels.—*Hawkesworth.*

2 Swift has borrowed hints, in his Voyage to Laputa, from the ingenious work by Dr Francis Goodwin, Bishop of Landaff, called "The Man in the Moon, or a Discourse of a Voyage thither; by Domingo Gonzalez." This romance was published in 1603, and republished in 1638; and Hallam praises it for the verisimilitude of its fiction.

after which we had fair weather, but still with a pretty strong gale from the west. Upon the tenth day we were chased by two pirates, who soon overtook us; for my sloop was so deep laden that she sailed very slow, neither were we in a condition to defend ourselves.

We were boarded about the same time by both the pirates, who entered furiously at the head of their men; but, finding us all prostrate upon our faces, (for so I gave order,) they pinioned us with strong ropes, and, setting a guard upon us, went to search the sloop.

I observed among them a Dutchman, who seemed to be of some authority, though he was not commander of either ship. He knew us by our countenances to be Englishmen, and, jabbering to us in his own language, swore we should be tied back to back, and thrown into the sea. I spoke Dutch tolerably well: I told him who we were, and begged him, in consideration of our being Christians and Protestants, of neighbouring countries in strict alliance, that he would move the captains to take some pity on us. This inflamed his rage; he repeated his threatenings, and, turning to his companions, spoke with great vehemence in the Japanese language, as I suppose, often using the word *Christianos*.

The largest of the two pirate ships was commanded by a Japanese captain, who spoke a little Dutch, but very imperfectly. He came up to me, and, after several questions, which I answered in great humility, he said we should not die. I made the captain a very low bow, and then turning to the Dutchman said I was sorry to find more mercy in a heathen than in a brother Christian. But I had soon reason to repent those foolish words; for that malicious reprobate, having often endeavoured in vain to persuade both the captains that I might be thrown into the sea, (which they would not yield to, after the promise made me that I should not die,) however prevailed so far, as to have a punishment inflicted on me worse, in all human appearance, than death itself. My men were sent by an equal division into both the pirate ships, and my sloop new manned. As to myself, it was determined that I should be set adrift in a small canoe, with paddles and a sail, and four days' provisions; which last the Japanese captain was so kind [as] to double out of his own stores, and would permit no man to search me. I got down into the canoe, while the Dutchman, standing upon the deck, loaded me with all the curses and injurious terms his language could afford.

About an hour before we saw the pirates I had taken an observation, and found we were in the latitude of 46 N. and longitude of 183. When I was at some distance from the pirates, I discovered by my pocket glass several islands to the south-east. I set up my sail, the wind being fair, with a design to reach the nearest of those islands, which I made a shift to do in about three hours. It was all rocky; however I got many birds' eggs, and, striking fire, I kindled some heath and dry sea-weed, by which I roasted my eggs. I eat no other supper, being resolved to spare my provisions as much as I could. I passed the night under the shelter of a rock, strewing some heath under me, and slept pretty well.

The next day I sailed to another island, and thence to a third and fourth, sometimes using my sail and sometimes my paddles. But, not to trouble the reader with a particular account of my distresses, let it suffice, that on the fifth day I arrived at the last island in my sight, which lay south-south-east to the former.

This island was at a greater distance than I expected, and I did not reach it in less than five hours. I encompassed it almost round before I could find a convenient place to land in; which was a small creek, about three times the wideness of my canoe. I found the island to be all rocky, only a little intermingled with tufts of grass and sweet-smelling herbs. I took out my small provisions, and, after having refreshed myself, I secured the remainder in a cave, whereof there were great numbers. I gathered plenty of eggs upon the rocks, and got a quantity of dry sea-weed and parched grass, which I designed to kindle the next day, and roast my eggs as well as I could; for I had about me my flint, steel, match, and burning-glass. I lay all night in the cave where I had lodged my provisions. My bed was the same dry grass and sea-weed which I intended for fuel. I slept very little, for the disquiets of my mind prevailed over my weariness, and kept me awake. I considered how impossible it was to preserve my life in so desolate a place, and how miserable my end must be: yet found myself so listless and desponding, that I had not the heart to rise; and before I could get spirits enough to creep out of my cave, the day was far advanced. I walked a while among the rocks: the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun so hot that I was forced to turn my face from it; when, all on a sudden, it became obscured, as I thought, in a manner very different from what happens by the interposition of a cloud. I turned back, and perceived a vast opaque body between me and the sun, moving forward towards the island: it seemed to be about two miles high, and hid the sun six or seven minutes, but I did not observe the air to be much colder, or the sky more darkened, than if I had stood under the shade of a mountain. As it approached nearer over the place where I was, it appeared to be a firm substance, the bottom flat, smooth, and shining very bright from the reflection of the sea below. I stood upon a height about two hundred yards from the shore, and saw this vast body descending almost to a parallel with me, at less than an English mile distance. I took out my pocket perspective, and could plainly discover numbers of people moving up and down the sides of it, which appeared to be sloping; but what those people were doing, I was not able to distinguish.

The natural love of life gave me some inward motion of joy, and I was ready to entertain a hope, that this adventure might, some way or other, help to deliver me from the desolate place and condition I was in. But, at the same time, the reader can hardly conceive my astonishment to behold an island in the air, inhabited by men, who were able (as it should seem) to rise or sink, or put it into progressive motion, as they pleased. But not being at that time in a disposition to philosophise upon this phenomenon, I rather chose to observe what course the island would take, because it seemed for a while to stand still. Yet soon after it advanced nearer, and I could see the sides of it encompassed with several gradations of galleries, and stairs at certain intervals, to descend from one to the other. In the lowest gallery I beheld some people fishing with long angling rods, and others looking on. I waved my cap (for my hat was long since worn out) and my handkerchief towards the island; and upon its nearer approach I called and shouted with the utmost strength of my voice; and then, looking circumspectly, I beheld a crowd gathered to that side which was most in my view. I found, by their pointing towards me and to each other, that they plainly discovered me, although they made no return to my shouting. But I could see four or five men running in great haste up the stairs to the top of the island, who then disappeared. I happened rightly to conjecture that these were sent for orders, to some person in authority, upon this occasion.

The number of people increased, and in less than half an hour the island was moved and raised in such a manner, that the lowest gallery appeared in a parallel of less than a hundred yards' distance from the height where I stood. I then put myself into the most supplicating postures, and spoke in the humblest accent, but received no answer. Those who stood nearest over against me seemed to be persons of distinction, as I supposed by their habit. They conferred earnestly with each other, looking often upon me. At length one of them called out in a clear, polite, smooth dialect, not unlike in sound to the Italian; and therefore I returned an answer in that language, hoping at least that the cadence might be more agreeable to his ears. Although neither of us understood the other, yet my meaning was easily known, for the people saw the distress I was in.

They made signs for me to come down from the rock and go towards the shore, which I accordingly did; and the flying island being raised to a convenient height, the verge directly over me, a chain was let down from the lowest gallery, with a seat fastened to the bottom, to which I fixed myself, and was drawn up by pulleys.

CHAPTER II.

The humours and dispositions of the Laputians described. An account of their learning. Of the king and his court. The Author's reception there. The inhabitants subject to fears and disquietudes. An account of the women.

At my alighting, I was surrounded with a crowd of people, but those who stood nearest seemed to be of better quality. They beheld me with all the marks and circumstances of wonder; neither indeed was I much in their debt, having never till then seen a race of mortals so singular in their shapes, habits, and countenances. Their heads were all reclined, either to the right or the left: one of their eyes turned inwards, and the other directly up to the zenith. Their outward garments were adorned with the figures of suns, moons, and stars, interwoven with those of fiddles, flutes, harps, trumpets, guitars, harpsichords, and many other instruments of music unknown to us in Europe.[1] I observed here and there many in the habit of servants, with a blown bladder fastened like a flail to the end of a short stick which they carried in their hands. In each bladder was a small quantity of dried pease, or little pebbles, as I was afterwards informed. With these bladders they now and then flapped the mouths and ears of those who stood near them, of which practice I could not then conceive the meaning. It seems the minds of these people are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, nor attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those persons who are able to afford it always keep a flapper (the original is *climenole*,) in their family, as one of their domestics, nor ever walk abroad or make visits without him. And the business of this officer is, when two, three, or more persons are in company, gently to strike with his bladder the mouth of him who is to speak, and the right ear of him or them to whom the speaker addresses himself. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks, and upon occasion to give him a soft flap on his eyes, because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post; and in the streets of justling others or being justled himself into the kennel.[2]

1 By this description the author intended to ridicule those who waste life in speculative science, the powers of whose minds are as absurdly employed as the eyes of the Laputians.—*H.* The satire in the Third Voyage is directed against pretended philosophers, futile speculators in science, and unprincipled or foolish projectors—on whom Swift never was weary of railing. The description here is literally heaped up—the garb uncouthly adorned with scientific figures, the head awry, the eyes withdrawn from their proper use, the whole being surrendered a prey to abstraction and heedlessness of common affairs.

2 The idea of the "flappers," one of the most original and delightful in the whole of the Travels, is said to have been suggested to Swift by the remarkable habitual absence of mind of Sir Isaac Newton. Swift once described Sir Isaac as the worst companion in the world, and said that, if one were to ask him a question, "he would revolve it in a circle in his brain, round, and round, and round"—the narrator here describing a

It was necessary to give the reader this information, without which he would be at the same loss with me to understand the proceedings of these people, as they conducted me up the stairs to the top of the island, and thence to the royal palace. While we were ascending they forgot several times what they were about, and left me to myself, till their memories were again roused by their flappers; for they appeared altogether unmoved by the sight of my foreign habit and countenance, and by the shouts of the vulgar, whose thoughts and minds were more disengaged.

At last we entered the palace, and proceeded into the chamber of presence, where I saw the king seated on his throne, attended on each side by persons of prime quality. Before the throne was a large table filled with globes, and spheres, and mathematical instruments of all kinds. His majesty took not the least notice of us, although our entrance was not without sufficient noise, by the concourse of all persons belonging to the court. But he was then deep in a problem, and we attended at least an hour, before he could solve it. There stood by him on each side a young page with flaps in their hands, and when they saw he was at leisure, one of them gently struck his mouth, and the other his right ear; at which he startled like one awaked on the sudden, and looking towards me and the company I was in, recollected the occasion of our coming, whereof he had been informed before. He spoke some words, whereupon immediately a young man with a flap came up to my side, and flapped me gently on the right ear; but I made signs as well as I could that I had no occasion for such an instrument; which, as I afterwards found, gave his majesty and the whole court a very mean opinion of my understanding. The king, as far as I could conjecture, asked me several questions, and I addressed myself to him in all the languages I had. When it was found [that] I could neither understand nor be understood, I was conducted by his order to an apartment in his palace, (this prince being distinguished above all his predecessors for his hospitality to strangers,) where two servants were appointed to attend me. My dinner was brought, and four persons of quality, whom I remembered to have seen very near the king's person, did me the honour to dine with me. We had two courses, of three dishes each. In the first course there was a shoulder of mutton cut into an equilateral triangle, a piece of beef into a rhomboid, and a pudding into a cycloid. The second course was two ducks trussed up in the form of fiddles, sausages and puddings resembling flutes and hautboys, and a breast of veal in the shape of a harp. The servants cut our bread into cones, cylinders, parallelograms, and several other mathematical figures.

While we were at dinner, I made bold to ask the names of several things in their language, and those noble persons by the assistance of their flappers delighted to give me answers, hoping to raise my admiration of their great abilities if I could be brought to converse with them. I was soon able to call for bread, or drink, or whatever else I wanted.

After dinner my company withdrew, and a person was sent to me by the king's order, attended by a flapper. He brought with him pen, ink, and paper, and three or four books, giving me to understand by signs that he was sent to teach me the language. We sat together four hours, in which time I wrote down a great number of words in columns, with the translations over against them; I likewise made a shift to learn several short sentences. For my tutor would order one of my servants to fetch something, to turn about, to make a bow, to sit, or to stand or walk, and the like: then I took down the sentence in writing. He showed me also in one of his books the figures of the sun, moon, and stars, the zodiac, the tropics and polar circles, together with the denominations of many [figures of] planes and solids. He gave me the names and descriptions of all the musical instruments, and the general terms of art in playing on each of them. After he had left me, I placed all my words with their interpretations in alphabetical order; and thus in a few days, by the help of a very faithful memory, I got some insight into their language.

The word which I interpret the flying or floating island, is in the original *Laputa*, whereof I could never learn the true etymology. *Lap*, in the old obsolete language, signifies high, and *untuh* a governor; from which they say by corruption was derived *Laputa*, from *Lapuntuh*. But I do not approve of this derivation, which seems to be a little strained. I ventured to offer to the learned among them a conjecture of my own, that Laputa was *quasi lap outed; lap* signifying properly the dancing of the sunbeams in the sea, and *outed*, a wing; which however I shall not obtrude, but submit to the judicious reader.[1]

Those to whom the king had entrusted me, observing how ill I was clad, ordered a tailor to come next morning and take measure for a suit of clothes. This operator did his office after a different manner from those of his trade in Europe. He first took my altitude by a quadrant, and then with rule and compasses described the dimensions and outlines of my whole body, all which he entered upon paper; and in six days brought my clothes, very ill made, and

circle on his own forehead—"before he could produce an answer." Another story told of Newton by Swift was, that having one day been called to dinner by his servant, he did not come for some time; and the man returning, found him mounted on a ladder placed against the library shelves, a book in his left hand and his head reclined upon the right (*more Laputiano*), sunk in such a fit of abstraction that the servant was obliged, after calling him once or twice, actually to jog him before his attention could be engaged. Perhaps no incident was ever turned to so good account, as this in the description of the "flappers."

[1] By this bit of grave nonsense, Swift means to make fun of the far-fetched and absurd derivations and explanations in vogue among philologers and scholars.

quite out of shape, by happening to mistake a figure in the calculation.[1] But my comfort was, that I observed such accidents very frequent, and little regarded.

During my confinement for want of clothes, and by an indisposition that held me some days longer, I much enlarged my dictionary; and when I went next to court was able to understand many things the king spoke, and to return him some kind of answers. His majesty had given orders that the island should move north-east and by east to the vertical point over Lagado, the metropolis of the whole kingdom below upon the firm earth. It was about ninety leagues distant, and our voyage lasted four days and a half. I was not in the least sensible of the progressive motion made in the air by the island. On the second morning, about eleven o'clock, the king himself in person, attended by his nobility, courtiers, and officers, having prepared all their musical instruments, played on them for three hours without intermission, so that I was quite stunned with the noise; neither could I possibly guess the meaning till my tutor informed me. He said that the people of their island had their ears adapted to hear the music of the spheres, which always played at certain periods, and the court was now prepared to bear their part in whatever instrument they most excelled.

In our journey towards Lagado, the capital city, his majesty ordered that the island should stop over certain towns and villages, whence he might receive the petitions of his subjects: and to this purpose several pack-threads were let down, with small weights at the bottom. On these pack-threads the people strung their petitions, which mounted up directly, like the scraps of paper fastened by schoolboys at the end of the string that holds their kite. Sometimes we received wine and victuals from below, which were drawn up by pulleys.

The knowledge I had in mathematics gave me great assistance in acquiring their phraseology, which depended much upon that science, and music; and in the latter I was not unskilled. Their ideas are perpetually conversant in lines and figures. If they would, for example, praise the beauty of a woman, or any other animal, they describe it by rhombs, circles, parallelograms, ellipses, and other geometrical terms; or by words of art drawn from music, needless here to repeat. I observed in the king's kitchen all sorts of mathematical and musical instruments, after the figures of which they cut up the joints that were served to his majesty's table.

Their houses are very ill built, the walls bevel, without one right angle in any apartment; and this defect arises from the contempt they bear to practical geometry, which they despise as vulgar and mechanic; those instructions they give being too refined for the intellectuals of their workmen, which occasions perpetual mistakes. And although they are dexterous enough upon a piece of paper in the management of the rule, the pencil, and the divider, yet in the common actions and behaviour of life I have not seen a more clumsy, awkward and unhandy people, nor so slow and perplexed in their conceptions upon all other subjects except those of mathematics and music. They are very bad reasoners, and vehemently given to opposition, unless when they happen to be of the right opinion, which is seldom their case. Imagination, fancy, and invention, they are wholly strangers to, nor have any words in their language by which those ideas can be expressed; the whole compass of their thoughts and mind being shut up within the two forementioned sciences.

Most of them, and especially those who deal in the astronomical part, have great faith in judicial astrology, although they are ashamed to own it publicly. But what I chiefly admired,[1] and thought altogether unaccountable, was the strong disposition I observed in them towards news and politics, perpetually inquiring into public affairs, giving their judgments in matters of state, and passionately disputing every inch of a party opinion. I have indeed observed the same disposition among most of the mathematicians I have known in Europe, although I could never discover the least analogy between the two sciences; unless those people suppose that, because the smallest circle has as many degrees as the largest, therefore the regulation and management of the world require no more abilities than the handling and turning of a globe: but I rather take this quality to spring from a very common infirmity of human nature, inclining us to be most curious and conceited in matters where we have least concern, and for which we are least adapted by study or nature.[2]

These people are under continual disquietudes, never enjoying a minute's peace of mind; and their disturbances proceed from causes which very little affect the rest of mortals. Their apprehensions arise from several changes they dread in the celestial bodies. For instance, that the earth, by the continual approaches of the sun towards it, must in course of time be absorbed or swallowed up. That the face of the sun will by degrees be encrusted with its

1 "The ardent patriot (Swift) had not forgot the philosopher's (Sir Isaac Newton's) opinion in favour of Wood's halfpence. Under the parable of the tailor, who computed Gulliver's altitude by a quadrant, and took his measure by a mathematical diagram, yet brought him his clothes very ill made and out of shape, by the mistake of a figure in the calculation, Swift is supposed to have alluded to an error of Sir Isaac's printer, who, by carelessly adding a cipher to the astronomer's computation of the distance between the sun and earth, had increased it to an incalculable amount. Newton published, in the Amsterdam Gazette, a correction of this typographical error, but the circumstance did not escape the malicious acumen of the Dean of St Patrick's."—*Scott*, Life of Swift.

1 "Admire" is here used in the now obsolete sense—to wonder at.

2 On this passage Professor De Morgan, who stands up for the philosophers against the satirist, pointedly observes that "Swift was a Tory, and the most leading mathematicians were Whigs."

own effluvia, and give no more light to the world. That the earth very narrowly escaped a brush from the tail of the last comet, which would have infallibly reduced it to ashes; and that the next, which they have calculated for one-and-thirty years hence, will probably destroy us: for if in its perihelion it should approach within a certain degree of the sun, (as by their calculations they have reason to dread,) it will receive a degree of heat ten thousand times more intense than that of red-hot glowing iron, and in its absence from the sun carry a blazing tail ten hundred thousand and fourteen miles long; through which if the earth should pass at the distance of one hundred thousand miles from the nucleus or main body of the comet, it must on its passage be set on fire and reduced to ashes. That the sun, daily spending its rays without any nutriment to supply them, will at last be wholly consumed and annihilated; which must be attended with the destruction of this earth and of all the planets that receive their light from it.[1]

They are so perpetually alarmed with the apprehensions of these and the like impending dangers, that they can neither sleep quietly in their beds, nor have any relish for the common pleasures and amusements of life. When they meet an acquaintance in the morning, the first question is about the sun's health, how he looked at his setting and rising, and what hopes they have to avoid the stroke of the approaching comet. This conversation they are apt to run into with the same temper that boys discover in delighting to hear terrible stories of spirits and hobgoblins, which they greedily listen to, and dare not go to bed for fear.

The women of the island have abundance of vivacity; they contemn their husbands, and are exceedingly fond of strangers: whereof there is always a considerable number from the continent below, attending at court either upon affairs of the several towns and corporations, or their own particular occasions; but are much despised, because they want the same endowments. Among these the ladies choose their gallants: but the vexation is, that they act with too much ease and security; for the husband is always so rapt in speculation, that the mistress and lover may proceed to the greatest familiarities before his face, if he be but provided with paper and implements, and without his flapper at his side.

The wives and daughters lament their confinement to the island, although I think it the most delicious spot of ground in the world; and although they live here in the greatest plenty and magnificence, and are allowed to do whatever they please, they long to see the world, and take the diversions of the metropolis, which they are not allowed to do without a particular licence from the king; and this is not easy to be obtained, because the people of quality have found by frequent experience how hard it is to persuade their women to return from below. I was told that a great court lady who had several children; is married to the prime minister, the richest subject in the kingdom, a very graceful person, extremely fond of her, and lives in the finest palace of the island; went down to Lagado on the pretence of health, there hid herself for several months, till the king sent a warrant to search for her: and she was found in an obscure eating house, all in rags, having pawned her clothes to maintain an old deformed footman, who beat her every day, and in whose company she was taken, much against her will. And although her husband received her with all possible kindness, and without the least reproach, she soon after contrived to steal down again with all her jewels to the same gallant, and has not been heard of since.

This may perhaps pass with the reader rather for a European or English story, than for one of a country so remote. But he may please to consider, that the caprices of womankind are not limited by any climate or nation, and that they are much more uniform than can be easily imagined.

In about a month's time I had made a tolerable proficiency in their language, and was able to answer most of the king's questions when I had the honour to attend him. His majesty discovered not the least curiosity to inquire into the laws, government, history, religion, or manners of the countries where I had been; but confined his questions to the state of mathematics, and received the account I gave him with great contempt and indifference, though often roused by his flapper on each side.

CHAPTER III.

A phenomenon solved by modern philosophy and astronomy. The Laputians' great improvements in the latter. The king's method of suppressing insurrections.

I DESIRED leave of this prince to see the curiosities of the island, which he was graciously pleased to grant, and ordered my tutor to attend me. I chiefly wanted to know to what cause in art or nature it owed its several motions; whereof I will now give a philosophical account to the reader.

The flying or floating island is exactly circular, its diameter 7837 yards, or about four miles and a half; and consequently [it] contains ten thousand acres. It is three hundred yards thick. The bottom, or under-surface, which appears to those who view it from below, is one even regular plate of adamant, shooting up to the height of about two hundred

[1] Hawkesworth remarks that all these were suppositions of persons eminent in their time for mathematical knowledge.

[1] In some editions this chapter begins: "Jealousy of foreigners is so common everywhere, that before making any researches I requested leave," &c.

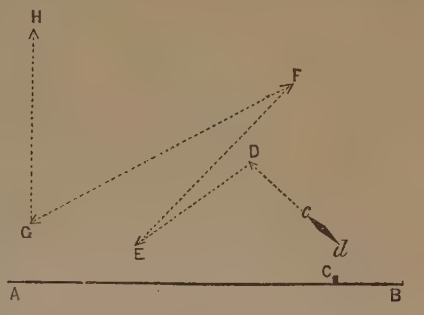
yards. Above it lie the several minerals in their usual order, and over all is a coat of rich mould, ten or twelve feet deep. The declivity of the upper surface from the circumference to the centre, is the natural cause why all the dews and rains which fall upon the island are conveyed in small rivulets towards the middle, where they are emptied into four large basins, each of about half-a-mile in circuit, and two hundred yards distant from the centre. From these basins the water is continually exhaled by the sun in the day-time, which effectually prevents their overflowing. Besides, as it is in the power of the monarch to raise the island above the region of clouds and vapours, he can prevent the falling of dews and rains whenever he pleases: for the highest clouds cannot rise above two miles, as naturalists agree; at least they were never known to do so in that country.

At the centre of the island there is a chasm, about fifty yards in diameter, whence the astronomers descend into a large dome, which is therefore called *flandona gagnole*, or the astronomer's cave, situated at the depth of a hundred yards beneath the upper surface of the adamant. In this cave are twenty lamps continually burning, which, from the reflection of the adamant, cast a strong light into every part. The place is stored with great variety of sextants, quadrants, telescopes, astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. But the greatest curiosity, upon which the fate of the island depends, is a loadstone of a prodigious size, in shape resembling a weaver's shuttle. It is in length six yards, and in the thickest part at least three yards over. This magnet is sustained by a very strong axle of adamant passing through its middle, upon which it plays and is poised so exactly, that the weakest hand can turn it. It is hooped round with a hollow cylinder of adamant, four feet deep, as many thick, and twelve yards in diameter, placed horizontally, and supported by eight adamantine feet, each six yards high. In the middle of the concave side there is a groove twelve inches deep, in which the extremities of the axle are lodged, and turn round as there is occasion.

The stone cannot be moved from its place by any force, because the hoop and its feet are one continued piece with that body of adamant which constitutes the bottom of the island.

By means of this loadstone the island is made to rise and fall, and move from one place to another; for, with respect to that part of the earth over which the monarch presides, the stone is endued at one of its sides with an attractive power, and at the other with a repulsive. Upon placing the magnet erect, with its attracting end towards the earth, the island descends; but when the repelling extremity points downwards, the island mounts directly upwards. When the position of the stone is oblique, the motion of the island is so too; for in this magnet the forces always act in lines parallel to its direction.

By this oblique motion the island is conveyed to different parts of the monarch's dominions. To explain the manner of its progress, let *A B* represent a line drawn across the dominions of Balnibarbi, let the line *c d* represent the loadstone, of which let *d* be the repelling end, and *c* the attracting end, the island being over *C*; let the stone be placed in position *c d*, with its repelling end downwards; then the island will be driven upwards obliquely towards *D*. When



it is arrived at *D*, let the stone be turned upon its axle till its attracting end points towards *E*, and then the island will be carried obliquely towards *E*; where, if the stone be again turned upon its axle, till it stands in the position *E F*, with its repelling point downwards, the island will rise obliquely towards *F*, where, by directing the attracting end towards *G*, the island may be carried to *G*, and from *G* to *H* by turning the stone so as to make its repelling extremity point directly downwards. And thus, by changing the situation of the stone as often as there is occasion, the island is made to rise and fall by turns in an oblique direction, and by those alternate risings and fallings (the obliquity being not considerable) is conveyed from one part of the dominions to the other.

But it must be observed, that this island cannot move beyond the extent of the dominions below, nor can it rise above the height of four miles. For which the astronomers (who have written large systems concerning the stone) assign the following reason; that the magnetic virtue does not extend beyond the distance of four miles, and that the mineral which acts upon the stone, in the bowels of the earth, and in the sea about six leagues distant from the shore, is not diffused through the whole globe, but terminates with the limits of the king's dominions; and it was easy, from the great advantage of such a superior situation, for a prince to bring under his obedience whatever country lay within the attraction of that magnet.

When the stone is put parallel to the plane of the horizon, the island stands still; for in that case the extremities of it, being at equal distance from the earth, act with equal force,

the one in drawing downwards, the other in pushing upwards; and consequently no motion can ensue.

This loadstone is under the care of certain astronomers, who from time to time give it such positions as the monarch directs. They spend the greatest part of their lives in observing the celestial bodies, which they do by the assistance of glasses far excelling ours in goodness; for although their largest telescopes do not exceed three feet, they magnify much more than those of a hundred with us, and show the stars with greater clearness. This advantage has enabled them to extend their discoveries much farther than our astronomers in Europe; for they have made a catalogue of ten thousand fixed stars, whereas the largest of ours do not contain above one third part of that number. They have likewise discovered two lesser stars, or satellites, which revolve about Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the centre of the primary planet exactly three of his diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half; so that the squares of their periodical times are very near in the same proportion with the cubes of their distance from the centre of Mars: which evidently shows them to be governed by the same law of gravitation that influences the other heavenly bodies.[1]

They have observed ninety-three different comets, and settled their periods with great exactness. If this be true (and they affirm it with great confidence), it is much to be wished that their observations were made public, whereby the theory of comets, which at present is very lame and defective, might be brought to the same perfection with other parts of astronomy.[2]

The king would be the most absolute prince in the universe, if he could but prevail on a ministry to join with him; but these having their estates below on the continent, and considering that the office of a favourite has a very uncertain tenure, would never consent to the enslaving of their country.

If any town should engage in rebellion or mutiny, fall into violent factions, or refuse to pay the usual tribute, the king has two methods of reducing them to obedience. The first and the mildest course is, by keeping the island hovering over such a town, and the lands about it; whereby he can deprive them of the benefit of the sun and the rain, and consequently afflict the inhabitants with dearth and diseases. And if the crime deserve it, they are at the same time pelted from above with great stones, against which they have no defence but by creeping into cellars or caves, while the roofs of their houses are beaten to pieces. But if they still continue obstinate, or offer to raise insurrections, he proceeds to the last remedy, by letting the island drop directly upon their heads, which makes a universal destruction both of houses and men. However, this is an extremity to which the prince is seldom driven, neither indeed is he willing to put it in execution; nor dare his ministers advise him to an action which, as it would render them odious to the people, so it would be a great damage to their own estates, which lie all below; for the island is the king's demesne.

But there is still indeed a more weighty reason why the kings of this country have been always averse from executing so terrible an action, unless upon the utmost necessity; for, if the town intended to be destroyed should have in it any tall rocks, as it generally falls out in the larger cities, a situation probably chosen at first with a view to prevent such a catastrophe; or if it abound in high spires or pillars of stone, a sudden fall might endanger the bottom or under-surface of the island, which, although it consist, as I have said, of one entire adamant two hundred yards thick, might happen to crack by too great a shock, or burst by approaching too near the fires from the houses below, as the backs both of iron and stone will often do in our chimneys. Of all this the people are well apprised, and understand how far to carry their obstinacy, where their liberty or property is concerned. And the king, when he is highest provoked, and most determined to press a city to rubbish, orders the island to descend with great gentleness, out of a pretence of tenderness to his people, but indeed for fear of breaking the adamantine bottom; in which case, it is the opinion of all their philosophers that the loadstone could no longer hold it up, and the whole mass would fall to the ground.[1]

By a fundamental law of this realm, neither the king nor either of his two elder sons are per-

1 The scientific accuracy of Swift's calculation here, has led to the inference that he received assistance in making it; yet it is fair to remember that Swift's dislike to mathematics was not due to want of ability for that study. One day, he affirmed to Dr Sheridan that the science was not difficult of mastery; a dispute arose on the subject; and Sheridan gave him a problem to solve. Swift, being left alone for half an hour, at the end of that time raised the cry of Archimedes; when it was found by Sheridan that, though the problem was no light affair, Swift had solved it in the clearest manner.

2 About the time of Swift, there was much interest, both in the scientific and the popular mind, in the subject of comets; the records of the Royal Society, and the chronicles of the day, clearly attest this. The theories of the learned and speculative concerning those erratic bodies were many and various, but for the most part agreed in dooming the world to sudden and total extinction, either in "fervent heat" to be created by the falling of a comet into the sun, or by the action of the matter or vapour of the tail on the composition and atmosphere of the earth. "Wicked Will Whiston" (the reverend translator of Josephus) had acquired considerable reputation as an astronomer; he had learnedly and laboriously sought to prove that on a former appearance the comet of 1680 had been the cause of the deluge; and he predicted the advent of the comet of 1712 for the 14th October, and the combustion of the earth for the Friday next following. The panic was extreme, but the prediction was unverified. Sir Isaac Newton held to the belief that comets were the food of suns.

1 Swift seems to refer to the several methods and various intensity with which the contest between the power of the crown and the independence of the people has been carried on.

mitted to leave the island;[1] nor the queen, till she is past child-bearing.

CHAPTER IV.

The Author leaves Laputa; is conveyed to Balnibarbi; arrives at the metropolis. A description of the metropolis and the country adjoining. The Author hospitably received by a great lord. His conversation with that lord.

ALTHOUGH I cannot say that I was ill treated in this island, yet I must confess I thought myself too much neglected, not without some degree of contempt; for neither prince nor people appeared to be curious in any part of knowledge, except mathematics and music, wherein I was far their inferior, and upon that account very little regarded.

On the other side, after having seen all the curiosities of the island, I was very desirous to leave it, being heartily weary of those people. They were indeed excellent in two sciences, for which I have great esteem, and wherein I am not unversed; but at the same time so abstracted and involved in speculation, that I never met with such disagreeable companions. I conversed only with women, tradesmen, flappers, and court-pages, during two months of my abode there; by which at last I rendered myself extremely contemptible; yet these were the only people from whom I could ever receive a reasonable answer.

I had obtained, by hard study, a good degree of knowledge in their language; I was weary of being confined to an island, where I received so little countenance, and resolved to leave it with the first opportunity.

There was a great lord at court, nearly related to the king, and for that reason alone used with respect. He was universally reckoned the most ignorant and stupid person among them. He had performed many eminent services for the crown, had great natural and acquired parts, adorned with integrity and honour; but so ill an ear for music, that his detractors reported he had been often known to beat time in the wrong place; neither could his tutors without extreme difficulty teach him to demonstrate the most easy proposition in the mathematics. He was pleased to show me many marks of favour, often did me the honour of a visit, desired to be informed in the affairs of Europe, the laws and customs, the manners and learning, of the several countries where I had travelled. He listened to me with great attention, and made very wise observations on all I spoke. He had two flappers attending him for state, but never made use of them except at court and in visits of ceremony, and would always command them to withdraw when we were alone together.

I entreated this illustrious person to intercede in my behalf with his majesty for leave to depart; which he accordingly did, as he was pleased to tell me, with regret; for indeed he had made me several offers very advantageous, which however I refused with expressions of the highest acknowledgment.

On the 16th of February I took leave of his majesty and the court. The king made me a present to the value of about two hundred pounds English, and my protector his kinsman as much more; together with a letter of recommendation to a friend of his in Lagado, the metropolis: the island being then hovering over a mountain about two miles from it, I was let down from the lowest gallery, in the same manner as I had been taken up.

The continent, as far as it is subject to the monarch of the flying island, passes under the general name of *Balnibarbi;* and the metropolis, as I said before, is called *Lagado.*[1] I felt some little satisfaction in finding myself on firm ground. I walked to the city without any concern, being clad like one of the natives, and sufficiently instructed to converse with them. I soon found out the person's house to whom I was recommended, presented my letter from his friend the grandee in the island, and was received with much kindness. This great lord, whose name was Munodi, ordered me an apartment in his own house, where I continued during my stay, and was entertained in a most hospitable manner.

The next morning after my arrival he took me in his chariot to see the town, which is about half the bigness of London, but the houses very strangely built, and most of them out of repair. The people in the streets walked fast, looked wild, their eyes fixed, and were generally in rags. We passed through one of the town gates, and went about three miles into the country, where I saw many labourers working with several sorts of tools in the ground, but was not able to conjecture what they were about; neither did I observe any expectation either of corn or grass, although the soil appeared to be excellent. I could not forbear admiring at these odd appearances, both in town and country; and I made bold to desire my conductor that he would be pleased to explain to me what could be meant by so many busy heads, hands, and faces, both in the streets and the fields, because I did not discover any good effects they produced; but on the contrary, I never knew a soil so unhappily cultivated, houses so ill contrived and so ruinous, or a people whose countenances and habit expressed so much misery and want.

This Lord Munodi was a person of the first rank, and had been some years governor of Lagado; but by a cabal of ministers was dis-

[1] The obvious reference is to the unwelcome absences of George I. from England to revisit his beloved kingdom of Hanover; the Act of Settlement provided that the sovereign should not go out of England without consent of Parliament, and though in 1716 this clause was without much difficulty repealed, yet the popular view of the royal absences was from the first far from favourable.

[1] England, and London. The excitement prevailing about the year 1720, when the "bubble" mania raged in all its fury, is understood to be pointed at in the description of a hurrying people and a neglected city.

charged for insufficiency. However, the king treated him with tenderness, as a well-meaning man, but of a low contemptible understanding.[1]

When I gave that free censure of the country and its inhabitants, he made no farther answer than by telling me that I had not been long enough among them to form a judgment, and that the different nations of the world had different customs; with other common topics to the same purpose. But when we returned to his palace he asked me how I liked the building, what absurdities I observed, and what quarrel I had with the dress or looks of his domestics. This he might safely do, because everything about him was magnificent, regular, and polite. I answered that his excellency's prudence, quality, and fortune, had exempted him from those defects which folly and beggary had produced in others. He said, if I would go with him to his country-house, about twenty miles distant, where his estate lay, there would be more leisure for this kind of conversation. I told his excellency that I was entirely at his disposal; and accordingly we set out next morning.

During our journey, he made me observe the several methods used by farmers in managing their lands, which to me were wholly unaccountable; for, except in some very few places, I could not discover one ear of corn or blade of grass. But in three hours' travelling the scene was wholly altered; we came into a most beautiful country; farmers' houses, at small distances, neatly built; the fields enclosed, containing vineyards, corn-grounds, and meadows. Neither do I remember to have seen a more delightful prospect. His excellency observed my countenance to clear up; he told me with a sigh, that there his estate began, and would continue the same till we should come to his house; that his countrymen ridiculed and despised him for managing his affairs no better, and for setting so ill an example to the kingdom; which, however, was followed by very few, such as were old, and wilful, and weak, like himself.

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praises to everything I saw, whereof his excellency took not the least notice till after supper; when, there being no third companion, he told me, with a very melancholy air, that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode; destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required; and give the same directions to all his tenants; unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps increase his majesty's displeasure. That the admiration I appeared to be under would cease or diminish when he had informed me of some particulars which, probably, I never heard of at court; the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations to have regard to what passed here below.

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: that about forty years ago certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and after five months' continuance came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits acquired in that airy region. That these persons upon their return began to dislike the management of everything below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics, upon a new foot. To this end they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments and tools for all trades and manufactures, whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten; a palace may be built in a week of materials so durable as to last for ever without repairing; all the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase a hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and in the mean time the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that as for himself, being not of an enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did in every part of life without innovation. That some few other persons of quality, and gentry, had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill commonwealth's-men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country.

His lordship added, that he would not, by any farther particulars, prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go. He only desired me to observe a ruined building upon the side of a mountain about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: that he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family as well as a great number of his tenants. That about seven years ago a club of those projectors came to him with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain,

[1] Lord Munodi is supposed to represent Bolingbroke; though there are traits in the portrait that might have been suggested by Sir W. Temple or Lord Somers. See the dedication to the latter, prefixed to the "Tale of a Tub."

on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut, for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill; because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion; and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river, whose course is more upon a level. He said, that being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and after employing a hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment.

In a few days we came back to town; and his excellency, considering the bad character he had in the academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his, to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity and easy belief; which indeed was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

CHAPTER V.[1]

The Author permitted to see the grand academy of Lagado. The academy largely described. The arts wherein the Professors employ themselves.

THIS academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which, growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use.

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy.[1] Every room has in it one or more projectors; and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged, and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin, were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically

1 "The projectors in the academy of Laputa are described as pretenders, who had acquired a very slight tincture of real mathematical knowledge, and eked out their plans of mechanical improvement by dint of whim and fancy. The age in which Swift lived had exhibited numerous instances of persons of this description, by whom many of the numerous *bubbles*, as they were emphatically termed, had been set on foot, to the impoverishment of credulous individuals, and the general detriment of the community. In ridiculing this class of projectors, whose character was divided between self-confidence in their own chimeras, and a wish to impose on others, Swift, who peculiarly hated them, has borrowed several illustrations, and perhaps the general idea, from Rabelais, book v. chapter xxiii., where Pantagruel inspects the occupations of the courtiers of Quintessence, Queen of Entelechie. The professors of speculative learning are represented as engaged in prosecution of what was then termed Natural and Mathematical Magic, studies not grounded upon sound principles, or traced out and ascertained by experiment, but hovering between science and mysticism. Such are the renowned pursuits of alchymy—the composition of brazen images that could speak; of wooden birds that could fly; of powders of sympathy, and salves, which were applied, not to the wound, but to the weapon by which it was inflicted; of vials of essence, which could manure acres of land, and all similar marvels, of which impostors propagated the fame, and which dupes believed to their cost. The machine of the worthy professor of Lagado, for improving speculative knowledge, and composing books on all subjects, without the least assistance from genius or knowledge, seems to be designed in ridicule of the art invented by Raymond Lully, and advanced by his sage commentators; the mechanical process, namely, by which, according to Cornelius Agrippa (himself no mean follower of Lully), 'everye man might plentifullye dispute of what matter he wolde, and with a certain artificial and huge heape of nownes and verbes invente and dispute with ostentation, full of trifling deceites upon both sides.' A reader might have supposed himself transported to the grand academy of Lagado when he read of this 'Brief and great art of invention, and demonstration,' which consisted in adjusting the subject to be treated of according to a machine composed of divers circles, fixed and movable. The principal circle was fixed, and inscribed with the substances of all things that may be treated of, arranged under general heads, as GOD, ANGEL, EARTH, HEAVEN, MAN, ANIMAL, &c. Another circle was placed within it, which is movable, bearing inscribed thereon what logicians call the accidents, as QUANTITY, QUALITY, RELATION, &c. Other circles again contained the predicates absolute and relative, &c., and the forms of the questions; and, by turning the circles, so as to bring the various attributes to bear upon the question proposed, there was effected a species of mechanical logic, which it cannot be doubted was in Swift's mind when he described the celebrated machine for making books. Various refinements upon this mechanical mode of composition and ratiocination were contrived for the purpose of improving this Art of Arts, as it was termed. Kircher, the teacher of a hundred arts, modernized and refitted the machine of Lully; Knittel, the Jesuit, composed, on the same system, his Royal Road to all sciences and arts; Brunus invented the art of logic on the same mechanical plan; and Kuhlmann makes our very hair bristle, by announcing such a machine as should contain, not only the art of knowledge, comprehending a general system of all sciences, but the various arts of acquiring languages, of commentary, of criticism, of history, sacred and profane, of biography of every kind, not to mention a library of libraries, comprehending the essence of all books that ever were written. When it was gravely announced by a learned author, in tolerable Latinity, that all this knowledge was to be acquired by the art of a mechanical instrument, much resembling a child's whirligig, it was time for the satirist to assume the pen. It was not real science, therefore, which Swift attacked, but those chimerical and spurious studies with which the name has been sometimes disgraced. In the department of the political projectors, we have some glances of his Tory feelings."—*Scott*, Life of Swift.

1 One or two of the occupations of the courtiers may be cited from Rabelais:—

"I then saw a great number of the queen's officers, who made blackamoors white as fast as hops, just rubbing their bellies with the bottom of a pannier. Others, with three couples of foxes in one yoke, ploughed a sandy shore, and did not lose their seed. Others extracted water out of pumice-stones, braying them a good while in a mortar, and changed their substance. Others sheared asses, and thus got long wool. Others cut fire into steaks with a knife, and drew water with a fish-net. Others, in a large grass plat, exactly measured how far the fleas could go at a hop, a step, and a jump; and told us that this was exceeding useful for the ruling of kingdoms, the conduct of armies, and the administration of commonwealths; and that Socrates, who first got philosophy out of heaven, and from idle and trifling made it profitable and of moment, used to spend half his philosophising time in measuring the leaps of fleas, as Aristophanes, the quintessential, affirms. I saw two gibroins by themselves keeping watch on the top of a tower, and we were told they guarded the moon from wolves;" &c.—Book v. chap. 22.

sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me he did not doubt that in eight years more he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I went into another chamber, but was ready to hasten back, being almost overcome with a horrible stink. My conductor pressed me forward, conjuring me, in a whisper, to give no offence, which would be highly resented; and therefore I durst not so much as stop my nose. The projector of this cell was the most ancient student of the academy; his face and beard were of a pale yellow; his hands and clothes daubed over with filth. When I was presented to him, he gave me a close embrace, a compliment I could well have excused. His employment, from his first coming into the academy, was an operation to reduce human excrement to its original food, by separating the several parts, removing the tincture which it receives from the gall, making the ordure exhale, and scumming off the saliva. He had a weekly allowance from the society of a vessel filled with human ordure, about the bigness of a Bristol barrel.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling.[1] It was indeed my misfortune to find them at that time not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken. This artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of ploughing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this: In an acre of ground, you bury, at six inches' distance and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chestnuts, and other mast or vegetables whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred or more of them into the field, where in a few days they will rout up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing, at the same time manuring it with their dung; it is true, upon experiment they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not to be doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance, he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin. And he proposed farther, that by employing spiders the charge of dying silks should be wholly saved; whereof I was fully convinced when he shewed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit every body's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads.[1]

There was an astronomer who had undertaken to place a sun-dial upon the great weathercock on the town house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I was complaining of a small fit of the colic, upon which my conductor led me into a room where a great physician resided, who was famous for curing that disease by contrary operations from the same instrument. He had a large pair of bellows, with a long slender nozzle of ivory; this he conveyed eight inches up the *anus*, and, drawing in the wind, he affirmed he could make the guts as lank as a dried bladder. But when the disease was more stubborn and violent, he let in the nozzle while the bellows were full of wind, which he discharged into the body of the patient; then withdrew the instrument to replenish it, clapping his thumb strongly against the orifice of the fundament; and this

[1] It was seriously believed and contended by men of science that the blind—whose sense of touch is rendered very much more acute by the loss of that of sight—could be brought to distinguish colours by feeling; and a Danish sculptor, Bartholin, is said to have possessed this power.

[1] Stockings and gloves woven from the web of the "silk spider" had actually been made by a Frenchman named Bon, who presented specimens to the Royal Society of London; the invention, however, when submitted to the Royal Society of Paris, was reported on by Reaumur as not likely to prove of commercial advantage. In the fourth book of the Dunciad, l. 589, Pope, in representing Dulness allotting employments to her children, makes her bid

> "The learned baron butterflies design,
> Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;"

and adds in a note, to which Warburton has appended a reference to the Philosophical Transactions, touching Bon's invention, "This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning."

being repeated three or four times, the adventitious wind would rush out, bring the noxious along with it, (like water put into a pump,) and the patient recover. I saw him try both experiments upon a dog, but could not discern any effect from the former. After the latter the animal was ready to burst, and made so violent a discharge as was very offensive to me and my companion. The dog died on the spot, and we left the doctor endeavouring to recover him by the same operation.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto seen only one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning, of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them *the universal artist*. He told us, he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pin-cushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first, to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments, which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and breadth of the room, he said perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas by his contrivance the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with little bodily labour, might write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language, in their several moods, tenses, and declensions, but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe; for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and, giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six and thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour; and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio already collected, of broken sentences which he intended to piece together, and, out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me, that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the number of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgment to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness; and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine, the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate on paper, as in the figure here annexed.[1] I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner; yet I would take such caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country. The first project was to shorten discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs

[1] Of this famous machine, the original editions contained a diagram, offered to the reader in all gravity for the better comprehension of the details.

and participles; because in reality all things imaginable are but nouns.[1] The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak is, in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers: such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which has only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of these sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they meet in the street, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave.

But, for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet who practise this art, is full of all things ready at hand requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage proposed by this invention was, that it would serve as a universal language to be understood in all civilised nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success has not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the *quantum* or composition, and partly by the perverseness of the lads, to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside and discharge it upwards, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

[1] The project of shortening a discourse, by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles, is pointed at the pernicious custom of contracting the English language, the dialect of which is naturally harsh, and that harshness is still increased by improper contractions. As Swift was scrupulously exact in the pronunciation of his own tongue, not the least improper expression ever escaped his censure; and I remember to have seen in manuscript a dictionary of hard words, composed by him for the use of his female senate.—*Lord Orrery.*

CHAPTER VI.

A farther account of the academy. The Author proposes some improvements, which are honourably received.

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained; the professors appearing, in my judgment, wholly out of their senses; which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive; and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational, which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject, by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and the political body; can there be anything more evident, than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions? It is allowed, that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions, with grievous contractions of the

nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigoes, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours, full of fetid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations; with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion, besides many others needless to mention. This doctor, therefore, proposed, that upon the meeting of a senate certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies and the methods of cure, they should, on the fourth day, return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting.

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the despatch of business, in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again: because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity and in the plainest words, should at his departure give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick on the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his breech, or pinch his arm black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness: and at every levee day repeat the same operation, till the business were done, or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed, that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because, if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: you take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such a manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party man. It seems, indeed, to be a work that requires some exactness; but the professor assured us that if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: That the two half brains, being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they come into the world only to watch and govern its motion: and as to the difference of brains, in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money without grieving the subject. The first affirmed the justest method would be, to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly; and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated, after the fairest manner, by a jury of his neighbours. The second was of an opinion directly contrary: to tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less according to the degrees of excelling; the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast. The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments according to the number and nature of the favours they have received; for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and [the tax] collected in the same manner, by every person's giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom and learning, they should not be taxed at all; because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour, or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing; wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employments; every man first taking an oath and giving security that he would vote for the court, whether he won or not; after which, the losers had, in their turn, the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government. He advised great statesmen to examine into the diet of all suspected persons; their times of eating; upon

which side they lay in bed; with which hand they wiped their posteriors; take a strict view of their excrements, and from the colour, the odour, the taste, the consistence, the crudeness or maturity of digestion, form a judgment of their thoughts and designs: because men are never so serious, thoughtful, and intent, as when they are at stool, which he found by experience; for in such conjunctures when he used, merely as a trial, to consider which was the best way of murdering the king, his ordure would have a tincture of green; but quite different when he thought only of raising an insurrection, or burning the metropolis.

The whole discourse was written with great acuteness, containing many observations both curious and useful for politicians, but, as I conceived, not altogether complete. This I ventured to tell the author, and offered, if he pleased, to supply him with some additions. He received my proposition with more compliance than is usual among writers, especially those of the projecting species; professing he would be glad to receive farther information.

I told him that in the kingdom of Tribnia,[1] by the natives called Langden,[2] where I had sojourned some time in my travels, the bulk of the people consist in a manner wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and the pay of ministers of state and their deputies. The plots in that kingdom are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigour to a crazy administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and settled among them, what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot; then, effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and papers, and put the owners in chains.[3] These papers are delivered to a set of artists very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters; for instance, they can discover a close-stool to signify a privy-council; a flock of geese, a senate; a lame dog, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a prime minister; the gout, a high priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a chamber-pot, a committee of grandees; a sieve, a court lady; a broom, a revolution; a mousetrap, an employment; a bottomless-pit, a treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration.

When this method fails, they have two others, more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings; thus, N shall signify a plot; B a regiment of horse; L a fleet at sea: or, secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should say, in a letter to a friend, "Our brother Tom has just got the piles," a skilful decipherer would discover that the same letters which compose that sentence may be analysed into the following words, "Resist, —— a plot is brought home, —— the tour." And this is the anagrammatic method.[1]

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

I saw nothing in this country that could invite me to a longer continuance, and began to think of returning home to England.

CHAPTER VII.

The Author leaves Lagado; arrives at Maldonada. No ship ready. He takes a short voyage to Glubbdubdrib. His reception by the Governor.

THE continent, of which this kingdom is a part, extends itself, as I have reason to believe, eastward to that unknown tract of America westward of California; and north to the Pacific Ocean, which is not above a hundred and fifty miles from Lagado; where there is a good port, and much commerce with the great island of Luggnagg, situated to the north-west, about 29 degrees north latitude, and 140 longitude. This island of Luggnagg stands south-eastward of Japan, about a hundred leagues distant. There is a strict alliance between the Japanese emperor and the king of Luggnagg, which affords frequent opportunities of sailing from one island to the other. I determined, therefore, to direct my course this way, in order to

1 Anagram for Britain.

2 Anagram for England, though Scott and other editors of Swift have interpreted it to mean London.

3 The prosecution of Dr Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, by a bill of pains and penalties in 1723, is here the subject of the satire. He was accused of being concerned in a Jacobite plot for the invasion of England from Spain, and for bringing about an insurrection at home. The evidence against him was not direct, but elaborately circumstantial, and derived from intercepted letters, &c.; and it was not popularly considered so convincing as to have warranted even the modified penalty of deprivation and banishment pronounced against him. Swift and Pope, close friends of Atterbury, warmly sympathised with him in his misfortunes, and constantly represented him as a victim to political animosity. The passage seems also to have a general reference to the feigned Roman Catholic and Jacobite plots got up by malignantly over-zealous Presbyterians and adherents of the new dynasty. The lame dog, mentioned subsequently, figured largely in the correspondence on which the charge against Atterbury was founded, and the references to it were alleged as proof of his concernment in the plot for invasion.

1 The reports and inferences of the Secret Committee that dealt with Atterbury's case are burlesqued in this passage. The report contained an apologetic explanation of the attempts to draw dreadful meanings out of initials, dashes, figures, nicknames, &c.

my return to Europe. I hired two mules, with a guide, to show me the way and carry my small baggage. I took leave of my noble protector, who had shown me so much favour, and made me a generous present at my departure.

My journey was without any accident or adventure worth relating. When I arrived at the port of Maldonada, (for so it is called,) there was no ship in the harbour bound for Luggnagg, nor likely to be in some time. The town is about as large as Portsmouth. I soon fell into some acquaintance, and was very hospitably received. A gentleman of distinction said to me, that since the ships bound to Luggnagg could not be ready in less than a month, it might be no disagreeable amusement for me to take a trip to the little island of Glubbdubdrib, about five leagues off to the south-west. He offered himself and a friend to accompany me, and that I should be provided with a small convenient bark for the voyage.

Glubbdubdrib, as nearly as I can interpret the word, signifies the island of sorcerers or magicians. It is about one third as large as the Isle of Wight, and extremely fruitful: it is governed by the head of a certain tribe who are all magicians. This tribe marries only among each other, and the eldest in succession is prince or governor. He has a noble palace, and a park of about three thousand acres, surrounded by a wall of hewn stone twenty feet high. In this park are several small enclosures for cattle, corn, and gardening.

The governor and his family are served and attended by domestics of a kind somewhat unusual. By his skill in necromancy, he has a power of calling whom he pleases from the dead, and commanding their service for twenty-four hours, but no longer; nor can he call the same persons up again in less than three months, except upon very extraordinary occasions.

When we arrived at the island, which was about eleven in the morning, one of the gentlemen who accompanied me went to the governor, and desired admittance for a stranger, who came on purpose to have the honour of attending on his highness. This was immediately granted, and we all three entered the gate of the palace, between two rows of guards armed and dressed after a very antic manner, and something in their countenances that made my flesh creep with a horror I cannot express. We passed through several apartments, between servants of the same sort ranked on each side as before, till we came to the chamber of presence; where, after three profound obeisances, and a few general questions, we were permitted to sit on three stools, near the lowest step of his highness's throne. He understood the language of Balnibarbi, although it were different from that of his island. He desired me to give him some account of my travels; and, to let me see that I should be treated without ceremony, he dismissed all his attendants with a turn of his finger; at which, to my great astonishment, they vanished in an instant, like visions in a dream when we awake on a sudden. I could not recover myself in some time, till the governor assured me that I should receive no hurt; and, observing my two companions to be under no concern, who had been often entertained in the same manner, I began to take courage, and related to his highness a short history of my several adventures; yet not without some hesitation, and frequently looking behind me to the place where I had seen those domestic spectres. I had the honour to dine with the governor, where a new set of ghosts served up the meat and waited at table. I now observed myself to be less terrified than I had been in the morning. I staid till sunset, but humbly desired his highness to excuse me for not accepting his invitation of lodging in the palace. My two friends and I lay at a private house in the town adjoining, which is the capital of this little island; and the next morning we returned to pay our duty to the governor, as he was pleased to command us.

After this manner we continued in the island for ten days, most part of every day with the governor, and at night in our lodging. I soon grew so familiarised to the sight of spirits, that after the third or fourth time they gave me no emotion at all; or, if I had any apprehensions left, my curiosity prevailed over them. For his highness the governor ordered me to call up whatever persons I would choose to name, and in whatever numbers, among all the dead from the beginning of the world to the present time, and command them to answer any questions I should think fit to ask; with this condition, that my questions must be confined within the compass of the times they lived in. And one thing I might depend upon, that they would certainly tell me truth, for lying was a talent of no use in the lower world. I made my humble acknowledgments to his highness for so great a favour. We were in a chamber whence there was a fair prospect into the park: and, because my first inclination was to be entertained with scenes of pomp and magnificence, I desired to see Alexander the Great at the head of his army just after the battle of Arbela; which, upon a motion of the governor's finger, immediately appeared in a large field under the window where we stood. Alexander was called up into the room; it was with great difficulty that I understood his Greek, and had but little of my own. He assured me upon his honour that he was not poisoned, but died of a fever by excessive drinking.[1]

[1] In this passage there is a peculiar beauty, though it is not discovered at a hasty view. The appearance of Alexander with a victorious army immediately after the battle of Arbela, produces only a declaration that he died by drunkenness;—thus inadequate and ridiculous in the eye of reason is the ultimate purpose for which Alexander with his army marched into a remote country, subverted a mighty empire, and deluged a nation with blood; he gained no more than an epithet to his name, which, after a few repetitions, was no longer regarded even by himself. Thus, the purpose of his resurrection appears to be at least equally important with that of his life, upon which it is a satire not more bitter than just.—*H.*

Next I saw Hannibal passing the Alps, who told me he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp.[1]

I saw Cæsar and Pompey at the head of their troops, just ready to engage. I saw the former in his last great triumph. I desired that the senate of Rome might appear before me in one large chamber, and a modern representative in counterview in another. The first seemed to be an assembly of heroes and demi-gods; the other a knot of pedlars, pickpockets, highwaymen, and bullies.

The governor, at my request, gave the sign for Cæsar and Brutus to advance towards us. I was struck with a profound veneration at the sight of Brutus, and could easily discover the most consummate virtue, the greatest intrepidity and firmness of mind, the truest love of his country, and general benevolence for mankind, in every lineament of his countenance. I observed with much pleasure that these two persons were in good intelligence with each other; and Cæsar freely confessed to me that the greatest actions of his own life were not equal, by many degrees, to the glory of taking it away. I had the honour to have much conversation with Brutus; and was told, that his ancestor Junius, Socrates, Epaminondas, Cato the younger, Sir Thomas More, and himself, were perpetually together: a sextumvirate to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh.

It would be tedious to trouble the reader with relating what vast numbers of illustrious persons were called up to gratify that insatiable desire I had to see the world in every period of antiquity placed before me. I chiefly fed mine eyes with beholding the destroyers of tyrants and usurpers, and the restorers of liberty to oppressed and injured nations. But it is impossible to express the satisfaction I received in my own mind, after such a manner as to make it a suitable entertainment to the reader.

CHAPTER VIII.

A farther account of Glubbdubdrib. Ancient and modern history corrected.

HAVING a desire to see those ancients who were most renowned for wit and learning, I set apart one day on purpose. I proposed that Homer and Aristotle might appear at the head of all their commentators; but these were so numerous, that some hundreds were forced to attend in the court and outward rooms of the palace. I knew and could distinguish those two heroes, at first sight, not only from the crowd, but from each other. Homer was the taller and comelier person of the two, walked very erect for one of his age, and his eyes were the most quick and piercing I ever beheld. Aristotle stooped much, and made use of a staff. His visage was meagre, his hair lank and thin, and his voice hollow.[1] I soon discovered that both of them were perfect strangers to the rest of the company, and had never seen or heard of them before. And I had a whisper from a ghost, who shall be nameless, that these commentators always kept in the most distant quarters from their principals, in the lower world, through a consciousness of shame and guilt, because they had so horribly misrepresented the meaning of those authors to posterity. I introduced Didymus and Eustathius to Homer, and prevailed on him to treat them better than perhaps they deserved, for he soon found they wanted a genius to enter into the spirit of a poet. But Aristotle was out of all patience with the account I gave him of Scotus and Ramus, as I presented them to him; and he asked them whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves.

I then desired the governor to call up Descartes and Gassendi,[2] with whom I prevailed to explain their systems to Aristotle. This great philosopher freely acknowledged his own mistakes in natural philosophy, because he proceeded in many things upon conjecture, as all men must do; and he found that Gassendi, who had made the doctrine of Epicurus as palatable as he could, and the vortices of Descartes, were equally to be exploded. He predicted the same fate to attraction, whereof the present learned are such zealous asserters. He said that new systems of nature were but new fashions, which would vary in every age; and even those who pretend to demonstrate them from mathematical principles would flourish but a short period of time, and be out of vogue when that was determined.

I spent five days in conversing with many others of the ancient learned. I saw most of the first Roman emperors. I prevailed on the governor to call up Heliogabalus'[3] cooks to

1 Referring to the doubt thrown by modern scholars on Livy's story of the manner in which Hannibal, in his passage of the Alps, removed a rock that barred his passage, by burning a great pile of wood, and then pouring vinegar upon it, so that it was softened and could be cut through.

1 The description of Aristotle in a few words represents the true nature of his works. By not having the immortal spirit of Homer, he was unable to keep his body erect; and his staff, which feebly supported him, like his commentators, made this defect more conspicuous.—*Orrery.* Scotus and Ramus, the schoolmen, are not accurately classified among the commentators of Aristotle; they were rather authors of systems of their own, and Ramus, far from merely illustrating Aristotle, vehemently contradicted him.

2 Descartes and his "romantic system" have been already noticed in the "Battle of the Books." Pierre Gassendi, born at Chantersier in Provence in 1592, was one of the greatest philosophical and scientific ornaments of France. He also was a vigorous assailant of the Aristotelian system; and the advantages modern advances in science gave him for that end, are referred to in the text. His opposition to Aristotle, however, gave much offence; and he then devoted himself principally to the elucidation and vindication of the philosophy of Epicurus. He was in 1645 appointed professor of mathematics in the Royal College at Paris; and, having worn himself out in the cause of science, died in 1655.

3 One of the most senseless and depraved of the Roman emperors, early in the third century. He ground

dress us a dinner, but they could not show us much of their skill, for want of materials. A helot of Agesilaus made us a dish of Spartan broth, but I was not able to get down a second spoonful.

The two gentlemen who conducted me to the island were pressed by their private affairs to return in three days, which I employed in seeing some of the modern dead, who had made the greatest figure, for two or three hundred years past, in our own and other countries of Europe; and having been always a great admirer of old illustrious families, I desired the governor would call up a dozen or two of kings, with their ancestors in order for eight or nine generations. But my disappointment was grievous and unexpected: for, instead of a long train, with royal diadems, I saw in one family two fiddlers, three spruce courtiers, and an Italian prelate; in another, a barber, an abbot, and two cardinals. I have too great a veneration for crowned heads, to dwell any longer on so nice a subject. But as to counts, marquises, dukes, earls, and the like, I was not so scrupulous. And I confess it was not without some pleasure that I found myself able to trace the particular features, by which certain families are distinguished, up to their originals. I could plainly discover whence one family derives a long chin; why a second has abounded with knaves for two generations, and fools for two more; why a third happened to be cracked-brained, and a fourth to be sharpers; whence it came, what Polydore Virgil says of a certain great house, *Nec vir fortis, nec fœmina casta*; how cruelty, falschood, and cowardice, grew to be characteristics by which certain families are distinguished as much as by their coat of arms; who first brought the pox into a noble house, which has lineally descended in scrofulous tumours to their posterity. Neither could I wonder at all this, when I saw such an interruption of lineages by pages, lackeys, valets, coachmen, gamesters, fiddlers, players, captains, and pickpockets.

I was chiefly disgusted with modern history; for having strictly examined all the persons of greatest name in the courts of princes for an hundred years past, I found how the world had been misled by prostitute writers to ascribe the greatest exploits in war to cowards; the wisest counsel to fools; sincerity to flatterers; Roman virtue to betrayers of their country; piety to atheists; chastity to sodomites; truth to informers: how many innocent and excellent persons had been condemned to death or banishment, by the practising of great ministers upon the corruption of judges, and the malice of factions; how many villains had been exalted to the highest places of trust, power, dignity, and profit; how great a share in the motions and events of courts, councils, and senates, might be challenged by bawds, whores, pimps, parasites, and buffoons. How low an opinion I had of human wisdom and integrity, when I was truly informed of the springs and motives of great enterprises and revolutions in the world, and of the contemptible accidents to which they owed their success!

Here I discovered the roguery and ignorance of those who pretend to write anecdotes, or secret history; who send so many kings to their graves with a cup of poison; will repeat the discourse between a prince and chief minister, where no witness was by; unlock the thoughts and cabinets of ambassadors and secretaries of state; and have the perpetual misfortune to be mistaken. Here I discovered the true causes of many great events that have surprised the world; how a whore can govern the back-stairs, the back-stairs a council, and the council a senate. A general confessed, in my presence, that he got a victory purely by the force of cowardice and ill conduct; and an admiral, that for want of proper intelligence he beat the enemy to whom he intended to betray the fleet.[1] Three kings protested to me that in their whole reigns they never did once prefer any person of merit, unless by mistake, or treachery of some minister in whom they confided; neither would they do it if they were to live again: and they showed, with great strength of reason, that the royal throne could not be supported without corruption, because that positive, confident, restive temper, which virtue infused into a man, was a perpetual clog to public business.[2]

I had the curiosity to inquire in a particular manner by what method great numbers had procured to themselves high titles of honour, and prodigious estates; and I confined my inquiry to a very modern period: however, without grating upon present times, because I would be sure to give no offence even to foreigners; for I hope the reader need not be told, that I do not in the least intend my own country in what I say upon this occasion. A great number of persons concerned were called up, and upon a very slight examination, discovered such a scene of infamy, that I cannot reflect upon it without some seriousness. Perjury, oppression, subornation, fraud, pandarism, and the like infirmities, were among the most excusable arts they had to mention; and for these, I gave, as it was reasonable, great allowance.

down his subjects with oppressive taxes to maintain a sumptuous and costly style of living; and after many cruelties and follies, exceptional even amongst the worst later rulers of Rome, he fell a victim to the anger of the populace and the sedition of the soldiery, after reigning not four years. His name is a proverb for self-indulgence and senseless extravagance.

1 Admiral Lord Russell, with the combined English and Dutch fleets, beat the French under Tourville off Cape La Hogue in 1692. Russell was discontented with William III., whom he thought not to have sufficiently rewarded him for his services in 1688; and he had plotted to get out of the way with his fleet, so as to allow James II. to land with his French allies. At the same time, Russell declared that if he *met* the French fleet, he would fight it, were the king himself on board. It fell out as suited the patriotism rather than the Jacobitism of the Admiral; and James II. witnessed from the French shore the fleet of his declared friend beaten by the fleet his secret friend commanded.

2 The three monarchs alluded to seem to be Charles II., James II., and William III., none of whom stood high in Swift's good graces.—*Scott.*

But when some confessed they owed their greatness to sodomy or incest; others to the prostituting of their wives and daughters; others to the betraying of their country or their prince; some to poisoning; more to the perverting of justice in order to destroy the innocent: I hope I may be pardoned, if these discoveries inclined me a little to abate of that profound veneration which I am naturally apt to pay to persons of high rank, who ought to be treated with the utmost respect due to their sublime dignity by us their inferiors.

I had often read of some great services done to princes and states, and desired to see the persons by whom those services were performed. Upon inquiry, I was told that their names were to be found on no record, except a few of them, whom history has represented as the vilest rogues and traitors. As to the rest, I had never once heard of them. They all appeared with dejected looks, and in the meanest habit; most of them telling me they died in poverty and disgrace, and the rest on a scaffold or a gibbet.

Among others, there was one person, whose case appeared a little singular. He had a youth about eighteen years old standing by his side. He told me he had for many years been commander of a ship; and in the sea-fight at Actium had the good fortune to break through the enemy's great line of battle, sink three of their capital ships, and take a fourth, which was the sole cause of Antony's flight, and of the victory that ensued; that the youth standing by him, his only son, was killed in the action. He added, that upon the confidence of some merit, the war being at an end, he went to Rome, and solicited at the court of Augustus to be preferred to a greater ship, whose commander had been killed; but, without any regard to his pretensions, it was given to a boy who had never seen the sea, the son of Libertina, who waited on one of the emperor's mistresses. Returning back to his own vessel, he was charged with neglect of duty, and the ship given to a favourite page of Publicola, the vice-admiral; whereupon he retired to a poor farm at a great distance from Rome, and there ended his life. I was so curious to know the truth of this story, that I desired Agrippa might be called, who was admiral in that fight. He appeared, and confirmed the whole account; but with much more advantage to the captain, whose modesty had extenuated or concealed a great part of his merit.

I was surprised to find corruption grown so high and so quick in that empire, by the force of luxury so lately introduced, which made me less wonder at many parallel cases in other countries, where vices of all kinds have reigned so much longer, and where the whole praise, as well as pillage, has been engrossed by the chief commander, who perhaps had the least title to either.

As every person called up made exactly the same appearance he had done in the world, it gave me melancholy reflections to observe how much the race of humankind was degenerated among us within these hundred years past: how the pox, under all its consequences and denominations, had altered every lineament of an English countenance, shortened the size of the bodies, unbraced the nerves, relaxed the sinews and muscles, introduced a sallow complexion, and rendered the flesh loose and rancid.

I descended so low as to desire that some English yeomen of the old stamp might be summoned to appear; once so famous for the simplicity of their manners, diet, and dress; for justice in their dealings; for their true spirit of liberty; for their valour and love of their country. Neither could I be wholly unmoved, after comparing the living with the dead, when I considered how all these pure native virtues were prostituted for a piece of money by their grandchildren, who, in selling their votes, and managing at elections, have acquired every vice and corruption that can possibly be learned in a court.

CHAPTER IX.

The Author returns to Maldonada. Sails to the kingdom of Luggnagg. The Author confined. He is sent for to court. The manner of his admittance. The king's great lenity to his subjects.

THE day of our departure being come, I took leave of his highness the governor of Glubbdubdrib, and returned with my two companions to Maldonada, where, after a fortnight's waiting, a ship was ready to sail for Luggnagg. The two gentlemen, and some others, were so generous and kind as to furnish me with provisions, and see me on board. I was a month in this voyage. We had one violent storm, and were under a necessity of steering westward, to get into the trade-wind, which holds for above sixty leagues. On the 21st of April, 1708, we sailed into the river of Clumegnig, which is a sea-port town at the south-east point of Luggnagg. We cast anchor within a league of the town, and made a signal for a pilot. Two of them came on board in less than half an hour, by whom we were guided between certain shoals and rocks, which are very dangerous, in the passage, to a large basin, where a fleet may ride in safety within a cable's length of the town wall.

Some of our sailors, whether out of treachery or inadvertence, had informed the pilots that I was a stranger and a great traveller; whereof these gave notice to a custom-house officer, by whom I was examined very strictly upon my landing. This officer spoke to me in the language of Balnibarbi, which, by the force of much commerce, is generally understood in that town, especially by seamen and those employed in the customs. I gave him a short account of some particulars, and made my story as plausible and consistent as I could; but I thought it necessary

to disguise my country, and call myself a Hollander, because my intentions were for Japan, and I knew the Dutch were the only Europeans permitted to enter into that kingdom. I therefore told the officer that, having been shipwrecked on the coast of Balnibarbi, and cast on a rock, I was received up into Laputa, or the Flying Island, (of which he had often heard,) and was now endeavouring to get to Japan, whence I might find a convenience of returning to my own country. The officer said I must be confined till he could receive orders from court, for which he would write immediately, and hoped to receive an answer in a fortnight. I was carried to a convenient lodging, with a sentry placed at the door; however, I had the liberty of a large garden, and was treated with humanity enough, being maintained all the time at the king's charge. I was invited by several persons, chiefly out of curiosity, because it was reported that I came from countries very remote, of which they had never heard.

I hired a young man, who came in the same ship, to be an interpreter; he was a native of Luggnagg, but had lived some years at Maldonada, and was a perfect master of both languages. By his assistance I was able to hold a conversation with those who came to visit me; but this consisted only of their questions and my answers.

The despatch came from court about the time we expected. It contained a warrant for conducting me and my retinue to *Traldragdubh* or *Trildrogdrib*, for it is pronounced both ways as near as I can remember, by a party of ten horse. All my retinue was that poor lad for an interpreter, whom I persuaded into my service, and at my humble request we had each of us a mule to ride on. A messenger was dispatched half a day's journey before us, to give the king notice of my approach, and to desire that his majesty would please to appoint a day and hour, when it would be his gracious pleasure that I might have the honour to lick the dust before his footstool. This is the court style, and I found it to be more than matter of form. For upon my admittance, two days after my arrival, I was commanded to crawl upon my belly, and lick the floor as I advanced; but, on account of my being a stranger, care was taken to have it made so clean, that the dust was not offensive. However, this was a peculiar grace, not allowed to any but persons of the highest rank when they desire an admittance. Nay, sometimes the floor is strewed with dust on purpose, when the person to be admitted happens to have powerful enemies at court. And I have seen a great lord with his mouth so crammed, that, when he had crept to the proper distance from the throne, he was not able to speak a word. Neither is there any remedy; because it is capital for those who receive an audience to spit or wipe their mouths in his majesty's presence. There is indeed another custom which I cannot altogether approve of: when the king has a mind to put any of his nobles to death in a gentle, indulgent manner, he commands the floor to be strewed with a certain brown powder of a deadly composition, which, being licked up, infallibly kills him in twenty-four hours. But in justice to this prince's great clemency, and the care he has of his subjects' lives, (wherein it were much to be wished that the monarchs of Europe would imitate him,) it must be mentioned for his honour, that strict orders are given to have the infected parts of the floor well washed after every such execution; which if his domestics neglect, they are in danger of incurring his royal displeasure. I myself heard him give directions that one of his pages should be whipped, whose turn it was to give notice about washing the floor after an execution, but maliciously had omitted it; by which neglect a young lord of great hopes, coming to an audience, was unfortunately poisoned, although the king at that time had no design against his life. But this good prince was so gracious as to forgive the poor page his whipping, upon promise that he would do so no more without special orders.

To return from this digression; when I had crept within four yards of the throne, I raised myself gently upon my knees, and then, striking my forehead seven times against the ground, I pronounced the following words, as they had been taught me the night before: *Inckpling gloffthrobb squut serumm blhiop mlashnalt zwin tnodbalkuffh slhiophad gurdlubh asht.* This is the compliment established by the laws of the land for all persons admitted to the king's presence. It may be rendered into English thus: "May your celestial majesty outlive the sun eleven moons and a half!" To this the king returned some answer, which although I could not understand, yet I replied as I had been directed: *Flute drin yalerick dwuldom prastrad mirpush*, which properly signifies "My tongue is in the mouth of my friend;" and by this expression was meant, that I desired leave to bring my interpreter; whereupon the young man already mentioned was accordingly introduced, by whose intervention I answered as many questions as his majesty could put in above an hour. I spoke in the Balnibarbian tongue, and my interpreter delivered my meaning in that of Luggnagg.

The king was much delighted with my company, and ordered his *bliffmarklub*, or high chamberlain, to appoint a lodging in the court for me and my interpreter, with a daily allowance for my table, and a large purse of gold for my common expenses.

I stayed three months in this country, out of perfect obedience to his majesty, who was pleased highly to favour me, and made me very honourable offers. But I thought it more consistent with prudence and justice to pass the remainder of my days with my wife and family.

CHAPTER X.

The Luggnaggians commended. A particular description of the Struldbrugs,[1] with many conversations between the Author and some eminent persons upon that subject.

THE Luggnaggians are a polite and generous people; and, although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all eastern countries, yet they shew themselves courteous to strangers, especially such as are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintance among persons of the best fashion; and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality whether I had seen any of their *struldbrugs*, or immortals. I said I had not; and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation applied to a mortal creature. He told me that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family with a red circular spot in the forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot, as he described it, was about the compass of a silver threepence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its colour; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned to a deep blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling, but never admitted any farther alteration. He said these births were so rare, that he did not believe that there could be above eleven hundred *struldbrugs*, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom, of which he computed above fifty in the metropolis, and among the rest a young girl born about three years ago; that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the *struldbrugs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people.

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight upon hearing this account; and the person who gave it me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out, as in a rapture, "Happy nation, where every child has a chance for being immortal! Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! But happiest beyond all comparison are those excellent *struldbrugs*, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehension of death!" I discovered my admiration that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court; the black spot on the forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it: and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able counsellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manners of a court; and we often find by experience that young men are too opinionated and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved, upon the very first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or no, yet in one thing I was determined, that, his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would with great thankfulness accept the favour, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings, the *struldbrugs*, if they would please to admit me.

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me, with a sort of a smile which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke. He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life; and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a *struldbrug*.

I answered: It was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do if I were a king, a general, or a great lord; and upon this very case I had frequently run over the whole system, how I should employ myself and pass the time, if I were sure to live for ever.

That if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a *struldbrug*, as soon as I could discover my own happiness by understanding

[1] The story of the closing days of Swift's life throws back the most mournful light upon the picture in this chapter of the miseries of extreme age. Lord Orrery remarks that "the description of the *struldbrugs* is an instructive piece of morality; for, if we consider it in a serious light, it tends to reconcile us to our final dissolution. Death, when set in contrast to the immortality of the *struldbrugs*, is no longer the king of terrors; he loses his sting; he appears to us a friend, and we cheerfully obey his summons, because it brings certain relief to the greatest miseries. It is in this description that Swift shines in a particular manner. He probably felt in himself the effects of approaching age, and tacitly dreaded the period of life in which he might become a representative of those miserable mortals."

the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods whatsoever, to procure myself riches. In the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect in about two hundred years to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would from my earliest youth apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I should arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence that happened in the public, impartially draw the characters of the several successions of princes and great ministers of state, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions. By all which acquirements, I should be a living treasure of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them from my own remembrance, experience, and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood; among whom I would elect a dozen, from the most ancient down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes, I would provide them with convenient lodges round my own estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and treat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with the annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regretting the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

These *struldbrugs* and I would mutually communicate our observations and memorials through the course of time; remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature, so justly complained of in all ages.

Add to all this the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings: famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; barbarity overrunning the politest nations, and the most barbarous becoming civilised. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion, the universal medicine, and many other great inventions brought to the utmost perfection.

What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and returns of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon, and stars!

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life and sublunary happiness could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted as before to the rest of the company, there was a great deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last the same gentleman who had been my interpreter said he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of *struldbrugs* was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honour to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both those kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible; and it appeared, from my astonishment when he had first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where during his residence he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind; that whoever had one foot in the grave, was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could; that the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the *struldbrugs* before their eyes.

That the system of living contrived by me was unreasonable and unjust; because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigour, which no man could be so foolish as to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it. For although few men will avow their desires of being immortal upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned, of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late; and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had travelled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition.

After this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said

they commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which by degrees they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative; but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbour of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age; and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in the others.

If a *struldbrug* happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers[1] and bounds.

At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.[1]

The language of this country being always upon the flux, the *struldbrugs* of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

This was the account given me of the *struldbrugs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world, they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired I would give them *slumskudask*, or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which however has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe that, from what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed; and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure from such a life. The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly; wishing I could send a couple of *struldbrugs* to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death; but this, it seems, is forbidden

[1] A meer, mere, or meare, is a boundary, or limit, or "march;" meere-stones are stones placed to mark the bounds of adjacent properties—*lapides terminales*.

[1] A terribly true prophecy of Swift's own hapless condition for some years before death.

by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree, that the laws of this kingdom relative to the *struldbrugs* were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequent of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation, and engross the civil power; which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

CHAPTER XI.

The Author leaves Luggnagg, and sails to Japan. Thence he returns in a Dutch ship to Amsterdam, and from Amsterdam to England.

I THOUGHT this account of the *struldbrugs* might be some entertainment to the reader, because it seems to be a little out of the common way; at least I do not remember to have met the like in any book of travels that has come to my hands: and if I am deceived, my excuse must be, that it is necessary for travellers, who describe the same country, very often to agree in dwelling on the same particulars, without deserving the censure of having borrowed or transcribed from those who wrote before them.

There is indeed a perpetual commerce between this kingdom and the great empire of Japan; and it is very probable that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the *struldbrugs*; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will be curious and able enough to supply my defects.

His majesty having often pressed me to accept some employment in his court, and finding me absolutely determined to return to my native country, was pleased to give me his licence to depart, and honoured me with a letter of recommendation, under his own hand, to the Emperor of Japan. He likewise presented me with four hundred and forty-four large pieces of gold, (this nation delighting in even numbers,) and a red diamond, which I sold in England for eleven hundred pounds.

On the 6th of May, 1709, I took a solemn leave of his majesty and all my friends. This prince was so gracious as to order a guard to conduct me to Glanguenstald, which is a royal port to the south-west part of the island. In six days I found a vessel ready to carry me to Japan, and spent fifteen days in the voyage. We landed at a small port-town called Xamoschi, situated on the south-east part of Japan; the town lies on the western point, where there is a narrow strait leading northward into a long arm of the sea, upon the north-west part of which Yedo the metropolis stands. At landing, I showed the custom-house officers my letter from the King of Luggnagg to his imperial majesty. They knew the seal perfectly well; it was as broad as the palm of my hand; the impression was a king lifting up a lame beggar from the earth. The magistrates of the town, hearing of my letter, received me as a public minister; they provided me with carriages and servants, and bore my charges to Yedo, where I was admitted to an audience, and delivered my letter, which was opened with great ceremony, and explained to the emperor by an interpreter; who then gave me notice, by his majesty's order, that I should signify my request, and whatever it were, it should be granted, for the sake of his royal brother of Luggnagg. This interpreter was a person employed to transact affairs with the Hollanders: he soon conjectured by my countenance that I was a European, and therefore repeated his majesty's commands in Low Dutch, which he spoke perfectly well. I answered, (as I had before determined,) that I was a Dutch merchant, shipwrecked in a very remote country, whence I had travelled by sea and land to Luggnagg, and then took shipping for Japan; where I knew my countrymen often traded, and with some of these I hoped to get an opportunity of returning into Europe: I therefore most humbly entreated his royal favour, to give order that I should be conducted in safety to Nangasac. To this I added another petition, that, for the sake of my patron the king of Luggnagg, his majesty would condescend to excuse my performing the ceremony imposed on my countrymen, of trampling on the crucifix; because I had been thrown into his kingdom by my misfortunes, without any intention of trading. When this latter petition was interpreted to the emperor, he seemed a little surprised, and said he believed I was the first of my countrymen who ever made any scruple in this point; and that he began to doubt whether I was a real Hollander or no, but rather suspected I must be a Christian.[1] However, for the reasons I had offered, but chiefly to gratify the king of Luggnagg by an uncommon mark of his favour, he would comply with the singularity of my humour; but the affair must be managed with dexterity, and his officers should be commanded to let me pass, as it were by forgetfulness. For he assured me, that if the secret should be discovered by my countrymen the Dutch, they would cut my throat in the voyage.

[1] Swift sneers at the submission of the Dutch traders in Japan to a crowd of restrictions and indignities, for the sake of retaining their monopoly of access to that country, jealously sealed up against all foreigners after the expulsion of the Portuguese and the persecution of their converts. It was popularly believed that the Dutch, before they could enter the country, were obliged to deny their faith, and trample on the crucifix—the object of the Jesuits' worship; but the belief seems to have been unfounded, save in the fact that the Japanese officials who conducted business at the Dutch factory on the island of Dezima, in the harbour of Nagasaki, were obliged to swear hatred and renunciation of the Christian faith, and to trample the crucifix under foot.

I returned my thanks, by the interpreter, for so unusual a favour; and some troops being at that time on their march to Nangasac, the commanding officer had orders to convey me safe thither, with particular instructions about the business of the crucifix.

On the 9th day of June, 1709, I arrived at Nangasac after a very long and troublesome journey. I soon fell into the company of some Dutch sailors belonging to the Amboyna of Amsterdam, a stout ship of 450 tons. I had lived long in Holland, pursuing my studies at Leyden, and I spoke Dutch well. The seamen soon knew whence I came last; they were curious to inquire into my voyages and course of life. I made up a story as short and probable as I could, but concealed the greatest part. I knew many persons in Holland; I was able to invent names for my parents, whom I pretended to be obscure people in the province of Gelderland. I would have given the captain (one Theodorus Vangrult) what he pleased to ask for my voyage to Holland; but, understanding I was a surgeon, he was contented to take half the usual rate, on condition that I would serve him in the way of my calling. Before we took shipping, I was often asked by some of the crew whether I had performed the ceremony above mentioned. I evaded the question by general answers, that I had satisfied the emperor and court in all particulars. However, a malicious rogue of a skipper went to an officer, and, pointing to me, told him I had not yet trampled on the crucifix; but the other, who had received instructions to let me pass, gave the rascal twenty strokes on the shoulders with a bamboo: after which I was no more troubled with such questions.

Nothing happened worth mentioning in this voyage. We sailed with a fair wind to the Cape of Good Hope, where we staid only to take in fresh water. On the tenth of April, 1710, we arrived safe at Amsterdam, having lost only three men by sickness in the voyage, and a fourth who fell from the foremast into the sea not far from the coast of Guinea. From Amsterdam I soon after set sail for England, in a small vessel belonging to that city.

On the 16th of April we put in at the Downs. I landed next morning, and saw once more my native country, after an absence of five years and six months complete. I went straight to Redriff, where I arrived the same day at two in the afternoon, and found my wife and family in good health.

PART IV.—A VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS.

CHAPTER I.

The Author sets out as captain of a ship. His men conspire against him; confine him a long time to his cabin; set him on shore in an unknown land. He travels up into the country. The Yahoos, a strange sort of animal, described. The Author meets two Houyhnhnms.

I CONTINUED at home with my wife and children about five months, in a very happy condition, if I could have learned the lesson of knowing when I was well. I left my poor wife big with child, and accepted an advantageous offer made me to be captain of the Adventure, a stout merchantman of 350 tons: for I understood navigation well, and being grown weary of a surgeon's employment at sea, which however I could exercise upon occasion, I took a skilful young man of that calling, one Robert Purefoy, into my ship. We set sail from Portsmouth upon the 7th day of September, 1710; on the 14th, we met with Captain Pocock of Bristol, at Teneriffe, who was going to the Bay of Campechy to cut logwood. On the 16th, he was parted from us by a storm; I heard, since my return, that his ship foundered, and none escaped but one cabin-boy. He was an honest man and a good sailor, but a little too positive in his own opinions, which was the cause of his destruction, as it had been of several others; for, if he had followed my advice, he might have been safe at home with his family at this time, as well as myself.

I had several men died in my ship of calentures, so that I was forced to get recruits out of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, where I touched by the direction of the merchants who employed me: which I had soon too much cause to repent; for I found afterwards that most of them had been buccaneers.[1] I had fifty hands on board; and my orders were, that I should trade with the Indians in the South Sea, and make what discoveries I could. These rogues, whom I had picked up, de-

[1] The buccaneers were originally French refugees, who about 1610 settled in the island of St Christopher, and twenty years afterwards, being expelled, betook themselves to St Domingo and Tortugas. Here they were joined by some reckless Englishmen; and in time their united bands became a terror to the Spaniards, and bade defiance to all human laws and feelings. Their name was derived from the practice of the St Domingo settlers, who killed the wild cattle abounding in the island, and smoked the beef (the French word for a smoking-place being *boucan*).

bauched my other men, and they all formed a conspiracy to seize the ship, and secure me; which they did one morning, rushing into my cabin, and binding me hand and foot, and threatening to throw me overboard if I offered to stir. I told them I was their prisoner, and would submit. This they made me swear to do, and then they unbound me, only fastening one of my legs with a chain near my bed, and placed a sentry at my door with his piece charged, who was commanded to shoot me dead if I attempted my liberty. They sent me down victuals and drink, and took the government of the ship to themselves. Their design was to turn pirates, and plunder the Spaniards, which they could not do till they got more men. But first they resolved to sell the goods in the ship, and then go to Madagascar[1] for recruits, several among them having died since my confinement. They sailed many weeks, and traded with the Indians; but I knew not what course they took, being kept a close prisoner in my cabin, and expecting nothing less than to be murdered, as they often threatened me.

Upon the 9th day of May, 1711, one James Welch came down to my cabin and said he had orders from the captain to set me ashore. I expostulated with him, but in vain; neither would he so much as tell me who their new captain was. They forced me into the long-boat, letting me put on my best suit of clothes, which were as good as new, and take a small bundle of linen, but no arms except my hanger; and they were so civil as not to search my pockets, into which I conveyed what money I had, with some other little necessaries. They rowed about a league, and then set me down on a strand. I desired them to tell me what country it was. They all swore they knew no more than myself; but said that the captain (as they called him) was resolved, after they had sold the lading, to get rid of me in the first place where they could discover land. They pushed off immediately, advising me to make haste for fear of being overtaken by the tide, and so bade me farewell.

In this desolate condition I advanced forward, and soon got upon firm ground, where I sat down on a bank to rest myself and consider what I had best do. When I was a little refreshed, I went up into the country, resolving to deliver myself to the first savages I should meet, and purchase my life from them by some bracelets, glass rings, and other toys which sailors usually provide themselves with in these voyages, and whereof I had some about me. The land was divided by long rows of trees, not regularly planted, but naturally growing; there was great plenty of grass, and several fields of oats. I walked very circumspectly, for fear of being surprised, or suddenly shot with an arrow from behind or on either side. I fell into a beaten road, where I saw many tracks of human feet, and some of cows, but most of horses. At last I beheld several animals in a field, and one or two of the same kind sitting in trees. Their shape was very singular and deformed, which a little discomposed me, so that I lay down behind a thicket to observe them better. Some of them coming forward near the place where I lay, gave me an opportunity of distinctly marking their form. Their heads and breasts were covered with a thick hair, some frizzled, and others lank; they had beards like goats, and a long ridge of hair down their backs and the fore parts of their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies was bare, so that I might see their skins, which were of a brown buff colour. They had no tails, nor any hair at all on their buttocks, except about the anus; which, I presume, nature had placed there to defend them as they sat on the ground; for this posture they used, as well as lying down, and often stood on their hind-feet. They climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong extended claws before and behind, terminating in sharp points, and hooked. They would often spring, and bound, and leap, with prodigious agility. The females were not so large as the males; they had long lank hair on their head, but none on their faces, nor anything more than a sort of down on the rest of their bodies, except about the anus and pudenda. Their dugs hung between their fore-feet, and often reached almost to the ground as they walked. The hair of both sexes was of several colours, brown, red, black, and yellow. Upon the whole, I never beheld in all my travels so disagreeable an animal, or one against which I naturally conceived so strong an antipathy; so that, thinking I had seen enough, full of contempt and aversion I got up and pursued the beaten road, hoping it might direct me to the cabin of some Indian. I had not got far when I met one of these creatures full in my way, and coming up directly to me. The ugly monster, when he saw me, distorted several ways every feature of his visage, and started as at an object he had never seen before; then approaching nearer lifted up his fore-paw, whether out of curiosity or mischief I could not tell; but I drew my hanger, and gave him a good blow with the flat side of it, for I durst not strike with the edge, fearing the inhabitants might be provoked against me if they should come to know that I killed or maimed any of their cattle. When the beast felt the smart, he drew back and roared so loud, that a herd of at least forty came flocking about me from the next field, howling and making odious faces; but I ran to the body of a tree, and leaning my back against it kept them off by waving my hanger. Several of this cursed brood, getting hold of the branches behind, leapt up into the tree, whence they began to discharge their excrements on my head; however, I escaped pretty well by sticking close to the stem of the tree, but was almost stifled with the filth, which fell about me on every side.

[1] This island was much resorted to by the buccaneers, and every one of their leaders had at one time a sort of settlement there.

In the midst of this distress, I observed them all to run away on a sudden as fast as they could; at which I ventured to leave the tree and pursue the road, and wondering what it was that could put them into this fright. But looking on my left hand, I saw a horse walking softly in the field; which my persecutors having sooner discovered, was the cause of their flight. The horse started a little when he came near me, but soon, recovering himself, looked full in my face with manifest tokens of wonder. He viewed my hands and feet, walking round me several times. I would have pursued my journey, but he placed himself directly in the way, yet looking with very mild aspect, never offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for some time; at last I took the boldness to reach my hand towards his neck, with a design to stroke it, using the common style and whistle of jockeys when they are going to handle a strange horse. But this animal seemed to receive my civilities with disdain, shook his head, and bent his brows, softly raising up his right fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four times, but in so different a cadence, that I almost began to think he was speaking to himself in some language of his own.

While he and I were thus employed, another horse came up; who applying himself to the first in a very formal manner, they gently struck each other's right hoof before, neighing several times by turns, and varying the sound, which seemed to be almost articulate. They went some paces off, as if it were to confer together, walking side by side, backwards and forwards, like persons deliberating upon some affair of weight, but often turning their eyes towards me, as it were to watch that I might not escape. I was amazed to see such actions and behaviour in brute beasts; and concluded with myself, that if the inhabitants of this country were endued with a proportionable degree of reason, they must needs be the wisest people upon earth. This thought gave me so much comfort, that I resolved to go forward until I could discover some house or village, or meet with any of the natives, leaving the two horses to discourse together as they pleased. But the first, who was a dapple gray, observing me to steal off, neighed after me in so expressive a tone, that I fancied myself to understand what he meant; whereupon I turned back and came near him, to expect his farther commands; but concealing my fear as much as I could, for I began to be in some pain how this adventure might terminate: and the reader will easily believe I did not much like my present situation.

The two horses came up close to me, looking with great earnestness upon my face and hands. The gray steed rubbed my hat all round with his right fore-hoof, and discomposed it so much, that I was forced to adjust it better by taking it off and settling it again; whereat both he and his companion (who was a brown bay) appeared to be much surprised: the latter felt the lappet of my coat, and finding it to hang loose about me, they both looked with new signs of wonder. He stroked my right hand, seeming to admire the softness and colour; but he squeezed it so hard between his hoof and his pastern, that I was forced to roar; after which, they both touched me with all possible tenderness. They were under great perplexity about my shoes and stockings, which they felt very often, neighing to each other, and using various gestures, not unlike those of a philosopher when he would attempt to solve some new and difficult phenomenon.

Upon the whole, the behaviour of these animals was so orderly and rational, so acute and judicious, that I at last concluded they must needs be magicians who had thus metamorphosed themselves upon some design, and, seeing a stranger in the way, resolved to divert themselves with him; or perhaps were really amazed at the sight of a man so very different in habit, feature, and complexion, from those who might probably live in so remote a climate. Upon the strength of this reasoning, I ventured to address them in the following manner: "Gentlemen, if you be conjurors, as I have good cause to believe, you can understand my language; therefore I make bold to let your worships know that I am a poor distressed Englishman, driven by his misfortunes upon your coast; and I entreat one of you to let me ride upon his back, as if he were a real horse, to some house or village where I can be relieved. In return of which favour, I will make you a present of this knife and bracelet" (taking them out of my pocket.) The two creatures stood silent while I spoke, seeming to listen with great attention; and when I had ended they neighed frequently towards each other, as if they were engaged in serious conversation. I plainly observed that their language expressed the passions very well; and the words might, with little pains, be resolved into an alphabet more easily than the Chinese.

I could frequently distinguish the word *Yahoo*, which was repeated by each of them several times; and although it was impossible for me to conjecture what it meant, yet, while the two horses were busy in conversation, I endeavoured to practise this word upon my tongue; and, as soon as they were silent, I boldly pronounced *Yahoo* in a loud voice, imitating at the same time, as near as I could, the neighing of a horse; at which they were both visibly surprised, and the gray repeated the same word twice, as if he meant to teach me the right accent; wherein I spoke after him as well as I could, and found myself perceivably to improve every time, though very far from any degree of perfection. Then the bay tried me with a second word much harder to be pronounced, but [which], reducing it to the English orthography, may be spelt thus, *Houyhnhnm*. I did not succeed in this so well as in the former; but after two or three farther trials I had

better fortune, and they both appeared amazed at my capacity.

After some farther discourse, which I then conjectured might relate to me, the two friends took their leaves with the same compliment of striking each other's hoof, and the gray made me signs that I should walk before him; wherein I thought it prudent to comply, till I could find a better director. When I offered to slacken my pace he would cry, *hhuun, hhuun;* I guessed his meaning, and gave him to understand, as well as I could, that I was weary, and not able to walk faster; upon which he would stand a while to let me rest.

CHAPTER II.

The Author conducted by a Houyhnhnm to his house. The house described. The Author's reception. The food of the Houyhnhnms. The Author in distress for want of meat; is at last relieved. His manner of feeding in this country.

HAVING travelled about three miles, we came to a long kind of building made of timber stuck in the ground and wattled across; the roof was low, and covered with straw. I now began to be a little comforted, and took out some toys which travellers usually carry for presents to the savage Indians of America and other parts, in hopes the people of the house would be thereby encouraged to receive me kindly. The horse made me a sign to go in first. It was a large room, with a smooth clay floor, and a rack and manger extending the whole length on one side. There were three nags and two mares, not eating, but some of them sitting down upon their hams; which I very much wondered at, but wondered more to see the rest employed in domestic business: these seemed but ordinary cattle. However, this confirmed my first opinion, that a people who could so far civilise brute animals must needs excel in wisdom all the nations of the world. The gray came in just after, and thereby prevented any ill treatment which the others might have given me. He neighed to them several times in a style of authority, and received answers.

Beyond this room there were three others reaching the length of the house, to which you passed through three doors, opposite to each other, in the manner of a vista. We went through the second room towards the third. Here the gray walked in first, beckoning me to attend. I waited in the second room, and got ready my presents for the master and mistress of the house; they were two knives, three bracelets of false pearl, a small looking-glass, and a bead necklace. The horse neighed three or four times, and I waited to hear some answers in a human voice; but I heard no other returns than in the same dialect, only one or two a little shriller than his. I began to think that this house must belong to some person of great note among them, because there appeared so much ceremony before I could gain admittance; but that a man of quality should be served all by horses, was beyond my comprehension. I feared my brain was disturbed by my sufferings and misfortunes: I roused myself, and looked about me in the room where I was left alone; this was furnished like the first, only after a more elegant manner. I rubbed my eyes often, but the same objects still occurred. I pinched my arms and sides to awake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. I then absolutely concluded that all these appearances could be nothing less but necromancy and magic. But I had no time to pursue these reflections, for the gray horse came to the door, and made me a sign to follow him into the third room; where I saw a very comely mare, together with a colt and foal, sitting on their haunches upon mats of straw not unartfully made, and perfectly neat and clean.

The mare, soon after my entrance, rose from her mat, and coming up close, after having nicely observed my hands and face, gave me a most contemptuous look; then turning to the horse, I heard the word *Yahoo* often repeated betwixt them, the meaning of which word I could not then comprehend, although it was the first I had learned to pronounce. But I was soon better informed, to my everlasting mortification; for the horse beckoning to me with his head, and repeating the word *hhuun, hhuun*, as he did upon the road, which I understood was to attend him, led me out into a kind of court where was another building at some distance from the house. Here we entered, and I saw three of those detestable creatures which I first met after my landing, feeding upon roots and the flesh of some animals, which I afterwards found to be that of asses and dogs and now and then a cow dead by accident or disease. They were all tied by the neck with strong withes fastened to a beam; they held their food between the claws of their fore-feet, and tore it with their teeth.

The master horse ordered a sorrel nag, one of his servants, to untie the largest of these animals, and take him into the yard. The beast and I were brought close together, and our countenances diligently compared both by master and servant, who thereupon repeated several times the word *Yahoo*. My horror and astonishment are not to be described, when I observed in this abominable animal a perfect human figure: the face of it indeed was flat and broad, the nose depressed, the lips large, and the mouth wide; but these differences are common to all savage nations, where the lineaments of the countenance are distorted by the natives suffering their infants to lie grovelling on the earth, or by carrying them on their backs nuzzling with their faces against the mother's shoulders. The fore-feet of the *Yahoo* differed

from my hands in nothing else but the length of the nails, the coarseness and brownness of the palms, and the hairiness on the backs. There was the same resemblance between our feet, with the same differences, which I knew very well, though the horses did not, because of my shoes and stockings; the same in every part of our bodies, except as to hairiness and colour, which I have already described.

The great difficulty that seemed to stick with the two horses, was, to see the rest of my body so very different from that of a *Yahoo;* for which I was obliged to my clothes, whereof they had no conception. The sorrel nag offered me a root, which he held (after their manner, as we shall describe in its proper place) between his hoof and pastern; I took it in my hand, and, having smelt it, returned it to him again as civilly as I could. He brought out of the *Yahoos'* kennel a piece of ass's flesh, but it smelt so offensively that I turned from it with loathing; he then threw it to the *Yahoo*, by whom it was greedily devoured.[1] He afterwards showed me a wisp of hay and a fetlockful of oats; but I shook my head to signify that neither of these were food for me. And indeed I now apprehended that I must absolutely starve, if I did not get to some of my own species; for as to those filthy *Yahoos*, although there were few greater lovers of mankind at that time than myself, yet I confess I never saw any sensitive being so detestable on all accounts; and the more I came near them, the more hateful they grew, while I stayed in that country. This the master horse observed by my behaviour, and therefore sent the *Yahoo* back to his kennel. He then put his fore-hoof to his mouth, at which I was much surprised, although he did it with ease and with a motion that appeared perfectly natural; and made other signs to know what I would eat: but I could not return him such an answer as he was able to apprehend, and if he had understood me I did not see how it was possible to contrive any way for finding myself nourishment. While we were thus engaged, I observed a cow passing by; whereupon I pointed to her, and expressed a desire to go and milk her. This had its effect; for he led me back into the house, and ordered a mare-servant to open a room where a good store of milk lay in earthen and wooden vessels, after a very orderly and cleanly manner. She gave me a large bowlful, of which I drank very heartily, and found myself well refreshed.

About noon, I saw coming towards the house a kind of vehicle drawn like a sledge by four *Yahoos*. There was in it an old steed, who seemed to be of quality; he alighted with his hind feet forward, having by accident got a hurt in his left fore-foot. He came to dine with our horse, who received him with great civility. They dined in the best room, and had oats boiled in milk for the second course, which the old horse eat warm, but the rest cold. Their mangers were placed circular in the middle of the room, and divided into several partitions, round which they sat on their haunches upon bosses of straw. In the middle was a large rack, with angles answering to every partition of the manger; so that each horse and mare eat their own hay, and their own mash of oats and milk, with much decency and regularity. The behaviour of the young colt and foal appeared very modest, and that of the master and mistress extremely cheerful and complaisant to their guest. The gray ordered me to stand by him; and much discourse passed between him and his friend concerning me, as I found by the stranger's often looking on me, and the frequent repetition of the word *Yahoo*.

I happened to wear my gloves, which the master gray observing, seemed perplexed, discovering signs of wonder what I had done to my fore-feet. He put his hoof three or four times to them, as if he would signify that I should reduce them to their former shape; which I presently did, pulling off both my gloves and putting them into my pocket. This occasioned farther talk; and I saw the company was pleased with my behaviour, whereof I soon found the good effects. I was ordered to speak the few words I understood; and while they were at dinner the master taught me the names for oats, milk, fire, water, and some others; which I could readily pronounce after him, having from my youth a great facility in learning languages.

When dinner was done, the master horse took me aside, and by signs and words made me understand the concern he was in that I had nothing to eat. Oats in their tongue are called *hlunnh*. This word I pronounced two or three times; for although I had refused them at first, yet upon second thoughts I considered that I could contrive to make of them a kind of bread, which might be sufficient, with milk, to keep me alive till I could make my escape to some other country and to creatures of my own species. The horse immediately ordered a white mare-servant of his family to bring me a good quantity of oats in a sort of wooden tray. These I heated before the fire as well as I could, and rubbed them till the husks came off, which I made a shift to winnow from the grain; I ground and beat them between two stones, then took water, and made them into a paste or cake, which I toasted at the fire and eat warm with milk. It was at first a very insipid diet, though common enough in many parts of Europe, but it grew tolerable by time; and having been often reduced to hard fare in my life, this was not the first experiment I had made, how easily nature is satisfied. And I cannot but observe that I never had one hour's sickness while I staid in this island. It is true, I sometimes

[1] Whoever is disgusted with this picture of a Yahoo, would do well to reflect, that it becomes his own in exact proportion as he deviates from virtue, for virtue is the perfection of reason: the appetites of those abandoned to vice are not less brutal and sordid, than are those of a *Yahoo* for ass's flesh, nor is their life a state of less abject servility.—*H.*

made a shift to catch a rabbit or bird, by springes made of *Yahoos'* hairs; and I often gathered wholesome herbs, which I boiled, or eat as salads with my bread; and now and then, for a rarity, I made a little butter, and drank the whey. I was at first at a great loss for salt, but custom soon reconciled me to the want of it; and I am confident that the frequent use of salt among us is an effect of luxury, and was first introduced only as a provocative to drink, except where it is necessary for preserving of flesh in long voyages, or in places remote from great markets. For we observe no animal to be fond of it but man;[1] and as to myself, when I left this country, it was a great while before I could endure the taste of it in any thing that I eat.

This is enough to say upon the subject of my diet, wherewith other travellers fill their books, as if the readers were personally concerned whether we fare well or ill. However, it was necessary to mention this matter, lest the world should think it impossible that I could find sustenance for three years in such a country and among such inhabitants.

When it grew towards evening, the master horse ordered a place for me to lodge in; it was but six yards from the house, and separated from the stable of the *Yahoos*. Here I got some straw, and, covering myself with my own clothes, slept very sound. But I was in a short time better accommodated, as the reader shall know hereafter, when I come to treat more particularly about my way of living.

CHAPTER III.

The Author studies to learn the language. The Houyhnhnm, his master, assists in teaching him. The language described. Several Houyhnhnms of quality come out of curiosity to see the Author. He gives his master a short account of his voyage.

My principal endeavour was to learn the language, which my master (for so I shall henceforth call him) and his children, and every servant of his house, were desirous to teach me; for they looked upon it as a prodigy that a brute animal should discover such marks of a rational creature. I pointed to everything, and inquired the name of it, which I wrote down in my journal-book when I was alone, and corrected my bad accent by desiring those of the family to pronounce it often. In this employment a sorrel nag, one of the under-servants, was very ready to assist me.

In speaking they pronounce through the nose and throat, and their language approaches nearest to the High Dutch or German of any I know in Europe, but is much more graceful and significant. The Emperor Charles V. made almost the same observation, when he said that if he were to speak to his horse, it should be in High Dutch.

The curiosity and impatience of my master were so great, that he spent many hours of his leisure to instruct me. He was convinced (as he afterwards told me) that I must be a *Yahoo;* but my teachableness, civility, and cleanliness, astonished him: which were qualities altogether opposite to those animals. He was most perplexed about my clothes, reasoning sometimes with himself whether they were a part of my body; for I never pulled them off till the family were asleep, and got them on before they waked in the morning. My master was eager to learn whence I came; how I acquired those appearances of reason which I discovered in all my actions; and to know my story from my own mouth, which he hoped he should soon do, by the great proficiency I made in learning and pronouncing their words and sentences. To help my memory, I formed all I learned into the English alphabet, and writ the words down with the translations. This last, after some time, I ventured to do in my master's presence. It cost me much trouble to explain to him what I was doing; for the inhabitants have not the least idea of books or literature.

In about ten weeks' time I was able to understand most of his questions, and in three months could give him some tolerable answers. He was extremely curious to know from what part of the country I came, and how I was taught to imitate a rational creature; because the *Yahoos* (whom he saw I exactly resembled in my head, hands, and face, that were only visible), with some appearance of cunning, and the strongest disposition to mischief, were observed to be the most unteachable of all brutes. I answered, that I came over the sea from a far place, with many others of my own kind, in a great hollow vessel made of the bodies of trees; that my companions forced me to land on this coast, and then left me to shift for myself. It was with some difficulty, and by the help of many signs, that I brought him to understand me. He replied, that I must needs be mistaken, or that I said the thing which was not; for they have no word in their language to express lying or falsehood. He knew it was impossible that there could be a country beyond the sea, or that a parcel of brutes could move a wooden vessel whither they pleased upon water. He was sure no *Houyhnhnm* alive could make such a vessel, nor would trust *Yahoos* to manage it.

The word *Houyhnhnm*, in their tongue, signifies a *horse*, and, in its etymology, *the perfection of nature*. I told my master that I was at a loss for expression, but would improve as fast as I could, and hoped in a short time I should be able to tell him wonders. He was pleased to direct his own mare, his colt and

[1] Swift falls into a singular error here; horses, oxen, and sheep, are all fond of salt, and thrive through its use; salt marshes bring into good condition the cattle that feed on them, and animals find pleasure in licking salt sand; and salt plays a prominent part in modern pastoral economy.

foal, and the servants of the family, to take all opportunities of instructing me; and every day, for two or three hours, he was at the same pains himself. Several horses and mares of quality in the neighbourhood came often to our house, upon the report spread of a wonderful *Yahoo*, that could speak like a *Houyhnhnm*, and seemed, in his words and actions, to discover some glimmerings of reason. These delighted to converse with me; they put many questions, and received such answers as I was able to return. By all these advantages I made so great a progress, that in five months from my arrival I understood whatever was spoken, and could express myself tolerably well.

The *Houyhnhnms* who came to visit my master out of a design of seeing and talking with me, could hardly believe me to be a right *Yahoo*, because my body had a different covering from others of my kind. They were astonished to observe me without the usual hair or skin, except on my head, face, and hands; but I discovered that secret to my master upon an accident which happened about a fortnight before.

I have already told the reader that every night, when the family were gone to bed, it was my custom to strip, and cover myself with my clothes. It happened, one morning early, that my master sent for me by the sorrel nag, who was his valet. When he came I was fast asleep, my clothes fallen off on one side, and my shirt above my waist. I awaked at the noise he made, and observed him to deliver his message in some disorder; after which he went to my master, and, in a great fright, gave him a very confused account of what he had seen. This I presently discovered; for, going as soon as I was dressed to pay my attendance upon his honour, he asked me the meaning of what his servant had reported: that I was not the same thing when I slept as I appeared to be at other times; that his valet assured him some part of me was white, some yellow, at least not so white, and some brown.

I had hitherto concealed the secret of my dress, in order to distinguish myself as much as possible from that cursed race of *Yahoos*; but now I found it in vain to do so any longer. Besides, I considered, that my clothes and shoes would soon wear out, which already were in a declining condition, and must be supplied by some contrivance, from the hides of *Yahoos*, or other brutes; whereby the whole secret would be known. I therefore told my master that in the country whence I came, those of my kind always covered their bodies with the hairs of certain animals prepared by art, as well for decency, as to avoid the inclemencies of air, both hot and cold; of which, as to my own person, I would give him immediate conviction, if he pleased to command me; only desiring his excuse, if I did not expose those parts that nature taught us to conceal. He said my discourse was all very strange, but especially the last part; for he could not understand why nature should teach us to conceal what nature had given: that neither himself nor family were ashamed of any part of their bodies; but, however, I might do as I pleased. Whereupon I first unbuttoned my coat, and pulled it off; I did the same with my waistcoat; I drew off my shoes, stockings, and breeches; I let my shirt down to my waist, and drew up the bottom, fastening it like a girdle about my middle to hide my nakedness.

My master observed the whole performance with great signs of curiosity and admiration. He took up all my clothes in his pastern, one piece after another, and examined them diligently; he then stroked my body very gently, and looked round me several times: after which he said it was plain I must be a perfect *Yahoo*, but that I differed very much from the rest of my species in the softness, whiteness, and smoothness of my skin; my want of hair in several parts of my body; the shape and shortness of my claws behind and before; and my affectation of walking continually on my two hinder feet. He desired to see no more, and gave me leave to put on my clothes again, for I was shuddering with cold.

I expressed my uneasiness at his giving me so often the appellation of *Yahoo*, an odious animal, for which I had so utter a hatred and contempt: I begged he would forbear applying that word to me, and make the same order in his family and among his friends whom he suffered to see me. I requested likewise that the secret of my having a false covering to my body might be known to none but himself, at least as long as my present clothing should last; for as to what the sorrel nag his valet had observed, his honour might command him to conceal it.

All this my master very graciously consented to; and thus the secret was kept till my clothes began to wear out, which I was forced to supply by several contrivances that shall hereafter be mentioned. In the meantime he desired I would go on with my utmost diligence to learn their language, because he was more astonished at my capacity for speech and reason than at the figure of my body, whether it were covered or no; adding, that he waited with some impatience to hear the wonders which I promised to tell him.

Thenceforward he doubled the pains he had been at to instruct me; he brought me into all company, and made them treat me with civility; because, as he told them privately, this would put me into good humour, and make me more diverting.

Every day, when I waited on him, besides the trouble he was at in teaching, he would ask me several questions concerning myself, which I answered as well as I could; and by these means he had already received some general ideas, though very imperfect.

It would be tedious to relate the several steps by which I advanced to a more regular conversation; but the first account I gave of myself in any order and length was to this purpose:

That I came from a very far country, as I already had attempted to tell him, with about fifty more of my own species; that we travelled upon the seas in a great hollow vessel made of wood, and larger than his honour's house. I described the ship to him in the best terms I could, and explained, by the help of my handkerchief displayed, how it was driven forward by the wind. That upon a quarrel among us I was set on shore on this coast, where I walked forward, without knowing whither, till he delivered me from the persecution of those execrable *Yahoos*. He asked me who made the ship, and how it was possible that the *Houyhnhnms* of my country would leave it to the management of brutes. My answer was, that I durst proceed no farther in my relation, unless he would give me his word and honour that he would not be offended, and then I would tell him the wonders I had so often promised. He agreed, and I went on by assuring him that the ship was made by creatures like myself, who in all the countries I had travelled, as well as in my own, were the only governing rational animals; and that, upon my arrival hither, I was as much astonished to see the *Houyhnhnms* act like rational beings, as he or his friends could be in finding some marks of reason in a creature he was pleased to call a *Yahoo;* to which I owned my resemblance in every part, but could not account for their degenerate and brutal nature. I said farther that if good fortune ever restored me to my native country, to relate my travels hither, as I resolved to do, everybody would believe that I said the thing that was not, that I invented the story out of my own head; and (with all possible respect to himself, his family, and friends, and under his promise of not being offended), our countrymen would hardly think it probable that a *Houyhnhnm* should be the presiding creature of a nation, and a *Yahoo* the brute.

CHAPTER IV.

The Houyhnhnm's notion of truth and falsehood. The Author's discourse disapproved by his master. The Author gives a more particular account of himself and the accidents of his voyage.

My master heard me with great appearances of uneasiness in his countenance; because doubting, or not believing, are so little known in this country, that the inhabitants cannot tell how to behave themselves under such circumstances. And I remember, in frequent discourses with my master concerning the nature of manhood in other parts of the world, having occasion to talk of lying and false representation, it was with much difficulty that he comprehended what I meant, although he had otherwise a most acute judgment. For he argued thus: That the use of speech was to make us understand one another, and to receive information of facts; now, if any one said the thing which was not, these ends were defeated, because I cannot properly be said to understand him; and I am so far from receiving information, that he leaves me worse than in ignorance; for I am led to believe a thing black when it is white, and short when it is long. And these were all the notions he had concerning that faculty of lying, so perfectly well understood, and so universally practised, among human creatures.

To return from this digression; when I asserted that the *Yahoos* were the only governing animals in my country, which my master said was altogether past his conception, he desired to know whether we had *Houyhnhnms* among us, and what was their employment. I told him we had great numbers; that in summer they grazed in the fields, and in winter were kept in houses with hay and oats, where *Yahoo* servants were employed to rub their skins smooth, comb their manes, pick their feet, serve them with food, and make their beds. "I understand you well," said my master; "it is now very plain, from all you have spoken, that, whatever share of reason the *Yahoos* pretend to, the *Houyhnhnms* are your masters. I heartily wish our *Yahoos* would be so tractable." I begged his honour would please to excuse me from proceeding any farther, because I was very certain that the account he expected from me would be highly displeasing; but he insisted in commanding me to let him know the best and the worst. I told him he should be obeyed. I owned that the *Houyhnhnms* among us, whom we called horses, were the most generous and comely animal we had; that they excelled in strength and swiftness, and, when they belonged to persons of quality, were employed in travelling, racing, or drawing chariots; they were treated with much kindness and care, till they fell into diseases, or became foundered in the feet; but then they were sold, and used to all kinds of drudgery, till they died; after which their skins were stripped, and sold for what they were worth, and their bodies left to be devoured by dogs and birds of prey. But the common race of horses had not so good fortune, being kept by farmers and carriers and other mean people, who put them to greater labour and fed them worse. I described, as well as I could, our way of riding; the shape and use of a bridle, a saddle, a spur, and a whip; of harness and wheels. I added, that we fastened plates of a certain hard substance, called iron, at the bottom of their feet, to preserve their hoofs from being broken by the stony ways on which we often travelled.

My master, after some expressions of great indignation, wondered how we dared to venture upon a *Houyhnhnm's* back; for he was sure that the weakest servant in his house would be able to shake off the strongest *Yahoo*, or, by lying down and rolling on his back, squeeze the brute to death. I answered that our horses were trained up, from three or four

years old, to the several uses we intended them for; that if any of them proved intolerably vicious, they were employed for carriages; that they were severely beaten, while they were young, for any mischievous tricks; that the males, designed for the common use of riding or draught, were generally castrated about two years after their birth, to take down their spirits and make them more tame and gentle; that they were indeed sensible of rewards and punishments; but his honour would please to consider, that they had not the least tincture of reason, any more than the *Yahoos* in this country.

It put me to the pains of many circumlocutions to give my master a right idea of what I spoke; for their language does not abound in variety of words, because their wants and passions are fewer than among us. But it is impossible to express his noble resentment at our savage treatment of the *Houyhnhnm* race; particularly after I had explained the manner and use of castrating horses among us, to hinder them from propagating their kind, and to render them more servile. He said, if it were possible there could be any country where *Yahoos* alone were endued with reason, they certainly must be the governing animal; because reason will in time always prevail against brutal strength. But, considering the frame of our bodies, and especially of mine, he thought no creature of equal bulk was so ill contrived for employing that reason in the common offices of life; whereupon he desired to know whether those among whom I lived resembled me, or the *Yahoos* of his country. I assured him that I was as well shaped as most of my age; but the younger, and the females, were much more soft and tender, and the skins of the latter generally as white as milk. He said I differed indeed from other *Yahoos*, being much more cleanly, and not altogether so deformed; but in point of real advantage, he thought I differed for the worse. That my nails were of no use either to my fore or hinder feet; as to my forefeet, he could not properly call them by that name, for he never observed me to walk upon them; that they were too soft to bear the ground; that I generally went with them uncovered, neither was the covering I sometimes wore on them of the same shape, or so strong, as that on my feet behind; that I could not walk with any security, for if either of my hinder feet slipped, I must inevitably fall. He then began to find fault with other parts of my body: the flatness of my face, the prominence of my nose, mine eyes placed directly in front, so that I could not look on either side without turning my head; that I was not able to feed myself without lifting one of my fore-feet to my mouth; and therefore nature had placed those joints to answer that necessity. He knew not what could be the use of those several clefts and divisions in my feet behind; that these were too soft to bear the hardness and sharpness of stones without a covering made from the skin of some other brute; that my whole body wanted a fence against heat and cold, which I was forced to put on and off every day with tediousness and trouble. And lastly, that he observed every animal in this country naturally to abhor the *Yahoos*, whom the weaker avoided and the stronger drove from them; so that, supposing us to have the gift of reason, he could not see how it were possible to cure that natural antipathy which every creature discovered against us; nor, consequently, how we could tame and render them serviceable. However, he would, as he said, debate the matter no farther, because he was more desirous to know my story, the country where I was born, and the several actions and events of my life before I came hither.

I assured him how extremely desirous I was that he should be satisfied on every point; but I doubted much whether it would be possible for me to explain myself on several subjects, whereof his honour could have no conception, because I saw nothing in his country to which I could resemble them; that, however, I would do my best, and strive to express myself by similitudes, humbly desiring his assistance when I wanted proper words; which he was pleased to promise me.

I said my birth was of honest parents, in an island called England, which was remote from this country as many days' journey as the strongest of his honour's servants could travel in the annual course of the sun; that I was bred a surgeon, whose trade it is to cure wounds and hurts in the body gotten by accident or violence; that my country was governed by a female man, whom we called queen; that I left it to get riches, whereby I might maintain myself and family when I should return; that in my last voyage I was commander of the ship, and had about fifty *Yahoos* under me, many of which died at sea, and I was forced to supply them by others picked out from several nations; that our ship was twice in danger of being sunk, the first time by a great storm, and the second by striking against a rock. Here my master interposed, by asking me how I could persuade strangers out of different countries to venture with me, after the losses I had sustained and the hazards I had run. I said they were fellows of desperate fortunes, forced to fly from the places of their birth on account of their poverty or their crimes. Some were undone by law-suits; others spent all they had in drinking, whoring, and gaming; others fled for treason; many for murder, theft, poisoning, robbery, perjury, forgery, coining false money, for committing rapes or sodomy, for flying from their colours or deserting to the enemy; and most of them had broken prison: none of these durst return to their native countries, for fear of being hanged, or of starving in a jail; and therefore they were under a necessity of seeking a livelihood in other places.

During this discourse, my master was pleased to interrupt me several times: I had made use

of many circumlocutions, in describing to him the nature of the several crimes for which most of our crew had been forced to fly their country. This labour took up several days' conversation, before he was able to comprehend me. He was wholly at a loss to know what could be the use or necessity of practising those vices: to clear up which, I endeavoured to give him some ideas of the desire of power and riches; of the terrible effects of lust, intemperance, malice, and envy. All this I was forced to define and describe by putting cases and making suppositions. After which, like one whose imagination was struck with something never seen or heard of before, he would lift up his eyes with amazement and indignation. Power, government, war, law, punishment, and a thousand other things, had no terms wherein that language could express them; which made the difficulty almost insuperable to give my master any conception of what I meant. But being of an excellent understanding, much improved by contemplation and converse, he at last arrived at a competent knowledge of what human nature, in our parts of the world, is capable to perform; and desired I would give him some particular account of that land which we call Europe, but especially of my own country.

CHAPTER V.

The Author, at his master's command, informs him of the state of England. The causes of war among the princes of Europe. The Author begins to explain the English Constitution.

THE reader may please to observe, that the following extract of many conversations I had with my master contains a summary of the most material points, which were discoursed at several times for above two years; his honour often desiring fuller satisfaction, as I farther improved in the *Houyhnhnm* tongue. I laid before him, as well as I could, the whole state of Europe; I discoursed of trade and manufactures, of arts and sciences; and the answers I gave to all the questions he made, as they arose upon several subjects, were a fund of conversation not to be exhausted. But I shall here only set down the substance of what passed between us concerning my own country, reducing it in order as well as I can, without any regard to time or other circumstances, while I strictly adhere to truth. My only concern is, that I shall hardly be able to do justice to my master's arguments and expressions, which must needs suffer by my want of capacity, as well as by a translation into our barbarous English.

In obedience, therefore, to his honour's commands, I related to him the Revolution under the Prince of Orange; the long war with France entered into by the said prince, and renewed by his successor, the present queen, wherein the greatest powers in Christendom were engaged, and which still continued; I computed, at his request, that about a million of *Yahoos* might have been killed in the whole progress of it; and perhaps a hundred or more cities taken, and five times as many ships burnt or sunk.

He asked me what were the usual causes or motives that made one country go to war with another. I answered, they were innumerable; but I should only mention a few of the chief.[1] Sometimes the ambition of princes, who never think they have land or people enough to govern; sometimes the corruption of ministers, who engage their master in a war, in order to stifle or divert the clamour of the subjects against their evil administration. Difference in opinions has cost many millions of lives: for instance, whether flesh be bread, or bread be flesh; whether the juice of a certain berry be blood or wine; whether whistling be a vice or a virtue; whether it be better to kiss a post or throw it into the fire; what is the best colour for a coat, whether black, white, red, or gray; and whether it should be long or short, narrow or wide, dirty or clean; with many more.[2] Neither are any wars so furious and bloody, or of so long continuance, as those occasioned by difference in opinion, especially if it be in things indifferent.

Sometimes the quarrel between two princes is to decide which of them shall dispossess a third of his dominions, where neither of them pretends to any right. Sometimes one prince quarrels with another, for fear the other should quarrel with him. Sometimes a war is entered upon because the enemy is too strong, and sometimes because he is too weak. Sometimes our neighbours want the things which we have, or have the things which we want; and we both fight, till they take ours, or give us theirs. It is a very justifiable cause of a war, to invade a country after the people have been wasted by famine, destroyed by pestilence, or embroiled by factions among themselves. It is justifiable to enter into war against our nearest ally, when one of his towns lies convenient for us, or a territory of land that would render our dominions round and compact. If a prince sends forces into a nation where the people are poor and ignorant, he may lawfully put half of them to death, and make slaves of the rest, in order to civilise and reduce them from their barbarous way of living. It is a very kingly, honourable, and frequent practice, when one prince desires the assistance of another to secure him against an invasion, that the assistant, when he has driven out the invader, should seize on the

[1] See the "Digression on the Nature, Usefulness, and Necessity of Wars and Quarrels," appended to the "Tale of a Tub."

[2] The strife of the Big-endians and Little-endians is here satirized in another form: transubstantiation, the use of music in churches, the adoration of the cross, and the rites and vestures of the Catholic Church, are typified in the text.

dominions himself, and kill, imprison, or banish the prince he came to relieve. Alliance by blood or marriage is a frequent cause of war between princes; and the nearer the kindred is, the greater is their disposition to quarrel. Poor nations are hungry, and rich nations are proud; and pride and hunger will ever be at variance. For these reasons, the trade of a soldier is held the most honourable of all others; because a soldier is a *Yahoo* hired to kill, in cold blood, as many of his own species who have never offended him, as possibly he can.

There is likewise a kind of beggarly princes in Europe, not able to make war by themselves, who hire out their troops to richer nations for so much a day to each man; of which they keep three-fourths to themselves, and it is the best part of their maintenance: such are those in many northern parts of Europe.[1]

What you have told me, said my master, upon the subject of war, does indeed discover most admirably the effects of that reason you pretend to: however, it is happy that the shame is greater than the danger, and that nature has left you utterly incapable of doing much mischief. For, your mouths lying flat with your faces, you can hardly bite each other to any purpose, unless by consent. Then, as to the claws upon your feet before and behind, they are so short and tender, that one of our *Yahoos* would drive a dozen of yours before him. And therefore, in recounting the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think you have said the thing which is not.

I could not forbear shaking my head and smiling a little at his ignorance. And being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, culverins, muskets, carabines, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets; battles, sieges, retreats, attacks, undermines, countermines, bombardments, sea-fights; ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet; flight, pursuit, victory; fields strewed with carcases left for food to dogs, and wolves, and birds of prey; plundering, stripping, ravishing, burning, and destroying. And, to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship; and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces from the clouds, to the great diversion of the spectators.

I was going on to more particulars, when my master commanded me silence. He said, whoever understood the nature of *Yahoos* might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named, if their strength and cunning equalled their malice. But as my discourse had increased his abhorrence of the whole species, so he found it gave him a disturbance in his mind to which he was wholly a stranger before. He thought his ears, being used to such abominable words, might by degrees admit them with less detestation; that although he hated the *Yahoos* of this country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a *gnnayh* (a bird of prey) for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of that faculty might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident that, instead of reason, we were only possessed of some quality fitted to increase our natural vices; as the reflection from a troubled stream returns the image of an ill shapen body not only larger, but more distorted.

He added that he had heard too much upon the subject of war, both in this and some former discourses. There was another point which a little perplexed him at present. I had informed him that some of our crew left their country on account of being ruined by law; that I had already explained the meaning of the word; but he was at a loss how it should come to pass that the law, which was intended for every man's preservation, should be any man's ruin. Therefore he desired to be farther satisfied what I meant by law, and the dispensers thereof, according to the present practice in my own country; because he thought nature and reason were sufficient guides for a reasonable animal, as we pretended to be, in showing us what we ought to do, and what to avoid.

I assured his honour that law was a science in which I had not much conversed, farther than by employing advocates in vain upon some injustices that had been done me; however, I would give him all the satisfaction I was able.

I said there was a society of men among us, bred up from their youth in the art of proving, by words multiplied for the purpose, that white is black and black is white, according as they are paid. To this society all the rest of the people are slaves. For example, if my neighbour has a mind to my cow, he has a lawyer to prove that he ought to have my cow from me. I must then hire another to defend my right, it being against all rules of law that any man should be allowed to speak for himself. Now, in this case, I who am the right owner, lie under two great disadvantages; first, my lawyer, being practised almost from his cradle in defending falsehood, is quite out of his element when he would be an advocate for justice, which is an unnatural office he always attempts with great awkwardness, if not with ill-will. The second disadvantage is, that my lawyer must proceed with great caution, or else he will be reprimanded by the judges, and abhorred by his brethren, as one that would lessen the practice of the law. And therefore I have but two methods to preserve my cow. The first is, to gain over my adversary's lawyer with a double

[1] This sarcasm, says Scott, against German mercenaries, originated in Swift's aversion to the policy of George I., who had subsidized the Hessians and other Continental powers, in order to provide for the defence of Hanover.

fee, who will then betray his client, by insinuating that he has justice on his side. The second way is, for my lawyer to make my cause appear as unjust as he can, by allowing the cow to belong to my adversary; and this, if it be skilfully done, will certainly bespeak the favour of the bench. Now, your honour is to know, that these judges are persons appointed to decide all controversies of property, as well as for the trial of criminals, and picked out from the most dexterous lawyers who are grown old or lazy, and, having been biassed all their lives against truth and equity, lie under such a fatal necessity of favouring fraud, perjury, and oppression, that I have known some of them refuse a large bribe from the side where justice lay, rather than injure the faculty by doing anything unbecoming their nature or their office.

It is a maxim among these lawyers, that whatever has been done before may legally be done again; and therefore they take special care to record all the decisions formerly made against common justice and the general reason of mankind. These, under the name of precedents, they produce as authorities to justify the most iniquitous opinions; and the judges never fail of directing accordingly.

In pleading, they studiously avoid entering into the merits of the cause; but are loud, violent, and tedious in dwelling upon all circumstances which are not to the purpose. For instance, in the case already mentioned: they never desire to know what claim or title my adversary has to my cow; but whether the said cow were red or black; her horns long or short; whether the field I graze her in be round or square; whether she was milked at home or abroad; what diseases she is subject to, and the like; after which they consult precedents, adjourn the cause from time to time, and in ten, twenty, or thirty years come to an issue.

It is likewise to be observed, that this society has a peculiar cant and jargon of their own, that no other mortal can understand, and wherein all their laws are written, which they take special care to multiply; whereby they have wholly confounded the very essence of truth and falsehood, of right and wrong; so that it will take thirty years to decide whether the field left me by my ancestors for six generations belongs to me, or to a stranger three hundred miles off.

In the trial of persons accused for crimes against the state, the method is much more short and commendable; the judge first sends to sound the disposition of those in power, after which he can easily hang or save a criminal, strictly preserving all due forms of law.

Here my master, interposing, said it was a pity that creatures endowed with such prodigious abilities of mind as these lawyers, by the description I gave of them, must certainly be, were not rather encouraged to be instructors of others in wisdom and knowledge. In answer to which, I assured his honour that in all points out of their own trade they were usually the most ignorant and stupid generation among us, the most despicable in common conversation, avowed enemies to all knowledge and learning, and equally disposed to pervert the general reason of mankind in every other subject of discourse, as in that of their own profession.[1]

CHAPTER VI.

A continuation of the state of England under Queen Anne. The character of a first minister of state in European courts.

My master was yet wholly at a loss to understand what motives could incite this race of lawyers to perplex, disquiet, and weary themselves, and engage in a confederacy of injustice, merely for the sake of injuring their fellow-animals; neither could he comprehend what I meant, in saying they did it for hire. Whereupon I was at much pains to describe to him the use of money, the materials it was made of, and the value of the metals; that when a *Yahoo* had got a great store of this precious substance, he was able to purchase whatever he had a mind to, the finest clothing, the noblest houses, great tracts of land, the most costly meats and drinks, and have his choice of the most beautiful females; that therefore, since money alone was able to perform all these feats, our *Yahoos* thought they could never have enough of it to spend, or to save, as they found themselves inclined from their natural bent either to profusion or avarice; that the rich man enjoyed the fruit of the poor man's labour, and the latter were a thousand to one in proportion to the former; that the bulk of our people were forced to live miserably, by labouring every day for small wages, to make a few live plentifully. I enlarged myself much on these and many other particulars to the same purpose; but his honour was still to seek; for he went upon a supposition that all animals had a title to their share in the productions of the earth, and especially those who presided over the rest. Therefore he desired I would let him know what these costly meats were, and how any of us happened to want them. Whereupon I enumerated as many sorts as came into my head, with the various methods of dressing them, which could not be done without sending vessels by sea to every part of the world, as well for liquors to drink, as for sauces and innumerable other conveniences. I assured him that this whole globe of earth must be at least three times gone round before one of our better female *Yahoos* could get her breakfast, or a cup to put it in. He said that must needs be a miserable country, which cannot furnish food for its own inhabit-

[1] The various collisions between Swift and the Irish Judges, in the course of the controversy respecting Wood's project, had probably no small effect in envenoming the preceding satire.—*Scott.*

ants. But what he chiefly wondered at was, how such vast tracks of ground as I described should be wholly without fresh water, and the people put to the necessity of sending over the sea for drink. I replied that England (the dear place of my nativity) was computed to produce three times the quantity of food more than its inhabitants are able to consume, as well as liquors extracted from grain, or pressed out of the fruit of certain trees, which made excellent drink; and the same proportion in every other convenience of life. But in order to feed the luxury and intemperance of the males, and the vanity of the females, we sent away the greatest part of our necessary things to other countries, whence in return we brought the materials of diseases, folly, and vice, to spend among ourselves. Hence it follows, of necessity, that vast numbers of our people are compelled to seek their livelihood by begging, robbing, stealing, cheating, pimping, flattering, suborning, forswearing, forging, gaming, lying, fawning, hectoring, voting, scribbling, star-gazing, poisoning, whoring, canting, libelling, free-thinking, and the like occupations: every one of which terms I was at much pains to make him understand.

That wine was not imported among us from foreign countries to supply the want of water or other drinks, but because it was a sort of liquid which made us merry by putting us out of our senses, diverted all melancholy thoughts, begat wild, extravagant imaginations in the brain, raised our hopes and banished our fears, suspended every office of reason for a time, and deprived us of the use of our limbs, till we fell into a profound sleep; although it must be confessed that we always awaked sick and dispirited, and that the use of this liquor filled us with diseases which made our lives uncomfortable and short.

But, besides all this, the bulk of our people supported themselves by furnishing the necessities or conveniences of life to the rich, and to each other. For instance, when I am at home, and dressed as I ought to be, I carry on my body the workmanship of a hundred tradesmen; the building and furniture of my house employ as many more, and five times the number to adorn my wife.

I was going on to tell him of another sort of people who get their livelihood by attending the sick, having, upon some occasions, informed his honour that many of my crew had died of diseases. But here it was with the utmost difficulty that I brought him to apprehend what I meant. He could easily conceive that a *Houyhnhnm* grew weak and heavy a few days before his death, or, by some accident, might hurt a limb; but that nature, who works all things to perfection, should suffer any pains to breed in our bodies, he thought impossible, and desired to know the reason of so unaccountable an evil. I told him we fed on a thousand things which operated contrary to each other; that we eat when we were not hungry, and drank without the provocation of thirst; that we sat whole nights drinking strong liquors, without eating a bit, which disposed us to sloth, inflamed our bodies, and precipitated or prevented digestion; that prostitute female *Yahoos* acquired a certain malady, which bred rottenness in the bones of those who fell into their embraces; that this and many other diseases were propagated from father to son, so that great numbers come into the world with complicated maladies upon them; that it would be endless to give him a catalogue of all diseases incident to human bodies, for they could not be fewer than five or six hundred, spread over every limb and joint; in short, every part, external and intestine, having diseases appropriated to itself. To remedy which, there was a sort of people bred up among us in the profession, or pretence, of curing the sick. And because I had some skill in the faculty, I would, in gratitude to his honour, let him know the whole mystery and method by which they proceed.

Their fundamental is, that all diseases arise from repletion; whence they conclude, that a great evacuation of the body is necessary, either through the natural passage, or upwards at the mouth. Their next business is, from herbs, minerals, gums, oils, shells, salts, juices, seaweed, excrements, barks of trees, serpents, toads, frogs, spiders, dead men's flesh and bones, birds, beasts, and fishes, to form a composition for smell and taste the most abominable, nauseous, and detestable, they can possibly contrive, which the stomach immediately rejects with loathing; and this they call a vomit: or else, from the same store-house, with some other poisonous additions, they command us to take in at the orifice above or below (just as the physician then happens to be disposed) a medicine equally annoying and disgustful to the bowels, which, relaxing the belly, drives down all before it; and this they call a purge, or a clyster. For nature (as the physicians allege) having intended the superior anterior orifice only for the intromission of solids and liquids, and the inferior posterior for ejection; these artists ingeniously considering that in all diseases nature is forced out of her seat; therefore, to replace her in it, the body must be treated in a manner directly contrary, by interchanging the use of each orifice; forcing solids and liquids in at the anus, and making evacuations at the mouth.

But, besides real diseases, we are subject to many that are only imaginary, for which the physicians have invented imaginary cures; these have their several names, and so have the drugs that are proper for them; and with these our female *Yahoos* are always infested.

One great excellency in this tribe is their skill at prognostics, wherein they seldom fail; their predictions in real diseases, when they rise to any degree of malignity, generally portending death, which is always in their power when recovery is not: and therefore upon any

unexpected signs of amendment, after they have pronounced their sentence, rather than be accused as false prophets, they know how to approve their sagacity to the world by a seasonable dose.

They are likewise of special use to husbands and wives who are grown weary of their mates; to eldest sons, to great ministers of state, and often to princes.

I had formerly upon occasion discoursed with my master upon the nature of government in general, and particularly of our own excellent constitution, deservedly the wonder and envy of the whole world. But having here accidentally mentioned a minister of state, he commanded me, some time after, to inform him what species of *Yahoo* I particularly meant by that appellation.

I told him that a first or chief minister of state, who was the person I intended to describe, was a creature wholly exempt from joy and grief, love and hatred, pity and anger; at least, makes use of no other passions but a violent desire of wealth, power, and titles; that he applies his words to all uses, except to the indication of his mind; that he never tells a truth but with an intent that you should take it for a lie, nor a lie but with a design that you should take it for a truth; that those he speaks worst of behind their backs are in the surest way of preferment; and whenever he begins to praise you to others or to yourself, you are from that day forlorn. The worst mark you can receive is a promise, especially when it is confirmed with an oath; after which every wise man retires and gives over all hopes.

There are three methods by which a man may rise to be chief minister. The first is, by knowing how with prudence to dispose of a wife, a daughter, or a sister; the second, by betraying or undermining his predecessor; and the third is, by a furious zeal in public assemblies against the corruptions of the court. But a wise prince would rather choose to employ those who practise the last of these methods; because such zealots prove always the most obsequious and subservient to the will and passions of their master. That these ministers, having all employments at their disposal, preserve themselves in power by bribing the majority of a senate or great council; and at last, by an expedient called an act of indemnity (whereof I described the nature to him), they secure themselves from after-reckonings, and retire from the public laden with the spoils of the nation.

The palace of chief minister is a seminary to breed up others in his own trade; the pages, lackeys, and porter, by imitating their master, become ministers of state in their several districts, and learn to excel in the three principal ingredients of insolence, lying, and bribery. Accordingly, they have a subaltern court paid to them by persons of the best rank; and sometimes, by the force of dexterity and impudence, arrive through several gradations to be successors to their lord.

He is usually governed by a decayed wench, or favourite footman; who are the tunnels through which all graces are conveyed, and may properly be called, in the last resort, the governors of the kingdom.

One day in discourse, my master, having heard me mention the nobility of my country, was pleased to make me a compliment which I could not pretend to deserve: that he was sure I must have been born of some noble family, because I far exceeded in shape, colour, and cleanliness, all the *Yahoos* of his nation, although I seemed to fail in strength and agility, which must be imputed to my different way of living from those other brutes; and besides, I was not only endowed with the faculty of speech, but likewise with some rudiments of reason, to [such] a degree that, with all his acquaintance, I passed for a prodigy.

He made me observe, that among the *Houyhnhnms* the white, the sorrel, and the iron-gray were not so exactly shaped as the bay, the dapple-gray, and the black; nor born with equal talents of mind, or a capacity to improve them; and therefore continued always in the condition of servants, without ever aspiring to match out of their own race, which in that country would be reckoned monstrous and unnatural.

I made his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me; but assured him, at the same time, that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education; that nobility among us was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases, among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution, merely for the sake of money, whom they hate and despise; that the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, rickety, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father, among her neighbours or domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed; that a weak, diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion, are the true marks of noble blood; and a healthy, robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a coachman. The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dulness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride.

Without the consent of this illustrious body no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered; and these nobles have likewise the decision of all our possessions, without appeal.

CHAPTER VII.

The Author's great love of his native country. His master's observations upon the constitution and administration of England, as described by the Author; with parallel cases and comparisons. His master's observations upon human nature.

THE reader may be disposed to wonder how I could prevail on myself to give so free a representation of my own species among a race of mortals who are already too apt to conceive the vilest opinion of human kind, from that entire congruity between me and their *Yahoos*. But I must freely confess, that the many virtues of those excellent quadrupeds, placed in opposite view to human corruptions, had so far opened my eyes and enlarged my understanding, that I began to view the actions and passions of man in a very different light, and to think the honour of my own kind not worth managing,[1] which, besides, it was impossible for me to do before a person of so acute a judgment as my master, who daily convinced me of a thousand faults in myself whereof I had not the least perception before, and which, with us, would never be numbered even among human infirmities. I had likewise learned from his example an utter detestation of all falsehood or disguise; and truth appeared so amiable to me, that I determined upon sacrificing every thing to it.

Let me deal so candidly with the reader, as to confess that there was yet a much stronger motive for the freedom I took in my representation of things. I had not yet been a year in this country, before I contracted such a love and veneration for the inhabitants, that I entered on a firm resolution never to return to human kind, but to pass the rest of my life among these admirable *Houyhnhnms*, in the contemplation and practice of every virtue, where I could have no example or incitement to vice. But it was decreed by fortune, my perpetual enemy, that so great a felicity should not fall to my share. However, it is now some comfort to reflect, that in what I said of my countrymen I extenuated their faults as much as I durst before so strict an examiner, and upon every article gave as favourable a turn as the matter would bear. For indeed who is there alive, that will not be swayed by his bias and partiality to the place of his birth?

I have related the substance of several conversations I had with my master during the greatest part of the time I had the honour to be in his service, but have indeed, for brevity sake, omitted much more than is here set down.

When I had answered all his questions, and his curiosity seemed to be fully satisfied, he sent for me one morning early; and, commanding me to sit down at some distance (an honour which he had never before conferred upon me), he said he had been very seriously considering my whole story, as far as it related both to myself and my country; that he looked upon us as a sort of animals to whose share, by what accident he could not conjecture, some small pittance of reason had fallen, whereof we made no other use than by its assistance to aggravate our natural corruptions, and to acquire new ones which nature had not given us; that we disarmed ourselves of the few abilities she had bestowed, had been very successful in multiplying our original wants, and seemed to spend our whole lives in vain endeavours to supply them by our own inventions. That as to myself, it was manifest I had neither the strength nor agility of a common *Yahoo;* that I walked infirmly on my hinder feet, had found out a contrivance to make my claws of no use or defence, and to remove the hair from my chin which was intended as a shelter from the sun and the weather; lastly, that I could neither run with speed, nor climb trees like my brethren (as he called them) the *Yahoos* in his country.

That our institutions of government and law were plainly owing to our gross defects in reason, and by consequence in virtue; because reason alone is sufficient to govern a rational creature; which was, therefore, a character we had no pretence to challenge, even from the account I had given of my own people; although he manifestly perceived that, in order to favour them, I had concealed many particulars, and often said the thing which was not

He was the more confirmed in this opinion, because he observed that as I agreed in every feature of my body with other *Yahoos*, except where it was to my real disadvantage, in point of strength, speed, and activity, the shortness of my claws, and some other particulars where nature had no part; so, from the representation I had given him of our lives, our manners, and our actions, he found as near a resemblance in the disposition of our minds. He said the *Yahoos* were known to hate one another more than they did any different species of animals; and the reason usually assigned was the odiousness of their own shapes, which all could see in the rest, but not in themselves. He had therefore begun to think it not unwise in us to cover our bodies, and by that invention conceal many of our deformities from each other, which would else be hardly supportable. But he now found he had been mistaken, and that the dissensions of those brutes in his country were owing to the same cause with ours, as I had described them. For if, said he, you throw among five *Yahoos* as much food as would be sufficient for fifty, they will, instead of eating peaceably, fall together by the ears, each single one impatient to have all to itself; and therefore a servant was usually employed to stand by while they were feeding abroad, and those kept at home were tied at a distance from each other; that if a cow died of age or accident, before a *Houyhnhnm* could secure it for his own *Yahoos*,

[1] Used in the sense of sparing or considering—like the French word *menager*, whence it is derived.

those in the neighbourhood would come in herds to seize it, and then would ensue such a battle as I had described, with terrible wounds made by their claws on both sides, although they seldom were able to kill one another for want of such convenient instruments of death as we had invented. At other times, the like battles have been fought between the *Yahoos* of several neighbourhoods, without any visible cause; those of one district watching all opportunities to surprise the next before they are prepared. But if they find their project has miscarried, they return home, and, for want of enemies, engage in what I call a civil war among themselves.

That in some fields of his country there are certain shining stones of several colours, whereof the *Yahoos* are violently fond; and when part of these stones is fixed in the earth, as it sometimes happens, they will dig with their claws for whole days to get them out; then carry them away, and hide them by heaps in their kennels, but still looking round with great caution, for fear their comrades should find out their treasure. My master said he could never discover the reason of this unnatural appetite, or how these stones could be of any use to a *Yahoo;* but now he believed it might proceed from the same principle of avarice which I had ascribed to mankind: that he had once, by way of experiment, privately removed a heap of these stones from the place where one of his *Yahoos* had buried it; whereupon the sordid animal, missing his treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole herd to the place, there miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest; began to pine away, would neither eat, nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a servant privately to convey the stones into the same hole, and hide them as before; which when his *Yahoo* had found, he presently recovered his spirits and good humour, but took care to remove them to a better hiding-place, and has ever since been a very serviceable brute.

My master farther assured me, which I also observed myself, that in the fields where the shining stones abound the fiercest and most frequent battles are fought, occasioned by perpetual inroads of the neighbouring *Yahoos*.

He said it was common, when two *Yahoos* discovered such a stone in a field, and were contending which of them should be the proprietor, a third would take the advantage, and carry it away from them both; which my master would needs contend to have some kind of resemblance with our suits at law; wherein I thought it for our credit not to undeceive him, since the decision he mentioned was much more equitable than many decrees among us; because the plaintiff and defendant there lost nothing besides the stone they contended for, whereas our courts of equity would never have dismissed the cause while either of them had any thing left.

My master, continuing his discourse, said there was nothing that rendered the *Yahoos* more odious, than their undistinguished appetite to devour everything that came in their way, whether herbs, roots, berries, the corrupted flesh of animals, or all mingled together: and it was peculiar in their temper that they were fonder of what they could get by rapine or stealth at a greater distance, than much better food provided for them at home. If their prey held out, they would eat till they were ready to burst; after which nature had pointed out to them a certain root that gave them a general evacuation.

There was also another kind of root, very juicy, but somewhat rare and difficult to be found, which the *Yahoos* sought for with much eagerness, and would suck it with great delight; it produced in them the same effects that wine has upon us. It would make them sometimes hug and sometimes tear one another; they would howl, and grin, and chatter, and reel, and tumble, and then fall asleep in the mud.

I did indeed observe that the *Yahoos* were the only animals in this country subject to any diseases; which, however, were much fewer than horses have among us, and contracted, not by any ill treatment they meet with, but by the nastiness and greediness of that sordid brute. Neither has their language any more than a general appellation for those maladies, which is borrowed from the name of the beast, and called *hnea-yahoo* or *Yahoo's evil;* and the cure prescribed is a mixture of their own dung and urine, forcibly put down the *Yahoo's* throat. This I have since often known to have been taken with success, and do here freely recommend it to my countrymen, for the public good, as an admirable specific against all diseases produced by repletion.

As to learning, government, arts, manufactures, and the like, my master confessed he could find little or no resemblance between the *Yahoos* of that country and those in ours; for he only meant to observe what parity there was in our natures. He had heard, indeed, some curious *Houyhnhnms* observe, that in most herds there was a sort of ruling *Yahoo*, (as among us there is generally some leading or principal stag in a park,) who was always more deformed in body and mischievous in disposition than any of the rest; that this leader had usually a favourite as like himself as he could get, whose employment was to lick his master's feet and posteriors, and drive the female *Yahoos* to his kennel; for which he was now and then rewarded with a piece of ass's flesh. This favourite is hated by the whole herd, and therefore, to protect himself, keeps always near the person of his leader. He usually continues in office till a worse can be found; but the very moment he is discarded, his successor, at the head of all the *Yahoos* in that district, young and old, male and female, come in a body, and discharge their excrements upon him from head to foot. But how far this might be applicable to our courts, and favourites, and ministers of state, my master said I could best determine.

I durst make no return to this malicious insinuation, which debased human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound, who has judgment enough to distinguish and follow the cry of the ablest dog in the pack, without being ever mistaken.

My master told me there were some qualities, remarkable in the *Yahoos*, which he had not observed me to mention, or at least very slightly, in the accounts I had given him of human kind. He said those animals, like other brutes, had their females in common; but in this they differed, that the she *Yahoo* would admit the males while she was pregnant; and that the hes would quarrel and fight with the females, as fiercely as with each other; both which practices were such degrees of infamous brutality, as no other sensitive creature ever arrived at.

Another thing he wondered at in the *Yahoos*, was their strange disposition to nastiness and dirt; whereas there appears to be a natural love of cleanliness in all other animals. As to the two former accusations, I was glad to let them pass without any reply, because I had not a word to offer upon them in defence of my species, which otherwise I certainly had done from my own inclinations. But I could have easily vindicated human kind from the imputation of singularity upon the last article, if there had been any swine in that country, (as, unluckily for me, there were not), which although it may be a sweeter quadruped than a *Yahoo*, cannot, I humbly conceive, in justice pretend to more cleanliness; and so his honour himself must have owned, if he had seen their filthy way of feeding, and their custom of wallowing and sleeping in the mud.

My master likewise mentioned another quality which his servants had discovered in several *Yahoos*, and to him was wholly unaccountable. He said, a fancy would sometimes take a *Yahoo* to retire into a corner, to lie down, and howl, and groan, and spurn away all that came near him, although he were young and fat, wanted neither food nor water; nor did the servants imagine what could possibly ail him. And the only remedy they found was, to set him to hard work, after which he would infallibly come to himself. To this I was silent, out of partiality to my own kind; yet here I could plainly discover the true seeds of spleen, which only seizes on the lazy, the luxurious, and the rich; who if they were forced to undergo the same regimen, I would undertake for the cure.

His honour had farther observed that a female *Yahoo* would often stand behind a bank or a bush, to gaze on the young males passing by, and then appear, and hide, using many antic gestures and grimaces, at which time it was observed that she had a most offensive smell; and, when any of the males advanced, would slowly retire, looking often back, and with a counterfeit show of fear run off into some convenient place, where she knew the male would follow her.

At other times, if a female stranger came among them, three or four of her own sex would get about her, and stare, and chatter, and grin, and smell her all over, and then turn off with gestures that seemed to express contempt and disdain.

Perhaps my master might refine a little in these speculations, which he had drawn from what he observed himself or had been told him by others; however, I could not reflect without some amazement and much sorrow, that the rudiments of lewdness, coquetry, censure, and scandal, should have place by instinct in womankind.

I expected every moment that my master would accuse the *Yahoos* of those unnatural appetites in both sexes, so common among us. But Nature, it seems, has not been so expert a school-mistress; and these politer pleasures are entirely the productions of Art and Reason on our side of the globe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Author relates several particulars of the Yahoos. The great virtues of the Houyhnhnms. The education and exercise of their youth. Their general assembly.

As I ought to have understood human nature much better than I supposed it possible for my master to do, so it was easy to apply the character he gave of the *Yahoos* to myself and my countrymen; and I believed I could yet make farther discoveries from my own observation. I therefore often begged his honour to let me go among the herds of *Yahoos* in the neighbourhood; to which he always very graciously consented, being perfectly convinced that the hatred I bore these brutes would never suffer me to be corrupted by them: and his honour ordered one of his servants, a strong sorrel nag, very honest and good-natured, to be my guard; without whose protection I durst not undertake such adventures. For I have already told the reader how much I was pestered by those odious animals upon my first arrival; and I afterward failed very narrowly three or four times of falling into their clutches, when I happened to stray at any distance without my hanger. And I have reason to believe they had some imagination that I was of their own species; which I often assisted myself by stripping up my sleeves, and showing my naked arms and breast in their sight, when my protector was with me. At which times they would approach as near as they durst, and imitate my actions after the manner of monkeys, but ever with great signs of hatred; as a tame jackdaw with cap and stockings is always persecuted by the wild ones, when he happens to be got among them.

They are prodigiously nimble from their infancy. However, I once caught a young male of three years old, and endeavoured by all

marks of tenderness to make it quiet; but the little imp fell a squalling, and scratching, and biting, with such violence that I was forced to let it go; and it was high time; for a whole troop of old ones came about us at the noise, but finding the cub was safe, (for away it ran,) and my sorrel nag being by, they durst not venture near us. I observed the young animal's flesh to smell very rank, and the stink was somewhat between a weasel and a fox, but much more disagreeable. I forgot another circumstance, (and perhaps I might have the reader's pardon if it were wholly omitted,) that while I held the odious vermin in my hands, it voided its filthy excrements of a yellow liquid substance all over my clothes; but by good fortune there was a small brook hard by, where I washed myself as clean as I could, although I durst not come into my master's presence until I were sufficiently aired.

By what I could discover, the *Yahoos* appear to be the most unteachable of all animals; their capacities never reaching higher than to draw or carry burdens. Yet I am of opinion this defect arises chiefly from a perverse, restive disposition; for they are cunning, malicious, treacherous, and revengeful. They are strong and hardy, but of a cowardly spirit, and by consequence insolent, abject, and cruel. It is observed, that the red haired of both sexes are more libidinous and mischievous than the rest, whom yet they much exceed in strength and activity.

The *Houyhnhnms* keep the *Yahoos* for present use in huts not far from the house; but the rest are sent abroad to certain fields, where they dig up roots, eat several kinds of herbs, and search about for carrion, or sometimes catch weasels and *luhimuhs*, (a sort of wild rat,) which they greedily devour. Nature has taught them to dig deep holes with their nails on the side of a rising ground, wherein they lie by themselves; only the kennels of the females are larger, sufficient to hold two or three cubs.

They swim from their infancy like frogs, and are able to continue long under water, where they often take fish, which the females carry home to their young. And upon this occasion I hope the reader will pardon my relating an odd adventure.

Being one day abroad with my protector the sorrel nag, and the weather exceeding hot, I entreated him to let me bathe in a river that was near. He consented, and I immediately stript myself stark naked, and went down softly into the stream. It happened that a young female *Yahoo*, standing behind a bank, saw the whole proceeding, and, inflamed by desire as the nag and I conjectured, came running with all speed and leaped into the water within five yards of the place where I bathed. I was never in my life so terribly frighted; the nag was grazing at some distance, not suspecting any harm. She embraced me after a most fulsome manner. I roared as loud as I could, and the nag came galloping towards me, whereupon she quitted her grasp with the utmost reluctancy, and leaped upon the opposite bank, where she stood gazing and howling all the time I was putting on my clothes.

This was a matter of diversion to my master and his family, as well as of mortification to myself; for now I could no longer deny that I was a real *Yahoo* in every limb and feature, since the females had a natural propensity to me as one of their own species. Neither was the hair of this brute of a red colour, (which might have been some excuse for an appetite a little irregular,) but black as a sloe, and her countenance did not make an appearance altogether so hideous as the rest of her kind; for I think she could not be above eleven years old.

Having lived three years in this country, the reader, I suppose, will expect that I should, like other travellers, give him some account of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, which it was indeed my principal study to learn.

As these noble *Houyhnhnms* are endowed by nature with a general disposition to all virtues, and have no conceptions or ideas of what is evil in a rational creature, so their grand maxim is, to cultivate reason, and to be wholly governed by it. Neither is reason among them a point problematical, as with us, where men can argue with plausibility on both sides of the question; but strikes you with immediate conviction, as it must needs do where it is not mingled, obscured, or discoloured, by passion and interest. I remember it was with extreme difficulty that I could bring my master to understand the meaning of the word *opinion*, or how a point could be disputable; because reason taught us to affirm or deny only where we are certain; and beyond our knowledge we cannot do either. So that controversies, wranglings, disputes, and positiveness, in false or dubious propositions, are evils unknown among the *Houyhnhnms*. In the like manner, when I used to explain to him our several systems of natural philosophy, he would laugh that a creature pretending to reason should value itself upon the knowledge of other people's conjectures, and in things where that knowledge, if it were certain, could be of no use. Wherein he agreed entirely with the sentiments of Socrates, as Plato delivers them; which I mention as the highest honour I can do to that prince of philosophers. I have often since reflected what destruction such a doctrine would make in the libraries of Europe, and how many paths to fame would be then shut up in the learned world.

Friendship and benevolence are the two principal virtues among the *Houyhnhnms;* and these not confined to particular objects, but universal to the whole race: for a stranger from the remotest part is equally treated with the nearest neighbour, and, wherever he goes, looks upon himself as at home. They preserve decency

and civility in the highest degrees, but are altogether ignorant of ceremony. They have no fondness for their colts or foals, but the care they take in educating them proceeds entirely from the dictates of reason; and I observed my master to show the same affection to his neighbour's issue, that he had for his own. They will have it that nature teaches them to love the whole species, and it is reason only that makes a distinction of persons where there is a superior degree of virtue.

When the matron *Houyhnhnms* have produced one of each sex, they no longer accompany with their consorts, except they lose one of their issue by some casualty, which very seldom happens: but in such a case they meet again; or when the like accident befalls a person whose wife is past bearing, some other couple bestow on him one of their own colts, and then go together again until the mother is pregnant. This caution is necessary to prevent the country from being overburdened with numbers. But the race of inferior *Houyhnhnms*, bred up to be servants, is not so strictly limited upon this article; these are allowed to produce three of each sex, to be domestics in the noble families.

In their marriages they are exactly careful to choose such colours as will not make any disagreeable mixture in the breed. Strength is chiefly valued in the male, and comeliness in the female; not upon the account of love, but to preserve the race from degenerating; for where a female happens to excel in strength, a consort is chosen with regard to comeliness.

Courtship, love, presents, jointures, settlements, have no place in their thoughts, or terms whereby to express them in their language. The young couple meet and are joined, merely because it is the determination of their parents and friends; it is what they see done every day, and they look upon it as one of the necessary actions of a reasonable being. But the violation of marriage, or any other unchastity, was never heard of; and the married pair pass their lives with the same friendship and mutual benevolence that they bear to all others of the same species who come in their way, without jealousy, fondness, quarrelling, or discontent.

In educating the youth of both sexes, their method is admirable, and highly deserves our imitation. These are not suffered to taste a grain of oats, except upon certain days, till eighteen years old; nor milk, but very rarely; and in summer they graze two hours in the morning, and as many in the evening, which their parents likewise observe: but the servants are not allowed above half that time, and a great part of their grass is brought home, which they eat at the most convenient hours, when they can be best spared from work.

Temperance, industry, exercise, and cleanliness, are the lessons equally enjoined to the young ones of both sexes; and my master thought it monstrous in us to give the females a different kind of education from the males, except in some articles of domestic management: whereby, as he truly observed, one half of our natives were good for nothing but bringing children into the world; and to trust the care of our children to such useless animals, he said, was yet a greater instance of brutality.

But the *Houyhnhnms* train up their youth to strength, speed, and hardiness, by exercising them in running races up and down steep hills, and over hard stony ground; and when they are all in a sweat, they are ordered to leap over head and ears into a pond or river. Four times a year the youth of a certain district meet to show their proficiency in running and leaping, and other feats of strength and agility, where the victor is rewarded with a song in his or her praise. On this festival the servants drive a herd of *Yahoos* into the field, laden with hay, and oats, and milk, for a repast to the *Houyhnhnms;* after which these brutes are immediately driven back again, for fear of being noisome to the assembly.

Every fourth year, at the vernal equinox, there is a representative council of the whole nation, which meets in a plain about twenty miles from our house, and continues about five or six days. Here they inquire into the state and condition of the several districts; whether they abound or be deficient in hay, or oats, or cows, or *Yahoos;* and wherever there is any want, (which is but seldom) it is immediately supplied by unanimous consent and contribution. Here, likewise, the regulation of children is settled; as for instance, if a *Houyhnhnm* has two males, he changes one of them with another that has two females: and when a child has been lost by any casualty where the mother is past breeding, it is determined what family in the district shall breed another to supply the loss.

CHAPTER IX.

A grand debate at the general assembly of the Houyhnhnms, and how it was determined. The learning of the Houyhnhnms. Their buildings. Their manner of burials. The defectiveness of their language.

ONE of these grand assemblies was held in my time, about three months before my departure, whither my master went as the representative of our district. In this council was resumed their old debate, and indeed the only debate that ever happened in their country; whereof my master after his return gave me a very particular account.

The question to be debated was, whether the *Yahoos* should be exterminated from the face of the earth. One of the members for the affirmative offered several arguments of great strength and weight; alleging that as the *Yahoos* were the most filthy, noisome, and deformed animals which nature ever produced, so

they were the most restive and indocible, mischievous and malicious. They would privately suck the teats of the *Houyhnhnms'* cows, kill and devour their cats, trample down their oats and grass if they were not continually watched, and commit a thousand other extravagancies. He took notice of a general tradition that *Yahoos* had not been always in their country, but that many ages ago two of these brutes appeared together upon a mountain, whether produced by the heat of the sun upon corrupted mud and slime, or from the ooze and froth of the sea, was never known; that these *Yahoos* engendered, and their brood in a short time grew so numerous as to overrun and infest the whole nation; that the *Houyhnhnms*, to get rid of this evil, made a general hunting, and at last enclosed the whole herd; and, destroying the elder, every *Houyhnhnm* kept two young ones in a kennel, and brought them to such a degree of tameness as an animal so savage by nature can be capable of acquiring, using them for draught and carriage: that there seemed to be much truth in this tradition, and that those creatures could not be *ylnhniamshy*, (or *aborigines* of the land,) because of the violent hatred the *Houyhnhnms* as well as all other animals bore them; which, although their evil disposition sufficiently deserved, could never have arrived at so high a degree if they had been *aborigines*, or else they would have long since been rooted out:[1] that the inhabitants, taking a fancy to use the service of the *Yahoos*, had very imprudently neglected to cultivate the breed of asses, which are a comely animal, easily kept, more tame and orderly, without any offensive smell; strong enough for labour, although they yield to the other in agility of body; and if their braying be no agreeable sound, it is far preferable to the horrible howlings of the *Yahoos*.

Several others declared their sentiments to the same purpose, when my master proposed an expedient to the assembly, whereof he had indeed borrowed the hint from me. He approved of the tradition mentioned by the honourable member who spoke before, and affirmed that the two *Yahoos*, said to be the first seen among them, had been driven thither over the sea; that coming to land, and being forsaken by their companions, they retired to the mountains, and, degenerating by degrees, became in process of time much more savage than those of their own species in the country whence these two originals came. The reason of this assertion was, that he had now in his possession a certain wonderful *Yahoo*, (meaning myself,) which most of them had heard of and many of them had seen. He then related to them how he first found me; that my body was all covered with an artificial composure of the skins and hairs of other animals; that I spoke in a language of my own, and had thoroughly learned theirs; that I had related to him the accidents which brought me thither; that when he saw me without my covering I was an exact *Yahoo* in every part, only of a whiter colour, less hairy, and with shorter claws. He added how I had endeavoured to persuade him that in my own and other countries the *Yahoos* acted as the governing, rational animal, and held the *Houyhnhnms* in servitude; that he observed in me all the qualities of a *Yahoo*, only a little more civilised by some tincture of reason; which, however, was in a degree as far inferior to the *Houyhnhnm* race, as the *Yahoos* of their country were to me; that, among other things, I mentioned a custom we had of castrating *Houyhnhnms* when they were young, in order to render them tame; that the operation was easy and safe; that it was no shame to learn wisdom from brutes, as industry is taught by the ant, and building by the swallow; (for so I translate the word *lyhannh*, although it be a much larger fowl;) that this invention might be practised upon the younger *Yahoos* here, which, besides rendering them tractable and fitter for use, would in an age put an end to the whole species without destroying life; that in the meantime the *Houyhnhnms* should be exhorted to cultivate the breed of asses, which as they are in all respects more valuable brutes, so they have this advantage, to be fit for service at five years old, which the others are not till twelve.

This was all my master thought fit to tell me, at that time, of what passed in the grand council. But he was pleased to conceal one particular which related personally to myself; whereof I soon felt the unhappy effect, as the reader will know in its proper place, and from which I date all the succeeding misfortunes of my life.

The *Houyhnhnms* have no letters, and consequently their knowledge is all traditional; but there happening few events of any moment among a people so well united, naturally disposed to every virtue, wholly governed by reason, and cut off from all commerce with other nations, the historical part is easily preserved without burdening their memories. I have already observed that they are subject to no diseases, and therefore can have no need of physicians. However, they have excellent medicines, composed of herbs, to cure accidental bruises and cuts in the pastern or frog of the foot by sharp stones, as well as other maims and hurts in the several parts of the body.

They calculate the year by the revolution of the sun and the moon, but use no subdivision into weeks. They are well enough acquainted with the motions of those two luminaries, and understand the nature of eclipses; and this is the utmost progress of their astronomy.

In poetry[1] they must be allowed to excel all other mortals; wherein the justness of their similes, and the minuteness as well as exactness of their descriptions, are indeed inimitable.

[1] A bitter reflection on the pitiless treatment of the natives of Southern America by the Spanish colonists, and the fate of the Indians of the north in their conflict with civilisation in its westward advance.

[1] Swift here indulges that contempt of the versifiers of his time that often whetted his pen; as in the Dedication to Prince Posterity prefixed to the "Tale of a Tub," the "Rhapsody on Poetry," and elsewhere.

Their verses abound very much in both of these, and usually contain either some exalted notions of friendship and benevolence, or the praises of those who were victors in races and other bodily exercises. Their buildings, although very rude and simple, are not inconvenient, but well contrived to defend them from all injuries of cold and heat. They have a kind of tree, which at forty years old loosens in the root, and falls with the first storm: it grows very straight, and, being pointed like stakes with a sharp stone, (for the *Houyhnhnms* know not the use of iron,) they stick them erect in the ground, about ten inches asunder, and then weave in oat-straw, or sometimes wattles, between them. The roof is made after the same manner, and so are the doors.

The *Houyhnhnms* use the hollow part between the pastern and the hoof of the fore-feet, as we do our hands; and this with greater dexterity than I could at first imagine. I have seen a white mare of our family thread a needle (which I lent her on purpose) with that joint. They milk their cows, reap their oats, and do all the work which requires hands, in the same manner. They have a kind of hard flints which, by grinding against other stones, they form into instruments that serve instead of wedges, axes, and hammers. With tools made of these flints, they likewise cut their hay and reap their oats, which there grow naturally in several fields; the *Yahoos* draw home the sheaves in carriages, and the servants tread them in certain covered huts to get out the grain, which is kept in stores. They make a rude kind of earthen and wooden vessels, and bake the former in the sun.

If they can avoid casualties, they die only of old age, and are buried in the obscurest places that can be found, their friends and relations expressing neither joy nor grief at their departure; nor does the dying person discover the least regret that he is leaving the world, any more than if he were upon returning home from a visit to one of his neighbours. I remember my master having once made an appointment with a friend and his family to come to his house upon some affair of importance; on the day fixed, the mistress and her two children came very late; she made two excuses, first for her husband, who, as she said, happened that very morning to *lhnuwnh*. The word is strongly expressive in their language, but not easily rendered into English. It signifies, "to retire to his first mother." Her excuse for not coming sooner was, that her husband dying late in the morning, she was a good while consulting her servants about a convenient place where his body should be laid; and I observed she behaved herself at our house as cheerfully as the rest. She died about three months after.

They live generally to seventy or seventy-five years, very seldom to fourscore. Some weeks before their death they feel a gradual decay, but without pain. During this time they are much visited by their friends, because they cannot go abroad with their usual ease and satisfaction. However, about ten days before their death, which they seldom fail in computing, they return the visits that have been made them by those who are nearest in the neighbourhood, being carried in a convenient sledge drawn by *Yahoos;* which vehicle they use, not only upon this occasion, but when they grow old, upon long journeys, or when they are lamed by any accident. And therefore when the dying *Houyhnhnms* return those visits, they take a solemn leave of their friends, as if they were going to some remote part of the country, where they designed to pass the rest of their lives.[1]

I know not whether it may be worth observing, that the *Houyhnhnms* have no word in their language to express anything that is evil, except what they borrow from the deformities or ill qualities of the *Yahoos*. Thus they denote the folly of a servant, an omission of a child, a stone that cuts their feet, a continuance of foul or unseasonable weather, and the like, by adding to each the epithet of *Yahoo*. For instance, *hhnm Yahoo, whnaholm Yahoo, ynlhmndwihlma Yahoo;* and an ill-contrived house, *ynholmhnmrohlnw Yahoo*.

I could, with great pleasure, enlarge farther upon the manners and virtues of this excellent people; but, intending in a short time to publish a volume by itself, expressly upon that subject, I refer the reader thither, and in the mean time proceed to relate my own sad catastrophe.

CHAPTER X.

The Author's economy and happy life among the Houyhnhnms. His great improvement in virtue by conversing with them. Their conversations. The Author has notice given him by his master that he must depart from the country. He falls into a swoon from grief, but submits. He contrives and finishes a canoe by the help of a fellow-servant, and puts to sea at a venture.

I HAD settled my little economy to my own heart's content. My master had ordered a room to be made for me, after their manner, about six yards from the house, the sides and floors of which I plastered with clay, and

[1] Compare with this the corresponding picture in the Bishop of Llandaff's "Man in the Moon:"—"The time assigned to the inhabitants of that body by Nature being spent, they die without the least pain; or rather cease to live, as a candle does to give light when what nourishes it is consumed. I was once at the departure of one of them, and was much surprised that, notwithstanding the happy life he had lived, and the multitude of friends and children he should forsake, yet, as soon as he understood his end approaching, he prepared a great feast, and inviting all whom he esteemed, exhorted them to be merry and rejoice with him, since the time was come he should now leave the counterfeit pleasures of that world, and be made partaker of true joy and perfect happiness." Clearly Dr Goodwin had little of the *sæva indignatio* that tore Swift's heart and distorted his views of life.

covered with rush-mats of my own contriving. I had beaten hemp, which there grows wild, and made of it a sort of ticking: this I filled with the feathers of several birds I had taken with springes made of *Yahoos'* hairs, and which were excellent food. I had worked two chairs with my knife, the sorrel nag helping me in the grosser and more laborious part. When my clothes were worn to rags, I made myself others with the skins of rabbits, and of a certain beautiful animal about the same size, called *nnuhnoh*, the skin of which is covered with a fine down. Of these I also made very tolerable stockings. I soled my shoes with wood, which I cut from a tree and fitted to the upper leather; and when this was worn out, I supplied it with the skins of *Yahoos* dried in the sun. I often got honey out of hollow trees, which I mingled with water, or eat with my bread. No man could more verify the truth of these two maxims, that nature is very easily satisfied; and that necessity is the mother of invention. I enjoyed perfect health of body and tranquillity of mind; I did not feel the treachery or inconstancy of a friend, nor the injuries of a secret or open enemy; I had no occasion of bribing, flattering, or pimping, to procure the favour of any great man or of his minion; I wanted no fence against fraud or oppression; here was neither physician to destroy my body, nor lawyer to ruin my fortune; no informer to watch my words and actions, or forge accusations against me for hire: here were no gibers, censurers, backbiters, pickpockets, highwaymen, housebreakers, attorneys, bawds, buffoons, gamesters, politicians, wits, splenetics, tedious talkers, controvertists, ravishers, murderers, robbers, virtuosoes; no leaders or followers of party and faction; no encouragers to vice by seducement or examples: no dungeons, axes, gibbets, whipping-posts, or pillories; no cheating shopkeepers or mechanics; no pride, vanity, or affectation; no fops, bullies, drunkards, strolling whores, or poxes; no ranting, lewd, expensive wives; no stupid, proud pedants; no importunate, over-bearing, quarrelsome, noisy, roaring, empty, conceited, swearing companions; no scoundrels raised from the dust upon the merit of their vices, or nobility thrown into it on account of their virtues; no lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing-masters.

I had the favour of being admitted to several *Houyhnhnms* who came to visit or dine with my master; when his honour graciously suffered me to wait in the room, and listen to their discourse. Both he and his company would often descend to ask me questions and receive my answers. I had also sometimes the honour of attending my master in his visits to others. I never presumed to speak, except in answer to a question; and then I did it with inward regret, because it was a loss of so much time for improving myself: but I was infinitely delighted with the station of a humble auditor in such conversations, where nothing passed but what was useful, expressed in the fewest and most significant words; where, as I have already said, the greatest decency was observed, without the least degree of ceremony; where no person spoke without being pleased himself, and pleasing his companions; where there was no interruption, tediousness, heat, or difference of sentiments. They have a notion, that when people are met together a short silence does much improve conversation: this I found to be true; for during those little intermissions of talk, new ideas would arise in their minds, which very much enlivened the discourse. Their subjects are generally on friendship and benevolence, on order and economy; sometimes upon the visible operations of nature, or ancient traditions; upon the bounds and limits of virtue; upon the unerring rules of reason; or upon some determinations to be taken at the next great assembly; and often upon the various excellencies of poetry. I may add, without vanity, that my presence often gave them sufficient matter for discourse, because it afforded my master an occasion of letting his friends into the history of me and my country, upon which they were all pleased to descant in a manner not very advantageous to human kind; and for that reason I shall not repeat what they said: only, I may be allowed to observe, that his honour, to my great admiration, appeared to understand the nature of *Yahoos* much better than myself. He went through all our vices and follies, and discovered many which I had never mentioned to him, by only supposing what qualities a *Yahoo* of their country, with a small proportion of reason, might be capable of exerting; and concluded, with too much probability, how vile, as well as miserable, such a creature must be.

I freely confess, that all the little knowledge I have of any value was acquired by the lectures I received from my master, and from hearing the discourses of him and his friends; to which I should be prouder to listen, than to dictate to the greatest and wisest assembly in Europe. I admired the strength, comeliness, and speed of the inhabitants; and such a constellation of virtues, in such amiable persons, produced in me the highest veneration. At first, indeed, I did not feel that natural awe which the *Yahoos* and all other animals bear towards them: but it grew upon me by degrees, much sooner than I imagined, and was mingled with a respectful love and gratitude that they would condescend to distinguish me from the rest of my species.

When I thought of my family, my friends, my countrymen, or the human race in general, I considered them, as they really were, *Yahoos* in shape and disposition; perhaps a little more civilised, and qualified with the gift of speech, but making no other use of reason than to improve and multiply those vices whereof their brethren in this country had only the share that nature allotted them. When I happened to behold the reflection of my own form in a lake or a fountain, I turned away my face in horror and detestation of myself, and could better endure

the sight of a common *Yahoo* than of my own person. By conversing with the *Houyhnhnms*, and looking upon them with delight, I fell to imitate their gait and gesture, which is now grown into a habit; and my friends often tell me, in a blunt way, that I trot like a horse, which, however, I take for a great compliment. Neither shall I disown, that in speaking I am apt to fall into the voice and manner of the *Houyhnhnms*, and hear myself ridiculed on that account without the least mortification.

In the midst of all this happiness, and when I looked upon myself to be fully settled for life, my master sent for me one morning a little earlier than his usual hour. I observed by his countenance that he was in some perplexity, and at a loss how to begin what he had to speak. After a short silence, he told me he did not know how I would take what he was going to say. That in the last general assembly, when the affair of the *Yahoos* was entered upon, the representatives had taken offence at his keeping a *Yahoo* (meaning myself) in his family, more like a *Houyhnhnm* than a brute animal; that he was known frequently to converse with me, as if he could receive some advantage or pleasure in my company; that such a practice was not agreeable to reason or nature, or a thing ever heard of before among them. The assembly did therefore exhort him either to employ me like the rest of my species, or command me to swim back to the place whence I came. That the first of these expedients was utterly rejected by all the *Houyhnhnms* who had ever seen me at his house or their own; for they alleged that because I had some rudiments of reason, added to the natural pravity of those animals, it was to be feared I might be able to seduce them into the woody and mountainous parts of the country, and bring them in troops by night to destroy the *Houyhnhnms'* cattle, as being naturally of the ravenous kind, and averse from labour.

My master added that he was daily pressed by the *Houyhnhnms* of the neighbourhood to have the assembly's exhortation executed, which he could not put off much longer. He doubted it would be impossible for me to swim to another country, and therefore wished I would contrive some sort of vehicle, resembling those I had described to him, that might carry me on the sea; in which work I should have the assistance of his own servants, as well as those of his neighbours. He concluded, that, for his own part, he could have been content to keep me in his service as long as I lived; because he found I had cured myself of some bad habits and dispositions by endeavouring, as far as my inferior nature was capable, to imitate the *Houyhnhnms*.

I should here observe to the reader, that a decree of the general assembly in this country is expressed by the word *hnhloayn*, which signifies an exhortation, as near as I can render it: for they have no conception how a rational creature can be compelled, but only advised or exhorted, because no person can disobey reason without giving up his claim to being a rational creature.

I was struck with the utmost grief and despair at my master's discourse; and being unable to support the agonies I was under, I fell into a swoon at his feet. When I came to myself, he told me that he concluded I had been dead; for these people are subject to no such imbecilities of nature. I answered, in a faint voice, that death would have been too great a happiness; that although I could not blame the assembly's exhortation, or the urgency of his friends, yet, in my weak and corrupt judgment, I thought it might consist with reason to have been less rigorous; that I could not swim a league, and probably the nearest land to theirs might be distant above a hundred; that many materials necessary for making a small vessel to carry me off, were wholly wanting in this country; which, however, I would attempt in obedience and gratitude to his honour, although I concluded the thing to be impossible, and therefore looked on myself as already devoted to destruction; that the certain prospect of an unnatural death was the least of my evils, for supposing I should escape with life by some strange adventure, how could I think with temper of passing my days among *Yahoos*, and relapsing into my old corruptions for want of examples to lead and keep me within the paths of virtue? that I knew too well upon what solid reasons all the determinations of the wise *Houyhnhnms* were founded, not to be shaken by arguments of mine, a miserable *Yahoo;* and therefore, after presenting him with my humble thanks for the offer of his servants' assistance in making a vessel, and desiring a reasonable time for so difficult a work, I told him I would endeavour to preserve a wretched being; and, if ever I returned to England, was not without hopes of being useful to my own species, by celebrating the praises of the renowned *Houyhnhnms*, and proposing their virtues to the imitation of mankind.

My master in a few words made me a very gracious reply; allowed me the space of two months to finish my boat; and ordered the sorrel nag, my fellow-servant, (for so, at this distance, I may presume to call him) to follow my instructions; because I told my master that his help would be sufficient, and I knew he had a tenderness for me.

In his company, my first business was to go to that part of the coast where my rebellious crew had ordered me to be set on shore. I got upon a height, and, looking on every side into the sea, fancied I saw a small island towards the north-east. I took out my pocket-glass, and could then clearly distinguish it, about five leagues off as I computed: but it appeared to the sorrel nag to be only a blue cloud; for as he had no conception of any country besides his own, so he could not be as expert in distinguishing remote objects at sea, as we who so much converse in that element.

After I had discovered this island, I considered no farther, but resolved it should, if

possible, be the first place of my banishment, leaving the consequence to fortune.

I returned home, and consulting with the sorrel nag, we went into a copse at some distance, where I with my knife, and he with a sharp flint fastened very artificially, after their manner, to a wooden handle, cut down several oak wattles about the thickness of a walking-staff, and some larger pieces. But I shall not trouble the reader with a particular description of my own mechanics; let it suffice to say, that in six weeks' time, with the help of the sorrel nag, who performed the parts that required most labour, I finished a sort of Indian canoe, but much larger, covering it with the skins of *Yahoos* well stitched together with hempen threads of my own making. My sail was likewise composed of the skins of the same animal; but I made use of the youngest I could get, the older being too tough and thick; and I likewise provided myself with four paddles. I laid in a stock of boiled flesh of rabbits and fowls; and took with me two vessels, one filled with milk, and the other with water.

I tried my canoe in a large pond near my master's house, and then corrected in it what was amiss, stopping all the chinks with *Yahoos'* tallow, till I found it stanch and able to bear me and my freight; and when it was as complete as I could possibly make it, I had it drawn on a carriage very gently by *Yahoos* to the sea-side, under the conduct of the sorrel nag and another servant.

When all was ready, and the day came for my departure, I took leave of my master and lady and the whole family; mine eyes flowing with tears, and my heart quite sunk with grief. But his honour, out of curiosity, and perhaps (if I may speak it without vanity) partly out of kindness, was determined to see me in my canoe, and got several of his neighbouring friends to accompany him. I was forced to wait above an hour for the tide, and then, observing the wind very fortunately bearing towards the island to which I intended to steer my course, I took a second leave of my master; but, as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honour to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travellers are to boast of extraordinary favours they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the *Houyhnhnms*, they would soon change their opinion.

I paid my respects to the rest of the *Houyhnhnms* in his honour's company; then, getting into my canoe, I pushed off from shore.

CHAPTER XI.

The Author's dangerous voyage. He arrives at New Holland, hoping to settle there. Is wounded with an arrow by one of the natives. Is seized, and carried by force into a Portuguese ship. The great civilities of the captain. The Author arrives in England.

I BEGAN this desperate voyage on February 15, 1714–15, at nine o'clock in the morning. The wind was very favourable; however, I made use at first only of my paddles; but considering I should soon be weary, and that the wind might chop about, I ventured to set up my little sail; and thus, with the help of the tide, I went at the rate of a league and a half an hour, as near as I could guess. My master and his friends continued on the shore till I was almost out of sight; and I often heard the sorrel nag (who always loved me) crying out, *Hnuy illa nyha majah Yahoo;* "Take care of thyself, gentle *Yahoo*."

My design was, if possible, to discover some small island uninhabited, yet sufficient by my labour to furnish me with the necessaries of life, which I would have thought a greater happiness than to be first minister in the politest court of Europe; so horrible was the idea I conceived of returning to live in the society and under the government of *Yahoos*. For, in such a solitude as I desired, I could at least enjoy my own thoughts, and reflect with delight on the virtues of those inimitable *Houyhnhnms*, without any opportunity of degenerating into the vices and corruptions of my own species.

The reader may remember what I related, when my crew conspired against me and confined me to my cabin; how I continued there several weeks, without knowing what course we took; and, when I was put ashore in the long-boat, how the sailors told me with oaths, whether true or false, that they knew not in what part of the world we were. However, I did then believe us to be about ten degrees southward of the Cape of Good Hope, or about 45 degrees southern latitude, as I gathered from some general words I overheard among them, being I supposed to the south-east in their intended voyage to Madagascar. And although this were but little better than conjecture, yet I resolved to steer my course eastward, hoping to reach the south-west coast of New Holland, and perhaps some such island as I desired lying westward of it. The wind was full west, and by six in the evening I computed I had gone eastward at least eighteen leagues; when I spied a very small island about half a league off, which I soon reached. It was nothing but a rock, with one creek naturally arched by the force of tempests. Here I put in my canoe, and, climbing a part of the rock, I could plainly discover land to the east, extending from south to north. I lay all night in my canoe, and repeating my voyage

early in the morning, I arrived in seven hours to the south-east point of New Holland. This confirmed me in the opinion I have long entertained, that the maps and charts place this country at least three degrees more to the east than it really is; which thought I communicated many years ago to my worthy friend Mr Herman Moll, and gave him my reasons for it, although he has rather chosen to follow other authors.

I saw no inhabitants in the place where I landed, and being unarmed I was afraid of venturing far into the country. I found some shell-fish on the shore, and eat them raw, not daring to kindle a fire for fear of being discovered by the natives. I continued three days feeding on oysters and limpets, to save my own provision; and I fortunately found a brook of excellent water, which gave me great relief.

On the fourth day, venturing out early a little too far, I saw twenty or thirty natives upon a height, not above five hundred yards from me. They were stark naked, men, women, and children, round a fire, as I could discover by the smoke. One of them spied me, and gave notice to the rest; five of them advanced toward me, leaving the women and children at the fire. I made what haste I could to the shore, and, getting into my canoe, shoved off; the savages, observing me retreat, ran after me, and before I could get far enough into the sea discharged an arrow, which wounded me deeply on the inside of my left knee; I shall carry the mark to my grave. I apprehended the arrow might be poisoned; and paddling out of the reach of their darts, (being a calm day), I made a shift to suck the wound, and dress it as well as I could.

I was at a loss what to do; for I durst not return to the same landing-place, but stood to the north, and was forced to paddle; for the wind, though very gentle, was against me, blowing north-west. As I was looking about for a secure landing-place, I saw a sail to the north-north-east, which appearing every minute more visible, I was in some doubt whether I should wait for them or no; but at last my detestation of the *Yahoo* race prevailed, and turning my canoe, I sailed and paddled together to the south, and got into the same creek whence I set out in the morning, choosing rather to trust myself among these barbarians, than live with European *Yahoos*. I drew up my canoe as close as I could to the shore, and hid myself behind a stone by the little brook, which, as I have already said, was excellent water.

The ship came within half a league of this creek, and sent her long-boat with vessels to take in fresh water (for the place, it seems, was very well known;) but I did not observe it, till the boat was almost on shore, and it was too late to seek another hiding-place. The seamen at their landing observed my canoe, and rummaging it all over, easily conjectured that the owner could not be far off. Four of them, well armed, searched every cranny and lurking-hole, till at last they found me flat on my face behind the stone. They gazed awhile in admiration at my strange uncouth dress; my coat made of skins, my wooden-soled shoes, and my furred stockings; whence, however, they concluded I was not a native of the place, who all go naked. One of the seamen, in Portuguese, bid me rise, and asked who I was. I understood that language very well, and, getting upon my feet, said I was a poor *Yahoo*, banished from the *Houyhnhnms*, and desired they would please to let me depart. They admired to hear me answer them in their own tongue, and saw by my complexion I must be a European; but were at a loss to know what I meant by *Yahoos* and *Houyhnhnms*, and at the same time fell a laughing at my strange tone in speaking, which resembled the neighing of a horse. I trembled all the while betwixt fear and hatred: I again desired leave to depart, and was gently moving to my canoe; but they laid hold on me, desiring to know what country I was of? whence I came? with many other questions. I told them I was born in England, whence I came about five years ago, and then their country and ours were at peace. I therefore hoped they would not treat me as an enemy, since I meant them no harm, but was a poor *Yahoo*, seeking some desolate place where to pass the remainder of his unfortunate life.

When they began to talk, I thought I never heard or saw anything so unnatural; for it appeared to me as monstrous as if a dog or a cow should speak in England, or a *Yahoo* in *Houyhnhnm-land*. The honest Portuguese were equally amazed at my strange dress, and the odd manner of delivering my words, which, however, they understood very well. They spoke to me with great humanity, and said they were sure the captain would carry me *gratis* to Lisbon, whence I might return to my own country; that two of the seamen would go back to the ship, inform the captain of what they had seen, and receive his orders; in the meantime, unless I would give my solemn oath not to fly, they would secure me by force. I thought it best to comply with their proposal. They were very curious to know my story, but I gave them very little satisfaction; and they all conjectured that my misfortunes had impaired my reason. In two hours, the boat, which went laden with vessels of water, returned, with the captain's command to fetch me on board. I fell on my knees to preserve my liberty, but all was in vain; and the men, having tied me with cords, heaved me into the boat, whence I was taken into the ship, and thence into the captain's cabin.

His name was Pedro de Mendez; he was a very courteous and generous person. He entreated me to give some account of myself, and desired to know what I would eat or drink; said I should be used as well as himself; and spoke so many obliging things, that I wondered to find such civilities from a *Yahoo*. However, I remained silent and sullen; I was ready to

faint at the very smell of him and his men. At last I desired something to eat out of my own canoe; but he ordered me a chicken and some excellent wine, and then directed that I should be put to bed in a very clean cabin. I would not undress myself, but lay on the bed-clothes, and in half an hour stole out, when I thought the crew was at dinner, and getting to the side of the ship was going to leap into the sea, and swim for my life rather than continue among *Yahoos*. But one of the seamen prevented me, and having informed the captain, I was chained to my cabin.

After dinner Don Pedro came to me, and desired to know my reason for so desperate an attempt; assured me he only meant to do me all the service he was able; and spoke so very movingly, that at last I descended to treat him like an animal which had some little portion of reason. I gave him a very short relation of my voyage; of the conspiracy against me by my own men; of the country where they set me on shore, and of my five years' residence there. All which he looked upon as if it were a dream or a vision; whereat I took great offence: for I had quite forgot the faculty of lying so peculiar to *Yahoos* in all countries where they preside, and consequently the disposition of suspecting truth in others of their own species. I asked him whether it were the custom in his country to say the thing which was not? I assured him I had almost forgot what he meant by falsehood, and if I had lived a thousand years in *Houyhnhnm-land* I should never have heard a lie from the meanest servant; that I was altogether indifferent whether he believed me or no: but, however, in return for his favours, I would give so much allowance to the corruption of his nature, as to answer any objection he would please to make, and then he might easily discover the truth.

The captain, a wise man, after many endeavours to catch me tripping in some part of my story, at last began to have a better opinion of my veracity. But he added that, since I professed so inviolable an attachment to truth, I must give him my word and honour to bear him company in this voyage, without attempting anything against my life; or else he would continue me a prisoner till we arrived at Lisbon. I gave him the promise he required; but at the same time protested that I would suffer the greatest hardships, rather than return to live among *Yahoos*.

Our voyage passed without any considerable accident. In gratitude to the captain, I sometimes sat with him at his earnest request, and strove to conceal my antipathy against humankind, although it often broke out; which he suffered to pass without observation. But the greatest part of the day I confined myself to my cabin, to avoid seeing any of the crew. The captain had often entreated me to strip myself of my savage dress, and offered to lend me the best suit of clothes he had. This I would not be prevailed on to accept, abhorring to cover myself with anything that had been on the back of a *Yahoo*. I only desired he would lend me two clean shirts, which, having been washed since he wore them, I believed would not so much defile me. These I changed every second day, and washed them myself.

We arrived at Lisbon Nov. 5, 1715. At our landing, the captain forced me to cover myself with his cloak, to prevent the rabble from crowding about me. I was conveyed to his own house; and at my earnest request he led me up to the highest room backwards. I conjured him to conceal from all persons what I had told him of the *Houyhnhnms;* because the least hint of such a story would not only draw numbers of people to see me, but probably put me in danger of being imprisoned or burnt by the Inquisition. The captain persuaded me to accept of a suit of clothes newly made; but I would not suffer the tailor to take my measure; however, Don Pedro being almost of my size, they fitted me well enough. He accoutred me with other necessaries, all new, which I aired for twenty-four hours before I would use them.

The captain had no wife, nor above three servants, none of which were suffered to attend at meals; and his whole deportment was so obliging, added to very good human understanding, that I really began to tolerate his company. He gained so far upon me, that I ventured to look out of the back window. By degrees I was brought into another room, whence I peeped into the street, but drew my head back in a fright. In a week's time he seduced me down to the door. I found my terror gradually lessened, but my hatred and contempt seemed to increase. I was at last bold enough to walk the street in his company, but kept my nose well stopped with rue, or sometimes with tobacco.

In ten days Don Pedro, to whom I had given some account of my domestic affairs, put it upon me as a matter of honour and conscience that I ought to return to my native country, and live at home with my wife and children. He told me there was an English ship in the port just ready to sail, and he would furnish me with all things necessary. It would be tedious to repeat his arguments and my contradictions. He said it was altogether impossible to find such a solitary island as I had desired to live in; but I might command in my own house, and pass my time in a manner as recluse as I pleased.

I complied at last, finding I could not do better. I left Lisbon the 24th day of November, in an English merchantman, but who was the master I never inquired. Don Pedro accompanied me to the ship, and lent me twenty pounds. He took kind leave of me, and embraced me at parting, which I bore as well as I could. During this last voyage I had no commerce with the master or any of his men; but, pretending I was sick, kept close in my cabin. On the 5th of December, 1715, we cast anchor in the Downs about nine in the morning, and at

three in the afternoon I got safe to my house at Redriff.

My wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead; but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For although, since my unfortunate exile from the *Houyhnhnm* country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of *Yahoos*, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted *Houyhnhnms*. And when I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the *Yahoo* species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms and kissed me; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing, it is five years since my last return to England: during the first year I could not endure my wife or children in my presence; the very smell of them was intolerable; much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup; neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone horses, which I keep in a good stable; and next to them the groom is my greatest favourite, for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle; they live in great amity with me, and friendship to each other.

CHAPTER XII.

The Author's veracity. His design in publishing this work. His censure of those travellers who swerve from the truth. The Author clears himself from any sinister ends in writing. An objection answered. The method of planting colonies. His native country commended. The right of the Crown to those countries described by the Author, is justified. The difficulty of conquering them. The Author takes his last leave of the reader; proposes his manner of living for the future; gives good advice, and concludes.

THUS, gentle reader, I have given thee a faithful history of my travels for sixteen years and above seven months; wherein I have not been so studious of ornament, as of truth. I could perhaps, like others, have astonished thee with strange improbable tales; but I rather chose to relate plain matter of fact, in the simplest manner and style; because my principal design was to inform and not to amuse thee.

It is easy for us, who travel into remote countries which are seldom visited by Englishmen or other Europeans, to form descriptions of wonderful animals both at sea and land; whereas a traveller's chief aim should be to make men wiser and better, and to improve their minds by the bad as well as good example of what they deliver concerning foreign places.

I could heartily wish a law was enacted, that every traveller, before he were permitted to publish his voyages, should be obliged to make oath before the lord high Chancellor, that all he intended to print was absolutely true to the best of his knowledge; for then the world would no longer be deceived, as it usually is, while some writers, to make their works pass the better upon the public, impose the grossest falsities on the unwary reader. I have perused several books of travels with great delight in my younger days; but having since gone over most parts of the globe, and been able to contradict many fabulous accounts from my own observation, it has given me a great disgust against this part of reading, and some indignation to see the credulity of mankind so impudently abused. Therefore, since my acquaintance were pleased to think my poor endeavours might not be unacceptable to my country, I imposed on myself, as a maxim never to be swerved from, that I would strictly adhere to truth: neither indeed can I be ever under the least temptation to vary from it, while I retain in my mind the lectures and example of my noble master, and the other illustrious *Houyhnhnms*, of whom I had so long the honour to be a humble hearer.

—— *Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem*
Finxit, vanum etiam, mendacemque improba finget.[1]

I know very well how little reputation is to be got by writings which require neither genius nor learning, nor indeed any other talent except a good memory or an exact journal. I know likewise that writers of travels, like dictionary-makers, are sunk into oblivion by the weight and bulk of those who come last and therefore lie uppermost. And it is highly probable, that such travellers who shall hereafter visit the countries described in this work of mine, may by detecting my errors (if there be any), and adding many new discoveries of their own, jostle me out of vogue, and stand in my place, making the world forget that ever I was an author. This indeed would be too great a mortification, if I wrote for fame; but as my sole intention was the public good, I cannot be altogether disappointed. For who can read of the virtues I have mentioned in the glorious *Houyhnhnms*, without being ashamed of his own vices, when he considers himself as the reasoning, governing animal of his country? I shall say nothing of those

[1] VIRGIL, Æneid, ii., 79:—
"Fortune has given me misery for my dower—
Falsehood and guile transcend her wicked power."

remote nations where *Yahoos* preside; among which the least corrupted are the *Brobdingnagians*, whose wise maxims in morality and government it would be our happiness to observe. But I forbear descanting farther, and rather leave the judicious reader to his own remarks and application.

I am not a little pleased that this work of mine can possibly meet with no censurers: for what objections can be made against a writer who relates only plain facts that happened in such distant countries, where we have not the least interest with respect either to trade or negotiations? I have carefully avoided every fault with which common writers of travels are often too justly charged. Besides, I meddle not the least with any party, but write without passion, prejudice, or ill-will against any man or number of men whatsoever. I write for the noblest end, to inform and instruct mankind; over whom I may, without breach of modesty, pretend to some superiority from the advantages I received by conversing so long among the most accomplished *Houyhnhnms*. I write without any view to profit or praise. I never suffer a word to pass that may look like reflection, or possibly give the least offence even to those who are most ready to take it. So that I hope I may with justice pronounce myself an author perfectly blameless; against whom the tribes of Answerers, Considerers, Observers, Reflectors, Detectors, Remarkers, will never be able to find matter for exercising their talents.

I confess it was whispered to me that I was bound in duty, as a subject of England, to have given in a memorial to a secretary of state at my first coming over; because whatever lands are discovered by a subject belong to the Crown. But I doubt whether our conquests, in the countries I treat of, would be as easy as those of Ferdinando Cortez over the naked Americans. The *Lilliputians*, I think, are hardly worth the charge of a fleet and army to reduce them; and I question whether it might be prudent or safe to attempt the *Brobdingnagians*, or whether an English army would be much at their ease with the Flying Island over their heads. The *Houyhnhnms* indeed appear not to be so well prepared for war, a science to which they are perfect strangers, and especially against missive weapons. However, supposing myself to be a minister of state, I could never give my advice for invading them. Their prudence, unanimity, unacquaintedness with fear, and their love of their country, would amply supply all defects in the military art. Imagine twenty thousand of them breaking into the midst of a European army, confounding the ranks, overturning the carriages, battering the warriors' faces into mummy by terrible yerks from their hinder hoofs; for they would well deserve the character given to Augustus: *Recalcitrat undique tutus.*[1] But, instead of proposals for conquering that magnanimous nation, I rather wish they were in a capacity, or disposition, to send a sufficient number of their inhabitants for civilising Europe, by teaching us the first principles of honour, justice, truth, temperance, public spirit, fortitude, chastity, friendship, benevolence, and fidelity. The names of all which virtues are still retained among us in most languages, and are to be met with in modern as well as ancient authors; which I am able to assert from my own small reading.

But I had another reason which made me less forward to enlarge his majesty's dominions by my discoveries. To say the truth, I had conceived a few scruples with relation to the distributive justice of princes upon those occasions. For instance, a crew of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the topmast; they go on shore to rob and plunder; they see a harmless people, are entertained with kindness; they give the country a new name; they take formal possession of it for their king; they set up a rotten plank or a stone for a memorial; they murder two or three dozen of the natives; bring away a couple more by force for a sample; return home, and get their pardon. Here commences a new dominion acquired with a title by divine right. Ships are sent with the first opportunity; the natives driven out or destroyed; their princes tortured to discover their gold; a free licence given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of its inhabitants: and this execrable crew of butchers, employed in so pious an expedition, is a modern colony, sent to convert and civilise an idolatrous and barbarous people!

But this description, I confess, does by no means affect the British nation, who may be an example to the whole world for their wisdom, care, and justice in planting colonies: their liberal endowments for the advancement of religion and learning; their choice of devout and able pastors to propagate Christianity; their caution in stocking their provinces with people of sober lives and conversations from this the mother kingdom; their strict regard to the distribution of justice, in supplying the civil administration through all their colonies with officers of the greatest abilities, utter strangers to corruption; and, to crown all, by sending the most vigilant and virtuous governors, who have no other views than the happiness of the people over whom they preside, and the honour of the king their master.

But as those countries which I have described do not appear to have any desire of being conquered and enslaved, murdered or driven out by colonies; nor abound either in gold, silver, sugar, or tobacco; I did humbly conceive they were by no means proper objects of our zeal, our valour, or our interest. However, if those whom it more concerns think fit to be of another opinion, I am ready to depose, when I shall be lawfully called, that no Euro-

[1] HORACE, Sat. ii., 1, 20:—
"On every side he sends the rapid hoof,
And safely holds the circling foes aloof."

pean did ever visit those countries before me. I mean, if the inhabitants ought to be believed; unless a dispute may arise concerning the two *Yahoos* said to have been seen many years ago upon a mountain in *Houyhnhnm-land*.

But as to the formality of taking possession in my sovereign's name, it never came once into my thoughts; and if it had, yet, as my affairs then stood, I should perhaps, in point of prudence and self-preservation, have put it off to a better opportunity.

Having thus answered the only objection that can ever be raised against me as a traveller, I here take a final leave of all my courteous readers, and return to enjoy my own speculations in my little garden at Redriff; to apply those excellent lessons of virtue which I learned among the *Houyhnhnms;* to instruct the *Yahoos* of my own family, as far as I shall find them docible animals; to behold my figure often in a glass, and thus, if possible, habituate myself by time to tolerate the sight of a human creature; to lament the brutality of *Houyhnhnms* in my own country, but always treat their persons with respect for the sake of my noble master, his family, his friends, and the whole *Houyhnhnm* race, whom these of ours have the honour to resemble in all their lineaments, however their intellectuals came to degenerate.

I began last week to permit my wife to sit at dinner with me, at the farthest end of a long table; and to answer (but with the utmost brevity) the few questions I asked her. Yet, the smell of a *Yahoo* continuing very offensive, I always keep my nose well stopped with rue, lavender, or tobacco-leaves. And although it be hard for a man late in life to remove old habits, I am not altogether out of hopes, in some time, to suffer a neighbour *Yahoo* in my company, without the apprehensions I am yet under of his teeth or his claws.

My reconcilement to the *Yahoo* kind in general might not be so difficult, if they would be content with those vices and follies only which nature has entitled them to. I am not in the least provoked at the sight of a lawyer, a pickpocket, a colonel, a fool, a lord, a gamester, a politician, a whoremonger, a physician, an evidence, a suborner, an attorney, a traitor, or the like: this is all according to the due course of things. But when I behold a lump of deformity and diseases, both in body and mind, smitten with pride, it immediately breaks all the measures of my patience; neither shall I be ever able to comprehend how such an animal, and such a vice, could tally together. The wise and virtuous *Houyhnhnms*, who abound in all excellencies that can adorn a rational creature, have no name for this vice in their language; which has no terms to express anything that is evil, except those whereby they describe the detestable qualities of their *Yahoos;* among which they were not able to distinguish this of pride, for want of thoroughly understanding human nature, as it shows itself in other countries where that animal presides. But I, who had more experience, could plainly observe some rudiments of it among the wild *Yahoos*.

But the *Houyhnhnms*, who live under the government of reason, are no more proud of the good qualities they possess than I should be for not wanting a leg or an arm; which no man in his wits would boast of, although he must be miserable without them. I dwell the longer upon this subject, from the desire I have to make the society of an English *Yahoo* by any means not insupportable; and therefore I here entreat those who have any tincture of this absurd vice, that they will not presume to come in my sight.[1]

[1] "The Voyage to the Land of the Houyhnhnms is a composition an editor of Swift must ever consider with pain. The source of such a diatribe against human nature could only be, that fierce indignation which he has described in his epitaph as so long gnawing his heart. Dwelling in a land where he considered the human race as divided between petty tyrants and oppressed slaves, and being himself a worshipper of that freedom and independence which he beheld daily trampled upon, the unrestrained violence of his feelings drove him to loathe the very species by whom such iniquity was done and suffered. To this must be added, his personal health, broken and worn down by the recurring attacks of a frightful disorder; his social comfort destroyed by the death of one beloved object, and the daily decay and peril of another; his life decayed into autumn, and its remainder, after so many flattering and ambitious prospects, condemned to a country which he disliked, and banished from that in which he had formed his hopes, and left his friendships:—when all these considerations are combined, they form some excuse for that general misanthropy which never prevented a single deed of individual benevolence. Such apologies are personal to the author, but there are also excuses for the work itself. The picture of the Yahoos, utterly odious and hateful as it is, presents to the reader a moral use. It was never designed as a representation of mankind in the state to which religion, and even the lights of nature, encourage men to aspire, but of that to which our species is degraded by the wilful subservience of mental qualities to animal instincts, of man, such as he may be found in the degraded ranks of every society, when brutalized by ignorance and gross vice. In this view, the more coarse and disgusting the picture, the more impressive is the moral to be derived from it, since, in proportion as an individual indulges in sensuality, cruelty, or avarice, he approaches in resemblance to the detested Yahoo. It cannot, however, be denied, that even a moral purpose will not justify the nakedness with which Swift has sketched this horrible outline of mankind degraded to a bestial state; since a moralist ought to hold, with the Romans, that crimes of atrocity should be exposed when punished, but those of flagitious impurity concealed."—SCOTT, *Life of Swift*.

MEMOIRS

RELATING TO THAT CHANGE WHICH HAPPENED IN THE QUEEN'S MINISTRY IN THE YEAR 1710.

[THESE brief MEMOIRS have a twofold title to a place in a selection from the writings of Swift. They form the sole contribution of the author to his own biography that was prepared for the eye of the public; and they serve as an introduction and political key to the "Journal to Stella," that remarkable transcript of Swift's outward and secret self, during the years in which he was one of the foremost men in the State. They describe the scene on which he was about to enter and figure prominently when he embarked for England in the autumn of 1710; the antagonistic forces that were actually at work upon that scene; and the causes and course of the recent events that had controlled and determined the relation of those forces. The "Memoirs" have another claim on our interest—that they were meant, as it can hardly be doubted, to furnish a vindication of Swift's conduct in that important and much-questioned passage of his life, when he went over from the decadent Whig to the ascendant Tory party. This is not, it is true, the professed purpose, nor even the principal object, of the "Memoirs;" which is, the relation of certain events from the point of view of one who knew their secret springs. But the author's reference in the opening to "those who will have any personal regard for his memory," and his explicit statement of the grounds of objection given him by the policy of the Whig Administration towards the Church, show that he did not write without some desire and design, in justifying the replacement of Godolphin by Harley, to justify also his own transfer of allegiance from the Whigs to the Tories, on the plea that only by that means could he preserve inviolate the allegiance to his Church, which he placed high above all merely party interests and conflicts. At the same time, it need not be concealed that this loftier motive was alloyed by the influence of disappointment and resentment against the Whigs, who, in the matter of Church preferment, had so poorly requited his former partisanship: for those feelings, though they are not allowed to appear in this deliberate and public vindication, are in the "Journal to Stella" plainly displayed and even frankly confessed.]

HAVING continued for near the space of four years in a good degree of confidence with the ministry then in being, although not with so much power as was believed, or at least given out by my friends, as well as by my enemies, especially the latter, in both houses of parliament; and this having happened during a very busy period of negotiations abroad, and management of intrigue at home; I thought it might probably, some years hence, when the present scene shall have given place to many new ones that will arise, be an entertainment to those who will have any personal regard for me or my memory, to set down some particularities which fell under my knowledge and observation while I was supposed, whether truly or not, to have part in the secret of affairs.

One circumstance I am a little sorry for, that I was too negligent (against what I had always resolved, and blamed others for not doing) in taking hints or journals of every material as it passed; whereof I omitted many that I cannot now recollect, although I was convinced, by a thousand instances, of the weakness of my memory. But, to say the truth, the nearer knowledge any man has in the affairs at court, the less he thinks them of consequence, or worth regarding. And those kind of passages which I have with curiosity found or searched for in memoirs, I wholly neglected when they were freely communicated to me from the first hand, or were such wherein I acted myself. This I take to be one among other reasons why great ministers seldom give themselves the trouble of recording the important parts of

that administration where they themselves are at the head. They have extinguished all that vanity which usually possesses men during their first acquaintance at courts; and, like the masters of a puppet-show, they despise those motions which fill common spectators with wonder and delight. However, upon frequently recollecting the course of affairs during the time I was either trusted or employed, I am deceived if in history there can be found any period more full of passages which the curious of another age would be glad to know the secret springs of, or whence more useful instructions may be gathered, for directing the conduct of those who shall hereafter have the good or ill fortune to be engaged in business of the state.

It may probably enough happen, that those who shall at any time hereafter peruse these papers, may think it not suitable to the nature of them that upon occasion I sometimes make mention of myself, who, during these transactions, and ever since, was a person without titles or public employment. But since the chief leaders of the faction then out of power were pleased, in both houses of parliament, to take every opportunity of showing their malice, by mentioning me (and often by name) as one who was in the secret of all affairs, and without whose advice or privity nothing was done, or employment disposed of, it will not, perhaps, be improper to take notice of some passages wherein the public and myself were jointly concerned; not to mention that the chief cause of giving myself this trouble is to satisfy my particular friends; and at worst, if, after the fate of manuscripts, these papers shall by accident or indiscretion fall into the public view, they will be no more liable to censure than other memoirs, published for many years past, in English, French, and Italian. The period of time I design to treat on will commence with September, 1710;[1] from which time, till within two months of the queen's death, I was never absent from court, except about six weeks in Ireland.

But because the great change of employments in her majesty's family, as well as in the kingdom, was begun some months before, and had been thought on from the time of Dr Sacheverell's trial, while I was absent and lived retired in Ireland; I shall endeavour to recollect, as well as I am able, some particulars I learned from the earl of Oxford, the lord viscount Bolingbroke, the lady Masham, and doctor Atterbury, who were best able to inform me.

I have often, with great earnestness, pressed the earl of Oxford, then lord treasurer, and my lady Masham, who were the sole persons which brought about that great change, to give me a particular account of every circumstance and passage during the whole transaction. Nor did this request proceed from curiosity, or the ambition of knowing and publishing important secrets; but from a sincere honest design of justifying the queen, in the measures she then took and afterwards pursued, against a load of scandal which would certainly be thrown on her memory with some appearance of truth. It was easy to foresee, even at that distance, that the queen could not live many years; and it was sufficiently known what party was most in the good graces of the successor, and consequently what turns would be given by historians to her majesty's proceedings, under a reign where directly contrary measures would probably be taken. For instance, what would be more easy to a malicious pen than to charge the queen with inconstancy, weakness, and ingratitude, in removing and disgracing the duke of Marlborough, who had so many years commanded her armies with victory and success; in displacing so many great officers of her court and kingdom, by whose counsels she had, in all appearance, so prosperously governed; in extending the marks of her severity and displeasure towards the wife and daughters, as well as relations and allies, of that person she had so long employed and so highly trusted; and all this by the private intrigues of a woman of her bedchamber, in concert with an artful man, who might be supposed to have acted that bold part only from a motive of revenge upon the loss of his employments, or of ambition to come again into power?

These are some of the arguments I often made use of, with great freedom, both to the earl of Oxford and my lady Masham, to incite them to furnish me with materials for a fair account of that great transaction; to which they always seemed as well disposed as myself. My lady Masham did likewise assure me, that she had frequently informed the queen of my request; which her majesty thought very reasonable, and did appear, upon all occasions, as desirous of preserving reputation with posterity, as might justly become a great prince to be. But that incurable disease, either of negligence or procrastination, which influenced every action both of the queen and the earl of Oxford, did in some sort infect every one who had credit or business in the court: for, after soliciting near four years to obtain a point of so great importance to the queen and her servants, whence I could propose nothing but trouble, malice, and envy to myself, it was perpetually put off.

The scheme I offered was, to write her majesty's reign; and, that this work might not look officious or affected, I was ready to accept the historiographer's place, although of inconsiderable value, and of which I might be sure to be deprived upon the queen's death. This negligence in the queen, the earl of Oxford, and my lady Masham, is the cause that I can give but an imperfect account of the first springs of that great change at court, after the trial of doctor Sacheverell; my memory not serving me to re-

[1] Swift quitted Ireland in the closing days of August, and the "Journal to Stella" was begun in the opening days of September, 1710.

tain all the facts related to me: but what I remember I shall here set down.

There was not, perhaps, in all England a person who understood more artificially to disguise her passions than the late queen. Upon her first coming to the throne, the duchess of Marlborough had lost all favour with her, as her majesty has often acknowledged to those who have told it me. That lady had long preserved an ascendant over her mistress while she was princess; which her majesty, when she came to the crown, had neither patience to bear, nor spirit to subdue. This princess was so exact an observer of forms, that she seemed to have made it her study; and would often descend so low as to observe, in her domestics of either sex who came into her presence, whether a ruffle, a periwig, or the lining of a coat, were unsuitable at certain times. The duchess, on the other side, who had been used to great familiarities, could not take it into her head that any change of station should put her upon changing her behaviour; the continuance of which was the more offensive to her majesty, whose other servants, of the greatest quality, did then treat her with the utmost respect.

The earl of Godolphin held in favour about three years longer, and then declined, although he kept his office till the general change. I have heard several reasons given for her majesty's early disgust against that lord. The duchess, who had long been his friend, often prevailed on him to solicit the queen upon things very unacceptable to her; which her majesty liked the worse, as knowing whence they originally came: and his lordship, although he endeavoured to be as respectful as his nature would permit him, was, upon all occasions, much too arbitrary and obtruding.

To the duke of Marlborough she was wholly indifferent (as her nature in general prompted her to be), until his restless impatient behaviour had turned her against him.

The queen had not a stock of amity to serve above one object at a time; and, farther than a bare good or ill opinion, which she soon contracted and changed, and very often upon light grounds, she could hardly be said either to love or to hate any body. She grew so jealous upon the change of her servants, that often, out of fear of being imposed upon, by an over caution she would impose upon herself: she took a delight in refusing those who were thought to have greatest power with her, even in the most reasonable things and such as were necessary for her service; nor would let them be done, till she fell into the humour of it herself.

Upon the grounds I have already related, her majesty had gradually conceived a most rooted aversion from the duke and duchess of Marlborough, and the earl of Godolphin; which spread in time through all their allies and relations, particularly to the earl of Hertford, whose ungovernable temper had made him fail in his personal respects to her majesty. This I take to have been the principal ground of the queen's resolutions to make a change of some officers both in her family and kingdom; and that these resolutions did not proceed from any real apprehension she had of danger to the Church or monarchy: for, although she had been strictly educated in the former, and very much approved its doctrine and discipline, yet she was not so ready to foresee any attempts against it by the party then presiding. But the fears that most influenced her were such as concerned her own power and prerogative, which those nearest about her were making daily encroachments upon, by their undutiful behaviour and unreasonable demands. The deportment of the duchess of Marlborough, while the prince lay expiring, was of such a nature that the queen, then in the height of grief, was not able to bear it; but, with marks of displeasure in her countenance, she ordered the duchess to withdraw and send Mrs Masham to her.

I forgot to relate an affair that happened, as I remember, about a twelvemonth before prince George's death. This prince had long conceived an incurable aversion from that party, and was resolved to use his utmost credit with the queen his wife to get rid of them. There fell out an incident which seemed to favour this attempt; for the queen, resolving to bestow a regiment upon Mr Hill, brother to Mrs Masham, signified her pleasure to the duke of Marlborough; who, in a manner not very dutiful, refused his consent, and retired in anger to the country. After some heats, the regiment was given to a third person. But the queen resented this matter so highly, which she thought had been promoted by the earl of Godolphin, that she resolved immediately to remove the latter. I was told, and it was then generally reported, that Mr St John carried a letter from her majesty to the duke of Marlborough, signifying her resolution to take the staff from the earl of Godolphin, and that she expected his grace's compliance; to which the duke returned a very humble answer. I cannot engage for this passage, it having never come into my head to ask Mr St John about it; but the account Mr Harley and he gave me was, that the duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin had concerted with them upon a moderating scheme, wherein some of both parties should be employed, but with a more favourable aspect towards the Church: that a meeting was appointed for completing this work: that in the mean time the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin were secretly using their utmost efforts with the queen to turn Mr Harley (who was then secretary of state) and all his friends out of their employments: that the queen, on the other side, who had a great opinion of Mr Harley's integrity and abilities, would not consent, and was determined to remove the earl of Godolphin. This was not above a month before the season of the year when the duke of Marlborough was to embark

for Flanders; and the very night in which Mr Harley and his friends had appointed to meet his grace and the earl of Godolphin, George Churchill, the duke's brother, who was in good credit with the prince, told his highness that the duke was firmly determined to lay down his command, if the earl of Godolphin went out, or Mr Harley and his friends were suffered to continue in. The prince, thus intimidated by Churchill, reported the matter to the queen; and, the time and service pressing, her majesty was unwillingly forced to yield. The two great lords failed the appointment; and the next morning the duke, at his levee, said aloud, in a careless manner, to those who stood round him, that Mr Harley was turned out.

Upon the prince's death, November 1708, the two great lords so often mentioned, who had been for some years united with the Low Church party, and had long engaged to take them into power, were now in a capacity to make good their promises, which his highness had ever most strenuously opposed. The lord Somers was made president of the council, the earl of Wharton lieutenant of Ireland, and some others of the same stamp were put into considerable posts.

It should seem to me, that the duke and earl were not very willingly drawn to impart so much power to those of that party, who expected these removals for some years before, and were always put off upon pretence of the prince's unwillingness to have them employed. And I remember, some months before his highness' death, my lord Somers, who is a person of reserve enough, complained to me with great freedom of the ingratitude of the duke and earl who, after the service he and his friends had done them in making the Union,[1] would hardly treat them with common civility. Neither shall I ever forget, that he readily owned to me that the Union was of no other service to the nation, than by giving a remedy to that evil which my lord Godolphin had brought upon us by persuading the queen to pass the *Scotch Act of Security*. But to return from this digression.

Upon the admission of these men into employments, the court soon ran into extremity of Low Church measures; and although, in the house of commons, Mr Harley, sir Simon Harcourt, Mr St John, and some others, made great and bold stands in defence of the constitution, yet they were always borne down by a majority.

It was, I think, during this period of time that the duke of Marlborough, whether by a motive of ambition, or a love of money, or by the rash counsels of his wife the duchess, made that bold attempt of desiring the queen to give him a commission to be general for life. Her majesty's answer was, that she would take time to consider it; and in the meanwhile the duke advised with the lord Cowper, then chancellor, about the form in which the commission should be drawn. The chancellor, very much to his honour, endeavoured to dissuade the duke from engaging in so dangerous an affair, and protested he would never put the great seal to such a commission. But the queen was highly alarmed at this extraordinary proceeding in the duke; and talked to a person whom she had taken into confidence, as if she apprehended an attempt upon the crown. The duke of Argyle, and one or two more lords, were (as I have been told) in a very private manner brought to the queen. This duke was under great obligations to the duke of Marlborough, who had placed him in a high station in the army, preferred many of his friends, and procured him the Garter. But his unquiet and ambitious spirit, never easy while there was any one above him, made him, upon some trifling resentments, conceive an inveterate hatred against his general. When he was consulted what course should be taken upon the duke of Marlborough's request to be general for life, and whether any danger might be apprehended from the refusal, I was told he suddenly answered that her majesty need not be in pain, for he would undertake, whenever she commanded, to seize the duke at the head of his troops, and bring him away either dead or alive.

About this time happened the famous trial of Dr Sacheverell, which arose from a foolish passionate pique of the earl of Godolphin, whom this divine was supposed, in a sermon, to have reflected on under the name of Volpone, as my lord Somers a few months after confessed to me; and [he said], at the same time, that he had earnestly and in vain endeavoured to dissuade the earl from that attempt. However, the impeachment went on, in the form and manner which every body knows; and therefore there need not be any thing said of it here.

Mr Harley, who came up to town during the time of the impeachment, was, by the intervention of Mrs Masham, privately brought to the queen, and in some meetings easily convinced her majesty of the dispositions of her people, as they appeared in the course of that trial, in favour of the Church, and against the measures of those in her service. It was not without a good deal of difficulty that Mr Harley was able to procure this private access to the queen; the duchess of Marlborough, by her emissaries, watching all the avenues to the back-stairs, and upon all occasions discovering their jealousy of him; whereof he told me a passage, no otherwise worth relating than as it gives an idea of an insolent, jealous minister, who would wholly engross the power and favour of his sovereign. Mr Harley, upon his removal from the secretary's office, by the intrigues of the duke of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin, as I have above related, going out of town, was met by the latter of these two lords near Kensington Gate. The earl, in a high fit of jealousy, goes inmediately to the queen, reproaches her for privately seeing Mr Harley, and was hardly so civil as to be convinced by her majesty's frequent protestations to the contrary.

These suspicions, I say, made it hard for her

[1] Of Scotland with England.

majesty and Mr Harley to have private interviews: neither had he made use of the opportunities he met with to open himself so much to her as she seemed to expect, and desired; although Mrs Masham, in right of her station in the bedchamber, had taken all proper occasions of pursuing what Mr Harley had begun. In this critical juncture, the queen, hemmed in and as it were imprisoned by the duchess of Marlborough and her creatures, was at a loss how to proceed. One evening a letter was brought to Mr Harley, all dirty, and by the hand of a very ordinary messenger. He read the superscription, and saw it was the queen's writing. He sent for the messenger, who said he knew not whence the letter came, but that it was delivered him by an under gardener, I forget whether of Hampton Court or Kensington. The letter mentioned the difficulties her majesty was under; blaming him for not speaking with more freedom and more particularly, and desiring his assistance. With this encouragement, he went more frequently, although still as private as possible, to the back-stairs; and from that time began to have entire credit with the queen. He then told her of the dangers to her crown, as well as to the Church and monarchy itself, from the counsels and actions of some of her servants: That she ought gradually to lessen the exorbitant power of the duke and duchess of Marlborough and the earl of Godolphin, by taking the disposition of employments into her own hands: that it did not become her to be a slave to a party, but to reward those who may deserve by their duty and loyalty, whether they were such as were called of the High Church or Low Church. In short, whatever views he had then in his own breast, or how far soever he intended to proceed, the turn of his whole discourse was intended, in appearance, only to put the queen upon what they called a moderating scheme; which however made so strong an impression upon her, that when this minister, led by the necessity of affairs, the general disposition of the people, and probably by his own inclinations, put her majesty upon going greater lengths than she had first intended, it put him upon innumerable difficulties, and some insuperable; as we shall see in the progress of this change.

Her majesty, pursuant to Mr Harley's advice, resolved to dispose of the first great employment that fell, according to her own pleasure, without consulting any of her ministers. To put this in execution, an opportunity soon happened, by the death of the earl of Essex, whereby the lieutenancy of the Tower became vacant. It was agreed between the queen and Mr Harley that the earl Rivers should go immediately to the duke of Marlborough and desire his grace's good offices with the queen to procure him that post. The earl went accordingly; was received with abundance of professions of kindness by the duke, who said the lieutenancy of the Tower was not worth his lordship's acceptance; and desired him to think of something else. The earl still insisted, and the duke still continued to put him off; at length, Lord Rivers desired his grace's consent to let him go himself and beg this favour of the queen; and hoped he might tell her majesty his grace had no objection to him. All this the duke readily agreed to, as a matter of no consequence. The earl went to the queen, who immediately gave orders for his commission. He had not long left the queen's presence, when the duke of Marlborough, suspecting nothing that would happen, went to the queen, and told her [that] the lieutenancy of the Tower falling void by the death of the earl of Essex, he hoped her majesty would bestow it upon the duke of Northumberland, and give the Oxford regiment, then commanded by that duke, to the earl of Hertford. The queen said he was come too late; that she had already granted the lieutenancy to earl Rivers, who had told her that he (the duke) had no objection to him. The duke, much surprised at this new manner of treatment, and making complaints in her majesty's presence, was however forced to submit.

The queen went on by slow degrees. Not to mention some changes of lesser moment, the duke of Kent was forced to compound for his chamberlain's staff, which was given to the duke of Shrewsbury, while the earl of Godolphin was out of town, I think at Newmarket. His lordship, on the first news, came immediately up to court; but the thing was done, and he made as good a countenance to the duke of Shrewsbury as he was capable of. The circumstances of the earl of Sunderland's removal, and the reasons alleged, are known enough. His ungovernable temper had overswayed him to fail in his respects to her majesty's person.

Meantime both parties stood at gaze, not knowing to what these steps would lead, or where they would end. The earl of Wharton, then in Ireland, being deceived by various intelligence from hence, endeavoured to hide his uneasiness as well as he could. Some of his sanguine correspondents had sent him word that the queen began to stop her hand, and the Church party to despond. At the same time, the duke of Shrewsbury happened to send him a letter filled with great expressions of civility. The earl was so weak, upon reading it, as to cry out, before two or three standers-by, "Damn him, he is making fair weather with me; but, by G—d, I will have his head." But these short hopes were soon blasted, by taking the treasurer's staff from the earl of Godolphin; which was done in a manner not very gracious, her majesty sending him a letter, by a very ordinary messenger, commanding him to break it.[1] The treasury was immediately put into commission, with earl Poulett at the

[1] The command was sent by a livery servant and handed to the earl's porter; and the earl, enraged by this insult, in a disrespectful manner broke the staff, and threw the pieces into the chimney.

head; but Mr Harley, who was one of the number, and at the same time made chancellor of the exchequer, was already supposed to preside behind the curtain.

Upon the fall of that great minister and favourite, that whole party became dispirited, and seemed to expect the worst that could follow. The Earl of Wharton immediately desired and obtained leave to come for England; leaving that kingdom where he had behaved himself with the utmost profligateness, injustice, arbitrary proceedings, and corruption, with the hatred and detestation of all good men, even of his own party.

And here, because my coming into the knowledge of the new ministry began about this time, I must digress a little, to relate some circumstances previous to it.

Although I had been for many years before no stranger at court, and had made the nature of government a great part of my study, yet I had dealt very little with politics, either in writing or acting, until about a year before the late king William's death; when, returning with the earl of Berkeley from Ireland, and falling upon the subject of the five great lords who were then impeached for high crimes and misdemeanours by the house of commons, I happened to say that the same manner of proceeding, at least as it appeared to me from the news we received of it in Ireland, had ruined the liberties of Athens and Rome; and that it might be easy to prove it from history. Soon after, I went to London; and in a few weeks drew up a discourse, under the title of The Contests and Dissensions of the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome, with the Consequences they had upon both those States. This discourse I sent very privately to the press, with the strictest injunctions to conceal the author, and returned immediately to my residence in Ireland. The book was greedily bought and read; and charged some time upon my lord Somers, and some time upon the bishop of Salisbury;[1] the latter of whom told me afterwards that he was forced to disown it in a very public manner, for fear of an impeachment, wherewith he was threatened.

Returning next year for England, and hearing of the great approbation this piece had received (which was the first I ever printed), I must confess the vanity of a young man prevailed with me to let myself be known for the author: upon which my lords Somers and Halifax, as well as the bishop above mentioned, desired my acquaintance, with great marks of esteem and professions of kindness; not to mention the earl of Sunderland, who had been my old acquaintance. They lamented that they were not able to serve me since the death of the king; and were very liberal in promising me the greatest preferments I could hope for, if ever it came in their power. I soon grew domestic with lord Halifax, and was as often with lord Somers as the formality of his nature (the only unconversable fault he had) made it agreeable to me.

[1] Bishop Burnet the historian.

It was then I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myself in other and, I think, much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with lord Somers; told him that, having been long conversant with the Greek and Roman authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible, upon any other principle, to defend or submit to the Revolution: but as to religion, I confessed myself to be a High Churchman, and that I did not conceive how any one who wore the habit of a clergyman could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the High Church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the Church: that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with great courtesy, but showed much ill will and contempt for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of Protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side: but that the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets, who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy without any exception, would unite the Church as one man to oppose them: and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequence of this.

My lord Somers in appearance entered very warmly into the same opinion, and said very much of the endeavours he had often used to redress that evil I complained of. This his lordship, as well as my lord Halifax (to whom I have talked in the same manner), can very well remember: and I have indeed been told, by an honourable gentleman of the same party, that both their lordships, about the time of lord Godolphin's removal, did upon occasion call to mind what I had said to them five years before.

In my journeys to England, I continued upon the same foot of acquaintance with the two lords last mentioned, until the time of prince George's death;[1] when the queen, who, as is before related, had for some years favoured that party, now made lord Somers president of the council, and the earl of Wharton lieutenant of Ireland. Being then in London, I received letters from some bishops of Ireland to solicit the earl of Wharton about the remittal of the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy there;

[1] Prince George of Denmark, the Queen's husband, having been badly treated by the Whigs in King William's reign, threw all his interest with the Queen into the Tory scale; he died 28th October 1708.

which the queen had long promised, and wherein I had been employed before, with some hopes of success from the earl of Godolphin. It was the first time I ever was in company with the earl of Wharton: he received me with sufficient coldness, and answered the request I made in behalf of the clergy, with very poor and lame excuses, which amounted to a refusal. I complained of this usage to lord Somers, who would needs bring us together to his house, and presented me to him; where he received me as dryly as before.

It was every body's opinion that the earl of Wharton would endeavour, when he went to Ireland, to take off the test, as a step to have it taken off here: upon which I drew up and printed a pamphlet, by way of a letter from a member of parliament here, showing the danger to the Church by such an intent. Although I took all care to be private, yet the lieutenant's chaplain, and some others, guessed me to be the author, and told his excellency their suspicions; whereupon I saw him no more until I went to Ireland. At my taking leave of lord Somers, he desired I would carry a letter from him to the earl of Wharton, which I absolutely refused; yet he ordered it to be left at my lodgings. I stayed some months in Leicestershire, went to Ireland, and immediately upon my landing retired to my country parish without seeing the lieutenant or any other person; resolving to send him lord Somers' letter by the post. But being called up to town by the incessant entreaties of my friends, I went and delivered my letter, and immediately withdrew. During the greatest part of his government I lived in the country, saw the lieutenant very seldom when I came to town, nor ever entered into the least degree of confidence with him or his friends; except his secretary, Mr Addison, who had been my old and intimate acquaintance. Upon the news of great changes here, he affected very much to caress me; which I understood well enough to have been an old practice with him, in order to render men odious to the Church party.

I mention these insignificant particulars, as it will be easily judged, for some reasons that are purely personal to myself; it having been objected by several of those poor pamphleteers who have blotted so much paper to show their malice against me, that I was a favourer of the Low party: whereas it has been manifest to all men, that during the highest dominion of that faction I had published several tracts in opposition to the measures then taken; for instance, A Project for the Reformation of Manners, in a Letter to the Countess of Berkeley; The Sentiments of a Church of England Man; An Argument against abolishing Christianity; and lastly, A Letter to a Member of Parliament against taking off the Test in Ireland; which I have already mentioned to have been published at the time the earl of Wharton was setting out to his government of that kingdom. But those who are loud and violent in coffeehouses, although generally they do a cause more hurt than good, yet will seldom allow any other merit; and it is not to such as these that I attempt to vindicate myself.

About the end of August, 1710, I went for England, at the desire and by the appointment of the archbishops and bishops of that kingdom;[1] under whose hands I had a commission to solicit, in conjunction with two bishops who were then in London,[2] the first-fruits and tenths to the clergy, which had been many years solicited in vain. Upon my arrival in town I found the two bishops were gone into the country; whereupon I got myself introduced to Mr Harley, who was then chancellor of the exchequer, and acted as first minister. He received me with great kindness; told me that he and his friends had long expected my arrival; and, upon [my] showing my commission, immediately undertook to perform it: which he accordingly did in less than three weeks, having settled it at five meetings with the queen, according to a scheme I offered him, and got me the queen's promise for a farther and more important favour to the clergy of Ireland;[3] which the bishops there, deceived by misinformation not worth mentioning in this paper, prevented me from bringing to a good issue.

When the affair of the first-fruits was fully despatched, I returned my humble thanks to Mr Harley, in the name of the clergy of Ireland and in my own; and offered to take my leave, as intending immediately to return to that kingdom. Mr Harley told me he and his friends knew very well what useful things I had written against the principles of the late discarded faction, and that my personal esteem for several among them would not make me a favourer of their cause: that there was now entirely a new scene: that the queen was resolved to employ none but those who were friends to the constitution of Church and State: that their great difficulty lay in the want of some good pen, to keep up the spirit raised in the people, to assert the principles, and justify the proceedings, of the new ministers. Upon that subject he fell into some personal civilities, which will not become me to repeat. He added, that this province[4] was in the hands of several persons, among whom some were too busy, and others too idle, to pursue it; and concluded, that it should be his particular care to establish me here in England, and represent me to the queen as a person they could not be without.

I promised to do my endeavours in that way for some few months. To which he replied, he expected no more, and that he had other and greater occasions for me.

Upon the rise of this ministry, the principal persons in power thought it necessary that some

1 *i.e.* Ireland.

2 Of Ossory and Killaloe.

3 See *post*, "Journal to Stella," October 15, 1710, and elsewhere.

4 That is, the business of vindicating the Ministry and their measures through the press.

weekly paper should be published, with just reflections upon former proceedings, and defending the present measures of her majesty. This was begun about the time of the lord Godolphin's removal, under the name of The Examiner. About a dozen of these papers, written with much spirit and sharpness, some by Mr secretary St John, since lord Bolingbroke; others by Dr Atterbury, since bishop of Rochester; and others again by Mr Prior, Dr Freind, &c.; were published with great applause. But these gentlemen being grown weary of the work, or otherwise employed, the determination was that I should continue it; which I did accordingly about eight months. But my style being soon discovered, and having contracted a great number of enemies, I let it fall into other hands, who held it up in some manner until her majesty's death.

It was Mr Harley's custom every Saturday, that four or five of his most intimate friends among those he had taken in upon the great change made at court, should dine at his house; and after about two months' acquaintance I had the honour always to be one of the number. This company, at first, consisted only of the lord keeper Harcourt, the earl Rivers, the earl of Peterborow, Mr secretary St John, and myself; and here, after dinner, they used to discourse and settle matters of great importance. Several other lords were afterwards, by degrees, admitted; as the dukes of Ormond, Shrewsbury, and Argyle; the earls of Anglesea, Dartmouth, and Poulett; the lord Berkeley, &c. These meetings were always continued, except when the queen was at Windsor; but, as they grew more numerous, became of less consequence, and ended only in drinking and general conversation: of which I may perhaps have occasion to speak hereafter.[1]

My early appearance at these meetings, which many thought to be of greater consequence than really they were, could not be concealed, although I used all my endeavours to that purpose. This gave the occasion to some great men, who thought me already in the secret, to complain to me of the suspicions entertained by many of our friends in relation to Mr Harley, even before he was lord treasurer; so early were sown those seeds of discontent which afterwards grew up so high! The cause of complaint was, that so great a number of the adverse party continued in employment, and some, particularly the duke of Somerset and earl Cholmondeley, in great stations at court. They[2] could not believe Mr Harley was in earnest; but that he designed to constitute a motley comprehensive administration, which, they said, the kingdom would never endure. I was once invited to a meeting of some lords and gentlemen, where these grievances were at large related to me, with an earnest desire that I would represent them in the most respectful manner to Mr Harley, upon a supposition that I was in high credit with him. I excused myself from such an office, upon the newness of my acquaintance with Mr Harley. However, I represented the matter fairly to him; against which he argued a good deal, from the general reasons of politicians; the necessity of keeping men in hopes, the danger of disobliging those who must remain unprovided for, and the like usual topics among statesmen. But there was a secret in this matter, which neither I nor indeed any of his most intimate friends were then apprised of; neither did he at that time enter with me farther than to assure me very solemnly that no person should have the smallest employment, either civil or military, whose principles were not firm for the Church and monarchy.

However, these over moderate proceedings in the court gave rise to a party in the house of commons, which appeared under the name of the October Club; a fantastic appellation, found out to distinguish a number of country gentlemen and their adherents who professed, in the greatest degree, what was called the High Church principle. They grew in number to almost a third part of the house, held their meetings at certain times and places, and there concerted what measures they were to take in parliament. They professed their jealousy of the court and ministry; declared, upon all occasions, their desire of a more general change, as well as of a strict inquiry into former mismanagement; and seemed to expect that those in power should openly avow the old principles in Church and State. I was then of opinion, and still continue so, that if this body of men could have remained some time united, they would have put the crown under a necessity of acting in a more steady and strenuous manner. But Mr Harley, who best knew the disposition of the queen, was forced to break their measures: which he did by that very obvious contrivance of dividing them among themselves, and rendering them jealous of each other. The ministers gave everywhere out that the October Club were their friends, and acted by their directions; to confirm which, Mr secretary St John, and Mr Bromley, afterwards chancellor of the exchequer, publicly dined with them at one of their meetings. Thus were eluded all the consequences of that assembly: although a remnant of them, who conceived themselves betrayed by the rest, did afterwards meet under the denomination of the March Club; but without any effect.

The parliament, which then rose, had been chosen without any endeavours from the court to secure elections; neither, as I remember, were any of the lieutenancies changed throughout the kingdom: for the trial of Dr Sacheverell had raised or discovered such a spirit in all parts, that the ministers could very safely leave the electors to themselves, and thereby gain a reputation of acting by a free parliament. Yet this proceeding was, by some refiners of both parties, numbered among the

[1] Frequent complaints of this are made in the later portions of the "Journal to Stella."

[2] The complainers; who formed the "October Club."

strains of Mr Harley's politics, who was said to avoid an over great majority, which is apt to be unruly and not enough under the management of a ministry. But, from the small experience I have of courts, I have ever found refinements to be the worst sort of all conjectures; and, from this one occasion, I take leave to observe, that of some hundreds of facts, for the real truth of which I can account, I never yet knew any refiner to be once in the right. I have already told that the true reason why the court did interpose in the matter of elections was, because they thought themselves sure of a majority, and therefore could acquire reputation at a cheap rate. Besides, it afterwards appeared, upon some exigencies which the court had much at heart, that they were more than once likely to fail for want of numbers. Mr Harley, in order to give credit to his administration, resolved upon two very important points: first, to secure the unprovided debts of the nation; and secondly, to put an end to the war. Of the methods he took to compass both those ends, I have treated at large in another work.[1] I shall only observe that while he was preparing to open to the house of commons his scheme for securing the public debts, he was stabbed by the marquis de Guiscard, while he was sitting in the council chamber at the Cockpit, with a committee of nine or ten lords of the cabinet, met on purpose to examine the marquis upon a discovery of a treasonable correspondence he held with France.

The fact was so uncommon in the manner and circumstances of it, that although it be pretty well known, at the time I am now writing, by a printed account towards which I furnished the author with some materials, yet I thought it would not be proper wholly to omit it here. The assassin was seized, by Mr Harley's order, upon the 8th of March, 1710-11; and, brought before the committee of lords, was examined about his corresponding with France. Upon his denial, Mr Harley produced a letter, which he could not deny to be his own hand. The marquis, prepared for mischief, had conveyed a penknife into his pocket while the messenger kept him attending in one of the offices below. Upon the surprise of his letter appearing against him, he came suddenly behind Mr Harley, and, reaching his arm round, stabbed that minister into the middle of the breast, about a quarter of an inch above the *cartilago ensiformis;* the penknife, striking upon the bone, and otherwise obstructed by a thick embroidered waistcoat, broke short at the handle; which Guiscard still grasped, and redoubled his blow. The confusion upon this accident is easier conceived than described. The result was, that the marquis, whether by the wounds given him by some of the lords, or the bruises he received from the messengers while they were seizing him, or the neglect of his surgeon, or that being unwilling to live he industriously concealed one of his wounds, died in a few days after. But Mr Harley, after a long illness, and frequent ill symptoms, had the good fortune to recover.

Guiscard was the younger brother of the count of that name, a very honourable and worthy person, formerly governor of Namur. But this marquis was a reproach to his family, prostitute in his morals, impious in religion, and a traitor to his prince; as to the rest, of a very poor understanding, and the most tedious trifling talker I ever conversed with. He was grown needy by squandering upon his vices, was become contemptible both here and in Holland, his regiment taken from him, and his pension retrenched: the despair of which first put him upon his French correspondence; and the discovery of that drove him into madness. I had known him some years; and meeting him upon the Mall a few hours before his examination, I observed to a friend then with me, that I wondered to see Guiscard pass so often by, without taking notice of me. But although, in the latter part of his life, his countenance grew cloudy enough, yet I confess I never suspected him to be a man of resolution or courage sufficient to bear him out in so desperate an attempt.

I have some very good reasons to know that the first misunderstanding between Mr Harley and Mr St John, which afterwards had such unhappy consequences upon the public affairs, took its rise during the time that the former lay ill of his wounds, and his recovery doubtful. Mr St John affected to say in several companies that Guiscard intended the blow against him; which if it were true, the consequence must be, that Mr St John had all the merit, while Mr Harley remained with nothing but the danger and the pain. But I am apt to think Mr St John was either mistaken or misinformed. However, the matter was thus represented in the weekly paper called The Examiner; which Mr St John perused before it was printed, but made no alteration in that passage.

This management was looked upon, at least, as a piece of youthful indiscretion in Mr St John; and perhaps was represented in a worse view to Mr Harley. Neither am I altogether sure that Mr St John did not entertain some prospect of succeeding as first minister, in case of Mr Harley's death; which, during his illness, was frequently apprehended. And I remember very well, that upon visiting Mr Harley as soon as he was in a condition to be seen, I found several of his nearest relations talk very freely of some proceedings of Mr St John; enough to make me apprehend that their friendship would not be of any long continuance.

Mr Harley, soon after his recovery, was made an earl, and lord treasurer; and the lord keeper a baron.

1 "History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne;" not published till 1758, thirteen years after Swift's death.

SWIFT'S

JOURNAL TO STELLA.

[The Journal to Stella can scarcely with strict propriety be classified among the "Works" of Swift. Labour, elegance, research, reticence—the perpetual consciousness of the public observation and the hostile scrutiny, the intention or expectation of being read by any but the favoured and trusted one—are all utterly and throughout absent. And yet this the most voluminous of Swift's "writings" retains and will retain a powerful hold on our interest, when many of his more elaborate and purposeful "works" will have passed, if not into oblivion, at least beyond the common range of human concern. "So soon out of fashion are party papers, however well writ," is Swift's own record of some of the most energetic and effective things he ever wrote—his "Examiners;" and the record, or judgment, will apply to much more of his that the historian indeed would not willingly let die, but that the general student of English literature need not care much to have kept alive. In the "Journal to Stella," we cease to see Swift—as we are compelled to see him in so much besides that he has written—armed with cuirass and buckler and spear, fighting the battles of party, or Church, or liberty, or humanity, dealing the strokes of his merciless satire indiscriminately against all men and things and fashions that did violence to his passionate sense of right and justice. We see him as he was in the lulls and intervals of the conflict; in dressing gown and slippers—often literally in night gown and cap—elated and hopeful, tired and angry, dispirited and craving for sympathy; throwing aside all that was artificial and irksome in the daily round of society or of business, to pour out his mind without reserve to a woman who bore towards him a tenderness as intimate as that of wifehood, yet without the rights and authority of that relationship, which might have touched these letters with the chill, and caution, and indifference, in the absolute want of which consists their greatest charm. The perusal of this "Journal" by the profane eyes of posterity exposes the character of Swift to the crucial test, whose too frequent result is described in the saying that "No man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre;*" for Swift admits us into the innermost secret of his undress life (if we may use the phrase) during a period when the contrast between that and his public life was heightened by the exceptional splendour and power of his connections, and influence and dignity of his functions. And the contrast is even farther heightened by the incessant talk of great men and great events, deeply concerning the writer's interest and fortunes, with which is mingled the trivial detail of each day's dining, or drinking, or card-playing, or grudging, or successful frugality—and with the childish nonsensicality of Swift's playful condescensions to his fair and clever correspondent. It is mere justice to say that the trying test is well borne; and that the "Journal," taken altogether, gives a revelation of Jonathan Swift, even in his manner as he lived, which makes it plainer than perhaps any explanation derived from other and exterior sources, why women of rare character and accomplishment should have attached themselves to him with such perfect and fatal devotion. The letters were written nominally to Stella *and* Mrs Dingley, her friend, who had constantly lodged with her since, at Swift's invitation, she had passed over into Ireland in 1701; but it does not require to be said that it was really for Stella's sake alone that they were penned. They begin on the 2d September 1710, the day after Swift landed at Chester, on his way to London, to solicit the Ministry to obtain from the Queen the remission of the rights of the Crown to the first-fruits and twentieth-parts payable by the Irish clergy. In 1708, when Swift was in London, some of the Irish bishops had written to ask him to solicit from the Earl of Wharton, made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at the same

time that Somers was made President of the Council, this favour for the Irish Church; "which," Swift says in his "Memoirs Relating to the Change," &c., "the Queen had long promised, and wherein I had been employed before, with some hopes of success from the Earl of Godolphin." Wharton, however, met the request "with very poor and lame excuses, which amounted to a refusal." In August 1710, taking new hopes from the advent to power of an Administration devoted to the interests of the Church, the Irish bishops resolved on another attempt; and, two of their number (Ossory and Killaloe) being then in London, Swift received letters of commission to them, joining him with them in the business of solicitation. Arriving in London on the 7th September, Swift found the two bishops absent, and fulfilled his errand alone—obtaining in a few weeks the full grant of the first-fruits, though the formal and public confirmation of it was not made till next February. But when the Dean, his mission accomplished, would have returned to Ireland, he was in his turn solicited by Mr Harley to throw the weight of his pen into the scale of the new Ministry, then labouring amid great embarrassments: and for nearly three years—till June 1713, when the "Journal" ends—he continued on terms of close and even somewhat arrogant intimacy with the chiefs of the Tory Administration. As the third year crept on, however, he grew weary of waiting for the preferment of which he had betrayed his hopes comparatively early in the series of his journals; and it was only by a decided declaration that he would quit the world of politics unless his natural expectations were forthwith gratified, that he obtained with difficulty the Deanery of St Patrick's, to place which at their disposal the Government had elevated Swift's cold and selfish friend Sterne to the Bishopric of Dromore. Swift returned to Ireland in June 1713, to take possession of his new dignity; and the "Journal to Stella" closed then, nor was it resumed when, in autumn of the same year, Swift came back to London to give to the discordant Tory ministers and the endangered Tory cause the counsel and aid that were rendered fruitless by the death of Queen Anne and the accession of George I. in the summer of 1714. The "Journal" was written to Stella under seal of the strictest confidence, and was not to be shown to any other person whatever. All the letters were carefully preserved by Stella, and after her death were taken back by Swift—presumably with the view of refreshing his memory concerning the events of the time, while he was preparing his "History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne."]

LETTER I.

Chester, Sept. 2, 1710.

JOE[1] will give you an account of me till I got into the boat, after which the rogues made a new bargain, and forced me to give them two crowns, and talked as if we should not be able to overtake any ship; but in half an hour we got to the yacht; for the ships lay by to wait for my lord lieutenant's steward. We made our voyage in fifteen hours just. Last night I came to this town, and shall leave it, I believe, on Monday: the first man I met in Chester was Dr Raymond.[2] He and Mrs Raymond were here about levying a fine, in order to have power to sell their estate. I got a fall off my horse, riding here from Parkgate, but no hurt; the horse understanding falls very well, and lying quietly till I got up. My duty to the bishop of Clogher.[1] I saw him returning from Dunlary; but he saw not me. I take it ill he was not at convocation, and that I have not his name to my powers. I beg you will hold your resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as you can. Let the bishop of Clogher remind the bishop of Killala to send me a letter, with one enclosed to the bishop of Lichfield. Let all who write to me, enclose to Richard Steele, Esq., at his office at the Cockpit, near Whitehall.[3] My lord Mountjoy is now in the humour that we should begin our journey this afternoon, so that I have stolen here again to finish this letter, which must be short or long accordingly. I write this post to Mrs Wesley, and will tell her that I have taken care she may have her bill of one hundred and fifty pounds whenever she pleases to send for it; and in that case I desire you will send it her enclosed and sealed. God Almighty bless you; and, for

1 Mr Joseph Beaumont, a merchant of Trim and friend of Swift, whose name often occurs in the letters; a handsome, gray-haired, intelligent man, who devoted much attention to mathematics. He invented a set of sleaing tables for the improvement of the linen trade, and received therefor, from Government, after considerable suing, a reward of £200. He chiefly used his mathematics, however, for the investigation of the longitude, in which pursuit his mind became deranged; and, after an interval of sanity, he committed suicide, about 1724.

2 Vicar of Trim, formerly fellow of Dublin University; a particular friend of Swift, who had recommended him to Addison.

1 Dr St George Ashe, a man of wit and talent, made Bishop of Derry in 1716.

2 Dr John Hough, successively Bishop of Oxford, Lichfield and Coventry, and Worcester; he died in 1743, having been fifty-three years a bishop.

3 Then Gazetteer and Commissioner of Stamps, and in cordial friendship with Swift, who had aided him in the "Tatler."

God's sake, be merry, and get your health. I am perfectly resolved to return as soon as I have done my commission, whether it succeeds or not. I never went to England with so little desire in my life. If Mrs Curry makes any difficulty about the lodgings, I will quit them, and pay her from July 9; and Mrs Brent must write to Parvisol with orders accordingly. The post is just come from London, and just going out, so I have only time to pray to God to bless poor little MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD, MD.[1]

LETTER II.

London, Saturday, Sept. 9, 1710.

I GOT here last Thursday after five days' travelling; weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c.[2] But my lord treasurer[3] received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me so I am almost vowing revenge. I have not yet gone half my circle; but I find all my acquaintance just as I left them. I hear my lady Giffard[4] is much at court, and lady Wharton was ridiculing it the other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother some other way. I writ to the bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the archbishop of Dublin. Every thing is turning upside down;[5] every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as has not been seen in England. Everybody asks me, how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my being; but no soul offers to make it so: and I protest I shall return to Dublin, and the canal at Laracor,[1] with more satisfaction than ever I did in my life. The Tatler[2] expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of Ormond, they say, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas: in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson, who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually on the post night, and have already written to the archbishop, and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal: and when it is full I will send it whether MD writes or not: and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with Presto. Pray make Parvisol[3] pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I grow fatter, and look better; and on Monday Jervas[4] is to retouch my picture. I thought I saw Jack Temple[5] and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family. Tell the provost[6] I have obeyed his commands to the duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh[7] just now at the coffeehouse, who asked after you with great kindness: he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the dean,[8] and Mrs Walls and her archdeacon. Will Frankland's wife is near bringing to bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ.[9] I presented Dr Raymond to lord Wharton at Chester. Pray let me know when Joe gets his money.[10] It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bellman. MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London; and so farewell, &c.

1 "Habits of great intimacy, and that pleasure of indulging infantine whims which is its natural consequence, had introduced between [Swift and Stella] what Swift calls a 'little language,' in which his fondness loved to display itself. This pretty jargon has been deciphered with considerable ability by former editors; and it is only necessary to say, that MD usually stands for Stella and Dingley, though sometimes for the former alone; D stands for Dingley, and DD for Dingley and Stella, yet sometimes for Stella alone. Swift himself is represented by the letters PDFR; but this odd and awkward combination of consonants is, in printing, usually exchanged for 'Presto;' a name given to him by the Duchess of Shrewsbury, who, being a foreigner, could not remember the English word—*Swift*" [for which *Presto* is the Italian].—*Scott.*

2 For having disappointed him in the matter of preferment; principally through the representation of Archbishop Sharpe to Queen Anne, elsewhere cited—that the author of the "Tale of a Tub" was little if at all better than an infidel.

3 Sydney Godolphin, in 1706 created Earl of Godolphin, and in 1710 compelled to retire from office; he died in 1712.

4 Lady Giffard was the favourite sister of Sir W. Temple, and reputed to have much of his genius. Mrs Johnson (Stella's mother) was then residing with Lady Giffard; and the difficulty about Swift seeing her arose from the estrangement that had taken place between him and the relatives of his patron, owing, it is supposed—though the cause has never been satisfactorily ascertained—to some difference about the publication of Sir William's posthumous works.

5 The great change in Queen Anne's Ministry was now going on rapidly: Godolphin had been ordered to break his staff as Treasurer on the 8th August.

1 Swift's benefice, in the diocese of Meath.

2 Richard Steele.

3 A Frenchman who acted as agent for Swift at Laracor.

4 Charles Jervas, a celebrated portrait painter and copyist, who was born in Ireland in 1675, and settled in London in 1708; he was a friend of Pope, who flattered his great conceit.

5 Nephew of Sir William Temple.

6 Dr Pratt, afterwards Dean of Down, then Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

7 A Westmeath gentleman of fortune, who was well acquainted with and highly esteemed Stella.

8 Dr Sterne, Dean of St Patrick's at Dublin.

9 The Chester letter (I.) was indorsed by Swift after Stella's death: "MD received this September 9 [four days after Swift calculated]. Letters to Ireland from Sept. 1710, begun soon after the change of Ministry. Nothing in this."

10 The £200 promised to Beaumont by Government for his sleaing tables.

LETTER III.

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

After seeing the duke of Ormond, dining with Dr Cockburn, passing some part of the afternoon with sir Matthew Dudley and Will Frankland, the rest at St James's coffeehouse, I came home and writ to the archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged Will Frankland to stand Manley's[1] friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father[2] was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's place; that he was accused of opening letters; that Sir Thomas Frankland would sacrifice everything to save himself; and in that I fear Manley is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with lord Mountjoy at Kensington; saw my mistress, Ophy Butler's wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele: Steele will certainly lose his Gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties.[3] At ten I went to the coffeehouse, hoping to find lord Radnor, whom I had not seen. He was there; for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was a little half pint of wine; for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke[4] was with me this morning.

11. *Seven morning.* I am rising to go to Jervas to finish my picture, and it is shaving day, so good morrow MD; but do not keep me now, for I cannot stay; and pray dine with the dean, but do not lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—*Ten at night.* I sat four hours this morning to Jervas, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely: but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it and bring it over. Mr Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick observes that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politics than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the parliament to be dissolved. Lord Wharton[1] expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and in short I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from Joe last Saturday, telling me Mr Pratt[2] refuses payment of his money. I have told it [to] Mr Addison, and will to lord Wharton; but I fear with no success. However I will do all I can.

12. To-day I presented Mr Ford to the duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to lord president,[3] with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began of lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said he knew I never expected anything from lord Wharton, and that lord Wharton knew that I understood it so. He said that he had written twice to lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter. I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the first-fruits, till this hurry is a little over; which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord president told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr Stratford the Hamburgh merchant, my old schoolfellow; but calling at Bull's, on Ludgate hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr Hoadly,[4] the Whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell: but to-morrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad however to be at Hampstead, where I saw lady Lucy and Moll Stanhope. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs Long;[5] she and her comrade have broke up house, and she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

1 Isaac Manley, Esq., Postmaster General for Ireland.

2 Sir Thomas Frankland, Postmaster General in London, for whom Swift had much esteem.

3 The "Examiner" charges Steele with having, "by entering into party disputes, violated the most solemn repeated promises, and that perfect neutrality which he had engaged to maintain." He had just published in the "Tatler," No. 193, a satirical letter, purporting to be written by Downes the prompter, ridiculing the change of Ministry under the parable of a change of theatrical management. As conductor of the *London Gazette*, Steele was bound to abstain from political partisanship.

4 Swift's bookseller, who had printed the "Tale of a Tub," and other works.

1 Thomas Wharton, then Earl, afterwards Marquis, of Wharton. He had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; hence Swift's acquaintance with him. Lord Wharton was deeply in the Whig interest, and was distinguished as a man of considerable talent and personal profligacy; though still more as the father of that eccentric phenomenon, Philip, Duke of Wharton, in whom his talents and profligacy were at once outstripped.—*Scott.* Swift had a strong personal animosity against Wharton, probably engendered by unfulfilled promises and disappointed hopes.

2 The Vice Treasurer of Ireland.

3 Lord Somers; see Note to Bookseller's Dedication of the "Tale of a Tub," *ante*, p. 48. Horace Walpole described Somers as "one of those divine men who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly." He had, after a period of retirement, been in office since 1708.

4 Dr Benjamin Hoadly, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, who about this time distinguished himself by opposing in the pulpit the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance vehemently urged by Sacheverell.

5 Mrs Ann Long, once a celebrated beauty and toast of the Kitcat Club; sister to Sir James Long, and niece of Col. Strangeways; a particular friend of Swift. Through her own imprudence and the unkindness of her friends, she fell into narrow circumstances, and retired under an assumed name to Lynn, in Norfolk, where she died. Her death, noticed in the "Journal," Dec. 25, 1711, was deeply lamented by Swift. Her comrade is supposed to have been Mrs Barton, niece of Sir Isaac Newton.

14. To-day I saw Patty Rolt, who heard I was in town; and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first Tokay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to a degree I expected. Stratford is worth a plum, and is now lending the government forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the same school and university.[1] We hear the chancellor is to be suddenly out, and sir Simon Harcourt to succeed him.[2] I am come early home, not caring for the coffeehouse.

15. To-day Mr Addison, colonel Freind and I went to see the million lottery drawn at Guildhall. The jackanapes of blue coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and showed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country house near Chelsea, where Mr Addison often retires; and to-night at the coffeehouse we hear sir Simon Harcourt is made lord keeper: so that now we expect every moment the parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see lady Giffard; but I will contrive to get there when lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is number 3, and I have not yet had number 1 from MD; but I shall by Monday, which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to bring over a great deal of china; I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring?

16. *Morning.* Sir John Holland, comptroller of the household,[3] has sent to desire my acquaintance; I have a mind to refuse him, because he is a Whig, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?—*Night.* I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer, where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs Long's misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where: her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate the learned woollendraper;[1] Mr Stratford went with me: six miles here is nothing: we left Pate after sunset, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on Thursday, whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God, Stella may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at Trim, or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night; the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers! Here is Mr Brydges the paymaster general desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen sent lord Shrewsbury to assure him he may keep his place; and he promises me great assistance in the affair of the first-fruits. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider, this is a whole sheet: it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I will do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made attorney general, and not lord keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr Stratford at Mr Addison's retirement near Chelsea; then came to town; got home early and began a letter to the Tatler about the corruptions of style and writing, &c.;[2] and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the duke of Devonshire;[3] they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the parliament will be dissolved. When you see Joe tell him lord Wharton is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr Addison, and will write to-day to Mr Pratt; and bid Joe not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that will not write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died the earl of Anglesea,[4] the great support of the Tories; so

1 These schoolfellows are described by Budgell in No. 353 of the "Spectator:" "One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a country parsonage of eighty-five pounds a year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds."

2 Harcourt succeeded Sir J. Montague as Attorney-General, and not long after actually obtained the seals.

3 A keen Whig, and leading manager for the Commons in Sacheverell's impeachment. He had only in March 1709–10 succeeded Sir Thomas Felton in the Comptrollership.

1 Educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, Mr Pate became an eminent woollen-draper, lived opposite the Royal Exchange, and was known as "the learned tradesman." He died in 1746, and was buried at Lee, in Kent; Swift composed an epitaph on him.

2 No. 230.

3 William Cavendish, the second Duke, a stanch Whig.

4 A young nobleman of great promise, and rising in favour at court, who had been but a few weeks joint Vice Treasurer of Ireland.

that employment of vice treasurer of Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The bishop of [St David's][1] died the same day. The duke of Ormond's daughter was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance, and I am to return it to-morrow.[2] I have had a letter from lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley Castle, for company to my lord, who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To-day I returned my visit to the duke's daughters;[3] the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me: then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord president Somers; the duke of Devonshire, lord steward; and Mr Boyle, secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a court: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange winter here, between the struggles of a cunning provoked discarded party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or not. To-morrow I change my lodging in Pall Mall for one in Bury street, where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If anything happens to-morrow I will add it. —*Robin's Coffeehouse.* We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid takén and Pampeluna.[4] I am here ever interrupted.

21. I have just received your letter, which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the parliament is dissolved: great news from Spain; king Charles and Stanhope are at Madrid, and count Staremberg has taken Pampeluna. Farewell. This is from St James's coffeehouse. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night; but not send it this week. Pray tell me whether you like this journal way of writing. I do not like your reasons for not going to Trim. Parvisol tells me he can sell your horse. Sell it with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell anything that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to Trim. Let him sell my gray, and be hanged.

1 Dr George Bull, appointed 1705.

2 Swift, in a letter to Miss Hoadley dated in 1734, says: "When I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril." In this spirit was conceived the "Capitulation" with the unlucky beauty, Mrs Long.

3 The Lady Butlers; see *post*, "Journal," Oct. 20 1710.

4 The War of the Spanish Succession was just then drawing near its close.

LETTER IV.

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet for fear saucy little MD should be angry and think much that the paper is too little. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, saucebox. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday; Molesworth the Florence envoy,[1] Stratford, and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from lady Giffard's house had been at the coffeehouse to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a pennypost letter to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampstead with lady Lucy, &c., and when I got home found a letter from Joe, with one enclosed to lord Wharton, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's orders is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think anybody will trouble the queen about Joe? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his. I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country; and I will not answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of ours; I must be writing every night; I cannot go to bed without a word to them; I cannot put out my candle till I have bid them good night; O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time to-day with Will Frankland and his fortune: she is not very handsome. Did I not say I would go out of town to-day? I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley[2] has invited me to Berkeley Castle, and lady Betty Germaine to Drayton in Northamptonshire, and I will go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my

1 John Molesworth, Envoy Extraordinary to the Grand-Duke of Tuscany; he became second Viscount Molesworth, and died, in 1725–26.

2 Lady of the Earl of Berkeley, to whom Swift was chaplain, and for a time private secretary, during his Lieutenancy in Ireland; Swift highly esteemed the Countess.

pamphlet. I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff: let the bishop of Clogher smoke it if he can.[1] Well, I will write to the bishop of Killala: but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S——; and if I know D——y, he is a rawboned faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So you have got into Presto's lodgings; very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and [it] still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Balligal will be a pure good place for air, if Mrs Ashe makes good her promise. Stella writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray, Mrs Stella. Cannot you do what you will with your own horse? Pray do not let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him. Stuff—how can I get her husband into the Charter house?—Get a ——— into the Charter house.[2] Write constantly! Why, sirrah, do not I write every day, and sometimes twice a day, to MD? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be; send me my bill. Tell Mrs Brent[3] what I say of the Charter house. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town at Will Pate's with Stratford, Frankland, and the Molesworths, and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door,[4] and have sat at home since six, writing to the bishop of Clogher, dean Sterne, and Mr Manley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, to keep as much in favour as possible with sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoke how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley, you must know, has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters. Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as Midsummer. This was written in the morning; it is now night, and Presto in bed. Here 's a clutter, I have gotten MD's second letter, and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to Tooke, and so—Well, I dined to-day with sir John Holland the comptroller, and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ part of a lampoon,[1] which goes on very slow; and now I am writing to saucy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I have not seen your mother yet; my pennypost letter, I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr S—— came to see me; and said M—— was going to the country next morning with her husband, (who I find is a surly brute), so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town. I cannot afford to answer your letter yet. Morgan, the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to the next lord chancellor that would come with the next governor.[2] I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father, Raymond, or anybody that will tell him: that Dr Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe or Mr Warburton[3] give them to him: a pox on him! However, it is by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I cannot say good night without losing a line, and then MD would scold; but now, good night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born. You talk of Leigh; why, he will not be in Dublin these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the world goes here in parliament. Good night, sirrahs; no, no, not night; I wrote this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to-day with Mrs Barton alone at her lodgings. Conolly is out,[4] and Mr Roberts in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in Ireland. That employment cost Conolly three thousand pounds to lord Wharton;[5] so he has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr Addison, and Jervas the painter, at Addison's country place; and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon. I made a Tatler since I came; guess which it is, and whether the bishop of Clogher smokes it. I saw Mr Sterne to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some

1 "Tatler," No. 230; see *ante*, "Journal," Sept 18.
2 Swift is here abruptly disposing of the paragraphs of Stella's letter lying before him.
3 Swift's housekeeper; Patrick, mentioned just above, his serving-man.
4 Probably at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, the mother of Vanessa.

1 A satire on Godolphin, the fallen Treasurer, called "The Virtues of Sid. Hamet the Magician's Rod," referring to his disrespectful breaking of his staff.
2 Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
3 Swift's curate at Laracor.
4 A Commissioner of the Revenue, afterwards Speaker.
5 Who, in his Lord Lieutenancy, took gratuities on preferments and all possible occasions.

other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I do not like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach. I do not think any lady's advice about my ears signifies twopence; however I will, in compliance to you, ask Dr Cockburn. Radcliffe I know not, and Bernard I never see. Walls[1] will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So Stella puns again; why, it is well enough; but I will not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left Ireland. Bishop of Clogher's bill? why, he paid it me; do you think I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings I will give you a bill on Parvisol for it on the other side this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley transcribe and send them; though that to Parvisol, I believe, he must have my hand for. No, no, I will eat no grapes; I ate about six the other day at sir John Holland's; but would not give sixpence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth: what then? last year I suppose I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my little goose's lodgings. I drink no aile (I suppose you mean *ale*), but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes: pray do not carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go to Mr Harley.[2] Why small hopes from the duke of Ormond? He loves me very well, I believe, and would in my turn give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I do not think of anything farther than the business I am upon: you see I wrote to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, Blighe's corpse came to Chester when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining room and bedchamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mistress Stell, about my instrument? I have the same the archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the bishops are away. The dean friendly! The dean be poxt! a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the bishop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that is enough. Faith, I would not send this these four days, only for writing to Joe and Parvisol. Tell the dean that when the bishops send me any packets, they must not write to me at Mr Steele's; but direct for Steele, at his office at the Cockpit; and let the enclosed be directed for me; that mistake cost me eighteenpence the other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to see Mr Harley till Wednesday: it is late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parvisol too: which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, &c.

[1] Archdeacon.

[2] The celebrated Robert Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

LETTER V.

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAVE not I brought myself into a fine *premunire* to begin writing letters in whole sheets, and now I dare not leave it off. I cannot tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended the former. I told you where I dined to-day, at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis,[1] who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton Court, and sent his excuse, and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. It is good to see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me of my ill usage: but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories dryly tell me, I may make my fortune if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather I do understand them.

October 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy: and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf,[2] whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoked the Tatler that I writ? it is much liked here, and I think it a pure one. To-morrow I go with Delaval the Portugal envoy to dine with lord Halifax near Hampton Court. Your Manley's brother, a parliament man here, has gotten an employment; and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother: and to-day I spoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father (postmaster here), and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almost finished my lampoon, and will print it for revenge on a certain great person.[3] It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off and go write to sir John Stanley, to desire him to engage lady Hyde, as my mistress to engage lord Hyde in favour of Mr Pratt.

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton Court at his

[1] Erasmus Lewis, secretary to the Earl of Dartmouth, and an especial favourite of Swift.

[2] He was Paymaster of the Board of Works, and died 1737. See "Journal," March 22, 1710–11.

[3] Godolphin.

lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen[1] and Delaval and the late attorney general. I went to the drawing-room before dinner (for the queen was at Hampton Court), and expected to see nobody; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartons of Raphael and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord Halifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to show me his house and park, and improvements. We left Hampton Court at sunset, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by starlight. That's something charms me mightily about London: that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly; you cannot do anything like this in Dublin.[2] I writ a second pennypost letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'ennight, at Berkeley Castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day: it was "the resurrection of the Whigs," which I refused, unless he would add their reformation too: and I told him he was the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning Stella's sister came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheen; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy water, a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same; your sister looked very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr Lewis, first secretary to lord Dartmouth, and favourite to Mr Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr Dyot, a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stamp office, and married to a sister of sir Philip Meadows, envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr Dyot will be hanged;[3] for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp paper, in which he was a commissioner: and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoke Presto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy at Kensington, and walked thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-

1 Sir Paul Methuen, our Ambassador at Lisbon, negotiator (in 1703) of the commercial treaty with Portugal, known by his name, which was abrogated in 1836.

2 When Swift wrote, turnpike-roads were unknown in Ireland.

3 He was tried for felony at the Old Bailey in the following January, and acquitted, the crime being found not felony, but only breach of trust; two days after, a bill of indictment was found against him for high misdemeanour.

engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider Stella cannot read,[1] and Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had to-night a letter from Mr Pratt, who tells me Joe will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund; and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever is lord lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell[2] and Mr Addison both think Pratt in the right. Do not lose your money at Manley's to-night, sirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of lord Halifax, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton Court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And to-day I was brought privately to Mr Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday, at four afternoon, when I will open my business to him. I dined to-day at Mr Delaval's, the envoy of Portugal, with Nic Rowe[3] the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your second letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my fourth; and why N. 2nd, 3rd? is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3, &c.? I am going to work at another Tatler: I will be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you a little commission mixed with my letters, do not forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c., for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr Sterne to-day, and gave him your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you will pay me when *the givers bread*, &c. To-night I will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went to Kneller's,[4] who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament men: and the rabble came about our coach,

1 Owing to the weakness of her sight, so often alluded to in the same manner in the "Journal."

2 A Privy Councillor, and Secretary of State for Ireland.

3 Nicholas Rowe, the dramatist, who had already produced The Ambitious Stepmother, Tamerlane, The Fair Penitent, &c. He was made poet-laureate on the accession of George I.; died in 1718; and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

4 Sir Godfrey Kneller's, the distinguished portrait-painter of the courts of James II., William, and Anne.

crying a Colt, a Stanhope, &c. We were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side.[1] I dined again at Delaval's, and in the evening at the coffee-house heard sir Andrew Fountaine was come to town. This has been but an insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth threepence: I hope MD had a better with the dean, the bishop, or Mrs Walls. Why, the reason you lost four and eightpence last night but one at Manley's was because you played bad games; I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon Manilio, Basto, and two small diamonds? Then, in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this. Well, here is two and eightpence-halfpenny towards your loss.

6. Sir Andrew Fountaine came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him, and we dined at the chophouse with Will Pate, the learned woollendraper: then we sauntered at china-shops and booksellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr Harley, whom I am to see, as I told you, to-morrow afternoon: so that this night I shall say little to MD, but that I heartily wish myself with them, and will come as soon as I either fail, or compass my business. We now hear daily of elections; and, in a list I saw yesterday of about twenty, there are seven or eight more Tories than in the last parliament; so that I believe they need not fear a majority, with the help of those who will vote as the court pleases. But I have been told, that Mr Harley himself would not let the Tories be too numerous, for fear they should be insolent and kick against him; and for that reason they have kept several Whigs in employments, who expected to be turned out every day; as sir John Holland the comptroller, and many others. And so get you gone to your cards and your claret and orange at the dean's,[2] and I will go write.

7. I wonder when this letter will be finished: it must go by Tuesday, that is certain; and if I have one from MD before, I will not answer it, that is as certain too! It is now morning, and I did not finish my papers for Mr Harley last night; for you must understand Presto was sleepy, and made blunders and blots. Very pretty that I must be writing to young women in a morning fresh and fasting, faith. Well, good morrow to you: and so I go to business, and lay aside this paper till night, sirrahs.—*At night.* Jack Howe told Harley that if there were a lower place in hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence; which I did, expecting to hear Mr Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law lord Doblane[1] (or some such name), and his own son, and among others Will Penn the Quaker:[2] we sat two hours, drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business; entered into it with all kindness; asked for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the queen; told me the measures he would take; and, in short, said everything I could wish; told me he must bring Mr St John,[3] (secretary of state) and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, that he would do everything to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that!) I mean he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St James's coffeehouse in a hackney coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me. He knew my Christian name very well. I could not forbear saying this much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I will tell you; you must know, it is fatal[4] to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke to give him a ballad and dine with him, but he was not at home; so I was forced to go to a blind chophouse, and dine for tenpence upon gill ale, bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a Tatler, who is very low of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be, and have not used the expression of "*you in* Ireland" and "*we in* England," as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation. They may talk of the *you know what*;[5] but, gad, if it had not been for that I should never have been

1 There was a close contest in Westminster between Mr Medlicot and Mr Cross for the High Church party, and General Stanhope and Sir Henry Dutton Colt for the Whigs; the Tory intimidated the Whig electors, and gave the Ministerial candidates a great majority.

2 Sterne.

1 George Henry Hay, Viscount Dupplin, eldest son of the Earl of Kinnoull; made a teller of Exchequer in August and a peer of Great Britain in December 1711.

2 The celebrated founder of the colony of Pennsylvania was in great favour with Queen Anne, and often at court. He died 1718.

3 Afterwards the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke.

4 *i. e.*, it is allotted me by fate.

5 The "Tale of a Tub," for which many of his own profession had censured him, but which recommended him to the new Ministry, not only because it showed his genius, but his power of harming them unless they made a friend of him. He reasons that if the "Tale" procured the advancement of one devoted to the Church's interest, it would have done the Church service.

able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the Church. But how far we must depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice; though I think, among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement[1] of Harley. He charged me to come to him often; I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said that was not a place for friends to come to. It is now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick; I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving day, Sunday, so I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write; yes, it will vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do, I will shrink to half sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost; and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—*At night.* I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board hereabout, as a spunger; and this evening sir Andrew Fountaine would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence, among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I will spend as many pounds; and therefore I have put it among my extraordinaries: but we had a neck of mutton dressed *à la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat; and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for MD's third too: and yet I would have it to say, that I write five for two. I am not fond at all of St James's coffeehouse, as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr Garth to dine with Charles Main, near the Tower, who has an employment there: he is of Ireland; the bishop of Clogher knows him well; an honest, good-natured fellow, a thorough hearty laugher, mightily beloved by the men of wit: his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so goodnight, &c.

9. I dined to-day at sir John Stanley's; my lady Stanley is one of my favourites: I have as many here as the bishop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what scurvy company I shall be to MD when I come back: they know everything of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern! Oh, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop: faith it is true; for I am going now to write to him an account of what I have done in the business with Harley: and faith, young women, I will tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr Harley to-day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and this letter must be sent to the posthouse, and not by the bellman. I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed, I must begin my sixth to MD, as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I do not write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise; I will go reckon the lines on the other sides. I have reckoned them.[1]

[1] An excessive or extravagant compliment, or a form of expression intended to impose on the hearer—in which art of statecraft Harley was an adept.

LETTER VI.

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

So, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr Harley to-day, who presented me to the attorney general, sir Simon Harcourt, with much compliment on all sides, &c. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with her majesty before she names a governor; and I protest I am in hopes it will be done all but the forms by that time: for he loves the Church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and, besides, I am told by all hands he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr Harley said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical description of a shower in London, and will send it to the Tatler. This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs Walls, contrive to know whether Mrs Wesley be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town? I

[1] Seventy-three lines in folio, in a very small hand, upon one page.

writ to her from Chester to know what I should do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me: so I must go to my business, &c.

11. To-day at last I dined with lord Montrath, and carried lord Mountjoy and sir Andrew Fountaine with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half-crowns; and sir Andrew Fountaine won eight guineas of Mr Coote: so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I picked off the coals before I went to bed. It is a sign London is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoke in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing ombre? But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr Manley, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing to me; but without his help I guessed within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr Garth and Mr Addison, at the Devil tavern, by Temple Bar, and Garth treated; and it is well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only inquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr Addison's election[1] has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be chosen king he would hardly be refused.[2] An odd accident has happened at Colchester: one captain Lavallin, coming from Flanders or Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctor's Commons, whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornication: and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyot's counterfeiting the stamp paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the treasury about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alleging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses; but the other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to make the matter sure, at the same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and dies on the spot; his wife surviving him about two hours, but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the shower, all but the beginning, and am going on with my Tatler. They have fixed about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three. One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: but I will mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear something from saucy MD; but do not hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord! here is but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prittle prattle to entertain MD? The talk now grows fresher of the duke of Ormond for Ireland, though Mr Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and lord Galway[1] one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good: but I do not care twopence whether it be or no.—*At night.* To-day I was all about St Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with sir Andrew Fountaine and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I will never do it again, though all mankind should persuade me: unconsidering puppies! There is a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison,[2] a little, pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellanea*, about the Sprig of an Orange, is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of Queensberry's sons for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley is a great crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always make the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night; I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I will see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country house, which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach-hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people

1 For Malmesbury.

2 A remarkable testimony in favour of Addison's amiable temper, especially coming from a friend whose friendship was in the very act of becoming chill.—*Scott.*

1 A French Protestant nobleman, who fled his country to avoid religious persecution, and, being substituted for Peterborough in the command in Spain, lost the battle of Almanza to the Duke of Berwick, in April 1707.

2 Educated at Winchester, M.A. of New College, Oxford; a man of lively pleasing parts, but no great poet. Thomas Harrison was, by Swift's interest, made secretary to Lord Raby, afterwards Earl Strafford, Ambassador at Utrecht. He died in 1712–13; see "Journal," 14th February of that year.

to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I will put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three in the four. Sir Richard Onslow, we hear, has lost for Surrey; and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and some I dare not; and those on the shower in London I have sent to the Tatler, and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you will smoke me in the Tatler[1] I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows: "Is the devil in you? Oct. 13, 1710." I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here is enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper,[2] or what? I do not remember I slobbered. Lord! I dreamed of Stella, &c., so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean Bolton and Sterne go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I knew not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixed with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how; and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—*At night.* Mr Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walked in the Park: and at the coffeehouse I found a letter from the bishop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town, and am now got into bed, and going to open your little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. O, I will not open it yet! yes I will! no I will not; I am going; I cannot stay till I turn over:[3] what shall I do? my fingers itch; and I now have it in my left hand; and now I will open it this very moment. I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and cannot imagine what is in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late: I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though—Pshaw, it is from sir Andrew Fountaine: what, another! I fancy that is from Mrs Barton;[4] she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's[1] office at the Castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I will read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley Castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my lord is in a fair way of recovery: poor lady![2] Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith it is all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, No. 3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26, and Manley's letter, that I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that is a fortnight's difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office, and he forgot. Well, there is an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me packets to enclose them in a paper directed to Mr Addison, at St James's coffeehouse: not common letters, but packets: the bishop of Clogher may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: flidikins, I have been the best boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a penny. Well; but stay, I will look over my book; adad, I think there was a chasm between my No. 2 and No. 3. Faith, I will not promise to write to you every week; but I will write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is Tuesday, a Monday bedad it will grow a task: but write when you have a mind. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no—agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins. Slids, I would the horse were in your—chamber. Have I not ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about him? and have not I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him and boil him if you will? what do you trouble me about your horses for? have I anything to do with them? Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business! revolutions—to me in my business! if it were not for the revolutions I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new people; ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except sir Andrew Fountaine; at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you

1 No. 258, Dec. 2; a short letter ridiculing the advocated adoption of the title Britain for the United Kingdom, by the iteration of the terms "North Briton" and "South Briton," "North British" and "South British," for "Englishman" and "Scotchman," &c.

2 There was, and Mr Deane Swift says there still remanied, a smear on the top of the sheet.

3 To the next page; he is within three lines of the foot of the first.

4 Niece to Sir Isaac Newton, and widow of Colonel Barton. A favourite among the toasts of the Kitcat Club, and named before as the comrade of Mrs Long in her celebrity and her misfortune.

1 Joshua Dawson, Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland.

2 He had been dead three weeks: *ante*, "Journal," Oct. 2.

of a great man who received me very coldly?[1] that is he; but say nothing; it was only a little revenge: I will remember to bring it over. The bishop of Clogher has smoked my Tatler[2] about shortening of words, &c. But, God so![3] &c.

15. I will write plainer if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley cannot read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr Harley: Mr Prior dined with us. He has left my memorial with the queen, who has consented to give the first-fruits and twentieth parts, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered, till in public: and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in lord Peterborow: we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called Sid Hamet. Mr Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord Peterborow would let nobody read them but himself: so he did, and Mr Harley bobbed me at every line to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied lord Peterborow for author of them; and lord Peterborow said he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiously. Harley presented me to lord president of Scotland,[4] and Mr Benson, lord of the treasury.[5] Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial, as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little balked, but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by my next visit. I tipped his porter with a half-crown; and so I am well there for a time at least; I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had Burgundy and Tokay; came back afoot like a scoundrel; then went to Mr Addison; and supped with lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pounds of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box; and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley, and a bottle of palsy water for Stella: all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr Sterne has bought and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs Curry's, and sent by Dr Hawkshaw, whom I have not seen: but Sterne has undertaken it.[1] The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Do not read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I will write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out, so it must stay till Thursday. I dined to-day with your Mr Sterne,[2] by invitation, and drank Irish wine;[3] but before we parted there came in the prince of puppies, colonel Edgworth;[4] so I went away. This day came out the Tatler, made up wholly of my Shower and a preface to it. They say it is the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the bishop of Clogher will show it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my Miscellany. I would give a penny the letter to the bishop of Killaloe was in it: it would do him honour. Could not you contrive to say you hear they are printing my things together, and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest? but do not say anything of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I will send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your third to me, when you had but my second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are saucy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with Hermitage and Tokay, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I cannot get my nightgown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in

1 Lord Godolphin; see Letter II., p. 232. The lampoon was Sid Hamet's Rod.

2 No. 230.

3 An exclamation provoked by the length of the day's journal.

4 Hew Dalrymple of North Berwick, Lord President of the Court of Session.

5 Robert Benson, made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the next June.

1 The miscarriage of this box is much lamented and speculated on in subsequent letters.

2 Enoch Sterne, collector of Wicklow and clerk to the House of Lords in Ireland.

3 Claret; in the indulgence of their magnificent preference for which, many Irish landlords ruined their fortunes, at least.

4 Who, Deane Swift says, once made a visit to one of his brothers, who lived at the distance of about one day's journey from his house, and travelled with his led horse, portmanteaus, &c. On arrival, the baggage was unpacked, and "three suits of fine clothes, one finer than another, hung upon chairs in his bedchamber, together with his nightgown and shaving plate disposed in their proper places. The next morning, upon his coming down to breakfast, with his boots on, his brother asked him where he proposed riding before dinner. I am going directly home, said the colonel. Lord! said his brother, I thought you intended to stay some time with us. No, replied the colonel, I only just came to see you and my sister, and must return home this morning. And accordingly his clothes, &c., were packed up, and off he went. But what merit soever the colonel might have to boast of, his son, Talbot Edgworth, excelled him by at least fifty bars' length;" who blazed as a beau through the reign of George I., and died insane in Dublin Bridewell.

three weeks. But I had not time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr Addison, at a merchant's: and just now, at the coffeehouse, we have notice that the duke of Ormond was this day declared lord lieutenant[1] at Hampton Court, in council. I have not seen Mr Harley since; but hope the affair is done about first-fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning; but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr Sterne, to send to you by some friend; I have directed it for Mr Curry, at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my sixth, sent when I had but three of MD's: now I am beforehand, and will keep so: and God Almighty bless dearest MD, &c.

LETTER VII.

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O FAITH, I am undone! this paper is larger than the other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but since it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in a letter to-day where I had been, and how the day past; and so, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr Lewis, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr Harley; and by-and-by comes up Mr Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and went to wait on the two lady Butlers:[2] but the porter answered they were not at home; the meaning was, the youngest, lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to lord Ashburnham, the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my Shower is liked in Ireland: I never knew anything pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montague and Mr Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know anything in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Everybody reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the Rod of Sid Hamet? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly anybody suspects me for them, only they think nobody but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster election, that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I will bring them over.

21. I got MD's fourth to-day at the coffeehouse. God Almighty bless poor Stella, and her eyes and head: What shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull back for your good qualities. Would to heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor anything else, and I will write plainer, for Dingley to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr Harley, who presented me to the earl of Sterling, a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in lord Peterborow. I staid till nine before Mr Harley would let me go, or tell me anything of my affair. He says the queen has now granted the first-fruits and twentieth parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop, because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice that it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c.: and I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you, that in my memorial which was given to the queen I begged for two thousand pounds a-year more, though it was not in my commission; but that, Mr Harley says, cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it farther: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the first-fruits being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never anything was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better. The memorial given to the queen from me speaks with great plainness of lord Wharton. I believe this business is as important to you as the convocation disputes from Tisdall.[1] I hope in a month or two all the forms of settling this matter will be over, and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me or no; for I am sure I have so much that I will never take it upon me. Insolent sluts! because I say *Dublin, Ireland*, therefore you must say *London, England:* that is Stella's malice. Well, for that I will not answer your letter till to-morrow day; and so, and so, I will go write something else, and it will not be much; for it is late.

22. I was this morning with Mr Lewis, the under secretary to lord Dartmouth, two hours, talking politics, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamped paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds a year, for writing a Tatler, some months ago, against Mr

[1] In room of the Earl of Wharton.

[2] Daughters of the Duke of Ormond; the death and character of Lady Mary, the younger, are noticed in the "Journal," Jan. 3d and 5th, 1712-13.

[1] The Rev. Mr Tisdall, an admirer of Stella, who had proposed marriage to her, but whose suit the Dean had discouraged or rejected. He differed with Swift in politics. The reference here is to conversations between Tisdall and Stella seven or eight years before.

Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary from sixty to three hundred pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was given me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found party had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with anything I said. So I stopped short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will: but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service? When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so: what must a man expect from his enemies?[1] This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know it is neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's the Florence envoy; then went to the coffeehouse, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr Addison; and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day, by invitation; but I shall alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters but MD's.

24. I forgot to tell you that last night I went to Mr Harley's hoping—faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted; but he was abroad, and came home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to day at sir Matthew Dudley's with Mr Addison, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the duke of Ormond; and, coming out, met lord Berkeley of Stratton, who told me that Mrs Temple, the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Mr Addison and Steele, and a sister of Mr Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of a monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

1 Swift's good intentions in Steele's behalf were misconstrued, to say the least, by that ardent Whig, and rather accelerated the breach which naturally they might have been expected to prevent.—*Scott.*

26. I was to-day to see Mr Congreve,[1] who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and, besides, he is never rid of the gout; yet he looks young and fresh, and is as cheerful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I, and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr Morgan; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipped for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all, &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how many livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news! He tells me plainly that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. It is a sad thing that Stella must have her own horse, whether Parvisol will or not! So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and it being warm, I write up. I never writ to the bishop of Killala, which I suppose was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, that is the short of it. As fond as the dean is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean Bolton[2] paid him the twenty pounds; and for the rest ——. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it; that dean Bolton is such a whipster. It is the most obliging thing in the world in dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that way, his other usage.[3] No, we have had none of your snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great snow, for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that captain Pratt shall not suffer by lord Anglesea's death. I will try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervas. I will make sir Andrew Fountaine buy one as for himself, and I will pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this. Poor John! is he gone? and madam Par-

1 The celebrated dramatist, an intimate friend of Swift, who had addressed a poem to him in 1693. Congreve was born in 1672; Swift in 1667.

2 This gentleman, as well as Swift, was chaplain to Lord Berkeley when Lord Lieutenant; and was promoted to the deanery of Derry, upon Swift declining, with the utmost contempt and scorn, to give a bribe of £1000 demanded by Bushe, Lord Berkeley's secretary. Bolton was one of the most elegant speakers and learned men of his time; he became Archbishop of Cashel.

3 When he became Dean, he withheld from Swift the living of St Nicholas Without, promised in gratitude for the aid rendered by Swift in his election.

visol has been in town? Humm. Why, Tighe and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out. I was to-day at Mr Sterne's lodging; he was not within, and Mr Leigh is not come to town, but I will do Dingley's errand when I see him. What do I know whether china be dear or no? I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now it is off: I suppose I told you so in some former letter. And so you only want some salad-dishes, and plates, and &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds. Now to Stella's little postcript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Cannot you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure it is the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus: *How do you do, Mrs Stella?* That was written with my eyes shut.[1] Faith, I think it is better than when they are open: and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low. My letters of business, with packets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be enclosed to Mr Addison, at St James's coffeehouse: but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form. Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower, a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with Patty Rolt at my cousin Leach's, with a pox, in the city: he is a printer, and prints the Postman;[2] oh oh, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs Baby Aires of Leicester; and my cousin Thompson was with us; and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the Postman: and says he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea. But I was modest, and said may be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. It is all with the same cadence with oh hoo! or as when little girls say, I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some. It is plaguy twelvepenny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money will pay it, let me beg you to buy Bank stock with it, which has fallen nearly thirty per cent., and pays eight pounds per cent., and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you,[1] and take the five per cent. common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in Ireland; I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I will pay him when I get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindness. I will ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr Rowe the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under secretary in Mr Addison's place that he had in England), and there was Mr Prior; and they both fell commending my Shower beyond anything that has been written of the kind: there never was such a Shower since Danaë's, &c. You must tell me how it is liked among you. I dined with Rowe; Prior could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind tavern, where Congreve, sir Richard Temple, Estcourt, and Charles Main, were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we staid till twelve. But, now my head continues pretty well, I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixed with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge tavern; then I went to Mr Harley, but he was denied or not at home; so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited lord Pembroke,[2] who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to the ladies Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them; so I sent them a threatening message by another lady for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the coffeehouse, and Ford desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did like a fool, chattering till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money: the Whigs talk so, it would give one the spleen: and I am afraid of meeting Mr Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will become of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again; it will ruin the Church and clergy for ever: but I hope for better. I will send this on Tuesday, whether I hear any farther news of my affair or not.

29. Mr Addison and I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day. I chatted a while to-night in the coffee-

1 And is better and more plainly written.

2 A violent Tory newspaper. Leach was by Swift recommended to Harrison to print the "Tatler," after Steele's withdrawal; but Harrison discarded him.

1 Part of a legacy left Stella by Sir W. Temple.

2 Thomas Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who had been Lord Lieutenant in 1707. He was a nobleman of taste and learning, and, like Swift, very fond of punning.

house, this being a full night; and now am come home to write some business.

30. I dined to-day at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs Long, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell anybody the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking, and visiting Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr Harley. I have no news to send you. Aire, they say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning say quite the contrary: it is good if it be true. I dined with Mr Addison and Dick Stuart, lord Mountjoy's brother; a treat of Addison's. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixed water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs Brent.

I am a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I am staying before I can fold up this letter till that ugly D is dry in the last line but one. Do not you see it? O Lord, I am loth to leave you, faith—but it must be so till next time: pox take that D; I will blot it to dry it.

LETTER VIII.

London, Oct. 31, 1710.

So, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I will tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness:[1] the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I passed the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr Cockburn to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for some body else.

November 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us. I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr Addison at lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done or begun again; and then the duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at six, and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the coffeehouse, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines, some inventions of mine own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2. I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr Cockburn to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr Ford has been with me till just now, and it is near eleven. I have had no giddiness to-day. Mr Dopping I have seen, and he tells me coldly my Shower is liked well enough; there is your Irish judgment. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher. It is now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I will allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? does Mrs Walls win constantly as she used to do; and Mrs Stoyte? I have not thought of her this long time; how does she? I find we have a cargo of Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it; but I never go near them. And Tighe is landed; but Mrs Wesley, they say, is going home to her husband, like a fool. Well, little monkeys mine, I must go write; and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD.[1] We have scurvy Tatlers of late, so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him, and never any more; he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife most abominably,[2] as bad as ——. I never saw her since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall fellow that he never minds it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the

[1] This giddiness, which tormented Swift through life, was imputed by him to a violent indigestion brought on by a surfeit of fruit in his youth: and from this arose his continual caution and frequent warnings about eating fruit.

[1] Alluding to the language in their own familiar conversation; Dean Swift says, "the cypher stands for Presto, Stella, and Dingley; as much as to say, it looks like us three quite retired from all the rest of the world."

[2] Lady Steele's maiden name was Mary Scurlocke; she was sole heiress of Jonathan Scurlocke, Esq., of Caermarthen. Steele's correspondence with her amply bears out Swift's account; she was, says Scott, fond of money, and totally insensible to wit; better at the active part of giving advice, than her husband at the passive department of profiting by it. It does not seem that he had the means, or she the inclination, to exercise general hospitality. She resided at a little elegant retreat, near Hampton Court, called the Hovel; the same in which Addison lodged the memorable execution for £1000.

worst company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content.—*At night, in bed.* Stay, let me see where is this letter to MD among these papers? oh! here. Well, I will go on now; but I am very busy (smoke the new pen). I dined with Mr Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbishop of Dublin, that the queen has granted the first-fruits; but they are to take no notice of it till a letter is sent them by the queen's order from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c., and I shall write to the archbishop of Dublin to-morrow. (I have had no giddiness to-day.) I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If despatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new commission signed by the primate and archbishop of Dublin, and promise me letters to the two archbishops here: but mine a— for it all, the thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a letter from the bishop of Clogher, who complains of my not writing; and, what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? it is not right, faith: but I will not be angry with MD at a distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that lord and lady Mountjoy put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was No. 5; which I shall not answer to-night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry; but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses, and spectacles, and spectacle cases. I have no commission from Stella, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr Sterne two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I must go write and do business.

4. I dined to-day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, &c.; came home, and writ a short letter to the archbishop of Dublin, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the coffeehouse, for I stayed at Kensington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for colonel Proud was very ill company, and I will never be of a party with him again: and I drank punch, and that and ill company has made me hot.

5. I was with Mr Harley from dinner to seven this night, and went to the coffeehouse, where Dr D'Avenant[1] would fain have had me go and drink a bottle of wine at his house hard by, with Dr Chamberlain; but the puppy used so many words that I was afraid of his company; and, though we promised to come at eight, I sent a messenger to him that Chamberlain was going to a patient, and therefore we would put it off till another time: so he, and the comptroller, and I, were prevailed on by sir Matthew Dudley to go to his house, where I stayed till twelve, and left them. D'Avenant has been teazing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called The Third Part of Tom Double, to make his court to the Tories, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling[2] in the city to see Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingston, where she lodges; but to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged; for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I will not answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from MD: it would be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that is certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at sir Richard Temple's with Congreve, Vanbrugh, lieutenant general Farrington, &c. Vanbrugh, I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with me about those verses on his house; but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to teaze him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a thanksgiving day, and I was at court, where the queen past by us with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham, Rochester, Leeds, Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord keeper Harcourt, Mr Harley, lord Pembroke, &c.: and I have seen her without one Tory. The queen made me a curtsy, and said in a sort of familiar way to Presto, "How does MD?"[3] I considered she was a queen, and so excused her. I do not miss the Whigs at court, but have as many acquaintance there as formerly.

8. Here is ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's fifth; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's to-day, with Addison, Vanbrugh, admiral Wager, Sir Richard Temple, Methuen, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire, O ho! and now am in bed. I have

[1] Son of the celebrated Sir William Davenant, the author of "Gondibert;" the Dr was addicted to politics, wrote many tracts and pamphlets, went into parliament, and when he died in 1714 was Inspector of Exports and Imports.

[2] The "little language" for "rambling."

[3] This was, in Swift's language, a "pure bite." Swift was never introduced at court.

no fireplace in my bedchamber; but it is very warm weather when one is in bed. Your fine cap, madam Dingley, is too little, and too hot: I will have that fur taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the fur? I was feeling, but cannot find: if it be, it will do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? Well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you write too much at a time: better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which *wiggs*, and what do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. (Pray remember Morgan.) Raymond is indeed like to have much influence over me in London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall no doubt introduce him to Harley, and lord keeper, and the secretary of state. The Tatler upon Ithuriel's spear is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there is between you and your judgment? In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about *style*, because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine a—; and I defy mankind if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet[1] when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen and never guessed it to be mine. Could you have guessed the Shower in Town to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went? But I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon: only Harley said he smoked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. It is called the Rod of Sid Hamet. And I have written several other things that I hear commended, and nobody suspects me for them; nor you shall not know till I see you again. What do you mean, "that boards near me, that I dine with now and then?"[2] I know no such person: I do not dine with boarders. What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day, since I left you, better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I will give ten shillings a week for my lodging; for I am almost stunk out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my Shower. Well, madam Dingley, what say you to the world to come? What ballad? Why, go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back; patience is a gay thing, as &c. I hear nothing of lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When is Stella's birthday? in March? Lord bless me, my turn at Christ Church! it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of Latin. *Jonsonibus atque*, that is the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? It was you betrayed me: not I, faith; I will not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose, for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to lady Giffard, to put some money for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty per cent. Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in Ireland, and much securer. I would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds, but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing, by this fall of stocks. It is rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind as not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs Raymond, you say, is with child: I am sorry for it, and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world, and, I believe, would serve me if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret! I protest sincerely I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot them, for ungrateful dogs; I will make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the bishop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I have not time. What do you mean by my fourth, madam *Dinglibus?* Does not Stella say you have had my fifth, goody Blunder? you frighted me till I looked back. Well, this is enough for one night. Pray give my humble service to Mrs Stoyte and her sister, Kate is it, or Sarah? I have forgot her name, faith. I think I will even (and to Mrs Walls and the archdeacon) send this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be in ten days from the last. I will keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a letter from MD should come in the mean time? why then I would only say, "Madam, I have received your sixth letter; your most humble servant to command, Presto;" and so conclude. Well, now I will write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9. I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with

[1] Probably "On Taste and Reading," addressed to Sir Andrew Fountaine.

[2] Stella seems to have "smoked" the Dean's intimacy with the Vanhomrighs, which he always passes lightly by; or to have heard of a boarding-house, mentioned Nov. 12, where Ford, Sir Richard Levinge, &c., used to dine.

myself: How could I write when my mouth was full? Have not you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was to see Mr Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr secretary St John; and I must contrive to see Harley soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to-day at lord Montrath's, with lord Mountjoy, &c.; but the wine was not good, so I came away, staid at the coffeehouse till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. It is mighty warm; yet I fear I shall catch cold this wet weather, if I sit an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because MD is not here to take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, &c., and do not care for the coffeehouse; and so this serves for altogether, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I will not do that often: but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it shall go; so I must save something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord! I would this letter was with you with all my heart: if it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost! I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for "night, good night:" but when I am taking leave I cannot leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal will not come there. I dined to-day at lady Lucy's, where they ran down my Shower; and said Sid Hamet was the silliest poem they ever read, and told Prior so, whom they thought to be the author of it. Do not you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and besides, I do not like women so much as I did. [MD, you must know, are not women.] I supped to-night at Addison's with Garth, Steele, and Mr Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr secretary St John's appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol, and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not be. I shall not know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger! *Paaast twelvvve o'clock*, and so good night, &c. O! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them by the first convenience. My parcel, I hear, is not sent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because—what, because of the archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. *Morning, by candle-light.* You must know that I am in my night gown every morning betwixt six and seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night gown; and so now I will take my leave of my own dear MD for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

LETTER IX.

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state, Mr St John. Mr Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing money to the government: there dined with us only Mr Lewis, and Dr Freind,[1] that writ lord Peterborow's actions in Spain. I staid with them till just now, between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bellman, which I did with my own hands, rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and upon an occasion, he (the secretary) said: "The best thing I ever read is not yours, but Dr Swift's on Vanbrugh; which I do not reckon so very good neither." But Prior was damped until I stuffed him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty, in that employment.[2] His father[3] is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St James's coffeehouse and the chocolate-houses; and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement; and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was

[1] Dr John Freind, a celebrated physician and philosopher, and an active politician and author. In 1705, he attended the Earl of Peterborough to Spain; and subsequently wrote a spirited defence of the conduct of that illustrious commander against the calumnies that assailed it. A steady Tory, he took a share in the defence of Dr Sacheverell; and in 1722, when he sat in Parliament for Launceston, he fell under the suspicion of the Government, and was sent to the Tower. He came into favour at court on the accession of George II., and died physician to Queen Caroline in 1728.

[2] He had even been Secretary of War three years before, resigning with Harley in 1707. Still more remarkable instances of administration by youthful talent occurred in the second half of the eighteenth century.

[3] Sir Henry St John, who seems to have continued gay while life lasted. In his youth he was tried and convicted for the murder of Sir William Estcourt in a duel.

their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said, and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon; for if I should send her a pennypost letter, and afterwards not be able to meet her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning, before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town, and that she would go to see me to inquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old beast's humour. You know I cannot in honour see lady Giffard, and consequently [will] not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Cannot you get thicker? Why, that is a common caution that writing-masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. It is this—

> If paper be thin,
> Ink will slip in;
> But if it be thick,
> You may write with a stick.

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs Long, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town,[1] and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! it is just such an alteration in life as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, sir Richard Levinge, &c., at a place where they board hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and it is late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and lady Falconbridge[2] was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell, and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I staid till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found Bank stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred, and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise as to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and so I writ Mr Stratford in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in Bank stock, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I showed my letter to one or two people who understand those things, and they said money was so hard to be got here, that no man would do it for me. However, Stratford, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it cost one hundred pounds and a half (that is, ten shillings,) so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother, to desire that lady Giffard would do the same with what she owes you; but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money, take this rule: to have two people bound who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together, and when one dies you fall upon the other, and make him add another security. And if Rathburn (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. *Paaaaast twelvvve o'clock.* I must only add, that, after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber morning and evening too, and he will do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor lost his senses, like Will Crowe? I forgot to tell Dingley that I was yesterday at Ludgate, bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and came gravely home, after just visiting the coffeehouse. Sir Richard Cox, they say, is sure of going over lord chancellor, who is as arrant a puppy as ever eat bread: but the duke of Ormond has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, secretary St John, sir Thomas Hanmer, sir chancellor Cox-comb, &c. I attended the duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at Skinner's hall, where the Londonderry society laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the dessert

[1] Lynn.

[2] Lord Fauconberg, or Falconbridge, a gentleman of hereditary loyalty, found himself notwithstanding, during the usurpations, glad to marry the Protector's youngest daughter, Mary Cromwell. She is represented as a woman of high talent and spirit, and died 14th March 1712. A nobleman, who had seen Cromwell's remains dug up after the Restoration, venturing to tell her jeeringly that he had seen her father, and that he stunk abominably, she answered: "He was dead my Lord—had he been living, you would have stunk the worst." It was said by Cromwell's family, that "those who wore breeches deserved petticoats better; and had those who wore the petticoats had the breeches, they would have held faster."—*Scott.*

laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge[1] and I got discreetly to the head of the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on; so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without Stella's permission; for I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no? It is not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

16. I dined to-day in the city with Mr Manley, who invited Mr Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr Addison, and loitered till nine in the coffee-house, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht, and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from MD before I close up this? Mr Addison and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr Harley, who promised in a few days to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of reminding him of it, and rallied him, &c., which he took very well. I dined to-day with one Mr Gore, elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance; and Stratford, and my other friend merchants, dined with us; where I stayed late, drinking claret and Burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eatinghouse, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopped me in the Pall Mall, and asked my advice; said he had been to see the queen (who was just come to town), and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at court, and if she heard he was there she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c.: and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or, because perhaps she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required despatch: and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna coffeehouse, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would fain have given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended; for, besides his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to-day with poor lord Mountjoy, who is ill of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffeeman Elliot's child;[1] where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and cannot stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with sir Andrew Fountaine at his lodging, and then came home: a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the secretary's office, and found Mr Harley, with whom I dined, and secretary St John, &c.; and Harley promised in a very few days to finish what remains of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands, and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the bishop of Clogher, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter-security; and it may be argued, that it will pass better to be in your hands than hers, in case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she will second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me lady Giffard has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say, with a vengeance. She told lady Giffard she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing in my bed like a tiger; and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with secretary St John; and lord Dartmouth, who is the other secretary, dined with us, and lord Orrery,[2] and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We

[1] Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, in Ireland.

[1] Elliot was keeper of the St James's Coffeehouse.

[2] The same nobleman, so often mentioned in the "Battle of the Books," who, when the Hon. Charles Boyle, had engaged in controversy with Bentley on the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris.

staid till eight, and I called at the coffeehouse, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr Presto: at last I saw a letter to Mr Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and the other in Stella's, and the third in Domville's. Well, so you shall hear: so, said I to myself, What now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened the other; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but the other was from my own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already? then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old doings at our house, faith. Well, I will not answer your letter in this: no, faith, catch me at that, and I never saw the like. Well; but as to Walls, tell him (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr Pratt's losing his place: and while Pratt continues, Clements is in no danger; and I have already engaged lord Hyde[1] he speaks of for Pratt and twenty others; but if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now have received. I writ last post to the bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will, to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23. I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives; and I beg you to walk when you can, for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? confess. *Ahhh*, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs Fenton[2] know, that the request she has made me in her letter I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. Cox is not to be your chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with lord Peterborow, at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr Freind. It[3] is the ramblingest lying rogue on earth. Dr Raymond is come to town: it is late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you, pretty management: Ned Southwell told me the other day he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the duke of Ormond, to intercede with the queen to take off the first-fruits. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the bishop of Kildare to call upon me for the papers, &c.; and I had last post one from the archbishop of Dublin, telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the duke of Ormond was declared lord lieutenant, they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talked coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favoured by the other party, &c., but desired that I would still solicit. Now, the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the archbishop an account of my reception from Mr Harley, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the first-fruits; and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state. So, while their letter was on the road to the duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately, and showed my resentment, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the queen had done it, &c.; for he said, my lord duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr Harley prevailed on the queen to do it, &c., as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a band-box full of small plumcakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c.; but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear; I a'n't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I will tell you my reward: Mr Harley will think he has done me a favour; the duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland, that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have got above all this, and perhaps I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of first-fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipped off Raymond upon some of his countrymen to show him the town, &c., and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Pat-

[1] Eldest son of the Earl of Rochester; he became joint Vice Treasurer for Ireland; see *ante*, Journal, Oct. 1.

[2] Swift's sister, who made an improvident marriage, and with a tradesman; for which, it is said, Swift never forgave her.

[3] Peterborough to wit.

rick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

LETTER X.

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I WILL tell you something that is plaguy silly; I had forgot to say on the 23rd in my last where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry *pshah*, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the parliament meet, but only saw a great crowd: and Ford and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long, I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente:* do you understand those two words? and Pompey, colonel Hill's black, designs to stand speaker for the footmen.[1] I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes. We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I do not know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I do not know whether it will grow better or worse. What is that to you? I will not answer your letter to-night. I will keep you a little longer in suspense: I cannot send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for breakfast, and so I will go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and staid within all this day in my nightgown, and dined on sixpennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to every body. Dr Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him without consequence, how Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it? So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him; otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me fivepence, and smoked his pipe, and it is now past eleven that he is just gone.[2] Well, my eighth is with you now, young women, and your seventh to me is somewhere in a postboy's bag: and so go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and lose your money; go, sauceboxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues. O, but your box was sent to Dr Hawkshaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, &c., &c.

27. To-day Mr Harley met me in the court of requests, and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would tell the duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last how they sent an address to the duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over; but they had not received my letter; though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there is an end of that; and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled; and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

28. Lord Halifax sent to invite me to dinner, where I staid till six, and crossed him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the bishop of Clogher; but I writ to him lately that I would obey his commands to the duke of Ormond. He says I bid him read the London *Shaver*, and that you both swore it was Shaver, and not Shower. You all lie, and you are puppies, and cannot read Presto's hand. The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the Tatlers. I have other things to mind,[1] and of much greater importance, else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter; let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve; so good night. I cannot write an answer now, you rogues.

30. To-day I have been visiting, which I had long neglected; and I dined with Mrs Barton alone; and sauntered at the coffeehouse till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I will answer your letter, saucebox. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I will begin. Well then, do not be so tedious, Mr Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles. Why, I say, I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within; that is by the bye.) Sure you do not deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr Raymond told me yesterday that Smyth, of the Blind Quay, had been telling Mr Leigh that he left you extremely ill; and, in short, spoke so that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I passed by in a coach. Pray, pray, do not write,

[1] The footmen in attendance on their masters at the Houses of Parliament used to form themselves into a deliberative body, and debate the same matters with their masters. Pompey, being the servant of the brother of Mrs Masham, the ruling favourite, had the court and Tory interest in the footmen's Parliament in his favour.

[2] Swift afterwards regrets his coldness to this honest clergyman.

[1] The political controversies of the period; especially as he took a part in these in the "Examiner."

Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty well in your eyes, and are sure it wont do you the least hurt. Or come, I will tell you what; you, mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers Presto; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as "your most humble cumdumble," or &c. O Lord! does Patrick write of my not coming till spring? Insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my lord mayor said, "No; if I thought my shirt knew," &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is in any way proper for me to come; but, to say [the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret). As soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer; for I hope the first-fruit business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others: but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive. Your chancellor? why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot.[1]—Ploughing? A pox plough them; they will plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay the second so soon? Pray be good housewives. Ay, well, and Joe; why, I had a letter lately from Joe, desiring I would take some care of their poor town,[2] who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr Raymond would return answer, that the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatsoever personal kindness I could do to Joe, should be done. Pray, when you happen to see Joe tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered or forgotten. Poor Mrs Wesley—why these poligyes[3] for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until Stella is quite well? So, here is mistress Stella again with her two eggs &c. My Shower admired with you; why, the bishop of Clogher says he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the Shower. I suppose he means the Morning;[4] but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it? and do they taste it *all?* &c. I am glad dean Bolton has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the bishop of Clogher for writing to the archbishop of Cashel, without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I will break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs Barton. Unlucky sluttikin, what a word is there! Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no, and it quite spoiled my imagination. Mrs Walls, does Stella win as she pretends? No, indeed, doctor; she loses always, and will play so venturesomely, how can she win? See here now; are not you an impudent lying slut? Do, open Domville's letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; *madam Stella, your humble servant.* O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I will tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done so for two or three lines now; it is but just seeing enough to go straight.—Now, madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr Walls that in case there be occasion I will serve his friend as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new parliament; but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the Tatlers. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the Shilling. Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals: and I will tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day,[1] and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little Presto's birthday; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like Sid Hamet's Rod? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I will lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

December 1. *Morning.* I wish Smyth were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor Stella, and was grieving and crying all night. Pshah, it is foolish: I will rise and divert myself; so good-morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The bishop of Clogher's letter is dated Nov. 21. He says you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order.—*At night.* I was this morning to visit Mr Pratt, who is come over with poor sick lord Shelburne; they made me dine with them, and there I staid, like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre; and then came home. Lord Shelburne's

[1] The words "this fortnight" had been written in what he calls their "little language," then scratched out, and written plain.

[2] Trim; the liberties of the corporation had been attacked by Wharton.

[3] Apologies.

[4] A "Description of the Morning" in London, in the same strain as the Shower, written in 1709.

[1] St Andrew's Day.

giddiness is turned into a colic, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world; he said something in a Tatler, that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation: as, the finest lady in Great Britain, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I, sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter,[1] and signed it J. S., M. P., and N. R.; the first letters of our names. Congreve told me to-day he smoked it immediately. Congreve and I and sir Charles Wager dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal envoy; and I staid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear. Pox take him! I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing. Faith, I cannot nor will not read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I will leave you till I am got to bed, and then I will say a word or two. Well, it is now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I will assure you), and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now he is abed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, it is a lie, I am not sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he will grumble. What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, madam Dingley. I hope you will have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night; whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying and a true one,

Be you lords, or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls.

I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond among the beef-eaters, staying to see the queen; so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with sir John Stanley;[2] and then we went to visit lord Mountjoy, and just now left him; and it is near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and it is but eight days since the date, and do not think I will write on the other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. O, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, &c.,

Two sides in a sheet,
And one in a street.

I think that is but a silly old saying, and so I will go to sleep, and do you so too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and then came home and studied till evening. No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requests (we have had the devil and all of rain, by the bye) to pick up a dinner; and Henley made me go dine with him and one colonel Brag at a tavern; cost me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the coffee-house, where lord Salisbury[1] seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog Henley asked me aloud whether I would go to see lord Somers as I had promised? (which was a lie), and all to vex poor lord Salisbury, who is a high Tory. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. The other day I saw Jack Temple[2] in the court of requests; it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder, and mayor, and fanatic aldermen, a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr Harley's, lord Rochester's, and other Tory healths? Let me know; it was confidently said here. The scoundrels! It shall not do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: harkee, young women, tell me that? Saturday next for certain, and not before: then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on sir Godfrey Kneller to entreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit. It is such monstrous rainy weather that there is no doing with it. Secretary St John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual: and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes; for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean has never once written to me? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance. Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings. O fie, O fie!

7. No, I will not send this letter to-day, nor till Saturday, faith; and I am so afraid of one from MD between this and that: if it comes I will just say I received a letter, and that is all. I dined to-day with Mr secretary St John, where were lord Anglesea, sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior, Freind, &c.; and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's house, and have eaten cold pie, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am

1 No. 258. See *ante*, Journal, Oct. 13.
2 A Commissioner of Customs.

1 James, fifth Earl.
2 Sir William's nephew; see Letter II.

full, and I do not like it, and I will go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr Harley and Prior; but Mr St John did not come, though he promised: he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here is a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent.[1] It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at Newcastle. I begged Mr Harley for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There have been orders for all ships from the Baltic to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone; but I will not answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St Quintain; and that Dick Stuart and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; it is poor lord Abercorn, but that is a secret; I mean, that I befriend him is a secret: but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you do not go to Clogher, faith I am; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewell till to-night. I will begin my eleventh to-night; so I am always writing to little MD.

LETTER XI.

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

So, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the postoffice, and, as I told you, have received your seventh (faith I am afraid I mistook, and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month). Well, I told you I dined with lord Abercorn to-day, and that is enough till by-and-by; for I must go write idle things, and twittle twattle. What is here to do with your little MDs? and so I put this by for a while. It is now late, and I can only say MD is a dear, saucy rogue; and what then? Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b—— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: it is now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure walk in the Park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet-boats is cast away, and young beau Swift in it, and general Sankey: I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to bed here. I think he is in the right: but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no relish for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from Ireland that show him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning. So now the puppy 's come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauceboxes till I go to bed, for I must go study, sirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the bishop of Clogher he shall not cheat me of one inch of my bell metal. You know it is nothing but to save the town money, and Enniskilling can afford it better than Laracor; he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c., as usual, and am now going to bed, and I find this day's article is long enough; so get you gone till to-morrow, and then. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come home again as yesterday, and the puppy had again locked up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I will go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle. I have no news to-day: I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and lady Abercorn is to buy me another, to see who does best; mine is all in rags. I saw the duke of Richmond yesterday at court again, but would not speak to him; I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed; and it has rained all this evening like wildfire. Have you so much rain in your town? Raymond was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of this shipwreck; but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with sir Robert Raymond, the solicitor general, who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness by being recommended to your new lord chancellor. I had a letter from Mrs Long, that has quite turned my stomach against her; no less than two nasty jests in it, with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country town with vile conversation. I will not answer your letter till I have leisure; so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy Presto?

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with Lewis, and in came lord Rivers, who took Lewis out and whispered him; and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c.; so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with Phil Savage,[1] and his Irish club, at

[1] "A Short Character of the Earl of Wharton;" Swift's own writing, though at the time unsuspected; Archbishop King, writing on January 9, described it to Swift as "a wound given in the dark."

[1] Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland.

their boarding-place, and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr Addison and I hardly meet once a fortnight; his parliament and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets: was not it an odd event? But what care you? but then I knew the butler. Why, it seems your packet-boat is not lost: pshah, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it! But when must I answer this letter of our MD's? Here it is, lies between this paper on the other side the leaf: one of these odd come shortlies I will consider, so good night.

13. *Morning.* I am to go trapesing with lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt to see sights all this day: they engaged me yesterday morning at tea. You hear the havoc making in the army: Meredyth, Macartney, and colonel Honeywood, are obliged to sell their commands at half value, and leave the army, for drinking destruction to the present ministry, and dressing up a hat on a stick and calling it Harley; then drinking a glass with one hand, and discharging a pistol with the other at the maukin,[1] wishing it were Harley himself; and a hundred other such pretty tricks, as inflaming their soldiers, and foreign ministers, against the late changes at court. Cadogan has had a little paring: his mother told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy:[2] but I hope they will go no farther with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time with writing to them in a morning; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word for your life. How *nowww?* so, very well; stay till I come home, and then, perhaps, you may hear farther from me. And where will you go to-day, for I cannot be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy ugly day. I would have you send for Walls, and go to the dean's; but do not play small games when you lose. You will be ruined by Manilio, Basto, the queen, and two small trumps in red. I confess it is a good hand against the player; but then there are Spadilio, Punto, the king, strong trumps, against you, which, with one trump more, are three tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your Manilio—O, silly, how I prate and cannot get away from this MD in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick locked up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrahs.—*At night.* Lady Kerry, Mrs Pratt, Mrs Cadogan, and I, in one coach; lady Kerry's son and his governor, and two gentlemen, in another; maids and misses, and little master (lord Shelburne's children), in a third, all hackneys; set out at ten o'clock this morning from lord Shelburne's house in Piccadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions, &c.; then to Bedlam; then dined at the chophouse behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College (but the keeper was not at home), and concluded the night at the puppet show,[1] whence we came home safe at night, and I left them. The ladies were all in mobs; how do you call it? undressed; and it was the rainiest day that ever dripped; and I am weary, and it is now past eleven.

14. Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs MD this morning, fresh and fasting? who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then it is cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and kecked at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings. O then you kept Presto's little birthday; would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. *Re*diculous, madam? I suppose you mean ridiculous: let me have no more of that; it is the author of the Atalantis' spelling.[2] I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I am afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella. It is well enough what you observed, that if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; it is an alphabet you are used to; you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so, and so. I will swear

1 Or *Malkin;* the little image, or contemptible counterfeit.

2 William Cadogan, the friend and confidant of Marlborough, had been in 1706 sent as plenipotentiary to the United Provinces and the Spanish Netherlands, and was promoted to his lieutenant-generalship in 1709; being recalled on this occasion, and replaced by Mr Richard Hill, he was out of public employ till, on the accession of George I., he was made Master of the Robes. In 1716 he was sent as plenipotentiary to Holland, and created Earl Cadogan in 1718. He succeeded Marlborough, on his death in 1722, in the master-generalship of the ordnance and colonelcy of the first regiment of foot guards; and died in 1726. During Marlborough's campaigns, Cadogan had the charge of marking out almost every camp; and so thoroughly did his care and skill warrant the great reliance Marlborough placed in him, that the Duke was never during the whole war surprised or attacked in his camp. The officers who suffered at the same time with Cadogan under the imputation of anti-Tory sympathies, alleged in their defence, that they had only drunk a toast to Marlborough and confusion to his enemies; but a severe example was wanted to confirm the obedience of the army, and counteract the devotion of the chief officers to the Duke and the Whigs.

1 The puppet show was an institution in very high favour with the people in Swift's time; and it is believed that the passage in Gulliver's Travels, where the voyager is made a spectacle for the amusement of the Brobdingnagians, was intended to satirise this proclivity. Defoe, in a pamphlet published in 1713, says that Mr Powell, the manager of the Punch Theatre, "by subscriptions and full houses, has gathered such wealth as is sufficient to buy all the poets in England."

2 A fling at Mrs Manley, of whom there are many subsequent notices in the "Journal."

he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a gasconade of yours, &c. I am talking of the bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn over.[1] I had not room on the other side to say that, so I did it on this: I fancy that is a good Irish blunder. Ah, why do not you go down to Clogher, *nautinautinautidear* girls; I dare not say *nauti* without *dear*: O, faith, you govern me. But seriously, I am sorry you do not go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours: prithee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart aches when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamed five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he cannot sell him, let him run this winter. Faith, if I was near you I would whip your — to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and Jonsonibus; I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the Tatler of the Shilling[2] was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and, besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them I would do it no more. This is a secret though, madam Stella. You win eight shillings! you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women. I hope Manley is in no great danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is sir Thomas Frankland; and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On the other side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now, mistress Dingley, are not you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself that you had so lately two letters in four days? unreasonable baggage! no, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let everybody know, upon occasion, that Mr Harley got the first-fruits from the queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture. But, what now, you saucy sluts? all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: do not think I will squander mornings upon you, pray, good madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the mornings, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, sirrahs; I will rise.—

[1] These words, at the top of the page turned over to, were probably written in a whim, for the sake of what follows.

[2] No. 249.

At night. I went to-day to the court of requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr Harley: but lord Dupplin, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr secretary St John, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite.[1] Lord Rivers[2] told me two days ago that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixed, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me that his father (sir Harry St John) and lord Rivers were to be at St James's church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach: so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr Harley and St John are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks' warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St John, "You shall not be excused:" however, I hope they will forget it: for, if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily balked, for I shall preach plain honest stuff.[3] I staid with St John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by-and-by comes up the girl to tell me a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I have staid till twelve. If Patrick had been at home I should have escaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr Harley's porter. Where did I leave off in MD's letter? let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, madam Dingley, that those that go for England can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Presto, madam? sauceboxes, I will come back as soon as I can: this is his common phrase, and I hope with some advantage,[4] unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles; if you did not you shall have better. I hope Dingley's tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is safe: pray let me know. Mr Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet. Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes; you do so, hussy; but I will bang your bones, faith. Yes, Steele was a little while in prison, or at least in a spunging-house, some time before I came, but not since. Pox on your convocation and your

[1] A "quiz," or practical joke; or, in the most modern slang, a "sell."

[2] Envoy to Hanover.

[3] The Ministry never prevailed on Swift to preach before the Queen.

[4] Here and often afterwards Swift betrays his hopes of preferment by the Tories.

Lamberts;[1] they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my Shower; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it), but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I do not know, that is not what I would say; but I am so tosticated with supper and stuff that I cannot express myself. What you say of Sid Hamet is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change their opinions. Why did not you tell Griffyth that you fancied there was something in it of my manner? but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended. Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs Fenton, to save her postage and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it if you have not.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs! I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure thing. I had been hankering with Mr Harley to save Steele his other employment, and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr Harley how kindly I should take it if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him; which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse. Whether it was blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancour of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him.[2] I believe Addison hindered him out of mere spite, being grated to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva; and I will do it if I can: it is poor Pastoral Philips.[3]

16. O, why did you leave my picture behind you at the other lodgings; forget it? well; but pray remember it now, and do not roll it up, do you hear? but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs, and candles, and mopsticks, will not spoil it, sirrahs. No truly, I will not be godfather to goody Walls this bout, and I hope she will have no more. There will be no quiet, nor cards, for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening.

[1] Dr Lambert was chaplain to Lord Lieutenant Wharton; he was censured in Convocation as author of a libellous letter.

[2] A mortal quarrel between the quondam friends was the consequence of the failure of this attempt of Swift to save Steele.

[3] Ambrose Philips, the poet and dramatist, whose Pastorals drew down on him the ridicule of Pope, and provoked from the poet the threat to thrash the satirist. He was a zealous Whig; and Swift's application in his favour came to nothing, for they soon quarrelled on the score of "party."

Mr Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue,[1] and that Ingoldsby reprieved that part of it standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out; Doyne is to succeed him, and Cox Doyne. And so there is an end of your letter; it is all answered, and now I must go on upon my own stock: go on, did I say? why, I have written enough: but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith, I dare not use you to it, you will always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I will rise, for this morning.—*At night.* I dined with my opposite neighbour, Darteneuf,[2] and I was soliciting this day to present the bishop of Clogher[3] vice chancellor; but it will not do; they are all set against him, and the duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, do not stay out too late to-night, because it is Saturday night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to court to seek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the court was thin, and I went to the coffeehouse; and sir Thomas Frankland and his eldest son and I went and dined with his son William. I talked a great deal to sir Thomas about Manley, and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell been, and I hope he will be safe, though all the Irish folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at St James's church, and abundance went, among the rest lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walked all the way home from Hatton Garden at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days' works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only, I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr Harley to-day, but could not find

[1] The equestrian statue of King William III., erected after the Battle of the Boyne in College Green, Dublin; it was garlanded or insulted as the winds of party feeling or caprice blew among the students of Trinity College—who found a standing grievance in the position of the statue, with its back to the College and its face to the town. In June 1710 the truncheon had been wrenched out of the statue's hand, and its face bedaubed with dirt, by a disorderly crowd of students, whose offence was warmly noticed by the House of Commons in their farewell address to Lord Wharton. Swift's sympathies were not all against the freak of the hot bloods of the College.

[2] A celebrated epicure, whom Swift (*ante*, "Journal," October 1) called "the greatest punner of this town next myself." His name had been euphonised from Dartqueneuf.

[3] Dr St George Ashe; the Vice-Chancellorship of Dublin University is meant.

him; and so I dined with honest Dr Cockburn, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges; and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy MD good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the duke of Buckingham,[1] but came too late; then I visited Mrs Barton, and thought to have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with lord Shelburne, for the death of poor lady Shelburne dowager: he was at his country house, and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the bishop of Clogher, with one enclosed to the duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parvisol: however, it is no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice chancellorship to the archbishop of Tuam,[2] and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly, you know, in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I writ this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelvepence a week); and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we will talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bedside; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs Stoyte? What had the dean for supper? How much did Mrs Walls win? Poor lady Shelburne! well, go get you to bed, sirrahs.

20. *Morning.* I was up this morning early, and shaved by candlelight, and write this by the fireside. Poor Raymond just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of London. I was a little melancholy to part with him: he goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till May. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week: Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence?

Stay till night,
And then I 'll write
In black and white,
By candlelight
Of wax so bright,
It helps the sight,
A bite, a bite!
Marry come up, Mrs Boldface.

[1] John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, familiarly styled "John of Bucks" by the wits of his day. He was the patron of Dryden and the friend of Pope; Swift never esteemed him.

[2] Dr John Vesey, who had been Archbishop of Tuam since 1678, and died in 1716.

—*At night.* Dr Raymond came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the court of requests, thinking to find Mr Harley and dine with him; and refused Henley and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and [he] was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodging on a beefsteak, and drank your health; then left him, and went to the tavern with Ben Tooke and Portlack, the duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white wine till eleven. I am sick and ashamed of it, &c.

21. I met that beast Ferris, lord Berkeley's steward formerly: I walked with him a turn in the Park, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your confounded sect.[1] Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr Harley: it was a lovely day, and [I] went by water into the city, and dined with Stratford at a merchant's house, and walked home with as great a dunce as Ferris (I mean colonel Caufield,) and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on Saturday, or so; but first I will wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. *Morning.* I am going now to Mr Harley's levee on purpose to vex him: I will say I had no other way of seeing him, &c. Patrick says it is a dark morning, and that the duke of Argyle is to be knighted to-day; the booby means installed at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a shaving day, and Patrick says there is a good fire; I wish MD were by it, or I by MD's.—*At night.* I forgot to tell you, madam Dingley, that I paid nine shillings for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case; I am sorry I did not buy you such another case; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me; pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? Leigh says he sent the petticoat by one Mr Spencer. Pray, have you no farther commissions for me? I paid the glassman but last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope, worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home with me. I thought the deuce was in the man: he said I could do him more service than that was worth, &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to everybody.—*At night.* I went to Mr Harley's levee; he came and asked me what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady and daughter; at five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr Harley, he had formerly presented me to sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my lord keeper; so he laughed, &c.

[1] Sex.

23. *Morning.* This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the coffechouse: I will send and see by and by; and let you know, and so, and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter: what will you lay, is there one from MD or no? No, I say; done, for sixpence. Why has the dean never once written to me?—I won sixpence; I won sixpence; there is not one letter to Presto. Good morrow, dear sirrahs: Stratford and I dine to-day with lord Mountjoy. God Almighty preserve and bless you! farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study: our news from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The parliament is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather till after the holidays. Bank stock is 105, so I may get £12 for my bargain already. Patrick, the puppy, is abroad; and how shall I send this letter? Good night, little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor Presto, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and do not keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly,[1] you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we will talk of that some other time. Good night again, and God bless dear MD with his best blessings; yes, yes, and Dingley, and Stella, and me too! &c.

Ask the bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of lord Stawell's brother; it will be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, besides all postcripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There is a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs Fenton, who says you were with her. I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight packets due to you; so pray, madams, do not blame Presto, but the wind.

My humble service to Mrs Walls and Mrs Stoyte; I missed the former a good while.

LETTER XII.

London, Dec. 23, 1710.

I HAVE sent my eleventh to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and told you I dined with Stratford at lord Mountjoy's, and I will tell you no more at present: guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs, not your nasty first-fruits: I let them alone till Mr Harley gets the queen's letter: but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the ducks have eaten up all the dirt. So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and do not say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I will take you along, and talk with you a little while: so there, sit there. Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go to sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was anything you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want. I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, do you hear, little dear sirrahs, and love Presto as Presto loves MD, &c.

24. You will have a merrier Christmas eve than we here. I went up to court before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red coat without a sword came up to me, and, after words of course, asked me how the ladies did. I asked what ladies? He said Mrs Dingley and Mrs Johnson. Very well, said I, when I heard from them last: and pray, when came you from thence, sir? He said, I never was in Ireland; and just at that word lord Winchelsea comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him; it was Vedeau, with a pox.[1] I then went and made my apologies, that my head was full of something I had to say to lord Winchelsea, &c., and I asked after his wife, and so all was well, and he inquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in Ireland, to recommend some body to some body, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to court again, where sir Edmund Bacon told me the bad news from Spain,[2] which you will hear before this reaches you; as we have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the court changed so in two hours. Lady Mountjoy carried me home to dinner, where I staid not long after, and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your MDs in bed, that is a maxim.

Mr White and Mr Red,
Write to MD when abed;
Mr Black and Mr Brown,
Write to MD when you are down;
Mr Oak and Mr Willow,
Write to MD on your pillow.

What is this? faith I smell fire; what can it be? this house has a thousand stinks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over the way. Faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger; stay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a

[1] Writing in the "Examiner."

[1] A shopkeeper, who left his trade for the army; see "Journal," March 28 and April 4, 1710–11.

[2] The loss of the battle of Villa Viciosa, and all the fruits of Peterborough's triumphs. General Stanhope and all his English were made prisoners at Brihuega, by Vendôme, Dec. 9, 1710.

mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bedchamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtains, and that is all, though I cannot smoke it. Presto's plaguy silly to-night; is not he? Yes, and so he be. Ay, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I will venture; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten: then went to court at two. It was a collar day, that is, when the knights of the Garter wear their collars; but the queen staid so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour Ford, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a collar day all over England in every house, at least where there is brawn: that is very well. I tell you a good pun: a fellow hard by pretends to cure agues and has set out a sign, and spells it *egoes;* a gentleman and I observing it, he said, "How does that fellow pretend to cure agues?" I said, I did not know, but I was sure it was not by a *spell.* That is admirable. And so you asked the bishop about that pun of lord Stawell's brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too? O but you smoke me, and did not ask the bishop. O you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at court to-day, and I observed he had a sword on. I fancy he was broke,[1] and has got a commission, but I never asked him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that is true. Bank stock will fall like stockfish by this bad news, and two days ago I could have got £12 by my bargain; but do not intend to sell, and in time it will rise. It is odd that my lord Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr Harley's, when I was there: he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose Spain before Christmas; that he would venture his head upon it, and give us reasons; and though Mr Harley argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my lord Anglesea this at court this morning, and a gentleman by said he had heard my lord Peterborow affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folks say, An ill tongue may do much. And it is an old saying,

> Once I guess'd right,
> And I got credit by it;
> Thrice I guess'd wrong,
> And I kept my credit on.

No, it is you are sorry, not I.

26. By the lord Harry, I shall be undone here with Christmas-boxes. The rogues at the coffeehouse have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half-crowns to great men's porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer.[1] There is an enmity between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you: but the rain caught me within twelvepenny length of home. I called at Mr Harley's, who was not within, dropped my half-crown with his porter, drove to the coffeehouse, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the archbishop of Dublin, and Mr Bernage: the latter sends me a melancholy account of lady Shelburne's death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. *Morning.* I bespoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another; I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it; Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him, but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in England? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith, I dreamed mightily of MD last night; but so confused I cannot tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis, and to-day we dined together: in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, that in merry times every body is abroad; where the deuce are they? So I went to the coffeehouse and talked with Mr Addison an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I cannot answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do than to answer naughty girls; an old saying and true,

> Letters from MDs
> Must not be answered in ten days:

It is but bad rhyme, &c.

28. To-day I had a message from sir Thomas Hanmer to dine with him: the famous Dr Smallridge[2] was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in St Alban street, where I pay the same rent (eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir Andrew Fountaine has been very ill this week; and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and when I came out the nurse asked me whether I thought it possible he could live; for the doctors thought not. I said, I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life in

[1] *i.e.*, Bankrupt as a trader.

[1] Mr John Barber, afterwards Lord Mayor; he then printed the "Examiner."

[2] Afterwards Bishop of Bristol, and then Canon of Christ Church and a pillar of the High Church.

him, which I observe seldom fail; (and I found them in poor dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago;) and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The secretary of state (Mr St John) sent to me to dine with him; Mr Harley and lord Peterborow dined there too, and at night came lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two; he has promised to make me write to him. Mr Harley went away about six, but we staid till seven. I took the secretary aside, and complained to him of Mr Harley, that he got the queen to grant the first-fruits, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c. He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on Sunday morning, and promised me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to. It is nine o'clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so good night, &c.

30. *Morning.* The weather grows cold, you sauceboxes. Sir Andrew Fountaine, they bring me word, is better. I will go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed.—*Night.* Now sir Andrew Fountaine is recovering he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my quondam neighbour Ford, (do you know what *quondam* is, though?) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on opera days. I came home at six, writ to the archbishop, then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politics to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane. Well, but when shall we answer this letter, No. 8, of MD's? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a Monday next. Cod's so, is it? and so it is: never saw the like. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slumber, and put out my wax candle.

31. *Morning.* It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing abed in my bedchamber. It is not shaving day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr St John, and to-morrow I will answer our MD's letter.

> Would you answer MD's letter,
> On new year's day you will do it better;
> For when the year with MD 'gins,
> It without MD never lins.

(These proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leave off.)

> But if on New-year you write nones,
> MD then will bang your bones.—

But Patrick says I must rise.—*Night.* I was early this morning with secretary St John, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the first-fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of Marlborough,[1] who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues and misfortunes. I swear it pitied me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smoke the politics to MD. Well; but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr Harley made me read a paper of verses of Prior's. I read them plain without any fine manner, and Prior swore I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world, and that everybody snatched them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed. Sir Andrew Fountaine still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

January 1. *Morning.* I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new year, and health and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write Pdfr.[2] Patrick wishes me a happy new year, and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith it is cold. I was so politic last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the Examiners, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountaine; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter; so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow.

> I wish you both a merry new year,
> Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,
> And me a share of your good cheer;
> That I was there, or you were here,
> And you are a little saucy dear.

Good morrow again, dear sirrahs; one cannot rise for your play.—*At night.* I went this morn-

[1] Who had arrived in England from the Low Countries on the 28th December, and had a private audience with the Queen immediately after.

[2] Printed "Presto," as formerly explained.

ing to visit lady Kerry and lord Shelburne, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountaine is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets; here it is underneath, and it will not come out. Come out again, I say; so there. Here it is. What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto, madam Stella? You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth when I receive your eighth. Do not you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? what say you to that? And so you kept Presto's little birthday, I warrant: would to God I had been at the health, rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives.———— I cannot be merry so near any splenetic talk; so I made that long line, and now all is well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true;

> I hate all winds before and behind,
> From cheeks with eyes, or from blind.

Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that is a damned lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Do not put such things upon us; those matters will not pass here; keep a little to possibilities. My lord Hertford[1] would have been ashamed of such a stretch. You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, it is hard to break one's self off it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over, but *quando?* I do not know when he will go. O, now you have had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S. Will nobody cut that D——y's throat? Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly being forced to appear as witness in court about some squabble among their servants. The bishop of Clogher showed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say any thing. The character is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? how durst you think so? Pox on your parliaments: the archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know any thing of it here. No, no, no more giddiness yet: thank you, Stella, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor Presto! You write to lady Giffard and your mother upon what I advise, when it is too late. But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low, that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when lady Giffard is abroad. Well, keep your Rathburn and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what do you call it. Well, madam Dingley, I sent your enclosed to Bristol, but have not heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelvepence a week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I will have one in my bedchamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here? Have you forgot already? Now you are at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say my candles are scandalous? they are good sixes in the pound, and she said I was extravagant enough to burn them by daylight. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? The d—— burst Hawkshaw. He told me he had not the box, and the next day Sterne told me he had sent it a fortnight ago; Patrick could not find him the other day, but he shall to-morrow: dear life and heart, do you teaze me? does Stella teaze Presto? that palsy water was in the box: it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I will never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teazes me; how could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? sure I were a devil if I did. . . . . See how far I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packed them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one lord Herbert bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about Tatlers: I did neither write that on Noses, nor Religion,[1] nor do I send him of late any hints at all. Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your

[1] Son of the Duke of Somerset.

[1] Nos. 260 and 257, both written by Addison and Steele in conjunction.

box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought, through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within. And pray, pray, Presto, pray now do. No, Raymond was not above four times with me while he staid, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs Fenton has written me another letter about some money of hers in lady Giffard's hands, that is entrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let Parvisol sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him: but if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why do not you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the secretary of state, Mr St John, and he told me from Mr Harley that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the first-fruits; it must pass through several offices and take up some time, because in things the queen gives they are always considerate; but that he assures me it is granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in any pain at all. I will write again to the archbishop to-morrow, and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr Sterne, who said he would write to you to-night, and that the box must be at Chester, and that some friend of his goes very soon and will carry it over. I dined with Mr secretary St John, and at six went to Darteneuf's house to drink punch with him, and Mr Addison, and little Harrison, a young poet whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice since I knew him to any appointment. I staid till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last Tatler[1] came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but, to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon: but he was so lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I will send this after to-morrow: shall I before it is full, Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talked deep politics: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand: he said he would show me so clearly how to get Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attorneys and hang-dogs, signing deeds and stuff before his journey; for he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Spain; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at sir Andrew Fountaine's, who mends much. I came home an't please you at six, and have been studying till now, past eleven.

4. *Morning.* Morrow, little dears. O faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison, I do not know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon: and then all I had been inquiring yesterday of sir Andrew Fountaine's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to-day? with all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be MD are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you to come up to me with your eighth, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I will seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the postoffice with my own fair hands. So let me see whether I have any news to tell MD. They say they will very soon make some inquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. Atterbury we think is to be the dean of Christ Church in Oxford; but the college would rather have Smallridge.[1] What is all this to you?, what care you for Atterburys and Smallridges? No, you care for nothing but Presto, faith. So I will rise and bid you farewell; yet I am loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it so: yes, says she, make your journals shorter, and send them oftener; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipped paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I will tell you a good thing I said to my lord Carteret. So, says he, my Lord —— came up to me, and asked me &c. No, said I, my Lord —— never did, nor ever can, *come up* to you. We all pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret set down Prior the other day in his chariot, and Prior thanked him for his charity; that was fit for Dilly.[2] I do not remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. Henley is gone to the country for Christmas. The puppy comes here without his wife, and keeps no house, and would have me dine with him at eating-houses; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the coffeehouse, and, asking after me, desired lord Herbert to tell me I was a beast for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the Scripture? it is only changing the word priest to beast. I think I am bewitched to write so much in a morning to

[1] No. 271. The "Tatler" had become obnoxious and dull from its interference with party politics; Steele dropped it to start the "Spectator," from which politics were excluded.

[1] Atterbury succeeded.
[2] Rev. Dillon Ashe.

you, little MD. Let me go, will you? and I will come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper? but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I will not, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, do not smile at me, and say, pray, pray, Presto, write a little more. Ah! you are a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but pray thee turn about, and let me go, do: it is a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spite of my teeth; for my bedchamber is dark with curtains, and I am at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle when I am up to seal this; but I will fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs Walls and Mrs Stoyte.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I cannot see; but I will fold it up, and not look on it again.

LETTER XIII.

London, Jan. 4, 1710-11.

I WAS going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th with my own fair hands into the postoffice as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress and a printer.[1] I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got into bed; and all the while I was undressing myself, there was I speaking monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the first-fruits, and I told him lord Peterborow was set out for his journey to Vienna: but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I writ to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr secretary St John sent for me this morning so early, that I was forced to go without shaving, and which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here is an impertinence: sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister are come above a hundred miles from Worcester to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; she is the greatest Overdo upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and it is an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake; and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not take on so. I dined to-day the first time with Ophy Butler and his wife; and you supped with the dean, and lost two-and-twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs Walls is brought to bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry: she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I will go to bed.

6. *Morning.* I went last night to put some coals on my fire after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley; it cost him sixpence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird; where you put him there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum, and the rashness of the attempt; showed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel, and he will repent it. It is very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so.—*At night.* I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr prolocutor, I think you call him, do not you? Why should not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty? Ay, the same. A good pleasant man? Ay, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interest? As well as any body. How comes it MD and I do not meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! whom do you mean? I mean Dr Atterbury, dean of Carlisle, and prolocutor. Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool; I thought you had meant our dean of St Patrick's. Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city, I was stopped with clusters of boys and wenches, buzzing about the cakeshops like flies. There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's, the bookseller, and laid out eight-and-forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian, in French, for our Stella, and so, and so. Then I went to Garraway's, to meet Stratford, and dine with him: but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was going to our end of the town; so I dined with sir Thomas Frankland, at the postoffice, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a newspaper

[1] Mrs Manley (then writing in the "Examiner") and Mr Barber, the printer.

that he was turned out; but secretary St John told me it was false; only that newswriter is a plaguy Tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

7. *Morning.* Your new lord chancellor[1] sets out to-morrow for Ireland: I never saw him. He carries over one Trapp,[2] a parson, as his chaplain, a sort of pretender to wit, a second-rate pamphleteer for the cause, whom they pay by sending him to Ireland. I never saw Trapp neither. I met Tighe, and your Smyth, of Lovet's, yesterday by the Exchange. Tighe and I took no notice of each other; but I stopped Smyth, and told him of the box that lies for you at Chester, because he says he goes very soon to Ireland, I think this week: and I will send this morning to Sterne, to take measures with Smyth; so good morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise, pray. I took up this paper when I came in at evening, I mean this minute, and then said I, No, no, indeed, MD, you must stay, and then was laying it aside, but could not for my heart, though I am very busy, till I just ask you how you do since morning; by and by we shall talk more, so let me lay you softly down, little paper, till then; so there—now to business; there, I say, get you gone; no, I will not push you neither, but hand you on one side —so.—Now I am got into bed, I will talk with you. Mr secretary St John sent for me this morning in all haste; but I would not lose my shaving, for fear of missing church. I went to court, which is of late always very full, and young Manley and I dined at sir Matthew Dudley's. I must talk politics. I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry: and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the parliament may be chosen Whig or Tory, as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the duke of Marlborough. The country members[3] are violent to have past faults inquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion, we have nothing to save us but a peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dreaded, and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Meantime, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had nothing in their hearts, or upon their shoulders; like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief whatever the patient suffers. Pshaw, what is all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politics to you much easier than to any body alive? But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at Laracor, with my dear charming MD, &c.

8. *Morning.* Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from MD. (That word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing state affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, any thing that comes from Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That is but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr secretary St John this morning; but I am lazy, and will not go, because I had a letter from him yesterday, to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid, but what care I? Here has been Mrs South with me, just come from sir Andrew Fountaine, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up, and in the house, so there is a lurry. I gave Mrs South half a pistole for a new year's gift; so good morrow, dears, both, till anon.—*At night.* Lord, I have been with Mr secretary from dinner till eight; and, though I drank wine and water, I am so hot. Lady Stanley came to visit Mr St John, and sent up for me, to make up a quarrel with Mrs St John, whom I never yet saw; and do you think, that devil of a secretary would not let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do; so at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say some thing to these naughty MDs, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink Florence, four and sixpence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and past an insipid day, and saw nobody, and it is now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that it is a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from MD, but if I have it time enough to answer her, it is well enough, otherwise woe betide you, faith: I will go to the toyman's here just in Pall Mall, and he sells great hugeous batoons; yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, Dingley? Yes,

[1] Sir Constantine Phipps.

[2] Joseph Trapp, an able and learned divine and indifferent poet; he published an unsuccessful version of Virgil and a bad Latin translation of Paradise Lost.

[3] They afterwards formed the October Club.

faith. Do not lose your money this Christmas.

10. I must go this morning to Mr secretary St John. I promised yesterday, but failed, so I cannot write any more till night to poor MD. —*At night.* O, faith, Dingley, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from Raymond at Bristol, with six bottles of wine, and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff; and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about things, that Lucifer could not understand him. This wine is to be drank with Harley's brother and sir Robert Raymond, solicitor general, in order to recommend the doctor to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on Monday; and Raymond says he is hasting to Chester to go with him. I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for, when he left London, he had no thoughts of stirring till summer. So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and desired I would dine with him, because it was opera day; which I did, and sent excuses to lord Shelburne, who had invited me.

11. I am setting up a new Tatler, little Harrison, whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, showing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr secretary St John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer, whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr secretary St John, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat; which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like Quakers and fanatics, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence. The Whigs say the duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politics that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues: but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord Shelburne, and to-day little Harrison's new Tatler came out; there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that, upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three scrub Tatlers came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors.[1] I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I will tell you a copy of verses. When Mr St John was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of something he would have written over his summer-house, and a gentleman gave him these verses:

> From business and the noisy world retired,
> Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fired,
> Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,
> Still drinking like a fish, and ——— like a goat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I will go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; it is now nineteen days since I had the last; and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I will hasten it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I will send it two days sooner on purpose out of spite, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come; and then it is too late, and I will so laugh, never saw the like! It is spring with us already; I ate asparagus the other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir Andrew Fountaine lies still extremely ill; it costs him ten guineas a day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr Ford; he sometimes chooses to dine at home, and I am content to dine with him: and at night I called at the coffeehouse, where I had not been a week, and talked coldly awhile with Mr Addison: all our friendship and dearness are off; we are civil acquaintance, talked words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: the other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's;[2] but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig. I am undone! It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr Worrell's daughter, where my mother lodged; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially

[1] "The inventors of the straps for razors," says the "Tatler," No. 224, "have written against each other this way for several years, and that with great bitterness."

[2] Sir John Holland's.

since he lives in the city. Well, London lickpenny: I find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another Tatler to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste; I doubt he will not do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin I must needs say something to MD, faith.—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from MD. I have got Mr Harley to promise that, whatever changes are made in the council, the bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and do not lose your money.

16. *Morning.* Faith, I will send this letter to-day to shame you, if I have not one from MD before night, that is certain. Will not you grumble for want of the third side, pray, now? Yes, I warrant you: yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time; when you be writing, girls. O faith, I think I will not stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the postoffice as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning. Patrick's bills for coals and candles, &c., come sometimes to three shillings a week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get small coal likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs Stoyte, and Walls; has she a boy or a girl? A girl, *hmm;* and died in a week, *hmmm;* and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother? Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There is four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too: and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do, extravagant sluttikin, but do not fret. It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that is to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved MD, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved. It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these,[1] and I think they are more honest than the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more. Farewell, &c., &c.

LETTER XIV.

London, Jan. 16, 1710-11.

O FAITH, young women, I have sent my letter No. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's; there is for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little handwriting in the glass frame at the bar of St James's coffeehouse, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it; and when it does not come, I comfort myself that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes, faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here, and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr Lewis, and Mr Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus, and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting sir Andrew Fountaine's mother and sister, and sir Andrew Fountaine is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits, and at twelve I called at the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; so the man said he had given it to Patrick; then I went to the court of requests and treasury to find Mr Harley, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I staid there till seven, then I called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth; Sterne says he has been making inquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain that the printer I recommended to him for his Tatler is a coxcomb: and yet to see how things will happen! for this very printer is my cousin; his name is Dryden Leach; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the Postman? He acted Oroonoko; he is in love with Miss Cross. Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter. I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it, I found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage:[1] faith, I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me, he had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain; and your cautious answer, that he had as much power with me as you, was a notable one; if you were here, I would present you to the ministry, as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction: however, I beg I may not

[1] The Tory Ministry.

[1] A gentleman of a refugee family, to whom the interest of Swift was of great service.

have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to George Granville, secretary at war, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and do not trouble me with his letters when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women, write to Presto.

18. I was this morning with Mr secretary St John, and we were to dine at Mr Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr secretary and I went together from his office to Mr Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit: the company staid, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the secretary and I staid with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for it, and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham, who was with us. When I got home I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ:[1] it is pretty civil, and affects to be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; it is against something written very lately. And indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care; and so you are a saucy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoyte's; to let that bungler beat you! fie, Stella, are not you ashamed! well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, *noooo*. Kiss and be friends, sirrah. Come, let me go sleep. I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, myownlittledearsaucyinsolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line, no faith, have not you? Well, when will this letter come from our MD? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten: I remember old Culpepper's maxim:

> Would you have a settled head,
> You must early go to bed:
> I tell you, and I tell it again,
> You must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, *O hoao*, to visit Lady Worsley, whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town. Then I walked in the Park to find Mr Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the Mall, who should come towards me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, pshoh, said I; of the second, pshoh again; of the third, pshah, pshah, pshah: of the fourth, agad, agad, agad, I am in a rage; of the fifth and last, *O hoooa*; ay marry, this is something, this is our MD; so truly we opened it, I think, immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus: Dear Presto, we are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I will reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did you not recant at the end of your letter when you got your eleventh? tell me that, huzzies base, were we even then, were we, sirrah? but I will not answer your letter now, I will keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and it is terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his opera day and snowed, so I did not care to stir farther. I will send to-morrow to Smyth.

21. *Morning.* It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, Patrick? Yes, sir. Then I will rise: come, take away the candle. You must know, I write on the dark side of my bedchamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise; and, Patrick, here, take away the candle.—*At night.* We are now here in high frost and snow; the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking; a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. It is a good proverb the Devonshire people have:

> Walk fast in snow,
> In frost walk slow,
> And still as you go,
> Tread on your toe:
> When frost and snow are both together,
> Sit by the fire and spare shoe-leather.

I dined to-day with Dr Cockburn; but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. *Morning.* Starving, starving, uth, uth, uth, uth, uth. Do not you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the fire in a cold morning, and cry uth, uth, uth? &c. O faith, I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrahs.—*At night.* I went this morning to lady Giffard's house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsy water, which I brought home in my pocket; and sealed and tied up in a paper, and sent it to Mr Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would inquire at Chester about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr Stratford and I dined to-day with Mr Stratford in the

[1] Probably the "Character of Wharton."

city, by appointment; but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had *given* a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, and now I am in bed to break your head.

23. *Morning.* They tell me it freezes again, but it is not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter.—*At night.* O faith, I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and staid an hour; so I rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs Barton's, and we went to lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of Berkeley is going to be married to lady Louisa Lennox, the duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to dean Sterne, and bid him tell you all about the bottle of palsy water by Smyth, and tomorrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. *Morning.* Come, now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you have not letters fast enough, *surely we shall have your tenth;* and yet, before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.—And why did not MD go into the country with the bishop of Clogher? faith, such a journey would have done you good; Stella should have rid, and Dingley gone in the coach. The bishop of Kilmore I know nothing of; he is old and may die: he lives in some obscure corner, for I never hear of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except lord Halifax, and him very seldom; lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false, deceitful r——l.[1] My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them; and besides, my pretences are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps MD may, and then I shall be sorrier for their sakes than my own. Talk of a merry Christmas, (why did you write it so then, young women? sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,) I have wished you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news that Mr St John is going to Holland; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor, if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politic madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, madam Dingley, and so Mrs Stoyte invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook, and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from December 25th to January 4th. Well, Smyth and the palsy water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for, poor man, now he is gone) at Mr Jesse's, and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosticated, and so impatient, and so vexed with Sterne's carelessness. Pray God Stella's illness may not return. If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance. Leave a good deal of my tenth unanswered — Impudent slut! when did you ever answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the d—— to answer my letters: sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answerers truly. As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous, and that one Mr Presto is said to write it, hear my answer. Fie, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you. I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St Mary's[1] so soon; you will be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvisol could not send from Laracor: there were about half a score. I would be glad to know whether they were good for anything. Mrs Walls at Donnybrook with you? why, is she not brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied! you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's not offering you conveniences for the journey; and so he should. What sort of Christmas? why, I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine, and let Catherine get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well. Mr Bernage, Mr Bernage, Mr Fiddlenage, I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the d—— shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he must, or else sell; and I believe one can hardly sell at such a juncture. If he had staid, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? Whenever it lies in my power

[1] Swift had taken a great dislike to Somers, probably because the Whigs had done so little for his preferment; see *ante*, Note on p. 48.

[1] MD's lodgings, opposite to St Mary's Church in Stafford Street, Dublin.

to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you cannot read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever. So now I have answered your letter, and mine *is* an answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again. So good morrow, madams both, and I will go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I do not know why.

25. *Morning.* I did not tell you how I passed my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to secretary St John about some business; he had got a great Whig with him, a creature of the duke of Marlborough, who is a go-between to make peace between the duke and the ministry;[1] so he came out of his closet, and after a few words desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr Lewis staid till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipped so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two o'clock; so I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when he went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days, that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every day, and take drops of Dr Cockburn, and I have just done a box of pills, and to-day lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with MD; I long for spring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, yesterday at Mr Stone's in the city, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's, and that is all the journal I can send MD; for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but it is ten, and I will go to bed, and write on the other side to Parvisol to-morrow, and send it on Thursday; and so good night, my dears, and love Presto, and be healthy, and Presto will be so too, &c.

[1] It was strongly asserted that, to retain his command and emoluments, the Duke would have acted under the Tory Ministry; but the jealousies and quarrels of the Duchess with the queen and Mrs Masham prevented this arrangement.

Cut off these notes handsomely, do you hear, sirrahs? and give Mrs Brent hers, and keep yours till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity; and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

There's bills of exchange for you.

LETTER XV.

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I AM to send you my fourteenth to-morrow, but my head having some little disorder, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr secretary St John, about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person: that was two of my businesses with the secretary—were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's birthday, and I refused the secretary, and dined with Ford. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond full of the rabble sliding, and with skates, if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gallipot, and my hands in bed.

February 1. I was this morning with poor lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She sends me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; do not you know that, madam Stell? have not I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife, and some others, sirrah? I walked into the city to dine, because of the walk; for we must take care of Presto's health, you know, because of poor little MD. But I walked plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will: but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr Ford came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shillings for a Strabo and Aristophanes, and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall: and so as we came back we drank a flask of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I got home Mrs Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her; I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs Arm-

strong, lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there; however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time: they are plaguy Whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last Examiner, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry.[1] I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin Dryden Leach, the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison, the new Tatler, had turned him off, and taken the last Tatler's printers again. He vowed revenge; I answered gravely; and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his Tatler of this day he tells you the story, how he has taken his old officers; and there is a most humble letter from Morphew and Lilly, to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the coffeehouse, (where I hardly ever go), one from the archbishop of Dublin, and the other from ——— who do you think the other was from? I will tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was, from my own dear little MD, No. 10. O, but will not answer it now, no *nooooh*, I will keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under: O, I lifted up the sheets and saw it there: lie still, you shall not be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks; we are grown common acquaintance: yet what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr Harley reproached me, the last time I saw him, that to please me he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came. Harrison, whom Mr Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before. Well, he is now in my debt, and there is an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there is another end. This evening I had a message from Mr Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them. Patrick has been out of favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him "friend" three or four times. But, sirrahs, get you gone.

5. *Morning.* I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me at Mr Harley's; so I cannot stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and it is still terribly cold, so I will rise, and bid you good morrow. Come, stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire?—So—up adazy.—*At night.* Mr Harley did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth, I will choose to visit him in the evening, and dine with him no more, if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the queen's birthday, so much fine clothes, and the court so crowded, that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the Canal, (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St James's Park,) and boys sliding on it. Mr Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber. Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at first, and it is now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter? one of these odd come shortlies. This is a week old, you see, and no farther yet. Mr Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refused him, for I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends; and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr Harley had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect farther satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I will not, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I will tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something[1] which he intended for a favour, and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest: and I absolutely refuse to submit to his intended favour, and expect farther satisfaction. Mr Ford and I dine with Mr Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walked till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

[1] At the same house, it may be remembered, his City Shower had been run down, by the pretended ascription of it to Prior.

[1] This alludes to an offer of fifty pounds from Harley, which Swift indignantly rejected.

8. *Morning.* "I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs." Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries everything now-a-days, and what a splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration about a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should not have remembered it, if I had not heard it so often. Why—ay—you must know I dreamed it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, sirrahs? I met Mr Harley in the court of requests, and he asked me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself. He had seen your letter through the glass case at the coffeehouse, and would swear it was my hand; and Mr Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have said so formerly too.[1] I think I was little MD's writing master. But come, what is here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I will answer your letter to-night, perhaps I will not; that is as saucy little Presto takes the humour.—*At night.* I walked in the Park to-day, in spite of the weather, as I do always, when it does not actually rain. Do you know what it has gone and done? We had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes like a potlid upon our snow. I dined with lady Betty Germaine, the first time since I came for England; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. *Morning.* After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which made my bedchamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious? It has snowed all night. and rains this morning. Come, where is MD's letter? Come, Mrs letter, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face. O, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I am so afraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this; and I would always have one letter from Presto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr Curry, at his house in Capel street, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr Raymond in Chester, who says he sent his man everywhere and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr Smyth will have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy water; that bottle, I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. O, faith, you have too good an opinion of Presto's care. I am negligent enough of everything but MD, and I should not have trusted Sterne. But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it. As to what you say of goodman Peasly and Isaac, I answer as I did before:[1] Fie, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing: and afterwards, only for curiosity, you may tell me how those things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence. Sir Andrew Fountaine is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but do not keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk, indeed? I am glad of it at heart. Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell, is admirable. You may see them all three every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box! that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I will pay it, and never employ him or his again. No—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools. The account you give of that weekly paper[2] agrees with us here. Mr Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it; but one of the last papers cleared him. Nobody knows who it is, but the few in the secret. I suppose the ministry and the printer. Poor Stella's eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a day in broad daylight. How does Stella look, madam Dingley? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church? Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr Earl's sister, in Chester; and that colonel Edgworth's widow goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Chester, and deliver it to you safe; so there is some hopes now. Well, let us go on to your letter. The warrant is passed for the first-fruits. The queen does not send a letter; but a patent[3] will be drawn here, and that will take up time. Mr Harley, of late, has said nothing of presenting me to the queen: I was overseen when I mentioned it to you. He has such a weight of affairs on him that he cannot mind all; but he talked of it three or four times to me, long before I dropped it to

[1] Deane Swift says that Stella's hand had a good deal of the air of the Doctor's, but she wrote more legibly, and rather better.

[1] Some now unknown pamphlet suspected to be from his hand.

[2] The "Examiner."

[3] The Queen's patent for exonerating the clergy of Ireland from paying the twentieth-parts, and a grant to them of the first-fruits, payable out of all ecclesiastical benefices, in trust to be for ever applied towards purchasing glebes, and building residentiary houses for poor endowed vicars, both bear date Feb. 7, 1710-11.

you.[1] What! is not Mrs Walls' business over yet? I had hopes she was up, and well, and the child dead, before this time. You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from Hawkshaw; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that when I say so Stella will not think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had stayed till I came over, for some reasons. That Frenchwoman[2] will be grumbling again in a little time, and if you are invited anywhere to the country it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor Stella's health; but do as you like, and do not blame Presto. Oh, but you are telling your reasons. Well, I have read them; do as you please. Yes, Raymond says he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. M—— is in the country at some friend's, comes to town in spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see any body. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper that made me mistake. I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must go to Spain, and I will see to recommend him to the duke of Argyle, his general,[3] when I see the duke next: but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that, unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said fourscore times already. I had rather anything almost than that you should strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I will write when I can, and so shall MD; and upon occasions extraordinary I will write though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that is settled for ever, and so hold your tongue. Well, you shall have your pins; but, for the candle-ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me. And Dingley shall have her hinged spectacles. Poor dear Stella, how durst you write those two lines by candle-light, bang your bones? Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that is too soon, of all conscience; but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I do not design to use you to three pages in folio, no *nooooh*. All this is one morning's work in bed: and so good morrows, little sorrohs,[1] that is for the rhyme. You want politics: faith, I cannot think of any, but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you?—*At night.* I dined to-day with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; it was such dismal weather, I could not stir farther. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits; I still drink Dr Radcliffe's bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of Argyle in behalf of Bernage. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are in Spain; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal? I now send away this letter that you may not stay. I dined with Ford upon his opera day, and am now come home, and am going to study; do not you pretend to guess, sirrahs, impudent saucy dear boxes. Toward the end of a letter I could not say saucyboxes without putting dear between. En't that right now? Farewell. *This* should *be* longer, *but* that *I* send *it* to-*night*.

O silly, silly loggerhead![2]

I send a letter this post to one Mr Staunton, and I direct it to Mr Acton's in St Michael's lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton [to inquire] whether the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the duke of Argyle may not be in vain.

1 Queen Anne's objections to the author of the "Tale of a Tub" were found invincible, both in this point and in the more important one of Swift's preferment. The Ministers studiously concealed from him the Queen's aversion.

2 Mrs De Caudres, MD's landlady.

3 About to assume the command in Spain.

LETTER XVI.

London, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I HAVE just despatched my fifteenth to the post: I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in a furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer in one of Presto's, which would be such a disgrace, never saw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so, and so; and I hope, before this comes to you, you will have got

1 In the MS., "good mollows, little sollahs."

2 For writing of monstrous size the words in italics.

your box and chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

11. *Morning.* I must rise, and go see my lord keeper, which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Do not call them two thirteens.[1]—*At night.* It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to sir Andrew Fountaine in the afternoon, and I dined with three Irishmen at one Mr Cope's[2] lodgings; the other two were one Morris an archdeacon, and Mr Ford. When I came home this evening I expected that little jackanapes Harrison would have come to get help about his Tatler for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business. Come, what are you doing? how do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose: fine diversions for young ladies, truly. I wish you had some of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the finest oranges for twopence a piece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hogshead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be: and I will treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, —— be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr secretary St John: I went to the court of requests at noon, and sent Mr Harley into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke of Argyle was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke, which the secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said, he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his grace will please to take Mr Bernage into his protection; and, if he finds Bernage answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham and colonel Hill (Mrs Masham's brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too: so I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this, though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left Conolly's.

13. I have left off lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at lord Shelburne's, where she is, and we con ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within: I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a Tatler he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. It is about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a *coat of arms* at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet-ditch: it is well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. It is now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs Vanhomrigh's daughter's birthday,[1] and Mr Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent; and in the morning, lord Shelburne, lady Kerry, Mrs Pratt, and I, went to Hyde Park, instead of going to church; for, till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr Duke[2] died suddenly two or three nights ago: he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ farther than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the bishop of Winchester about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15. I walked purely to-day about the Park, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixed with little short frosts. I went to the court of requests, thinking if Mr Harley dined early to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H——, a worthless Irish fellow, was there ready to dine with us, so I stepped out and whispered them that I would not dine with that fellow; they made excuses, and begged me to stay, but away I went to Mr Harley's, and he did not dine at home; and at last I dined at sir John Germaine's, and found lady Betty but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for lord Berkeley's tomb: you know the young rake his son, the new earl,[3] is married to the duke of Richmond's daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She will be fluxed in two months, and they will be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, venturesome folks; and the chit is but

[1] A shilling passed for thirteen pence in Ireland.

[2] Robert Cope, Esq., a gentleman of learning, family, and fortune, and a correspondent of Swift's.

[1] One of the few instances in which Vanessa is even slightly mentioned in Swift's Journal to Stella.

[2] Preferred to the rich rectory of Witney in Gloucestershire. Educated at Cambridge, he was a friend of Otway's, and a contributor to Dryden's Miscellany. His poems were collected and edited with those of Roscommon in 1717. He was found dead in bed.

[3] The third Earl, who distinguished himself in the Mediterranean under Rooke and Shovel, and defeated a French squadron under the distinguished Du Guay Trouin. He died in 1736; his wife in 1716.

seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extremes. And so get you gone to Stoyte to-morrow.

16. Faith, this letter goes on but slow: it is a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home: so I came back and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Estcourt,[1] and laughed till six, then went to Mr Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I staid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that lord keeper and secretary St John dine with him privately; and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heartburn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord keeper and the secretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together, and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said I believed they would leave me Jonathan as they found me, and that I never knew a ministry do anything for those whom they make companions of their pleasures; and I believe you will find it so; but I care not. I am upon a project of getting five hundred pounds, without being obliged to any body; but that is a secret, till I see my dearest MD; and so hold your tongue, and do not talk, sirrahs, for I am now about it.

18. My head has no fits, but a little disordered before dinner; yet I walk stoutly and take pills, and hope to mend. Secretary St John would needs have me dine with him to-day, and there I found three persons I never saw, two I had no acquaintance with, and one I did not care for: so I left them early and came home, it being no day to walk, but scurvy rain and wind. The secretary tells me he has put a cheat on me; for lord Peterborow sent him twelve dozen flasks of Burgundy, on condition that I should have my share; but he never was quiet till they were all gone; so I reckon he owes me thirty-six pounds. Lord Peterborow is now got to Vienna, and I must write to him to-morrow. I begin now to be towards looking for a letter from some certain ladies of Presto's acquaintance, that live at St Mary's, and are called, in a certain language, our little MD. No, stay, I do not expect one these six days, that will be just three weeks; a'n't I a reasonable creature? We are plagued here with an October Club; that is, a set of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult affairs and drive things on to extremes against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them; yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be some thing thought on to settle things better. I will tell you one great state secret; the queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry,[1] runs a little into the other extreme, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the others' hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called the Examiner, for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough: this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord, and some others, and swore, that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more into the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politics.

19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, where sir Andrew Fountaine dined too; who has just began to sally out, and has shipped his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walked a little in the Park, till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna coffeehouse, where I sat a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr Curry's to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs Masham the queen's favourite, colonel Disney, and I, have recommended Bernage to the duke of Argyle; and secretary St John has given the duke my memorial; and, besides, Hill tells me that Bernage's colonel, Fielding, designs to make him his captain lieutenant: but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. *Morning.* It snows terribly again, and it is mistaken, for I now want a little good weather: I bid you good morrow, and if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again. I am sorry it is a girl: the poor archdeacon too, see how simply he looked when they told him: what did it cost Stella to be

[1] Mr Richard Estcourt, a player and dramatic writer, celebrated in the "Spectator" and other contemporary writings; as *Providore* of the Beef-Steak Club, he used to wear a small golden gridiron hung round his neck with a silk ribbon.

[1] When she dismissed Godolphin, the Duke of Beaufort told her he could now call her in reality Queen.

gossip? I will rise, so, do you hear, let me see you at night, and do not stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs.—*At night.* It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his opera day: but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from MD: methinks there is something great in doing so, only I cannot express where it lies; and faith, this shall go by Saturday, as sure as you are a rogue. Mrs Edgworth was to set out but last Monday, so you will not have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but Sterne told me since that it is safer at Chester, and that she will take care of it. I would give a guinea you had it.

21. *Morning.* Faith, I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking. I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by and see Presto in his morning gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town. O Lord, how I remember names! faith, it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I will go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must.—*At night.* Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house here: I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter; and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walked back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair. This walking is a strange remedy; Mr Prior walks to make himself fat,[1] and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold; we often walk round the Park together. So I will go sleep.

22. It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr Lewis of the secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut in pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they picked out the bits of glass: and when I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare: but I was plaguy afraid they would have said, "God bless your honour, will not you give us something for our glass?" Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds, which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your palsy drops; how does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I will allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs Edgworth is not yet set out, but will infallibly next Monday, and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, Madam, I received your letter, and so, and so. I dined to-day with my Mrs Butler, who grows very disagreeable.

24. *Morning.* This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you are alive, young women, and then you will be so ashamed that I have none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would say I were six letters before you, for this is No. 16, and I have had your No. 10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a minister-of-state-hunting in the court of requests; for I have something to say to Mr Harley. And it is fine cold sunshiny weather; I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's Green; it is as good as our Park, but not quite so large. Faith, this summer we will take a coach for sixpence to the Green Well, the two walks, and thence all the way to Stoyte's. My hearty service to goody Stoyte and Catherine, and I hope Mrs Walls had a good time. How inconsistent I am! I cannot imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I am going; what have you to say? *I do not care how I write now.*[1] I do not design to write on this side; these few lines are but so much more than your due; so I will write *large*[1] or small as I please. O faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good bye, for I will seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the postoffice with my own fair hands. Farewell.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes, and so it is, I am sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

Lele, lele, lele.[2]

O Lord, I am saying "lele, lele," to myself in all our little keys: and now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, beside my good two shillings.

1 Prior, as Swift elsewhere mentions, was a slight thin figure.

LETTER XVII.

London, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

Now, young women, I gave in my sixteenth

1 Written in a large hand.
2 "There, there, there."

this evening. I dined with Ford, it was his opera day as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the duke of Argyle; but two days ago I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there is an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes: my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr secretary St John, on condition I might choose my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, sir Thomas Mansel, and Mr Lewis; I invited Masham, Hill, sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before: so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr French, and Dr Travors, and Dr Whittingham, and Mr (I forget his name, that I always tell Mrs Walls of) the banker's son, a pox on him! And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in anything, and often two black aces without a Manilio. Was not that hard, Presto? hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr secretary about some business, and he tells me that colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain lieutenant, that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of Argyle goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined by invitation with Mrs Vanhomrigh. You say they are of no consequence; why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two lady Bettys there this afternoon. The beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of the other, and the wit of neither,[1] would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now; why do not you walk in the Green of St Stephen: the walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What beasts the Irish women are, never to walk!

[1] Without the wit of either.

27. Darteneuf and I, and little Harrison the new Tatler, and Jervas the painter, dined to-day with James, I know not his other name, but it is one of Darteneuf's dining-places, who is a true epicure. James is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at St James's, and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it. Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD! rare doings! why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs Walls, that, indeed, Presto, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died: and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean never came to see her but once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it. Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly to-night, and have not guessed one word right, for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs Catherine and I were godmothers; I was going to say Stoyte, but I think I have heard they do not put maids and married women together, though I know not why I think so, nor I do not care; what care I? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up every thing I writ, and published it the other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it; it was without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four shilling book, and is called Miscellanies in Prose and Verse.[1] Tooke pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I will bring a couple of them over with me for MD; perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1. *Morning.* I have been calling to Patrick to look in his almanac for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be leap-year. The almanac says it is the third after leap-year, and I always thought, till now, that every third year was leap-year. I am glad they come so seldom; but I am sure it was otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then. Write to me, sirrahs, be sure do, by the time this side is done, and I will keep the other side for the answer: so I will go write to the bishop of Clogher: good morrow, sirrahs.—*Night.* I dined to-day at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day, and

[1] "London, printed for John Morphew, near Stationers' Hall, 1711." Octavo.

lady Betty Butler knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening, where the Vans (so we call them) were to be. The duchess and they do not go over this summer with the duke;[1] so I got to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was traipsing to-day with your Mr Sterne, to go along with them to Moor, and recommend his business to the treasury. Sterne tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr Harley, because I troubled him lately so much with other folks' affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr Harley told me he did not like Sterne's business; however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD would have me. But in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord Abercorn, whose son [lord Paisley] will be married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr Harley's levee: he swore I came in spite, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the duke of Ormond know how the affair stood of the first-fruits. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday, lord keeper, secretary St John, and I, dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park; among which was one from Walls, and the other, yes faith, the other was from our little MD, No. 11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St James's to Mr Harley, and glad enough I was, faith, to read it, and see all right: O, but I will not answer it these three or four days at least, or may be sooner. Am not I silly? Faith, your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly; but it must be a little dog. I staid with Mr Harley till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came home a-foot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr secretary St John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr Harley, that he was much out of order: pray God preserve his health, everything depends upon it. The parliament at present cannot go a step wit out him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the ministry beg me to stay: however, when this parliament hurry is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the first-fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have peace, let it be a bad or a good one, though nobody dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stands like an isthmus between the Whigs on one side and violent Tories on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers has been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your duchess of Somerset,[1] who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them.[2] I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately, after much conversation with Mr Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.

5. Mr Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr Freind at a third body's house, where I was to pass for some body else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on, that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile. And pray walk you to your dean's, or your Stoyte's, or your Manley's, or your Walls'. But your new lodgings make you so proud, you will walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrahs.

6. Mr Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backward. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his opera day; so I brought Mr Lewis with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr Addison these three weeks: all our friendship is over. I go to no coffeehouse. I presented a parson of the bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson, to the duke of Ormond to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has a project about instructing the Irish in the Protestant religion.

7. *Morning.* Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shall not have room, for it must go on Saturday; and do not think I will fill the third side, I am not come to that yet, young women. Well, then, as for your Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week. Turn over that leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, madam Stella, my head is a great deal

[1] Of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[1] Groom of the stole, in high favour with Queen Anne, and counteracting the influence of Mrs Masham, on which the Tory interest rested.

[2] Mrs Masham had in the same fashion admitted Harley to private audiences, in which the displacement of the Whigs was planned.

better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? answer me that, rogues. Your being with goody Walls is excuse enough: I find I was mistaken in the sex, it is a boy. Yes, I understand your cipher, and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He[1] gave me *al bsadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad*,[2] which I sent him again by Mr Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was showed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsy water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest Stella good. I suppose Mrs Edgworth set out last Monday se'ennight. Yes, I do read the Examiners, and they are written very finely as you judge.[3] I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us. You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said it is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury.—Now, madam Dingley, says she, it is fine weather, says she; yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings. I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking Frenchman. I will give you a bill on Parvisol for five pound for the half year. And must I go on at four shillings a week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the d—— said Atterbury and your dean were alike? I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain.[4] The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing. Yes, Mrs Stella, Dingley writes more like Presto than you; for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, Why should not I write like our Presto as well as Dingley? You with your awkward SS; cannot you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS. Spiteful sluts, to affront Presto's writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs Walls' eyes. Walls says nothing of it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say if she recovers she may lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as sober, as I please; I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I do not go to a coffeehouse twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven. And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her now as handsome as the day is long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language[1] I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health, and no spleen. In your account you sent, do you reckon as usual from the first of November was twelvemonth? Poor Stella, will not Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we will have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and *zoo must cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate Pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.*[2]—*At night.* Mrs Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8. O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of Dublin; and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. It is of Mr Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing lady Catherine Morris's cards, where I dined, when young Arundel came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs St John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, marquis de Guiscard, stabbed Mr Harley.[3] Guiscard was taken up by Mr secretary St John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr

1 Harley.

2 "A bank bill for fifty pounds."

3 Even to Stella he had not yet avowed his authorship of the "Examiners."

4 Mr Trapp, noticed before.

1 Referring to the strange and whimsical spelling abounding in the letters, though but rarely represented in print.

2 "And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate Presto, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for your letter. Good morrow."

3 The Count or Abbé de Guiscard was a malcontent French gentleman who enjoyed some favour under Godolphin's Ministry, and had a foreign regiment in British pay and a pension from the Queen. Falling into indigence partly through prodigality and partly through the neglect of the Tories, he opened a treasonous correspondence with France, was detected, apprehended for high treason, and brought before the Council for examination. There he, in a fit of desperation, wounded Harley with a penknife; and received so many wounds himself from the councillors present and from the messengers who rushed in to apprehend him, that he died in prison. Scott remarks that "the broken manner in which Swift tells the tale at once does honour to his feelings, and to the warmth of his friendship for Harley."

Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction! I now think of all his kindness to me. The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. *Morning; seven, in bed.* Patrick is just come from Mr Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon sat up with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr secretary St John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr St John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.—*Night.* Mr Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c., and pity Presto.

10. Mr Harley was restless last night; but he has no fever, and the hope of mending increases. I had a letter from Mr Walls, and one from Mr Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr Walls writes about three things: First, about a hundred pounds from Dr Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and it is now too late. Secondly, about Mr Clements: I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr Pratt's objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child: that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it cannot be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost to stand for me, and let his Christian name be Harley, in honour to my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word that his colonel has offered to make him captain lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool as to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged colonel Disney,[1] who was one of his solicitors to the secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me that Fielding (Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but, on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. Disney tells me he will again speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; and then I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me, and then making it such a ticklish point, that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I say, and there is an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and I am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain, as a major general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewell, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray, madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy face.

A'n't you sauceboxes to write *lele* like Presto?

O poor Presto!

Mr Harley is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and Magog.

[1] Commonly called Duke Disney, friend and companion of General Withers.

LETTER XVIII.

London, March 10, 1710–11.

PRETTY little MD must expect little from me till Mr Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now: but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes well as yet. Mr Ford and I dined with Mr Lewis, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr secretary and I met at court, where we went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worst for this accident to Mr Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle. I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities of this fact:[1] it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr Harley is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let nobody see him, and that is perfectly right. The parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I

[1] Such an account, very minute, was drawn up by Mrs Manley under Swift's direction, and is included among his works.

went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening broke my shin in the Strand over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with goldbeater's skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when the other used to swell; so I apprehend it less: however, I shall not stir till it is well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things; but I wish I had Mrs Johnson's water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with alum. I will dine with Mrs Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off: and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just walked to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do. Mr Harley still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, sirrahs, that you may rise to-morrow and walk to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoyte and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O, pray, do not you drink Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoytes, and your Walls, and your Manleys, and your everybodies, pray now? I drink MD's to myself a hundred thousand times.

15. I was this morning at Mr secretary St John's, for all my shin, and he has given me for young Harrison the Tatler the prettiest employment in Europe; secretary to lord Raby, who is to be ambassador extraordinary at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the Tatlers in a fortnight. I will send Harrison to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd has got the smallpox. I called this morning to see lady Betty Germaine; and when she told me so I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it;[1] for about ten days ago I was to see lord Carteret, and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the smallpox, and is since dead: it was near lady Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr secretary, and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that Guiscard kept, sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying, for they have found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.[2]

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say it is impossible he should recover. I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no farther than Mrs Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine; then I came home, and Mr Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the Spectator yet, a paper that comes out every day? It is written by Mr Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his Tatlers, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr Harley and Mr St John ten days ago, before my lord keeper and lord Rivers, I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done. So, now I have got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me.

When Presto begins to prate,
Give him a rap upon the pate.

O Lord, how I blot; it is time to leave off, &c.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr Lewis of the secretary's office. Mr Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind. What was it?

18. I was to-day at court to look for the duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The duke goes with the first fair wind: I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him; and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however, he is made captain lieutenant, only he must recruit his company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr secretary St John, and stayed till seven, but would not drink his Champaign and Burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

[1] Swift had never had the smallpox, and mightily feared it.

[2] Guiscard concealed from the surgeons, till it had festered, one of his most grievous wounds. He had been observed to lurk much about the palace before his arrest; and this, and some hints in his letters of a "great blow," led to the inference of his design on the Queen's life.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, tossed up my leg on the seat; and as I came home I went to see poor Charles Bernard's[1] books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But it is too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a coffeehouse with Stratford upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial I know not, till I see Dr Arbuthnot,[2] to whom I gave it. That hard name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; Stella cannot pronounce it. O, that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream is out: I was a dreaming last night that I ate ripe cherries. And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why do not you ask Parvisol these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But harkee, ought not Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts, it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr Walls. I will write an order on the other side; and do as you will. Here is a world of business; but I must go sleep, I am drowsy, and so good night, &c.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; it is his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound; he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son is just dead of the small-pox, and the house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well; and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money, do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and fourpence the other night at Stoyte's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my clothes and things behind me, and have not taken leave of any body, and that the ministry expect me to-morrow; and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22. Yesterday was a short day's journal; but what care I? what cares saucy Presto! Darteneuf invited me to dinner to-day. Do not you know Darteneuf? That is the man that knows every thing, and that every body knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last: and then I went to the coffeehouse. My shin mends, but is not quite healed; I ought to keep it up, but I do not; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parvisol and his watch. If I do not receive the ten-pound bill I am to get towards it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let Parvisol know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish prayer-book, &c., but the duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two packets are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they were packets coming here. Mr Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact, by Southwell's letters from Ireland: what do you think of it? I dined with sir John Perceval,[1] and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman: and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the scab, and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on alum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the Pretender is going to be married to the duke of Savoy's daughter. It is very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone,[2] and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and MD. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it: for I reckon to have none from you (it is morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, &c.

1 Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen. His library was valuable and curious, and fetched great prices.

2 Swift's acquaintance with Dr Arbuthnot was only beginning; he writes the name *Arthburthnet*.

1 Created baron Perceval, April 21, 1715; viscount Perceval, Feb. 25, 1722; and earl of Egmont, Nov. 6, 1733; all in the Irish peerage. His son was made Baron Lovell and Holland, in the English Peerage, in 1762.

2 Unwilling, probably, to gratify their too great affection for the Pretender's family and cause.

LETTER XIX.

London, March 24, 1710–11.

It was a little cross in Presto not to send to-day to the coffeehouse to see whether there was a letter from MD before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politics or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the bishop of Ossory and a parcel of Irish gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the Spectators?[1] Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, No. 11. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD takes to write, especially poor Stella, and her weak eyes. God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr Harley puts everything backward, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am shocked at that villany whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them[2] mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. *Morning.* I wish you a merry new year: this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my lord keeper: it is not shaving day to-day, so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr secretary St John. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs de Caudres' down upon the folks as they come from church; and there comes Mrs Proby, and that's my lady Southwell, and there's lady Betty Rochfort. I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you.—*At night.* So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence a piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body, and, "See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his grace the duke of Ormond;" and "this is the wound," &c.; and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in.[3] 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then. Mr Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger, I walked like lightning above two hours in the Park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr Harley; they cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs; and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own surgeon, he has not been well looked after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I now be at Laracor? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon: and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them: and this evening I passed at Mr Prior's with Dr Freind; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. *Morning.* O faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttikins, for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the coffeehouse? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the archbishop; t'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took, and looked at the hand. "Whose hand is this?" says I: yes, says I, "whose hand is this?" then there was wax between the folds: then I began to suspect; then I peeped; faith, it was Walls' hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter, and a stir, and a bustle, never saw the like. Faith I believe yours lay some days at the postoffice, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now? no, faith, and so I wont. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll inquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer *trangum.*[1] What, is that Vedel again a soldier?[2] Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not sell it.—*At night.* Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I think it is Vedeau, ay, Vedeau, now I have it: let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll inquire. This was a fast day for the public; so I dined late with

1 The first was published March 1st.

2 She had had the smallpox; see *ante.*

3 Queen Anne no sooner heard of this indignity, than she gave orders that the assassin should be buried at once; which was done, in the common burying-place of the malefactors who die in Newgate.

1 An Exchequer tally.

2 See *ante,* "Journal," Dec. 24.

sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropped words in his favour to the ministry; but he has been too violent a Whig, and friend to the lord treasurer,[1] to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places: but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller[2] told me that there are eight people expect his staff. I walked after dinner to-day round the Park. What, do I write politics to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29. *Morning.* If this be a fine day, I will walk into the city, and see Charles Bernard's library. What care I for your letter, your saucy No. 12? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again.—*At night.* Your friend Montgomery and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick: I have seen him often, but take no notice of him; he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money. How could I help it, pray? Patrick snuffed the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper. It en't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Presto. I walked to-day into the city, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Bernard's books; they were in the middle of the physic books; so I bought none; and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end: and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

30. *Morning.* This is Good Friday, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr secretary about some business, and Mrs Vanhomrigh desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland I will discharge him.—[*At night.*] Sir Thomas Mansel, one of the lords of the treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw Patrick, and swore he was a Teaguelander. I am so used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I supped this fast day with Mrs Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr Harley's wound would turn to a fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he'll be out in a fortnight. Prior showed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr Harley's accident: they are not out; I will send them to you if he will give me a copy.

31. *Morning.* What shall we do to make April fools this year, no wit happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr Harley still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke, and got a commission, or perhaps is a volunteer gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise.—*At night.* I dined to-day with sir Thomas Mansel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr Lewis came to us. Mansel asked where we dined? We said, together. He said we should dine with him, only his wife desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton. I said I would dine with him to choose; but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by slattering and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak. See how much I have lost with that ugly grease. 'Tis your fault; pray, and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The duke of Buckingham's house fell down last night with an earthquake, and is half swallowed up.—Wont you go and see it?—An April fool, an April fool, O ho, young women. Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is Sunday, and Easter Sunday. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park these holidays. I am plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his project of printing Irish Bibles, &c., to make you Christians in that country. I befriend him what I can, on account of the archbishop and bishop of Clogher. But what business have I to meddle? &c. Don't you remember that, sirrah Stella? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? O faith you are an impudent slut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of MD's? O faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy Presto.

[1] The former Lord Treasurer, Godolphin.
[2] Sir John Holland, soon after replaced by Sir Thomas Mansel.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs Barton, I love her better than any one here, and see her seldomer. Why, really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best—Pshah, pshah, you are so silly with your moral observations. I called at Mr secretary, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper: that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning sir William Temple); that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw anything to my disadvantage, would let me know in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord keeper and Mr Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said I had reason; vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dine with him and Mrs Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinson;[1] you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have plucked up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh; and MD, poor MD, at home, on a loin of mutton, and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was so vexed: but we'll dine at Stoyte's tomorrow. Mr Harley promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said she would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr Tooke[2] in it henceforward. Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She says she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her. I gave Mr Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr Harley; he sent them yesterday to Ireland, so go look for them, for I wont be at the trouble to transcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty service to Stoyte and Catherine; upon my word I love them dearly, and desire you will tell them so: pray desire goody Stoyte not to let Mrs Walls and Mrs Johnson cheat her of her money at ombre, but assure her from me that she is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her so, and drink my health and good voyage, and speedy return, and so you're a rogue.

5. *Morning.* Now let us proceed to examine a saucy letter from one madam MD. God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and send her a great many birthdays, all happy, and healthy, and wealthy, and with me ever together, and never asunder again, unless by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me so here, and I can hardly imagine you absent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No, faith, you are just here upon this little paper, and therefore I see and talk with you every evening constantly, and sometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, because that is not so modest to young ladies. What, you would fain palm a letter upon me more than you sent? and I, like a fool, must look over all yours, to see whether this was really No. 12, or more. Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the bishop of Clogher and Parvisol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD: what a disgrace would it be to have two of yours to answer together! but faith, this shall go to-night, for fear, and then come when it will I defy it. No, you are not naughty at all; write when you are disposed. And so the dean told you the story of Mr Harley, from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Not yet, have not you the box; I wish Mrs Edgworth had the ——. But you have it now, I suppose: and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and by. Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs Dobbins lies; I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjurer approves what I did with Mr Harley;[1] but your generosity makes me

1 William Rollinson, Esq., a wine merchant, who retired from business into Oxfordshire; a friend of Bolingbroke and Pope.

2 The bookseller, who transacted Swift's business in money matters.

1 About the bank-note for fifty pounds; see *ante*, "Journal," March 7.

mad; I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick: and now Stella says she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, &c. A'n't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle-tallow!] why they should not. I have been used barbarously by the late ministry: I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away. I could say a thousand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good; I will make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good housewives, and live cheap there some months, and return in autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The bishop of Kilmore, I don't keep such company: an old dying fool, whom I was never with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian and Dainger*,[1] and you, madam Dingley, what is *Christianing?*——Lay your letters *this way, this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll show you, lay them *this way, this way*, and not *that way, that way*.[2]——You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions, as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget MD's orders because they are friends; I'll be as careful as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this Clements. Walls will not let me say anything, as if Mr Pratt was against him; and now the bishop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But if he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, considering my lords Anglesea and Hyde[3] are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of deputy treasurer. If the frolic should take you of going to the Bath, I here send you a note on Parvisol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewell.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again I would have you go; if not, or if it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve, however, to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

1 Stella, in spite of Swift's training, was a bad speller; and Swift greatly insisted that a woman should spell well.

2 Indicating the proper slope of the letters.

3 Jointly holding the offices of vice-treasurer, receiver-general, and paymaster-general in Ireland.

LETTER XX.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my 19th into the postoffice just now myself, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain runs me in coach-hire; I walked away sixpennyworth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr secretary desired I would see him this morning, said he had several things to say to me, and said not one: and the duke of Ormond sent to desire I would meet him at Mr Southwell's by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the Irish in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on Irish yarn; so we talked awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the house of commons to solicit our friends, and the duke came among the rest; and lord Anglesea solicited admirably, and I did wonders. But, after all, the matter was put off till Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord Mountjoy, and looked over him at chess, which put me in mind of Stella and Griffyth. I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within, so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And so

> Get you gone to your deans,
> You couple of queans.

I can't find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte. Yes, yes,

> You expect Mrs Walls,
> Be dress'd when she calls
> To carry you to Stoyte,
> Or else *honi soit*.

Henley told me that the Tories were insupportable people, because they are for bringing in French claret, and will not *sup-port*. Mr Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon, when I send away this letter, he will be just got into the house of commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No, it wont; for those letters that go under a fortnight, are answerers to one of yours, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid, some &c. I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind. 'Tis a late spring they say here. Go to bed, you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epsom, to avoid Good Friday and Easter Sunday. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me there are letters from Ireland giving an account of a great indiscretion in the archbishop of Dublin, who applied a story out of Tacitus [1] very reflectingly on Mr Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to see Mr secretary, who had been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by Burgundy and Champaign, added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea, while the rest were at Champaign, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely, that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs St John, who is growing a great favourite of mine; she goes to the Bath on Wednesday, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr secretary St John; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the newspaper called the Post-Boy;[2] in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the Whigs said upon Mr Harley's being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr secretary St John; and at the end there was half a dozen lines telling the story of the archbishop of Dublin, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tuesday. I told the secretary I would not suffer that about the archbishop to be printed, and so I crossed it out; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon farther thought, would let none of it be published: and I sent for the printer and told him so, and ordered him, in the secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on any body in Ireland till he had showed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the house of commons again about this yarn, at lord Anglesea's desire, but the business is again put off till Monday. I dined with sir John Stanley, by an assignation I had made with Mr St John, and George Granville,[3] the secretary at war; but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of Champaign or Burgundy without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better, but when he is well he is like Stella, and will not be governed. So go to your Stoyte's, and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting lady Worsley and Mrs Barton to-day, and dined soberly with my friend Lewis. The Dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you. Duncomb, the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily. I writ this evening to the archbishop of Dublin about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs St John, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence; said she had none to trust but me: and the poor creature's tears came fresh into her eyes. Before we took leave I was drawn in by the other ladies and sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings a piece, several raffled for absent people; but I lost, and so missed an opportunity of showing my gallantry to Mrs St John, whom I designed to have presented it to, if I had won. Is Dilly[1] gone to the Bath? His face will whiz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take London in his way back. The rabble will say, "There goes a drunken parson;" and, which is worse, they will say true. O, but you must know, I carried Ford to dine with Mr St John last Sunday, that he may brag, when he goes back, of dining with a secretary of state. The secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr Harley is to be lord treasurer, and lord Poulett master of the horse, &c., but they are only conjecture. The speaker is to make Mr Harley a compliment the first time he comes into the house, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon by the caprice of that puppy Dr Radcliffe, which has kept him back so long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day. What! I think I am stark mad to write so much in one day to little saucy MD; here's a deal of stuff, indeed; can't you bid those dear little rogues good night, and let them go sleep, Mr Presto? When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the house of commons, about your Irish yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the city by water, where I dined, and then went to the auction of Charles Bernard's books, but the good ones were so monstrous dear, I could not reach them; so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele

[1] *Accensis indicibus ad prodendum Faenium Rufum, quem eundem conscium et inquisitorem non tolerabant.* TACITUS, Ann. Lib. xv. 66. "Informers having been instigated to denounce Fænius Rufus, whom they could not suffer to be at the same time an accomplice and the collector of evidence against them;" an insinuation that Harley was engaged in intrigues with France, and denounced Guiscard to secure his own safety.

[2] A violent Tory paper.

[3] Afterwards Lord Lansdowne, distinguished by Pope as "Granville the polite," and complimented by Dryden, whom he always befriended, on his "excellent play of Heroic Love."

[1] Rev. Dillon Ashe.

and Rowe, &c., to an invitation at sir William Read's.[1] Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculist; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and wont go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12. I went about noon to the secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his Champaign, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord Anglesea, and sir Thomas Hanmer, and Prior, and I, dined by appointment with lieutenant general Webb. My lord and I staid till ten o'clock, but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr Campain, one of the October Club, if you know what that is; a club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon some thing that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember Stella's chiding: What had you to do with what did not belong to you? &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiscard's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of Shrewsbury) came up; then colonel Masham and I went off, after I had been presented to the duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the house of commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern; it happened to be the day and the house where the October Club dine. After we had dined, coming down, we called to inquire whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for sir George Beaumont. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr Finch, lord Guernsey's son, to let me know that my lord Compton, the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the Club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship for the ministry. The Club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of Bernard's books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell that, when I dined at Webb's with lord Anglesea, I spoke to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he said he had no thoughts otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me. I hope this may do some good to Clements, it can do no hurt; and I find by Mrs Pratt, that her husband is his friend; and the bishop of Clogher says, Clements' danger is not from Pratt, but from some other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of Argyle, but said nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not see him till Spain is conquered, and that is not at all. I was to-day at lord Shelburne's, and spoke to Mrs Pratt again about Clements: her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs Pratt I expected her husband would stand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with neighbour Vanhomrigh; he is mighty ill of an asthma, and apprehends himself in much danger: 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink, when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place: I would give something for their keeping; but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind as to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here send you a bill on Parvisol for twenty pounds Irish, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor Presto, that loves MD better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewell, MD, &c. &c.

[1] An advertising quack for the cure of ophthalmia, wens, harelips, wry necks, &c. &c.

LETTER XXI.

London, April 14, 1711.

Remember, sirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away my last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr Harley will be lord treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the great duke of Tuscany used to send to sir William Temple: he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16. I went with Ford into the city to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank Tokay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the dean, and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me a narrative printed, with all the circumstances of Mr Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself, so I sent my hints to the author of the Atalantis,[1] and she has cooked it into a sixpenny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr Harley or Mr St John in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of Florence was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and sixpence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my lord keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and stayed till eight. There was sir Thomas Mansel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr Cæsar, and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to MD, if she likes that sort? My lord keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with lord Anglesea.

[1] Mrs Manley, the author of a scandalous private history called "Atalantis;" she was an author by profession, wrote several "Examiners" after Swift gave up, and did other work to the bidding of the Administration.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goosecap as Presto? I saw the number 21 a-top, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with lord Anglesea to-day, but did not go to the house of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again: I think of going into the country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must enclose your letter in a fair half sheet of paper, and direct the outside to Erasmus Lewis, esquire, at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; for I never go to the coffeehouse, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweet water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to Sheen with lady Giffard: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love Stella, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is Dingley.

19. This morning general Webb was to give me a visit: he goes with a crutch and a stick, yet was forced to make up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterwards sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much business to talk of relating to the public and myself. Little Harrison the Tatler goes to-morrow to the secretaryship I got him at the Hague, and Mr St John has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges. A'n't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinsale: he tells me his commission for captain lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival; so there are two jackanapeses I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from lord Peterborow to me: he writes so well, I have no mind to answer him, and so kind, that I must answer him. The emperor's death must, I think, cause great alterations in Europe, and, I believe, will hasten a peace. We reckon our king Charles will be chosen emperor, and the duke of Savoy set up for Spain; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr Freind and I dined in the city at a printer's, but it cost me two shillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sunshine, and is the truest April that I have known these many years. The lime trees in the Park are all out in leaves,

though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the parliament can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr Harley was with the queen on Tuesday. I believe certainly he will be the lord treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. *Morning.* Lord keeper, and I, and Prior, and sir Thomas Mansel, have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little, and the gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, sirrah? What say you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that four and elevenpence t'other night. 'Let us rise. Morrow, sirrahs. I will rise in spite of your little teeth; good morrow.—*At night.* O faith, you are little dear sauceboxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after, Mr Ford sends me one that he had picked up at St James's coffeehouse; for I go to no coffeehouse at all. And faith I was glad at heart to see it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I wont answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; lord keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled; for young Harcourt, lord keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb:

> Drink little at a time;
> Put water with your wine;
> Miss your glass when you can;
> And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb snuff prescribed by Dr Radcliffe.

> Go to your deans,
> You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already. What care I? What cares Presto?

22. *Morning.* I must rise and go to the secretary's. Mr Harley has been out of town this week, to refresh himself before he comes into parliament. O, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, sirrahs both.—*Night.* I dined to-day with the secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politics, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he answered all except one,—that no inquiries are made into past mismanagement. But indeed I believe they are not yet able to make any: the late ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an act of general pardon. I believe Mr Harley must be lord treasurer; yet he makes only one difficulty, which is hard to answer: he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger: and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the suds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiously in the house of commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the secretary, and hardly any else of weight.[1] Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my lord keeper. After dinner we had coarse Doiley napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my lord keeper spread one of them between him and Mr Prior; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *fringeship* (friendship) between Mr Prior and his lordship. Prior swore it was the worst he had ever heard: I said I thought so too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, and this evening saw the Venetian ambassador coming from his first public audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the duchess of Ormond, who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the countess of Bellamont, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another, yet hearing me named, she asked, "What, is that Dr Swift?" said she and I were very well acquainted; and fell railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a countess. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with my neighbour Van. I design, in two days, if possible, to go lodge at Chelsea for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher a long politic letter to entertain him. I am to buy statues and harnese[2] for them, with a vengeance. I have packed and sealed up MD's twelve letters against I go to Chelsea. I have put the last commissions of MD in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green silk apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucyboxes. You are with the dean just now, madam Stella, losing your money. Why don't you name what number you have received? you say you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

1 Among the Ministry.
2 Farnese.

T

25. I was this day dining in the city with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, with a long denial of the report raised on him, which yet has been since assured to me by those who say they have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will show it to the secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to Chelsea.

26. *Chelsea.* I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's house, and my chest of Florence and other things to Mrs Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the secretary, and showed him the archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr Harley. I got here in the stage-coach with Patrick and my portmantua for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I must go as I came until it mends; and besides, the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford, at least half a mile farther than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over against Dr Atterbury's house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at Chelsea from henceforward, till I alter, and say London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat goody Stoyte, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of Florence is turned sour, at least the two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in Christendom. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day, and hearing Mr Harley was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and between that, and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play —— with a ——— a — a — bookseller, and got but half a dozen books.[1] I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walked hither to Chelsea, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stands a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry: there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr secretary in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr Brydges,[2] on whom part of the blame was falling, said he did not know that either Mr Brydges or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause; for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter, but Mr Foley beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr St John, I turned to Mr Harley, and said if the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he (Mr Harley) ought to lose his head for puting the queen upon changing them. He made it a jest: but by some words dropped, I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr St John, and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the secretary will not stand long. This is the fate of courts. I will, if I meet Mr St John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad: for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politics.

28. *Morning.* I forgot to tell you, that Mr Harley asked me yesterday how he came to disoblige the archbishop of Dublin? upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the bishop had written to me on that subject, and desired I might read him the letter some other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr Proby's, who affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from Charles Dering, who heard the words; and Ingoldsby[1] abused the archbishop, &c. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it: O yes; enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer, but reproach, poor poor Presto. And how can I come away, and the first-fruits not finished? I am of opinion the duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight they say: and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the Miscellanies already. Are they on your side yet? If you have my snuff-box, I'll have your strong-box. Hi, does Stella take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box?—Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*,[2] you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched thing. Twist your mouth, sirrah. Guiscard, and what you will read in the narrative, I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The Spectator is written by Steele with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into

[1] This must have been at a raffling for books—a kind of speculation which was common enough at that time.
[2] Paymaster General under Godolphin.

[1] One of the Lords Justices.
[2] A violent Whig journal, engaged in answering the "Examiner."

England.[1] I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word bowels). My ears have been, these three months past, much better than any time these two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No, Mrs Wesley came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some tea. They lie: Mr Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound; he is weak still. Well, Brooks married; I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs Walls' eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers; but I have heard them say, "Much talkers, little walkers;" and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you—

> If you talk'd no more than you walk'd,
> Those that think you wits would be balk'd.

Yes, Stella shall have a large-printed Bible: I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible. Pox take the box: is not it come yet? this is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had such power with Sterne, that he would fly over Mount Atlas to serve you. You say you are not splenetic; but if you be, faith you will break poor Presto's —— I won't say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politics and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of preserving my health by riding, &c., that I have in Ireland; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from Walls, and the letter from MD: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor MD. Farewell.

O faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side: I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: it must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this, than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the dean, and Mrs Walls, and good kind hearty Mrs Stoyte, and honest Catherine.

LETTER XXII.

Chelsea, April 28, 1711.

At night. I say at night, because I finished my twenty-first this morning here, and put it into the postoffice my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-second, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with lord Abercorn, where I had not been since the marriage of his son lord Paisley,[1] who has got ten thousand pounds with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed. I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been inquiring about statues for Mrs Ashe: I made lady Abercorn go with me; and will send them word next post to Clogher. I hate to buy for her: I'm sure she'll maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved, and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to court, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the secretary; and we proposed some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr Harley were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who staid till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? he shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Westminster school, where lads are chosen for the university: they say 'tis a sight, and a great trial of wits. Our expedition fleet is but just sailed:[2] I believe it will come to nothing. Mr secretary frets at their tediousness, but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and, for that reason, I fear it is no secret to France. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your Walker's[3] brother, the midwife.

30. *Morn.* I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage coaches. What shall I do? I must go to town: this is your fault. I cannot walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blind side of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniences as these. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow.—*At night.* I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at Westminster to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr Freind, the second master of the school, with

[1] No. 50.

[1] Lord Paisley married Anne, daughter of Colonel Plummer of Blakesware, Herts.

[2] To Canada, under Admiral Walker and General Hill, to expel the French from North America. The fleet was damaged by a storm in the St Lawrence, and returned, as Swift predicted, *re infectâ*.

[3] Sir Chamberlain Walker, a celebrated accoucheur.

a dozen parsons and others: Prior would make me stay. Mr Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry May-day, and a thousand more. I was balked at Westminster; I came too late: I heard no speeches nor verses. They would not let me into their dining-place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr Harley excused his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend Lewis and I dined with Kit Musgrave, if you know such a man: and the weather mending I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have some share of the country this spring: go to Finglas, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killala, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or go to Wexford: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had just now a compliment from dean Atterbury's lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the dean is in town with his convocation: so I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not so good wine, nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Presto sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrare Chelsea Buns?* I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny; it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said &c. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined at Mrs Vanhomrigh's; and had a flask of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs Atterbury, to know whether I might wait on her? but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible rainy; nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I crossed the way to see Mrs Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetic day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been had it rained eight thousand times more, if MD had been with a body. My lord Rochester[1] is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as lord president. I have been writing a long letter to lord Peterborow, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord Shelburne's, where lady Kerry[2] made me a present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather &c. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff ones since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I shall come over, MD shall be acquainted with lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD; you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the coffeehouse, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor I don't know how, and this goes on very slow; 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors, that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear Patrick, Patrick, called a hundred times every morning. But I looked backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politics, how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr Harley; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday club, lord keeper, lord Rivers, Mr secretary, Mr Harley, and I; the first time since his stabbing. Mr secretary went away; but I staid till nine, and made Mr Harley show me his breast, and tell all the story: and I showed him the archbishop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord keeper and I left them to-

[1] Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son of the great Clarendon, and maternal uncle to Queen Anne. He was a keen Tory; and his death left Harley without a rival in Ministerial power.

[2] Lord Shelburne's sister, wife of Thomas Fitzmaurice, created Earl of Kerry and Viscount Fitzmaurice in 1722.

gether, and I walked here after nine, two miles, and I found a parson drunk, fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise as to part them; but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipped into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken. A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers: I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr Harley shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be president in lord Rochester's room. I measured, and found that the penknife would have killed Mr Harley, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb nail lower; so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said, he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that Guiscard gave him the second stab, though my lord keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaster still as broad as half-a-crown. Smoke how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea bed, and I don't know how, methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to enclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus:—To Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; I said so before, but it may miscarry, you know; yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry, faith, I think never one, among all the privateers and the storms: O faith, my letters are too good to be lost,

> MD's letters may tarry,
> But never miscarry,

as the old woman used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head, enough to go and come in. I was early with the secretary, and dined with him afterward. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore.[1] But when I get Mr Harley alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope and believe my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon, and, among others, poor Biddy Floyd, who is very red, but I believe wont be much marked. As I was coming home I met sir George Beaumont in the Pall Mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham House. I was telling him of my head: he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which he said always gave it him; and that Dr Radcliffe said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found myself ill after it several times; and I mention it that Stella may consider it for her poor own little head: a pound lies ready packed up, and directed for Mrs Walls, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr secretary told me yesterday that Mr Harley would this week be lord treasurer and a peer, so I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be till parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the case of poor Joe Beaumont, who promises me to do him all justice and favour, and give him encouragement: and desired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will, and so tell Joe when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr Warburton.[1] It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll send to-morrow to the coffeehouse for a letter from MD; but I would not have one, methinks, till this is gone, as it shall on Saturday. I visited the duchess of Ormond this morning; she does not go over with the duke. I spoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the son of a grocer in Capel street, one Bell; the ladies have bought sugar and plums of him. Mrs Mary used to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she will not at all.[2] Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to Donnybrook, and cut asparagus. Has Parvisol sent you any this year?[3] I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr Freind came this morning to visit Atterbury's lady and children as a physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with sir Cholmley Dering, Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr Thornhill.[4] They fought at sword and pistol this morning in Tuttle-Fields;

1 Brother to the Earl of Drogheda, and named one of the lords commissioners of trade in Sept. 1710.

1 Swift's curate at Laracor.

2 Queen Anne was the last Sovereign who touched for the evil. Swift's evident seriousness is amusing and puzzling.

3 From Swift's garden at Laracor.

4 Mr Richard Thornhill was tried at the Old Bailey, May 18, 1711, and found guilty of manslaughter only. He was soon after killed on Turnham Green, by two men who, as they stabbed him, bade him remember Sir Cholmley Dering. See *post*, "Journal," Aug. 21. The fatal duel is the subject of No. 84 of the "Spectator," where Thornhill, under the name of Spinamont, bewails the misfortune of having slain his friend, and the tyranny of custom that had forced him into the field.

their pistols so near that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering, having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down: this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you wont value it. Well, Mr Harley, lord keeper, and one or two more, are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble[1] to Mr Harley's, full of his praises. Lewis and I dined with Ford; I found the wine: two flasks of my Florence, and two bottles of six that Dr Raymond sent me of French wine; he sent it to me to drink with sir Robert Raymond, and Mr Harley's brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come: and now I have left the town, and it is too late. Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, sirrah?

10. Pshaw, pshaw, Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly at Bath; Joe; Parvisol; and, what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll guess? who can it be? You, old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iss, an please your honour, it is from one madam MD, No. fourteen. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town, but it shall go on Saturday, and this is Thursday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford. Take my method: I write here to Parvisol to lend Stella twenty pounds, and to take her note promissory to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more, let me know afterwards; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives, pray?

11. Joe has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing else; he says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr Harley, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to courts and ministers. My answer is this; which pray send: That I am ready to serve Joe as far as I can; that I have spoken to the duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton; that, for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at present. But if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and, if fortune throws an opportunity in my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that Parvisol may not run away with my two hundred pounds, but get Burton's[2] note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach Parvisol to enclose, and direct the outside to Mr Lewis. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the court of requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, &c.

12. *Morning.* I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewell, &c. &c.

1 Written by Swift himself, in a very pompous strain of laudation. Harley was made Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, Baron Wigmore.

2 Burton was an eminent Dublin banker.

LETTER XXIII.

Chelsea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr Harley and the old club, lord Rivers, lord keeper, and Mr secretary. They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr St John's leave, so I writ to him yesterday, that, foreseeing I should never dine again with sir Simon Harcourt,[1] knight, and Robert Harley, esq., I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that before Saturday next we expect they will be lords; for Mr Harley's patent is drawing to be earl of Oxford. Mr secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and passed purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to court after church, (as I always do on Sundays,) and then dined with Mr secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday: and poor MD dined at home, upon a bit of veal, and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day when I dine? yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr Presto, you had better go answer MD's letter No. 14. I'll answer it when I please, Mr Doctor. What's that you say? The court was very full this morning, expecting Mr Harley would be declared earl of Oxford, and have the treasurer's staff. Mr Harley never comes to court at all; somebody there asked me the reason; Why, said I, the lord of Oxford knows. He always goes to the queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain your jackanapes, lord Santry,[2] was dead; captain Cammock assured me so; and now he's alive again, they say; but that sha'n't do: he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe and I meet and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for Witherington, the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the Castle the day I left Ireland. I'll ask the gentleman I

1 Who was to be made Baron Harcourt.

2 A violent Irish Whig nobleman: the title is now extinct.

saw walking with him, how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way: I took the first boat, and had a footman my companion; then went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet, in manuscript, that Mr secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so is, because it was done by your parson Slap, Scrap, Flap, (what d'ye call him?) Trapp, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called A Character of the present Set of Whigs, and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr Freind was with me, and pulled out a twopenny pamphlet just published, called The State of Wit,[1] giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called the Examiner, and says the supposed author of it is Dr Swift. But above all things he praises the Tatlers and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain Curll has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr Swift's Miscellanies, with the name at large, and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord keeper, and the rest. Since I came home, I have been sitting with the prolocutor, dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, &c.

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiously hot: I dined with lord Shelburne, and have desired Mrs Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs Walls' tea; I hope she will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this: I leave my best gown and periwig at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall Mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham House, and so to Chelsea, a little beyond the church: I set out about sunset, and get here in something less than an hour; it is two good miles, and just five thousand seven hundred and forty-eight steps; so there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I stay in town. When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry shame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no use but to be laid aside. I have been now almost three weeks here, and, I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's Green, and thence go every step on foot, yes faith, every step; it would do: DD[1] goes as well as Presto. Everybody tells me I look better already; for, faith, I looked sadly, that's certain. My breakfast is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholesome; and I hate to be obliged to either of those qualities for anything.

16. I wonder why Presto will be so tedious in answering MD's letters; because he would keep the best to the last, I suppose. Well, Presto must be humoured, it must be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you, very hot? My walks make my forehead sweat rarely; sometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parson Richardson, who came to see me, on his going to Ireland; and with him I send Mrs Walls' tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treasury for the college.[2] I dined with lord Shelburne to-day; lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt are going likewise for Ireland. 'Lord, I forgot, I dined with Mr Prior to-day, at his house, with dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me that Mrs Edgworth married a fellow in her journey to Chester: so I believe she little thought of any body's box but her own. I desired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in Chester, which he says he will to-morrow, and I will write to Richardson to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs Curry: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. Sterne says Jemmy Leigh loves London mightily: that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not Sterne's business, which Mr Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be earl of Oxford and lord treasurer. His patent is passing; but, they say, lord keeper's not yet, at least his son, young Harcourt, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to England: we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs Colledge: she has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to King William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatic joiner, hanged for treason in Shaftesbury's plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by lady Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that say, for want of company, welcome trumpery. I

[1] Gay is supposed to have been the author.

[1] In this passage DD signifies both Dingley and Stella.

[2] Dublin University. The books, Scott says, appear to have been volumes of Rymer's "Fœdera."

was this evening with lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingales; but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr Harley is lord treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as farther in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I stayed at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean Atterbury: then went by water to Mr Harley's, where the Saturday club was met, with the addition of the duke of Shrewsbury. I whispered lord Rivers that I did not like to see a stranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr secretary said the duke writ to have leave; so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr secretary told me the duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, it could not be; for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke of Shrewsbury said he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that: for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men.[1] The duke replied, that he did not mean anything of his quality; which was handsomely said enough, for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked, in a fine moonshine night, to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what lord keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon: but Mr Harley's patent for earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talked of it like the rest. Mr secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk bawdy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time: but faith, you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall Mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well, and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, uncle Adam's daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here to get a place from Lownds; because my uncle and Lownds married two sisters, and Lownds is a great man here in the treasury:[1] but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I should be his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, &c., the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening I met sir Thomas Mansel and Mr Lewis in the Park. Lewis whispered me that Mr Harley's patent for earl of Oxford was passed in Mr secretary St John's office; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be declared earl of Oxford, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee! yet, if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late, sirrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. *Morning.* I sat up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town, and will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to Wexford. No, you are not out in your number: the last was No. 14, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good, that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor Stella. Parvisol has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to tell you what I have drawn upon him for: he never sent me any sum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under the necessity of rambling the

[1] Buckingham was very proud; and Swift was probably piqued that he had (as stated in a former letter) made an advance, by calling on the Duke, to which there had been no response.

[1] Gay addressed some humorous verses "To my very ingenious and worthy Friend William Lownds, Esq., Author of that celebrated Treatise in folio, called the Land Tax Bill."

country till Michaelmas, faith. No, let him keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks, or Mrs Brent may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say? A hundred people would lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through if I could do it with decency or honour. To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little: and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy till fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that everything here is tasteless to me for want of being where I would be. And so a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let 's see what 's next, young women. Pox take Mrs Edgworth and Sterne: I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Manley will keep his place, for I hear nothing of sir Thomas Frankland's losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr Addison, but to Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall. Direct your outside so. Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs Marget had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered everything in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I 'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sunburnt, the ladies wont like me. Come, let me rise, sirrahs; Morrow.—*At night.* I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own chest of the great duke's wine: it begins to turn. They say wine with you in Ireland is half-a-crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says, nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me farther thanks about vindicating him to Mr Harley and Mr St John, and telling me a long story about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to farther talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet.[1] This walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body do? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off, and I never followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as ever? Do you, sirrah? Poor Stella must not read Presto's ugly small hand. Preserve your eyes, if you be wise. Your friend Walls' tea will go in a day or two toward Chester by one parson Richardson. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your next but one will be from Wexford. God bless dearest MD.

24. *Morning.* Mr secretary has sent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewell, &c.

Don't I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, sirrahs?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that 's good vile conversation.

LETTER XXIV.

Chelsea, May 24, 1711.

Morning. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that 's lucky, boys; that 's a sign that things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say *London, England,* because I say *Dublin, Ireland?* Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucyboxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, sirrahs.—*At night.* I dined with the secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr Harley's patent passed this morning; he is now earl of Oxford, earl Mortimer, and lord Harley of Wigmore Castle. My letter was sealed, or I would have told you this yesterday; but the public news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two.[2] At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably

[1] The Whig Corporation of Dublin had, it would seem, rejected four mayors and eight sheriffs, all regularly chosen by the city, on the ground of their political principles; and the Archbishop's letter betrayed that his heart was really with the enemies of the Ministry.

[2] The Treasurer's staff.

wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here: but however I got to bed, after a short visit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr Lewis, by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr Lewis, because I designed to see lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I stayed an hour longer than I appointed: so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him; so he has desired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I must disappoint the secretary. My lord set me down at a coffeehouse, where I waited for the dean of Carlisle's chariot to bring me to Chelsea: for the dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of Patrick. I think I must send him over to you, for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown, he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the tailor to-morrow to stop till farther orders. My lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called my lord; and when I called him my lord, he called me Dr Thomas Swift,[1] which he always does when he has a mind to teaze me. By a second hand, he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the tailor, and ordered him to stop his hand in Patrick's clothes till farther orders. O, if it were in Ireland, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his clothes. What shall I do? I wish MD were here to entreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady Ashburnham has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon; so I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and would not go see her at all, in a huff. My fine Florence is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of it. As I was coming home to-night, sir Thomas Mansel and Tom Harley met me in the Park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps; so I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the footpath clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy shop, and, when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my lord Oxford and the ladies, the new countess, and lady Betty,[1] who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone, which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me t' other day from one Stephen Gernon, setting forth that he formerly lived with Harry Tenison, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now starving, or, as he expresses it, that "the staff of life has been of late a stranger to his appetite." To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for Harry Tenison's memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the dean of Carlisle has sat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving day, and went to the secretary about some affairs, then visited the duke and duchess of Ormond; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My lord Oxford had the staff given him this morning; so now I must call him lord Oxford no more, but lord treasurer: I hope he will stick there; this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the Garter. Prithee, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a coffeehouse; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Henley, lady Lucy, Mrs Finch, lord Somers, lord Halifax, &c.[2] I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you the archbishop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about choosing a mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it. I have not heard anything of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your bishop Hickman[3] is dead; but nobody here will do anything for

[1] The name of the relative whom Swift contemptuously styled his "parson-cousin," and who (see *ante*, Note, p. 42) had the assurance to claim a share with Jonathan in the "Tale of a Tub."

[1] Harley's daughter, afterwards Duchess of Leeds; she died in Dec. 1712.

[2] All his former Whig intimates.

[3] Dr Charles Hickman, Bishop of Derry.

me in Ireland; so they may die as fast or slow as they please. Well, you are constant to your deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea soon; parson Richardson is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow: and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many [a] more unlikely thing has happened. Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Writebigger, sirrah*[1] Presto. No, but I won't. O, you are a saucy rogue, Mr Presto, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Presto go to sleep: I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often, so I did to-day; but I got little MD's letter, No. 15 (you see, sirrahs, I remember to tell the number,) from Mr Lewis, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs Van's, and I find Stella is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand's in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river, and I went down with only my nightgown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31. I was so hot this morning with my walk that I resolved to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that ever was known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with lord Shelburne; lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in mixed company; he left us and went to court, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new lord steward or comptroller to-morrow; I smoked that state secret out by that accident. I wont answer your letter yet, sirrahs, no, I wont, madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and sir Andrew Fountaine. I always give them a flask of my Florence, which now begins to spoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs Vedeau's, and brought away madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs Vedeau tells me she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to Ben Tooke, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, enclosed to Mr Presto. Yes, I now think your mackerel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in Dublin, I suppose, or at Donnybrook, or losing your money at Walls' (how does she do?)

[1] These words are written in a large round hand.

2. I missed this day by a blunder, and dining in the city.[1]

3. No boats on Sunday, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to Ford's lodging, that I was quite spent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the secretary as usual, and old colonel Graham that lived at Bagshot Heath, and they said it was colonel Graham's house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to London from Moor Park. What, I warrant you don't remember the Golden Farmer neither, *Figgarkick Soley*.[2]

4. When must we answer this letter, this No. 15 of our little MD? Heat, and laziness, and sir Andrew Fountaine, made me dine to-day again at Mrs Van's; and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler and lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs Van's. They are very good girls, and if lady Betty went to Ireland you should let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since Friday se'ennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do so, and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl, then, and I'll love you: and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went hence early to town, and visited the duke of Ormond and Mr secretary. They say my lord treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket; they mean, a list of those who are to be turned out of employment; and we every day now expect those changes. I passed by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levee yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather. I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down with me to hold my night gown, shirt, and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap. So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frighted.—I have been swimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. *Morning.* This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrahs; dear sirrahs, morrow.—*At night.* I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined

[1] This is interlined in the original.

[2] William Davis, ostensibly a farmer, but really a notorious highwayman, was called the Golden Farmer. The two words in italics are inexplicable.

with lady Betty Germaine, and there was the young earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for. After dinner Mr Bertue would not let me put ice in my wine; but said my lord Dorchester got the bloody flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapped my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not, but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady Carteret showed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady Weymouth a visit, with some more beldames; then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord Pembroke, and designed to go to lord treasurer; but it was too late, and besides I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner if I drink any wine. Then I sat an hour with lady Betty Butler at tea, and everything made me hotter and drier. Then I walked home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark. I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it. Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. *Morning.* Well, now let us answer MD's letter, No. 15, 15, 15, 15. Now I have told you the number 15, 15; there, impudence, to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say How do you do, Mr Presto? There's your breeding. Where's your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of jades. No, I never sit up late now: but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries. Why then, do you know in Ireland that Mr St John talked so in parliament?[1] your Whigs are plaguily bit; for he is entirely for their being all out. And are you as vicious in snuff as ever? I believe, as you say, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when any body offers me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still,[1] as you say; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day. As for Joe, I have recommended his case heartily to my lord lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr Southwell, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more if he were my brother. His business will be to apply himself to Southwell. And you must desire Raymond, if Price of Galway comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr Southwell, as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he must be presented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your mayor I had before, as I told you, from the archbishop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18? so he says fine things of me? certainly he lies. I'm sure I used him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walked, or were in any third place, only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted. What an odd bill[2] is that you sent of Raymond's? a bill upon one Murry in Chester, which depends entirely not only upon Raymond's honesty, but his discretion; and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should sir Alexander Cairnes[3] in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murry in Chester? I was at Cairnes', and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then Cairnes may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave sir Thomas Frankland the bill, who has sent it to Chester, and ordered the postmaster there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. Raymond should have written to Murry at the same time, to desire Alexander Cairnes to have answered such a bill, if it came. But Cairnes' clerks (himself was not at home) said that they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and advised me to send to Murry. I have been six weeks to-day at Chelsea, and you know it but just now. And so dean—— thinks I write the Medley. Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honesty. Then you ha'n't seen the Miscellany yet? Why, 'tis a four shilling book: has nobody carried it over? No, I believe Manley will not lose his place: for his friend in England is so far from being out, that he has taken a new patent since the post

[1] As he did in defence of his friend Brydges (see *ante*, "Journal," April 27).

[1] He does not mean smoking, which he never practised, but snuffing up cut and dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with Spanish snuff; and this he used all his life, but would not own that he took snuff.—*Deane Swift.*

[2] For £200; see *post*, "Journal," June 30.

[3] Bart., of Monaghan; an eminent banker in London.

office act; and his brother Jack Manley here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to Southwell in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the Irish folks here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send Stella wine if he were put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine at a time, and you win eight shillings at a time; and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you. Why, this same Stella is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have such summer there as here, sure the Wexford waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember Berested's bridge; the coach sosses[1] up and down as one goes that way, just as at Hockley in the Hole. I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can; but who a deuce can help the weather? Will Seymor, the general, was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him: so he turns to the sun, and says, "Harkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate," &c. Another time, fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said it was such weather as pleased God: Seymor said, "Perhaps it may: but I'm sure it pleases nobody else." Why, madam Dingley, the first-fruits are done. Southwell told me they went to inquire about them, and lord treasurer said they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his speech to your parliament: and I desire you will take care to say, on occasion, that my lord treasurer Harley did it many months ago before the duke was lord lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well. Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk. Tisdall is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half-hour he would talk with me. As for the Examiner, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophesy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's Examiner the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more.[2] Observe whether the change be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs Vedeau's business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow. 'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, sirrahs both, morrow.—*At night.* I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I presented Sterne to my lord treasurer's brother, and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower, and the most grateful to me that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool that a body is able to live; and I walked home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat with him two hours, and we were in a very good humour, and he abused me, and called me Dr Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has a mind to make me mad. Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill: so all is well: only, by a letter from Parvisol, I find there are some perplexities. Joe has likewise written to me, to thank me for what I have done for him; and desires I would write to the bishop of Clogher, that Tom Ashe may not hinder his father from being portrieve. I have written and sent to Joe several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about Trim. I wish them their liberty; but they do not deserve it: so tell Joe, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday, and perhaps I may go out of town with lord Shelburne and lady Kerry to-morrow for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written to desire it; but to-morrow I shall know farther. O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixed with hail.

8. *Morning.* I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with lady Kerry and lord Shelburne; so morrow, till an hour or two hence. In town I met Cairnes, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewell, &c. &c.

[1] "Souses," or plunges, up and down.

[2] The "Examiner" of 7th June 1711, the last of Swift's series, sums up the advantages gained under Harley's Ministry, and declares that the whole nation is sensible of them, and that "the main design he had in writing these papers is fully executed."

LETTER XXV.

Chelsea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at Wicomb, between Oxford and London, with Lord Shelburne, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs Pratt were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all public thoughts, and everything but MD, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from Wicomb with lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hyde Park corner, and walked: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr secretary at his office, and there was lord treasurer: so I killed two birds, &c., and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at sir William Wyndham's, who married lady Catherine Seymour,[1] your acquaintance, I suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a club, and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday: we are yet but twelve: lord keeper and lord treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our club is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of. The solicitor general, sir Robert Raymond, is one of our club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord chancellor in favour of Dr Raymond; so tell Raymond, if you see him; but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three weeks after the last; so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes enclosed to Mr Reading: and why should he know how often Presto writes to MD, pray? I sat this evening with lady Butler[2] and lady Ashburnham,[3] and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will Congreve attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the comissioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c., and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn everybody out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord treasurer I called on Congreve, (knowing where he dined,) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work. I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the dean of Carlisle;[1] and I design to write a letter to lord treasurer with the proposals of it, and publish it; and so I told my lord, and he approves it. Yesterday's was a sad Examiner, and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day; for Dr Gastrel and I dined, by invitation, with the dean of Carlisle, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world; a mere country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days just as I did, saucy monkeys? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it and return to town, now the Irish folks are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I 'll go sleep; 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep; I write nothing at night but to MD.

24. Stratford and I, and Pastoral Philips, (just come from Denmark,) dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The earl of Peterborow is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of Germany.[2] I had a letter from him, four days ago, from Hanover, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's Green, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five-and-twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of Shrewsbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God he is better. I dined to-day at lord Ashburnham's with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me he has desired a friend to receive your box in Chester, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was sent

1 A daughter of the Duke of Somerset.

2 Daughter to James Duke of Ormond. She lived to be above ninety years of age, and never was married.

3 Sister to the above lady. See *ante*, "Journal," October 20th, 1710.

1 Atterbury.

2 "Mordanto gallops on alone,
The road is with his followers strewn,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone."

to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord treasurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commissioner of the customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour Atterbury in suspense about the deanery of Christ Church,[1] which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking, and caring, and scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink Presto's health in water, madam Stella, and in good ale, madam Dingley.

27. The secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business: he came at four, and brought Prior with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs Vanhomrigh's; and there was sir Andrew Fountaine at ombre with lady Ashburnham and lady Frederick Schomberg; and lady Mary Schomberg, and lady Betty Butler, and others talking; and it put me in mind of the dean, and Stoyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I staid with them till ten, like a fool. Lady Ashburnham is something like Stella; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our MD's. Saturday approaches, and I ha'n't written down this side. O faith, Presto has been a sort of a lazy fellow: but Presto will remove to town this day se'ennight: the secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day our society (it must not be called a club) dined at Mr secretary's; we were but eight, the rest sent excuses, or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements; and then I went to take leave of lady Ashburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journeys this summer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown sensibly shorter already, and all our fruit blasted. Your duke of Ormond is still at Chester; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. Sterne's business is quite blown up; they stand to it to send him back to the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland for a reference,[1] and all my credit could not alter it, although I almost fell out with the secretary of the treasury, who is my lord treasurer's cousin-german, and my very good friend. It seems every step he has hitherto taken has been wrong; at least they say so, and that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the assurance to write to me, that I would engage my lord treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised lord treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined to-day at Mrs Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Ashe has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four days at lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at lord treasurer's, who called me Dr Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teazing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your letter, sirrahs.

30. *Morning.* I am terrible sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk overnight that disposes me to sleep; faith, 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, No. 16, no more, nor no less, no mistake. Dingley says, "This letter wont be above six lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The bishop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well; I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then so hot I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome; I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad. Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little, but I always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water: but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs Proby goes with you to Wexford; she's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs Taylor and Mrs Proby; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid; but that sir Alexander Cairnes is a scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr Stratford, who is to have the money. Now, madam Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, sirrah; and if you ride every day for a twelvemonth, you would be still better and better. No, I

[1] For which he was a competitor with Dr Smallridge.

[1] He was Collector of Wicklow, and strove to keep his place in spite of the changes.

hope Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll un-Parvisol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are; Stella can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cockhorse, pray now. Well, but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marget, where have you laid Mrs Johnson's riband to tie about her? reach me my mask: sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop: sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones. Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me? No, I believe the box is not lost: Sterne says it is not. No, faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise. I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people,[1] and so I was told: but I'll return to lodge in town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford, I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr Benjamin Tooke, bookseller in London, directed to me; and he shall manage your affair. I have your parchment safely locked up in London. O, madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles? faith, you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith, you are a cheat. So you'll see Raymond and his wife in town. Faith, that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here, have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples; which is against the rules of wisdom, because they say one enemy can do more hurt than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let fate govern. Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust. We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, oh. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which looked for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new clothes, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages. I am to dine to-day with Dilly, at sir Andrew Fountaine's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late; and I have not seen that lord Peterborow yet. The duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives and delights, I love you better than ever, if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together? I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers. Remember, if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teazing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness. They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me, and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me. Pox of these speculations! they give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to. Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are well:

Little wealth,
And much health,
And a life by stealth;

that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewell again and again.

[1] Lest, through his obnoxiousness to the opposite political party, he should incur the hazard of maltreatment or assassination.

LETTER XXVI.

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

See what large paper I am forced to take to write to MD; Patrick has brought me none clipped; but, faith, the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with Dilly, at sir Andrew Fountaine's: there were we wretchedly punning and writing together to lord Pembroke. Dilly is just such a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next (which is this) to Mr Curry's, and let them send it to Wexford, and then the next enclosed to Reading. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr Philips, the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord treasurer. I have now had almost all the Whig poets my solicitors; and I have been useful to Congreve, Steele, and Harrison: but I will do nothing for Philips; I find he is more a puppy than ever; so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble lord

treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelsea of a Sunday, and go to the secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the bishop, with an account that you were set out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26th, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick. The bishop says you design to stay there two months or more. Dilly had also a letter from Tom Ashe, full of Irish news: that your lady Linden is dead, and I know not what besides, of Dr Coghill[1] losing his drab, &c. The secretary is gone to Windsor, and I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh. Lord treasurer is at Windsor too; they will be going and coming all summer, while the queen is there, and the town is empty; and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the alehouse for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudsho, the next letter to Presto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write constantly to Mrs Walls and Mrs Stoyte: and the dean said, "Shall we never hear from you?" Yes, Mr dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady; Did your waters pass well this morning, madam? Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant, to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at Wexford. Don't lose your money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to Windsor in a few days; at least the secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep, 'tis past twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with Tom Harley, the secretary of the treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me it will almost undo him if he fails. I called this morning to see Will Congreve, who lives much by himself, is forced to read for amusement, and cannot do it without a magnifying glass. I have set him very well with the ministry, and I hope he is in no danger of losing his place. I dined in the city with Dr Freind, not among my merchants, but with a scrub instrument of mischief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You are two little saucy Wexfordians, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddlestick. Pray God send them to do you good; if not, faith next summer you shall come to the Bath.

3. Lord Peterborow desired to see me this morning at nine. I had not seen him before since he came home. I met Mrs Manley there, who was soliciting him to get some pension or reward for her service in the cause, by writing her Atalantis, and prosecution, &c., upon it. I seconded her, and hope they will do something for the poor woman. My lord kept me two hours upon politics: he comes home very sanguine: he has certainly done great things at Savoy and Vienna, by his negotiations; he is violent against a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, that the ministry seems for it. He reasons well; yet I am for a peace. I took leave of lady Kerry, who goes to-morrow for Ireland; she picks up lord Shelburne and Mrs Pratt at lord Shelburne's house. I was this evening with lord treasurer. Tom Harley was there, and whispered me that he began to doubt about Sterne's business; I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I sat two or three hours at lord treasurer's; he rallied me sufficiently upon my refusing to take him into our club; told a judge who was with us, that my name was Thomas Swift. I had a mind to prevent Sir H. Bellasis going to Spain,[1] who is a most covetous cur; and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so, that he smoked me, and named Bellasis. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him; to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business, and do not love money; for he could not find them. I said there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general, who does not love war. And I wondered why the queen would make a man lord treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the first-fruits of England; and I took occasion to tell him that I would not for a thousand pounds anybody but he had got them to Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was; I said I would have him to know I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million. Is it not silly to write all this? But it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixed company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk street, and go to it on Thursday; and design to walk the Park and the town, to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the dean. When I was almost at home, Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark; yet I could see one of them was from saucy MD. I went to visit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the bishop of Clogher, who tells me the archbishop of Dublin mentioned, in a full assembly of the clergy, the

[1] Dr Marmaduke Coghill, judge of the Prerogative Court for Ireland. Having decided in a case before him that moderate chastisement with a switch was within the husband's matrimonial privilege, a lady whom he had long courted took such offence or alarm, that she positively dismissed him; and he died unmarried.

[1] He was appointed a commissioner to inquire into the number and quality of the English forces in Spain and Portugal, and to examine the army accounts.

queen's granting the first-fruits; said it was done by the lord treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but reading yours, I find nothing of that: perhaps the bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh. Well, sirrahs, you are gone to Wexford, but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning, to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine, and then went to see poor Patty Rolt, who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the dean, and ate victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine London answer: but first I'll go sleep, and dream of MD.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelsea for good (that 's a genteel phrase), and am got into Suffolk street. I dined to-day at our society, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country: we dined at lord keeper's with young Harcourt, and lord keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with lord treasurer, who had invited the secretary and me to dine with him: but we scorned to leave our company, as George Granville did, whom we have threatened to expel. However, in the evening I went to lord treasurer, and among other company found a couple of judges with him; one of them, judge Powell, an old fellow with grey hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I staid till eleven, because I was not now to walk to Chelsea.

6. An ugly rainy day; I was to visit Mrs Barton, then called at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, where sir Andrew Fountaine and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk; but I'll do so no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southward; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I ate some Kentish cherries t' other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all June, nor since, which I reckon a mighty happiness. Have you left a direction with Reading for Wexford? I will, as I said, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading; or suppose I send this at a venture straight to Wexford? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from Parvisol, that White has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word of who is chosen portrieve.[1] Poor Joe is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds; and I fear so too, although I have done what I could. I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy Presto thinks fit, sirrahs. I a'n't at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe. O Lord, the two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw; I went to the secretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windsor. Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and staid till night very dull and insipid. I hate this town in summer; I'll leave it for a while, if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tisdall, lodges in the same house with me. Patrick told me squire Tisdall and his lady lodged here; I pretended I never heard of him, but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me; and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel street, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr Freind and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues, by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see Will Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr Stratford, who tells me sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill, so that I cannot give order yet to Parvisol to deliver up the bond to Dr Raymond. To-morrow I shall have a positive answer: that Cairnes is a shuffling scoundrel, and several merchants have told me so: what can one expect from a Scot, and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's, the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china-shop; but I resisted, and found everything too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make yourself well; and pray walk while you are there: I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland.[2] Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old English;[3] see what they have particular in their

[1] Mr Joseph Beaumont's father was a candidate for this office; see *ante*, "Journal," June 7.

[2] In Ireland there were then no public paths, as in England.

[3] Wexford was the first Irish city that submitted to the English and was colonized; and the county was in Camden's time "very full of English."

manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and nowhere else in Ireland, till of late years.[1] They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes, and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord treasurer; we did not sit down till four. I despatched three businesses with him and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides I made him consent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians; for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them; and I must talk over that matter with some people. My lord treasurer told me the queen and he between them have lost the paper about the first-fruits; but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van, and walked pretty well in the Park this evening. Stella, hussy, don't you remember, sirrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folk's affairs. I have enough of it now; two people came to me to-night in the Park, to engage me to speak to lord treasurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolve to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I, will not speak a word for any body. I met yesterday the poor lad I told you of who lived with Mr Tenison, who has been ill of ague ever since I saw him. He looked wretchedly, and was exceedingly thankful for half-a-crown I give him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley in the city, who is to get me out a box of books, and a hamper of wine from Hamburgh. I inquired of Mr Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love, after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment. I believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was during your stay at Wexford, unless I may send my letters every second time to Curry's; pray let me know. This I think shall go there, or why not to Wexford itself? that's right, and so it shall this next Tuesday, although it costs you tenpence. What care I?

13. This toad of a secretary is come from Windsor, and I can't find him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr Lewis and a parson; and then went to see lord treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach; he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smoked each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a week: he has invited me to Windsor, and between two stools, &c. I'll go live at Windsor, if possible, that's poz. I have always the luck to pass my summer in London. I called this evening to see poor sir Matthew Dudley, a commissioner of the customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare for the worst. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kensington on Sunday, with lord Mountjoy, who goes soon for Ireland. Your late chief justice Broderick is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me Wexford news, and love Presto, because he's a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving-day, I walked to Chelsea, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of Carlisle and I crossed the water to Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr Gastrel's, and passed the afternoon at Lewisham, at the dean of Canterbury's,[1] and there I saw Moll Stanhope, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this summer about London, and they are the agreeablest pastimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four per cent. by the whispers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? what, not one single book? oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with sir Andrew Fountaine and Dilly, at Kensington, with lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it: and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there, that is in Hawkshaw's hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered Parvisol to do it. What makes Presto write so crooked? I'll answer your letter to-morrow, and send it on Tuesday. Here's hot weather come again yesterday and to-day: fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at Kensington to-day. I almost repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

17. *Morning.* I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours

[1] "No pies to plucke the thatch from house
are bred in Irish grounde,
But worse than pies the same to burne,
a thousand maie be founde."
DERRICK, "Image of Ireland."

[1] Dr Stanhope, vicar of Lewisham.

were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it; I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Presto; Presto will be suspicious of everything but MD, in spite of your little nose. Soft and fair, madam Stella, how you gallop away in your spleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and sixpence a dozen, and nasty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey dazy! will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord keeper told me some months ago he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him I would not take any from him: and the secretary told me t' other day he had refused a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting anything here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. Addison, I hear, has changed his mind about going over; but I have not seen him these four months. O, ay, that's true, Dingley! that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more: not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford letter; but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs F——; it makes me love England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there were some things for me, that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for ——; that scoundrel —— will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs Walls has got her tea: I hope Richardson stayed in Dublin till it came. Mrs Walls needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love with her at all. No, I don't like anything in the Examiner after the 45th,[1] except the first part of the 46th; all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years in improving you to little purpose. (Mr Tooke is come here, and I must stop).—*At night.* I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast; that is, put on a plaster, which is still requisite: and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen; but he cut me short with this saying: *Laissez faire à Don Antoine;* which is a French proverb, expressing, Leave that to me. I find he is against her taking much physic; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr Radcliffe. However, she is very well now, and all the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business that company hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it; yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the secretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to Windsor for some days, to despatch an affair, if we can have leisure. Sterne met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he asked after you with great respect and friendship. To return to your letter. Your bishop Mills[1] hates me mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho: you had a fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants. It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette for Ben Tooke this morning, from Mr Secretary; it will be worth to him a hundred pounds a-year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with sir John Stanley, where I have not been this great while. There dined with us lord Rochester, and his fine daughter Lady Jane,[2] just growing up a top toast. I have been endeavouring to save sir Matthew Dudley, but I fear I cannot. I walked the Mall six times to-night for exercise, and would have done more; but, as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow without fail, and follow you to Wexford like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury sent to me to dine with him at Chelsea; I refused his coach, and walked, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing. Patrick tells me the maid said one Mr Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it your Irish archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make a shift to see him seldom enough, as I do Dilly. What can he do here? or is it somebody else? The duke of Newcastle is dead by the fall he had from his horse.[3] God send poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy. Farewell, and love Presto, who loves MD above all things ten million of times. God bless the dear Wexford girls. Farewell again, &c. &c.

[1] When he ceased to write it, only giving some hints for the 46th.

LETTER XXVII.

London, July 19, 1711.

I HAVE just sent my 26th, and have nothing to

[1] The Bishop of Waterford, from 1707 to 1740.

[2] Lady Jane Hyde, married Nov. 27, 1718, to William Capel, Earl of Essex; and died Jan. 3, 1723-4.

[3] In the hunting field. He was made Lord Privy Seal 27th March 1705.

say, because I have other letters to write; (pshaw, I begin too high;) but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg; to-morrow I'll say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with lord treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire lord Forbes to call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor, by his servant. I lay last night at the secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr Masham; and not hearing anything of my things, I got lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get my linen and nightgown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he, not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow; faith, it gives me the spleen.

23. *Morning.* It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and is not yet returned; faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant nor linen, nor anything.—*Night.* Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmantua, and Patrick is come; so I am in Christian circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolic again. I just crept out to Mrs Van's, and dined, and stayed there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is a delicious place: I never saw it before except for an hour about seventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose to take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in London. He says he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for Chester. He had as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in Aldersgate street: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you pass your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? let Presto know soon; for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is stark naught, except an old Englishwoman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this afternoon with Mr secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon who is condemned for a rape. The under secretary was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished: but I told the secretary he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing. What: I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? What? must a woman be ravished because she is a whore? The secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with lord treasurer, and stayed with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman, so I talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the sight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there before but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonson's. The two Jacobs[1] think it is I who have made the secretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to lose, and Ben Tooke and another are to have it. Jacob came to me t'other day, to make his court; but I him told it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, though I writ him a biting letter, in answer to one of his where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, sirrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily? We had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and saw poor

[1] Old Jacob was the celebrated bookseller of Dryden; he was a violent Whig, and secretary to the Kitcat Club, which might seem a good reason to the Tory ministers for taking the *Gazette* from him.—*Scott.*

Patty Rolt, and gave her a pistole to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. Patrick, the puppy, put too much ink in my standish, and carrying too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, and wet, and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him. I shall stay there a week I hope.

28. *Morning.* Mr secretary sent me word he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor, so I must dine nowhere; and I promised lord treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two.—*Windsor, at night.* We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said he staid an hour for me. Then I went and sat an hour with Mr Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the Castle. Do you think, that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come; and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropped one of his ears, if I had not looked every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord treasurer's servants gave me a letter from ——, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage: but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take anything. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day se'ennight; I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. T' other fellow was printer of the Examiner, which is now laid down. I dined with the secretary: we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and lord Peterborow. Duke Hamilton would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance, that on Sundays much company meet always at the great tables. Lord treasurer told at court what I said to Mr secretary on this occasion. The secretary showed me his bill of fare, to encourage me to dine with him. "Poh," said I, "show me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner." See how this is all blotted: I can write no more here, but to tell you I love MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it. Tooke and the printer staid to-day to finish their affair, and treated me and two of the under secretaries, upon their getting the Gazette. Then I went to see lord treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor: he said he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, because the duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr Masham's, and there staid till past one o'clock; and that is late, sirrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach: she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my lord Kerry's son, who is at school there. Mr secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to MD. It is a sad thing, faith, considering how Presto loves MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the

guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed myself pretty well into him, when his under secretary came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had clothes that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The duchess of Shrewsbury asked him, was not that Dr, Dr, and she could not say my name in English, but said Dr *Presto*, which is Italian for swift.[1] Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift says. I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at Buckleberry, twenty-five miles hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me locked up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the bishop of Clogher, who is coming up to Dublin to his parliament. Have you any correspondence with him at Wexford? Methinks I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, &c. O Lord, that would be so pretending; and then, says you, Stella can't write much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so silly to-night; yes he be; but Presto loves MD dearly, as hope saved.

3. *Morning.* I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good morrow, &c.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve; in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he smoked tobacco with one or two neighbours; he inquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds, and knew all their names; he and his lady saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a-year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack of Newbury,[1] of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed, and shaved, and went to court, and would not dine with the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr Lewis, and one friend more. We go to London to-morrow; for lord Dartmouth, the other secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk, and I told him I would stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord treasurer and the secretary thought to mortify me; for they told me they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said she had never heard of me; I told them that was their fault, and not hers, &c.; and so we laughed. I dined with the secretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr secretary has taken; only Mr Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The vice-chamberlain,[2] and Mr Masham, and the green cloth, have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till Mr secretary returns. We have a music meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just now: and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business, I fear, because Mr Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at court, but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bedchamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green cloth, by Mr Scarborow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton Court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the

[1] The Duchess was daughter of the Marquis Palcotti, of Bologna, who descended by the mother's side from Robert Earl of Leicester, favourite of Queen Elizabeth. The Duchess had only been a short time in England, since the Duke's appointment as Lord Chamberlain.

[1] John Winchescombe, a clothier of Newbury, who kept a hundred looms at work; he marched to Flodden with 100 of his workpeople, clothed and armed at his own cost; and then quietly returned to his trade.

[2] Thomas Coke, Esq.

queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr Coke, the vice chamberlain, made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toast, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to lady Sunderland. Lord treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie in his lodgings in the castle; and, after seeing the queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon: but what care I? I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt. This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but, faith, I wont answer it here, no in troth. I will send this to Mr Reading, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr vice chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr Arbuthnot, the queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to show me the places: we went a little after the queen, and overtook Miss Forester, a maid of honour, on her palfrey, taking the air: we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse race to-morrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off, while the queen went by. The doctor and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off. When I came back, I found Mr Scarborow had sent all about to invite me to the green cloth, and lessened his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horseback this twelvemonth. And Miss Forester did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.[1]

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewell, and God preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER XXVIII.

Windsor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my twenty-seventh this morning in an express to London, and directed to Mr Reading: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a visit; I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the green cloth, where everybody had been at the race but myself, and we were twenty in all, and very noisy company; but I made the vice chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side-table to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the secretary, who is returned; but lord keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I staid till just now: lord treasurer and secretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to visit lord keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never visited him at Windsor. He had a present sent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing, and champing, but I durst not eat one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treasurer, on purpose to show them to him, and he saw the queen and several great lords, and the duchess of Montague: he was mighty happy, and resolves to fill a letter to the bishop.[1] My friend Lewis and I dined soberly with Dr Adams, the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now lord Willoughby of Brooke, and will sit in the house of lords with his gown.[2] I supped to-night at Masham's with lord treasurer, Mr secretary, and Prior. The treasurer made us stay till twelve before he came from the queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at six in the morning. I missed the race to-day by coming too late, when everybody's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the secretary's lodgings without him: Mr Hare, his under secretary, Mr Lewis, brigadier Sutton, and I, dined together, and I made the vice chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the cabinet council was not held last night, was, because Mr secretary St John would not sit with your duke of Somerset: so to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have music meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal t' other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day, in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are

[1] In a riding habit, then just coming into fashion. Miss Forester had been married to Sir John Downing in 1701, when he was fifteen and she but thirteen; they were divorced, by mutual consent springing from mutual aversion.

[1] Of Clogher.

[2] This is an incidental circumstance and expression; yet it marks the delight Swift took in everything that could add dignity to the clerical character.—*Scott.*

nothing here. I found a letter from the archbishop of Dublin, sent me the lord knows how. He says some of the bishops will hardly believe that lord treasurer got the queen to remit the first-fruits before the duke of Ormond was declared lord lieutenant; and that the bishops have written a letter to lord treasurer to thank him. He has sent me the address of the convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief with a printer. I found Mrs Vanhomrigh all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldest daughter[1] is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at six to see lord treasurer, but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in haste. He desired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my lord Harley told me, when he was gone, that it was Mrs Masham his father meant, who is come to town to lie in, and whom I never saw, though her husband is one of our society. God send her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing. Do you know that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers, to clear some understandings between them? and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it. 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue. I thought the clergy in convocation in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their solicitor, but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush? but at my return shall freely let all people know, that it was my lord treasurer's action, wherein the duke of Ormond had no more share than a cat. And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's, with Stratford and two other merchants. Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others, he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Hamburgh are come, but not yet got out of the custom house. My library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday, to meet our society, who are to sup at Mr secretary's; but I believe I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies safe here underneath: I see it; lie still; I'll answer you, when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at lord treasurer's with Mrs Masham,[1] and she is extremely like one Mrs Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim. She was used with mighty kindness and respect, like a favourite. It signifies nothing going to this lord treasurer about business, although it be his own. He was in haste, and desires I will come again and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old Scotch fanatic, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him. I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and he would make me go with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the secretary, to whom I made my excuses: we had in the coach, besides, his son and son-in-law lord Dupplin, who are two of our society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the secretary. It was past nine before we got here, but a fine moonshiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr Masham's; we had none but our society members, six in all, and I supped with lord treasurer. The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines.[2] Lord treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and a'n't you glad at heart you have got safe home to your lodgings at St Mary's, pray? and so your friends come to visit you: and Mrs Walls is much better of her eye: and the dean is just as he used to be: and what does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And goody Stoyte, and Hannah what-d'ye-call-her; no, her name en't Hannah, Catherine I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again; and Mrs Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbishop of Dublin, and enclosed a long politic paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry that (smoke the wax-candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I

[1] Vanessa. Only once before has Swift spent a line on this lady, whom he saw so often, and who so much occupied his thoughts.

[1] Abigail Hill, a relation and originally a dependant of the Duchess of Marlborough, whom she succeeded in the Queen's favour; she was privately married to Mr Masham, Prince George's groom of the chamber, in 1707, the ueen being present.

[2] The capture of the lines before Bouchain; one of Marlborough's greatest exploits.

have let the world know the first-fruits were got by lord treasurer before the duke of Ormond was governor. I told lord treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here, but thought all was well enough if they complimented the duke of Ormond. Lord treasurer gave me t' other day a letter of thanks he received from the bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen, and says he will write them an answer. The dean of Carlisle sat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with lord treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was left in the suds. 'Twas almost four, and I got to sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thornhill, who killed sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham Green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton Court, and followed and stabbed him on horseback. We have only a Grub street paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham Green the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at lord treasurer's, but went to see lady Abercorn, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited lord treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by White's chocolate-house, my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife was brought to bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr Garth told us that Mr Henley is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, earl Poulett, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The earl of Danby, the duke of Leeds' eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the small pox. I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters. Methinks this letter goes on slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday since it was begun, and one side not filled. O fie, for shame, Presto. Faith, I'm so tosticated to and from Windsor, that I know not what to say; but faith, I'll go to Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again, now you are come home; do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying glass, madam Dingley.

You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There 's enough for this side; these ministers hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, saucy MD.

Silly, impudent, loggerhead Presto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side: and after dinner Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon, at his lodgings, with great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year; but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in winter. The grapes are sad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs Walls' tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of MD, madam Dingley, as it stands since November, that is to say, for this year (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for Wexford), for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawkshaw's interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parvisol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it: and so go play with the dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good-night, sirrahs, and love Presto, and be good girls.

24. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday; for it seems I did not understand his invitation; and their club of the ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr secretary met us, and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believe it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen: so goes the world. Prior has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It is said, he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures toward a peace. The secretary pretends he knows nothing of it. I believe your parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, desire that the queen's answer to the commons' address might express a dislike to some principles, &c., but was answered dubiously. And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella: why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after scaping the salt seas. I will write no more to that nasty town in haste again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow; for I will not unless the secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor: it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is

so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons so very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a Letter to the Seven Lords who examined Gregg.[1] The answer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe, for it is very well written. We had Trapp's poem on the duke of Ormond printed here, and the printer sold just eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs Parnell's death;[2] she seemed to be an excellent good-natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while; he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law. He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in disguise to a play; smokes his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows. I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak to lord treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the treasurer, adding, the knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his lights to the ministry; assuring me that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him. Did the bishop of London die in Wexford? poor gentleman! did he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was it a great funeral? so far from his friends! But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned; I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? who held up his pall? was there a great sight of clergy? do they design a tomb for him? are you sure it was the bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as others do strange things in their wine? They say these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? are these your Whiggish tricks? Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. O faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? are these your English tricks, with a murrain? and Sacheverell will be the next bishop? he would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a-year to what he has; and that is more than they will give, for ought I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not; but my lord keeper owned it to me t' other day. No, Mr Addison does not go to Ireland this year: he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with Pastoral Philips, for his eyes. So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windsor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with Lord Radnor; but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tisdall (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in the streets. There is a cousin of his (I suppose), a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe[1] and his wife lodged over against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times: they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to say she has a tongue: in short, I am told she is the most urging, provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with lord keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home, but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bellman. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetic, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent: otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised. They say, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one business the ministry wants me for, and

[1] A clerk in Harley's office, convicted of treasonable correspondence. The Lords who examined him were Whigs, and sought to throw suspicion on Oxford; whom Gregg, with his dying breath, acquitted. The Answer was Swift's work.

[2] The wife of Parnell the poet.

[1] Afterwards a privy councillor in Ireland.

when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewell, dear sirrahs, dearest lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere else. They have not leisure here to think of small things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewell, again, dearest rogues: I am never happy but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of courts and ministers; and wish I were at Laracor: and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. Bernage came to see me to-day; he is just landed from Portugal, and come to raise recruits; he looks very well, and seems pleased with his station and manner of life: he never saw London nor England before; he is ravished with Kent, which was his first prospect when he landed. Farewell again, &c. &c.

LETTER XXIX.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty small gilt sheet of paper to write to MD. I have this moment sent my 28th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in the postoffice. 'Tis directed to your lodgings: if it wants more particular direction, you must set me right. It is now a solar month and two days since the date of your last, No. 18, and I reckon you are now quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 19th, which will be full of your quarrel between the two houses: all which I know already. Where shall I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs Vanhomrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and there I used to dine when I was at a loss; and all my friends are gone out of town, and your town is now at the fullest with your parliament and convocation. But let me alone, sirrahs; for Presto is going to be very busy; not Presto, but t'other I.[1]

26. People have so left the town, that I am at a loss for a dinner. It is a long time since I have been at London upon a Sunday; and the ministers are all at Windsor. It cost me eighteenpence in coach-hire before I could find a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's, and he was abroad; and the drab his wife looked out of window, and bowed to me without inviting me up; so I dined with Mr Coote, my lord Montrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning at five my lord Jersey died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was chamberlain to king William, and a great favourite, turned out by the queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be privy seal; and by his death will, I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at court, as I have been informed. I never remembered so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.

[1] That is, Swift in his serious person.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Wesley, for some things to buy for her; and the d—— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in summer! and yet I am so unlucky, that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in summer, and return so late in winter, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is autumn this good while in St James's Park; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched. I hate this season, where every thing grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat. Had you any fruit at Wexford? a few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy seal. The Whigs whisper, that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr secretary; they have some reasons for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to think it may foretell a peace; and that is all we have to preserve us. The secretary is not come from Windsor; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politics!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelsea, and dined with the dean of Carlisle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of Christ Church, in Oxford. I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanery, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Mr Lewis, who is now at Windsor; and in it, forsooth, another, which looked like Presto's hand; and what should it be but a 19th from MD? O faith, I scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear saucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; a'n't you?

29. I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them; they set out to-morrow for Chester; and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland. They have made a pretty good journey of it. His eldest son is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds; and his son has, t'other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred

pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate, that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord treasurer, who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will show me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in Ireland. The archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would send; but I sent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says it would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the first-fruits were granted before the duke of Ormond was declared governor; and I writ to him that I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord treasurer began a health to my lord privy seal: Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy seal, saucy sluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was surprised with the news that the bishop of Bristol is made lord privy seal. You know his name is Robinson, and that he was many years envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the present ministry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my lord treasurer, and will bind the Church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter; but told me he would not offer to send it without showing it to me; he thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; lord Rivers, Mar, and Kinnoull, Mr secretary, George Granville, and Masham; the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow se'ennight; and on Saturday I go to Windsor with Mr secretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kensington to lady Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned soon to go to the play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at Kensington; Ophy Butler's wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here, and little known in Ireland. I am apt to think we shall soon have a peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you that it is now known that Mr Prior has been lately in France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

September 1. *Morning.* I go to-day to Windsor with Mr secretary; and lord treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust.—*At night. Windsor.* The secretary and I, and brigadier Sutton, dined to-day at Parson's Green, at my lord Peterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit, but one fig; but I brought a basketful to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricots at Donnybrook? nothing but claret and ombre? I envy people maunching and maunching peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffed; but if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the Castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide, and two miles long, set with a double row of elms on each side. Were you ever at Windsor? I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the sacrament there, as she always does the first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great court, and among others I saw your Ingoldsby, who, seeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treasurer, &c., came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain. I told him I could not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should; so I went and fetched Sutton (who brought over the express about a month ago), and delivered him to the general, and bid him answer his questions? and so I left them together. Sutton, after some time, came back in rage: finds me with lord Rivers and Masham, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me Ingoldsby asked him what I meant by bringing him; so I suppose he smoked me a little. So we laughed, &c. My lord Willoughby, who is one of the chaplains, and prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family; and the bishop of Bristol, who is dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr Masham, because he lets me have a select company; for the court here have got by the end a good thing I said to the secretary some weeks ago. He showed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; "Poh," said I, "I value not your bill of fare; give me your bill of company." Lord treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it everybody as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they say the bishop will then have the privy seal delivered him at a great council.

3. *Windsor still.* The council was held so late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The bishop was sworn privy counsellor, and had the privy seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby, who is earl of Strafford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's; the daughter of sir H. Johnson in the city; he has threescore thousand pounds with her, ready money; besides the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South Sea company, who were named to-day. My lord treasurer did it for me a month ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the Gazette I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with lord treasurer, keeper, &c., and took occasion to mention the printer. I said, it was the same printer whom my lord treasurer has appointed to print for the South Sea company; he denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in lord Rivers's chariot, who had business with lord treasurer; then I went into lord treasurer's: we stopped at Kensington, where lord treasurer went to see Mrs Masham, who is now what they call in the straw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at lord treasurer's, who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's Journey to France. I walked from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horrid dusty.

5. When I went out to-day I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as winter; it is very refreshing after ten days dry. I went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being director, of which he had a first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished Prior's Journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with Patrick at my heels.

7. *Morning.* But what shall we do about this letter of MD's, No. 19? not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent? I cannot do anything in it, sweethearts, till night.—*At night.* O Lord, O Lord! the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think? but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, No. 20, dated at Dublin. O dear, O dear; O sad, O sad! Now I have two letters together to answer: here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walked at six to Kensington to Mr Masham's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my lord treasurer, his son, and son-in-law, that is to say lord Harley and lord Dupplin, and lord Rivers, and I. The dean of Rochester christened the child, but soon went away. Lord treasurer and lord Rivers were godfathers, and Mrs Hill, Mrs Masham's sister, godmother. The child roared liked a bull, and I gave Mrs Masham joy of it; and she charged me to take care of my nephew, because, Mr Masham being a brother of our society, his son, you know, is consequently a nephew. Mrs Masham sat up dressed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland, with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the middle; for you might see the counterpane (what d'ye call it?) rise above her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpane, and you'll laugh now, sirrahs. George Granville came in at supper, and we staid till eleven, and lord treasurer set me down at my lodgings in Suffolk street. Did I ever tell you that lord treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? he always turns the right; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant: I dined with Dr Cockburn, and sat the evening with lord treasurer till ten o'clock. On Thursdays he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good-night for last night, &c.

8. *Morning.* I go to Windsor with lord treasurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, No. 19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so Inish-Corthy[1] and the river Slainy;-fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's? you scambling, scattering, sluttikin: *Yes, mighty like indeed, is it not?*[2] *Pisshh!* don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and long well; only I would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not quite lose the desire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numbing is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that *ombra*[3] which Dr Elwood and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your card-purse! you a card-purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a devil is that eight-shilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Irish politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep to convince me that Walls has no taste! My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear sirrah Stella, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write be-

[1] Enniscorthy, in Co. Wexford.

[2] These words in italics are written in strange misshapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing.

[3] In Stella's spelling.

cause of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or, do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What, you are afraid of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the bishop of Raphoe, an old, doting, perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement. So Dr Elwood says there are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The duke of Buckingham would say as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse, out of roguery. No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam Stella, but your old *scrawling, splay-foot, pot-hooks*,[1] *s, f*, ay, that's it: there the s, f, f, there, there, that's exact. Farewell, &c.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving day, and I have much to do.

When Stella says her pen is bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds endorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they may be adjusted by Nov. 1. Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; so make no blunder. I won't wrong you, nor you shan't wrong me; that's the short. O Lord, how stout Presto is of late! But he loves MD more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c. &c.

I open my letter once more to tell Stella that, if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor Presto.

LETTER XXX.

Windsor, Sept. 8, 1711.

I MADE the coachman stop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the postoffice at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter-past eight; but the moon shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which, however, he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr Masham and Dr Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear; but at parting he told me I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bedchamber after church; but the crowd was so great I could not see her. I dined with my brother, sir William Wyndham, and some others of our society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at lord treasurer's, which was lord keeper, Mr secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot, and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love. Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said they are wholesome, and you know a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have staid a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on Saturday, when our society are to meet at supper at Mr secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit lord keeper, and sup at lord treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

London, 10. Lord treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this afternoon; we dropped Masham at Kensington with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I staid till past eleven. Patrick came home with the secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmantua than with myself. I forgot to tell you that when I went to Windsor on Saturday I overtook lady Giffard and Mrs Fenton in a chariot, going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of lord treasurer's brother, who had business with the treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham Green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with lord treasurer. Mrs Fenton was to see me about a week ago; and desired I would get her son into the Charter house.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's Journey; it makes a two-penny pamphlet; I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's; when I came in Prior showed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry, and said, "Here is our English liberty:" I read some of it, and said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for, had it

[1] These words in italics, and the two *esses* that follow, are miserably scrawled, in imitation of Stella's hand.

come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We staid at Prior's till past ten, and then the secretrary received a packet with the news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying; it seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass.[1] I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the secretary about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr Stoyte and Catherine. Tell goody Stoyte she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them. Did I tell you of the archbishop of Dublin's last letter? He had been saying in several of his former that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked to me as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than anybody. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But hang him! and so good night, &c.

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the park, and then went with the secretary to dine with lord treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always a select company; we had the duke of Shrewsbury, lord Rivers, the two secretaries, Mr Granville, and Mr Prior. Half of them went to council at six; but Rivers, Granville, Prior, and I, stayed till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris; and, indeed, the two last pages, which the printer had got somebody to add, are so romantic, they spoil all the rest. Dilly Ashe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him as I appointed t' other day; but some of his friends tell me he took leave of them as going to Ireland; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the winter, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished after Balderig, and the claret of Dublin: and after all I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink, and converse better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace. He said he never had his health so well as in Portugal. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty; I met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: sir John Stanley did not come into my head; so I took up with Mrs Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe, by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Philips in the Park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings; we were very good company; and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with MD before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep, and dream, and so forth. Faith, this letter goes on slowly enough, sirrahs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey, you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you he used to beat his wife here: and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I'm sure. Go to bed, sirrahs.

Windsor, 15. I made the secretary stop at Brentford, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roast beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith, it cost me a guinea, I don't like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our society met at the secretary's: there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the earl of Jersey, whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr Adams, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full here on Sunday, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr Adams knows I love to do so; which is very obliging. The queen saw company in her bedchamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with lord treasurer as usual, and staid till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except lord keeper, who did not come this time to Windsor. I hate these suppers mortally; but I seldom eat anything.

17. Lord treasurer and Mr secretary stay here

[1] He was seized by the custom-house officers, who suspected him to be a French emissary, probably; he had landed from a small vessel near Deal.

till to-morrow; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr Lewis and I were going to dine soberly with a little court friend at one. But lord Harley and lord Dupplin kept me by force, and said we should dine at lord treasurer's, who intended to go at four to London; I staid like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord treasurer; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse race, and would not come till five: so we were forced to go to a tavern, and send for wine from lord treasurer's, who at last we were told did not go to town till to-morrow, and at lord treasurer's we supped again; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs Hill, who is one of the dressers and Mrs Masham's sister; no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Dr's wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs Hill and I are to dine with the doctor. I have seen a fellow often about court, whom I thought I knew; I asked who he was? and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance, (I wont say yours,) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel, or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the Bradleys; and, by the way, I have not seen Mrs Bradley since I came to England. I left your letter in London, like a fool, and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: so this will be above a fortnight from my last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs Masham is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold: she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatic pain. Dr Arbuthnot and Mrs Hill go to-morrow to Kensington to see her, and return the same night. Mrs Hill and I dined with the doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the doctor to see Cranburn, a house of lord Ranelagh's, and the duchess of Marlborough's lodge, and the Park; the finest places they are for nature, and plantations, that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book called a History of the Maids of Honour since Harry the Eighth, showing they make the best wives, with a list of all the Maids of Honour since, &c., to pay a crown in hand, and the other crown upon the delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jest, and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the green cloth by colonel Godfrey, who married the duke of Marlborough's sister,[1] mother to the duke of Berwick by king James: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born: but I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (lord keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr Adams. Mrs Masham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily. We have not yet sent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money bill. The duke of Ormond is censured here by those in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and use exercise, sirrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttlecock with you, madam Stella, and walk to the dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey sent to me again to-day, so I dined at the green cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the court being always thin of company till Saturday night. This new ink and pen make a strange figure; *I must write larger, yes, I must, or* Stella *won't be able to read this.*[2] S. S. S., there's your S s for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teazing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell lord keeper and lord treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that foolish pleasure, which I believe nobody has beside me, except old lady Berkeley. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry: I have begged Mr secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the ministry comes to Windsor, I ate a bit or two at Mr Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with lord treasurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walked in all about five miles; but I was so

[1] Arabella Churchill, maid of honour to the Duchess, and mistress to the Duke of York, to whom she bore two sons—the celebrated Marshal Berwick, and Henry Fitz-James, grand prior of France—and a daughter, who took the veil.

[2] Written very large.

tired with his slow walking, that I left him here, and walked two miles towards London, hoping to meet lord treasurer, and return with him; but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back; so I walked nine miles in all, and lord treasurer did not come till after eight; which is very wrong, for there was no moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so; but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and staid till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry, and careless, and disengaged, as a young heir at one-and-twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not seen him yet; but I verily think they are contriving a peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr Lewis dined privately with Mr Lowman, clerk of the kitchen. I was to see lord keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour, and lord treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me. The court was very full to-day; I expected lord treasurer would have invited me to supper, but he only bowed to me, and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. 'Tis now seven at night, and I am at home, and I hope lord treasurer will not send for me to supper; if he does not I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming. So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy. 'Tis now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr secretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the council afterward. 'Tis certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end.—'Tis now eleven, and a messenger is come from lord treasurer to sup with them; but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed; for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

London, 24. I came to town by six with lord treasurer, and have staid till ten. That of the queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the secretary told me this morning: but I find the ministry are very busy with Mr Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a peace very soon. I had charming weather all last week at Windsor; but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. Prior's Journey sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs Fenton here, desiring me, in lady Giffard's name, to come and pass a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor Park. I will answer it with a vengeance: and now you talk of answering, there is MD's No. 20 is yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till Thursday; for I must see the secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see; stand away, let us compute: you stayed four days at Inish-Corthy, two nights at Mrs Proby's mother's, and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, "We left Wexford this day se'ennight, and came here last night." I have heard them say that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this, if you can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day? Let me see: thirty pounds in two months is nine score pounds a-year; a matter of nothing in Stella's purse. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness, and yet now I believe, as you say, that her grief will soon wear off. O yes, madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford! and your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose, then, you lay upon the walls. Mrs Walls has got her tea; but who pays me the money? Come, I shall never get it, so I make a present of it to stop some gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the house? so, that's well; why, it cost four-and-thirty shillings English. You must adjust that with Mrs Walls; I think that is so many pence more with you. No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-side: I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box; and I was the greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it when I see him. Mr Addison and I met once more since, and I supped with him: I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The archbishop chose an admirable messenger in Walls to send to me; yet I think him fitter for a messenger than anything. The d—— she[1] has! I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with lady Giffard? I pity poor Jenny,[2] but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deafness. I believe, madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine and thirty-two of water. This is all written in the morning, before I go to the secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next; for I am so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered. What care I for Dr Tisdall and Dr Raymond, or

[1] Something or other which Stella's mother had consented to, in compliance with Lady Giffard.

[2] Mrs Fenton, his sister.

how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred apiece. Lord treasurer promises me to answer the bishop's letter to-morrow, and show it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day, talking of the matter, he said, "I am your witness you got it for them before the duke was lord lieutenant." My humble service to Mrs Walls, Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewell, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewell again.

Pray send this note to Mrs Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes to town, or she can send to him.

LETTER XXXI.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my thirtieth into the postoffice; and when I got home, I found for me one of the noblest letters I ever read; it was from ——, three sides and a half, in folio, on a large sheet of paper; the two first pages made up of satire upon London, and crowds and hurry, stolen from some of his own schoolboys' exercises: the side and a half remaining is spent in desiring me to recommend Mrs South, your commissioner's widow, to my lord treasurer for a pension. He is the prettiest, discreetest fellow that ever my eyes beheld or that ever dipped pen into ink. I know not what to say to him. A pox on him! I have too many such customers on this side already. I think I will send him word that I never saw my lord treasurer in my life: I am sure I industriously avoided the name of any great person when I saw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation must be a secret too, for fear the duke of Bolton should know it, and think it was too mean. I never read so d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me send it over to you. I must send you a pattern, the first place I cast my eyes on; I will not pick and choose. "In this place, (meaning the Exchange in London,) which is the compendium of old Troynovant, as that is of the whole busy world, I got such a surfeit that I grew sick of mankind, and resolved, for ever after, to bury myself in the shady retreat of ——." You must know that London has been called by some Troynovant, or New Troy. Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, because she'll be fond of it. "This wondrous theatre" (meaning London) "was no more to me than a desert, and I should less complain of solitude in a Connaught shipwreck, or even the great bog of Allen." A little scrap for Mrs Marget,[1] and then I have done. "Their royal fanum, wherein the idol Pecunia is daily worshipped, seemed to me to be just like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares." Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: so now Mrs Marget will understand her part. One more paragraph and I.—Well, come, don't be in such a rage, you shall have no more. Pray, Stella, be satisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I must be acquainted with such a dog as this! Our peace goes on fast. Prior was with the secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away, and was told it. I believe he will soon be dispatched again to France; and I will put somebody to write an account of his second journey: I hope you have seen the other. This letter has taken up my time with storming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me these two days; yesterday I sent for him to let him know that Dr Arbuthnot is putting in strongly to have his brother made a captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnot's brother is but an ensign; but the doctor has great power with the queen: yet he told me he would not do anything hard to a gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the secretary and his colonel for him. To-day he told me, very melancholy, that the other had written from Windsor (where he went to solicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of the spleen. I made the secretary write yesterday a letter to the colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr Arbuthnot to Windsor, not to insist on doing such a hardship. I dined in the city at Pontack's, with Stratford; it cost me seven shillings: he would have treated, but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the Bank to another fund. I desired Parvisol may speak to Hawkshaw to pay in my money when he can, for I will put it in the funds, and, in the mean time, borrow so much of Mr secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the dean's, sirrahs.

27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and so was I; but this afternoon, at lord treasurer's, where I dined, my brother, George Granville, secretary at war, after keeping me a while in suspense, told me that Dr Arbuthnot had waved the business, because he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a lieutenant, and Bernage is made a captain. I called at his lodging, and the soldier's coffeehouse, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; so I have left word, and shall see him to-morrow morning, I suppose. Bernage is now easy; he has ten shillings a-day, beside lawful cheating. However, he gives a private sum to his colonel; but it is very cheap: his colonel loves him well, but is surprised to see him have so many friends. So he is now quite off my hands. I left the company early to-night, at lord treasurer's; but the secretary followed me, to desire I would go with him to W——. Mr Lewis's man came in before I could finish that word beginning with a W, which

[1] Stella's maid, already twice mentioned.

ought to be Windsor, and brought me a very handsome rallying letter from Dr Arbuthnot, to tell him he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretensions in favour of Bernage this very morning; that the queen had spoken to Mr Granville to make the company easy in the other's having the captainship. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I must own it so. He says he this very morning begged her majesty to give Mr Bernage the company. I am mighty well pleased to have succeeded so well; but you will think me tedious, although you like the man, as I think.

Windsor, 28. I came here a day sooner than ordinary, at Mr secretary's desire, and supped with him and Prior, and two private ministers from France, and a French priest. I know not the two ministers' names; but they are come about the peace. The names the secretary called them, I suppose, were feigned; they were good rational men.[1] We have already settled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England; and the queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty secret; the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The earl of Strafford is to go soon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing; and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them swallow it, with a pox. The French ministers staid with us till one, and the secretary and I sat up talking till two; so you will own 'tis late, sirrahs, and time for your little saucy Presto to go to bed and sleep adazy; and God bless poor little MD: I hope they are now fast asleep, and dreaming of Presto.

29. Lord treasurer came to-night, as usual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; so I commended him for observing his friend's advice, and coming so early, &c. I was two hours with lady Oglethorpe to-night, and then supped with lord treasurer, after dining at the green cloth: I staid till two; this is the effect of lord treasurer being here; I must sup with him, and he keeps cursed hours. Lord keeper and the secretary were absent; they cannot sit up with him. This long sitting up makes the periods of my letters so short. I design to stay here all the next week, to be at leisure by myself, to finish something of weight I have upon my hands, and which must soon be done. I shall then think of returning to Ireland, if these people will let me; and I know nothing else they have for me to do. I gave Dr Arbuthnot my thanks for his kindness to Bernage, whose commission is now signed. Methinks I long to know something of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: she has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Masham and a moderate company, and would not go to lord treasurer's till after supper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had mistaken the hour; so I ate nothing: and a little after twelve the company broke up, the keeper and secretary refusing to stay; so I saved this night's debauch. Prior went away yesterday with his Frenchmen, and a thousand reports are raised in this town. Some said they knew one to be the Abbé de Polignac: others swore it was the Abbé du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the dean's, and don't mind politics, young women, they are not good after the waters; they are stark naught: they strike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fish for a Manilio.

October 1. Sir John Walters, an honest drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the green cloth to-day, that he might not be behindhand with colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the mayor's feast with Mr Masham; but waiting to take leave of lord treasurer, I came too late, and so returned sneaking to the green cloth, and did not see my lord treasurer neither; but was resolved not to lose two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and solicitor, lord Rivers, who is commanded by the queen to set out for Hanover on Thursday. The secretary does not go to town till to-morrow; he and I, and two friends more, drank a sober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by seven to-morrow morning, so I shall not see him. I have power over his cellar in his absence, and make little use of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis stay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Masham has promised to provide for me: I squired his lady out of her chaise to-day, and must visit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the finest weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no business to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over much eating and great tables, dined with honest Jemmy Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen, now in waiting; and I bespoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance Lovet, the gentleman porter, to be our company. Lovet, toward the end of dinner, after twenty wrigglings, said he had the honour to see me formerly at Moor Park, and thought he remembered my face; I said, I thought I remembered him, and was glad to see him, &c.; and I escaped for that much, for he was very pert. It has rained all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone. I have been very idle this afternoon, playing at twelvepenny picquet with Lewis; I won seven shillings, which is the only money I won this year; I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windsor. Cards are very dear: there is a duty on them of sixpence a pack, which spoils small gamesters.

[1] They were M. Mesnager and the Abbé Du Bois: the priest, the Abbé Gualtier, originally employed by Marshal Tallard (then prisoner of war) to receive and forward his letters from France.

3. Mr Masham sent this morning to desire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine. I was very busy, and sent my excuses, but desired he would provide me a dinner. I dined with him, his lady, and her sister Mrs Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I sat with lady Oglethorpe till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the house: she told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloisters till nine, then went in to the music meeting, where I had been often desired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine stuff,[1] and stole out so privately that every body saw me; and cooled my heels in the cloisters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, shut the chamber-door, and gave him two or three swinging cuffs on the ear, and I have strained the thumb of my left hand with pulling him, which I did not feel until he was gone. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

4. It was the finest day in the world, and we got out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The duchess of Shrewsbury in her own chaise with one horse, and Miss Touchet with her; Mrs Masham and Mrs Scarborow, one of the dressers, in one of the queen's chaises: Miss Forester and Miss Scarborow, two maids of honour, and Mrs Hill, on horseback. The duke of Shrewsbury, Mr Masham, George Fielding, Arbuthnot, and I, on horseback too. Mrs Hill's horse was hired for Miss Scarborow, but she took it in civility; her own horse was galled, and could not be rid, but kicked and winced: the hired horse was not worth eighteen pence. I borrowed coat, boots, and horse, and in short we had all the difficulties and more than we used to have in making a party from Trim to Longfield's.[2] My coat was light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons. We rode in the great park and the forest about a dozen miles, and the duchess and I had much conversation; we got home by two, and Mr Masham, his lady, Arbuthnot, and I, dined with Mrs Hill. Arbuthnot made us all melancholy: he expects a cruel fit of the stone in twelve hours; he says he is never mistaken, and he appears like a man that is to be racked to-morrow. I cannot but hope it will not be so bad; he is a perfectly honest man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorpe sent to speak to me, and it was to let me know that lady Rochester desires she and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not how in love with lady Rochester: they shame me out of her, because she is old. Arbuthnot says he hopes my strained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people so mistaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it just after beating Patrick, and now it is better: so I believe he is mistaken.

5. The duchess of Shrewsbury sent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad last night when her servant came, and this morning I sent my excuses, because I was engaged, which I was sorry for. Mrs Forester taxed me yesterday about the History of the Maids of Honour; but I told her fairly it was no jest of mine; for I found they did not relish it altogether well: and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever since I dined with him, that I abused the queen's meat and drink, and said nothing at the table was good, and all a d——d lie; for after dinner, commending the wine, I said I thought it was something small. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be such a jest for the keeper, treasurer, and secretary. I dined with honest colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on the terrace, and then came up to study; but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waiscoat here.

6. I never dined with the chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gastrel and the dean of Rochester had often invited me, and I happened to be disengaged: it is the worst provided table at court. We ate on pewter; every chaplain, when he is made a dean, gives a piece of plate, and so they have got a little, some of it very old. One who was made dean of Peterborow (a small deanery) said he would give no plate; he was only dean of Pewterborow. The news of Mr Hill's miscarriage in his expedition[1] came to-day, and I went to visit Mrs Masham and Mrs Hill, his two sisters, to condole with them. I advised them by all means to go to the music meeting to-night, to show they were not cast down, &c., and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr Hill and his admiral made wrong steps: however, we lay it all to a storm, &c. I sat with the secretary at supper; then we both went to lord treasurer's supper, and sat till twelve. The secretary is much mortified about Hill; because this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but lord treasurer was just as merry as usual, and old laughing at sir John Walters and me falling out. I said nothing grieved me but that they would take example, and perhaps presume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promised to be as obedient as ever, and so we laughed; and so I go to bed; for it is colder still, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs Masham and Mrs Hill, and my brother Masham. I saw lord Halifax at court, and we joined and talked; and the duchess

[1] Swift rather hated than loved music; music and mathematics he made the two chief pursuits of the ridiculous Laputans.

[2] At Killibride, about four miles from Trim; the roadless condition of Ireland must be remembered.

[1] To Canada; see *ante*, "Journal," April 29.

of Shrewsbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her: I said that was not so soon done; for I expected more advances from ladies, especially duchesses: she promised to comply with any demands I pleased; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too soon, as I believe I shall before dinner. Lady Oglethorpe brought me and the duchess of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her some encouragement, but not much. Everybody has been teasing Walters. He told lord treasurer that he took his company from him that were to dine with him: my lord said, "I will send you Dr Swift:" lord keeper bid him take care what he did; "for," said he, "Dr Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor." The old company supped with lord treasurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I shall go no more to Windsor; for we expect the queen will come in ten days to Hampton Court. It was frost last night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the duchess; for I left Windsor half an hour after one with lord treasurer, and we called at Kensingtqn, where Mrs Masham was got to see her children for two days. I dined, or rather supped, with lord treasurer, and staid till after ten. Tisdall and his family are gone from hence, upon some wrangle with the family. Yesterday I had two letters brought me to Mr Masham's; one from Ford, and t' other from our little MD, No. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, because I would not. I wont answer it till the next, because I have slipped two days by being at Windsor, which I must recover here. Well, sirrahs, I must go to sleep. The roads were as dry as at midsummer to-day. This letter shall go to-morrow.

9. *Morning.* It rains hard this morning: I suppose our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waistcoat to-day: shall I? Well, I will then, to please MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland, to tell them what we have done here toward a peace. We shall soon hear what the Dutch say, and how they take it. My humble service to Mrs Walls, Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine. Morrow, dearest sirrahs, and farewell; and God Almighty bless MD, poor little dear MD, for so I mean, and Presto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewell, &c.

This little bit belongs to MD; we must always write on the margin:[1] you are saucy rogues.

LETTER XXXII.

London, Oct. 9, 1711.

I WAS forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's sleep: I slept till after two, and then sent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's shop, and had no stomach. I went out at four, and called to see Biddy Floyd, which I had not done these three months: she is something marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I sat the evening with Mrs Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewise took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill smell, and other circumstances. I lodge, or shall lodge, by Leicester-Fields, and pay ten shillings a week; that wont hold out long, faith. I shall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I shall lie here two nights, till Thursday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant colonel, and a coxcomb; and she keeps her chamber in form, and the servants say she receives no messages. Answer MD's letter, Presto, d 'ye hear? No, says Presto, I won't yet, I 'm busy; you 're a saucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It cost me two shillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have sent, and caused to be sent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm; and whenever anything of theirs makes a noise, it shall have an answer. I have instructed an under spur-leather to write so, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a newspaper called the Protestant Post-boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the secretary has taken him up, and he shall have a squeeze extraordinary. He says that an ambitious tantivy,[1] missing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his spleen on the late ministry, &c. I'll "tantivy" him with a vengeance. I sat the evening at home, and am very busy, and can hardly find time to write, unless it were to MD. I am in furious haste.

11. I dined to-day with lord treasurer. Thursdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville sent his excuses upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord treasurer calls Prior nothing but Monsieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his Journey to Paris. They pretend to suspect me, so I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord treasurer calls me now Dr Martin, because martin[2] is a sort of swallow, and so is a swift. When he and I came last Monday from Windsor, we were reading all the signs on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the bishop of Clogher so. I made him make two lines in verse for the Bell and Dragon, and they were rare bad ones. I suppose Dilly is with you by this time: what

[1] This is the only line written on the margin in all the journals; the margin thus utilised, Dean Swift says, was "about as broad as the back of a razor."

[1] A nickname for the High Church party in the time of Charles II. and James II.; derived from a caricature in which they were shown riding *tantivy* to Rome.

[2] From this pleasantry of Oxford, the appellative *Martinus Scriblerus* took its rise.

could his reason be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy silly. I believe his natural inconstancy made him weary. I think he is the king of inconstancy. I staid with lord treasurer till ten; we had five lords and three commoners. Go to ombre, sirrahs.

12. Mrs Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found she had got with a bawd,[1] and removed: I dined with her to-day; for though she boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much smaller here than with you. In the afternoon I visited an old major general, and ate six oysters; then sat an hour with Mrs Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with Thompson's wife, a magistrate. There was the famous Mrs Floyd of Chester, who, I think, is the handsomest woman (except MD) that ever I saw. She told me that twenty people had sent her the Verses upon Biddy, as meant to her: and indeed, in point of handsomeness, she deserves them much better. I will not go to Windsor to-morrow, and so I told the secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday suppers with lord treasurer. Jack Hill is come home from his unfortunate expedition, and is, I think, now at Windsor: I have not yet seen him. He is privately blamed by his own friends for want of conduct. He called a council of war, and therein it was determined to come back.[2] But they say a general should not do that, because the officers will always give their opinion for returning, since the blame will not lie upon them, but the general. I pity him heartily. Bernage received his commission to-day.

13. I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance of your friend Sterne, to whom I trusted the box. Lord treasurer has refused Sterne's business; and I doubt he is a rake; Jemmy Leigh stays for him, and nobody knows where to find him. I am so busy now I have hardly time to spare to write to our little MD; but in a fortnight I hope it will be over. I am going now to be busy, &c.

14. I was going to dine with Dr Cockburn, but sir Andrew Fountaine met me, and carried me to Mrs Van's, where I drank the last bottle of Raymond's wine, admirable good, better than any I get among the ministry. I must pick up time to answer this letter of MD's; I'll do it in a day or two for certain. I am glad I am not at Windsor, for it is very cold, and I wont have a fire till November. I am contriving how to stop up my grate with bricks. Patrick was drunk last night; but did not come to me, else I should have given him t' other cuff. I sat this evening with Mrs Barton; it is the first day of her seeing company; but I made her merry enough, and we were three hours disputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a sad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no numbings left? no darkness in your eyes? do you walk and exercise? Your exercise is ombre. People are coming up to town: the queen will be at Hampton Court in a week. Lady Betty Germaine, I hear, is come; and lord Pembroke is coming: his new wife is as big with child as she can tumble.

15. I sat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then visited Will Congreve an hour or two, and supped with lord treasurer, who came from Windsor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The queen has thanked Prior for his good service in France, and promised to make him a commissioner of the customs. Several of that commission are to be out; among the rest, my friend sir Matthew Dudley: I can do nothing for him, he is so hated by the ministry. Lord treasurer kept me till twelve, so I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr secretary at Dr Cotesworth's, where he now lodges till his house be got ready in Golden square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abused me in a pamphlet,[1] and I have got him up in a messenger's hands: the secretary promises me to swinge him. Lord treasurer told me last night, that he had the honour to be abused with me in a pamphlet. I must make that rogue an example, for warning to others. I was to see Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedition; and there is still more misfortune; for that ship, which was admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and carelessness of some rogue, who was going, as they think, to steal some gunpowder: five hundred men are lost.[2] We don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by seven, and am going to be busy, and you are going to play and supper; you live ten times happier than I; but I should live ten times happier than you if I were with MD. I saw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the street, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once these three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courses; he stays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to inquire about the box when he comes to Chester, which he promises.

17. The secretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier Britton, a great friend of his. The lady of the house is very gallant, about thirty-five; she is said to have a great deal of wit; but I see nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope saved. My lord treasurer is much out of order; he has a sore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breast

[1] Swift had "smoked" her from the first, "by her eyebrows."

[2] On the plea of want of provisions; the squadron, to lull suspicion, had not been victualled for so long a voyage, and the colonies had not the means of making good the want.

[1] Calling him "a shameless and most contemptible ecclesiastical turncoat, whose tongue is as *Swift* to revile, as his mind is *Swift* to change."

[2] The Edgar, 74 guns, blown up, with the loss of 400 hands and many persons who had come on board to welcome their friends home.

where the wound was: pray God preserve him. The queen comes to Hampton Court on Tuesday next; people are coming fast to town, and I must answer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greatest part of the day. Lady Betty Germaine and I were disputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well. Biddy Floyd was there, and she is, I think, very much spoiled with the small-pox.

18. Lord treasurer is still out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often subject to a sore throat, and some time or other it will kill him, unless he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was said about the town that poor lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is something better, and the queen is sending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and settled some things with a printer. I will answer your letter on Saturday, if possible, and then send away this; so to fetch up the odd days I lost at Windsor, and keep constant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on, and we shall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; nobody knows MD's good qualities. 'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that 's poz. Well, but coming home to-night I found on my table a letter from MD; faith I was angry, that is with myself; and I was afraid too to see MD's hand so soon, for fear of something, I don't know what: at last I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a sad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-first answered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs Van, with some company who did not come; but I ate nothing but herrings: you must know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plainest ordinary meat at table; I love it best, and believe it wholesomest. You love rarities; yes you do; I wish you had all that I ever see where I go. I was coming home early, and met the secretary in his chair, who persuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he said he had been all day at business, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time passed so, that we staid till two; so you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by sitting up so late last night. Lord treasurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windsor. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, and took occasion to hint to him that he would lose his employment, for which I am very sorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept so long at a friend's this evening, that I cannot send this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow asked me where lodged Dr Swift? I told him I was the person: he gave me a letter he brought from the secretary's office, and I gave him a shilling: when I came up I saw Dingley's hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At last it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer business. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and settle it with Tooke. And now boys, for your letter, I mean the first, No. 21. Let 's see; come out, little letter. I never had the letter from the bishop that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwell to desire the duke of Ormond to speak to his reverence, that he may leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the archbishop here? You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the archbishop of Dublin. Why, do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in serving them? I remit them their first-fruits of ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This lord treasurer defers writing his letter to them, or else they would be plaguily confounded by this time: for he designs to give the merit of it wholly to the queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the duke of Ormond was lord lieutenant. You visit, you dine abroad, you see friends; you pilgarlic; you walk from Finglass, you a cat's foot. O Lord—lady Gore hung her child by the *waist;* what is that waist?[1] I don't understand the word: he must hang on till you explain or spell it. I don't believe he was pretty, that 's a *liiii.* Pish; burn your first-fruits;, again at it! Stella has made twenty false spellings in her writing; I'll send them to you all back again on the other side of this letter, to mend them; I wont miss one. Why, I think there were seventeen bishops' names to the letter lord Oxford received. I will send you some pamphlets by Leigh; put me in mind of it on Monday, for I shall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miscellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't deserve it by any usage of him here, having seen him but twice, and once *en passant.* Mrs Manley forsworn ombre? What, and no blazing star appear? no monsters born? no whale thrown up? have you not found out some evasion for her? she had no such regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promise. Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatening or so. You talk of my reconciling some great folks. I tell you what. The secretary told me last night that he had found the reason why the queen was cold to him for some months past; that a friend had told it him yesterday; and it was, that they suspected he was at the bottom with the duke of Marlborough. Then, he said, he had reflected upon all I had spoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my

1 Swift is hypercritical here; *vast* or *waste*, the former spelling of the word, was perhaps the more correct, by analogy with the verb *waste*, with which it is connected; but writers before Stella had spelt *waist*, and modern usage has confirmed her choice.

suspicion and my zeal and kindness for him. I said I had reason to take that very ill, to imagine I knew so little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great minister; that I had gone between him and lord treasurer often, and told each of them what I had said to the other, and that I had informed him so before. He said all that you may imagine to excuse himself, and approve my conduct. I told him I knew all along that this proceeding of mine was the surest way to send me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom service in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told lord treasurer, lord keeper, and him together, that all things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to see them love one another; and I had told them all singly that I had not said this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus suspected; swears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not see how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of settling this matter. I act an honest part; that will bring me neither profit nor praise. MD must think the better of me for it: nobody else shall know of it. Here 's politics enough for once; but madam D. D. gave me occasion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't smell ill. O Lord! the spectacles: well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes against me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkshaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five shillings and twopence? How do I know by this how my account stands? Can't you write five or six lines to cast it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from Hawkshaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray set it right, and let me know: you had best. And so now I have answered No. 21, and 'tis late, and I will answer No. 22 in my next: this cannot go to-night, but shall on Tuesday: and so go to your play, and lose your money, with your two eggs a penny; silly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and so I did, though lady Mountjoy has sent two or three times to have me see and dine with her, and she is a little body I love very well. My head has ached a little in the evenings these three or four days, but it is not of the giddy sort, so I do not much value it. I was to see lord Harley to-day, but lord treasurer took physic, and I could not see him. He is better, but not well; he talks of going on Tuesday to see the queen at Hampton Court; I wish he may be able. I never saw so fine a summer-day as this was: how is it with you, pray? and can't you remember, naughty packs? I ha'n't seen lord Pembroke yet. He will be sorry to miss Dilly: I wonder you say nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland; if he be not there soon, I shall have some certain odd thoughts: guess them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr Freind, at one of my printers': I inquired for Leigh, but could not find him. I have forgot what sort of apron you want. I must rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have bespoken the spectacles; got a set of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the best, which is the vindication of the duke of Marlborough, and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis. I have settled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and understands it. I have bespoken a Miscellany; what would you have me do more? It cost me a shilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did so in the morning. Lord treasurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does business in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched: he desires to see me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a rush. I am half weary of them all. I often burst out into these thoughts, and will certainly steal away as soon as I decently can. I have many friends and many enemies; and the last are more constant in their nature. I have no shuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumstances, if you can be easy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the last time: I will not hunt for dinners there: nor converse with more than a very few.

23. *Morning.* This goes to-day, and shall be sealed by and by. Lord treasurer takes physic again to-day; I believe I shall dine with lord Dupplin. Mr Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's the bookseller. I suppose, by the postage, it came from Ireland; it is a woman's hand, and seems false spelt on purpose; it is in such sort of verse as Harris's Petition; rallies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the subject of the archbishop's last letter, as I told you. Can you guess whom it came from? it is not ill-written, pray find it out; there is a Latin verse at the end of it all rightly spelt; yet the English, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places.[1] My plaguing time is coming, A young fellow brought me a letter from judge Coote, with recommendation to be lieutenant of a man-of-war. He is the son of one Echlin, who was minister of Belfast before Tisdall, and I have got some other new customers; but I shall trouble my friends as little as possible. Saucy Stella used to jeer me for meddling with other folks' affairs; but now I am punished for it. Patrick has brought the candle, and I have no more room. Farewell, &c. &c.

Here is a full and true account of Stella's new spelling.[2]

Plaguely, . .	Plaguily.
Dineing, . .	Dining.
Straingers, . .	Strangers.

[1] Swift seems to have suspected Stella to be the author of this *jeu d'esprit*.

[2] The second column is in Stella's writing, and shows her corrected spelling—though "chase," if a carriage was meant, is still falsely spelt.

Chais,	. .	Chase.
Waist,	. .	Wast.
Houer,	. .	Hour.
Immagin,	. .	Imagine.
A bout,	. .	About.
Intellegence,	. .	Intelligence.
Aboundance,	. .	Abundance.
Merrit,	. .	Merit.
Secreet,	. .	Secret.
Phamphlets,	. .	Pamphlets.
Bussiness,	. .	Business.

Tell me truly, sirrah, how many of these are mistakes of the pen, and how many are you to answer for as real ill-spelling? There are but fourteen; I said twenty by guess. You must not be angry, for I will have you spell right, let the world go how it will. Though, after all, there is but a mistake of one letter in any of these words. I allow you henceforth but six false spellings in every letter you send me.

LETTER XXXIII.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with lord Dupplin as I told you I would, and put my thirty-second into the post-office my own self; and I believe there has not been one moment since we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD.[1] If the queen knew it she would give us a pension; for it is we bring good luck to their postboys and their packets; else they would break their necks and sink. But an old saying and a true one:—

> Be it snow, or storm, or hail,
> PMD's letters never fail;
> Cross winds may sometimes make them tarry,
> But PMD's letters can't miscarry.

Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to save my twelvepence coming home. Lord treasurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is so confoundedly careless. I wont answer your letter yet, so be satisfied.

24. I called at lord treasurer's to-day at noon; he was eating some broth in his bedchamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly bloodshot; yet he dressed himself and went out to the treasury. He told me he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs Cutts, a sister of lord Cutts, who writ to him that I had abused her brother: you remember the Salamander,[2] it is printed in the Miscellany. I told my lord that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire and forget them, else I should have no quiet. I had a little turn in my head this morning; which, though it did not last above a moment, yet being of the true sort, has made me as weak as a dog all this day. 'Tis the first I have had this half-year. I shall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined at lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and I went to see lord Pembroke upon his coming to town. The Whig party are furious against a peace, and every day some ballad comes out reflecting on the ministry on that account. The secretary St John has seized on a dozen booksellers and publishers into his messengers' hands. Some of the foreign ministers have published the preliminaries agreed on here between France and England; and people rail at them as insufficient to treat a peace upon; but the secret is, that the French have agreed to articles much more important, which our ministers have not communicated, and the people, who think they know all, are discontented that they know no more. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the secretary; but we could contrive no way to fence against it. So there's politics for you.

25. The queen is at Hampton Court: she went on Tuesday, in that terrible rain. I dined with Lewis at his lodgings, to despatch some business we had. I sent this morning and evening to lord treasurer, and he is much worse by going out; I am in pain about evening. He has sent for Dr Radcliffe; pray God preserve him. The chancellor of the exchequer showed me to-day a ballad in manuscript against lord treasurer and his South Sea project; it is very sharply written; if it be not printed I will send it you. If it be, it shall go in your packet of pamphlets. I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap green silk work apron; I have it by heart. I sat this evening with Mrs Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too just at that time that Presto was. This paper does not cost me a farthing; I have it from the secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my lord treasurer sleeps this night, and to hear he mends: we are all undone without him; so pray for him, sirrahs, and don't stay too late at the dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs Van; for the weather is so bad, and I am so busy, that I can't dine with great folks: and besides, I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord treasurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are so violent against a peace; but I'll cool them with a vengeance very soon. I have not heard from the bishop of Clogher, whether he has got his statues. I writ to him six weeks ago; he is so busy with his parliament. I wont answer your letter yet, say what you will, saucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about some business this morning, which cost me double the time; and I was forced to be at the secretary's office till

[1] Presto and MD.
[2] A scurrilous satire in verse on Lord Cutts.

four, and lose my dinner; so I went to Mrs Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light victuals: besides, I was to have supped at lady Ashburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as she promised, but sent for us, and so I sent my excuses. It has been a terrible rainy day, but so flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the Park. Leigh says he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; so I will send him the things for MD, and I have desired him to inquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his carelessness about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon business of importance and I dined with him, and came home about seven, and thought I would amuse myself a little, after the pains I had taken. I saw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do so again: never saw the like. Count Gallas, the emperor's envoy, you will hear, is in disgrace with us: the queen has ordered her ministers to have no more commerce with him;[1] the reason is, the fool writ a rude letter to lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, complaining of our proceedings about a peace; and he is always in close confidence with lord Wharton, and Sunderland, and others of the late ministry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace; the Whigs here are sure it cannot be, and stocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unless France plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your Whig acquaintance, that we shall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, sirrah. I let slip telling you yesterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yesterday at Harry Coote's, with Lord Hatton, Mr Finch, a son of lord Nottingham, and sir Andrew Fountaine. I left them soon; but here they staid till two in the morning and were all drunk; and so good night for last night, and good night for to-night. You blundering goosecap, a'n't you ashamed to blunder to young ladies? I shall have a fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting some things with a printer, and am to be to-morrow all day busy with Mr secretary about the same.[2] I wont tell you now; but the ministers reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched against a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it should be; whereas 'tis certain we are the most undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I shall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I wont tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: so let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble service; I love goody Stoyte better than goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it cost ten shillings and sixpence. I think it plaguy dear for a cheap thing; but they said that English silk would cockle, and I know not what. You have the making into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I have sent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will send the Miscellanies and spectacles in a day or two. I would send more; but faith I am plaguy poor at present.

31. The devil's in this secretary; when I went this morning he had people with him; but says he, we are to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do all our business in the afternoon: at two, Prior sends word he is otherwise engaged; then the secretary and I go and dine with brigadier Britton, sit till eight, grow merry, no business done; he is in haste to see lady Jersey; we part, and appoint no time to meet again. This is the fault of all the present ministers, teazing me to death for my assistance, laying the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet slipping opportunities. Lord treasurer mends every day, though slowly: I hope he will take care of himself. Pray, will you send to Parvisol to send me a bill of twenty pounds as soon as he can, for I want money. I must have money; I will have money, sirrahs.

November 1. I went to-day into the city to settle some business with Stratford, and to dine with him; but he was engaged, and I was so angry I would not dine with any other merchant, but went to my printer, and ate a bit, and did business of mischief with him; and I shall have the spectacles and Miscellany to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can spare time, because it is exercise; and that does me more good than anything. I have heard nothing since of my head, but a little, I don't know how, sometimes: but I am very temperate, especially now the treasurer is ill, and the ministers often at Hampton Court, and the secretary not yet fixed in his house; and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow discovered going out of the East India House with sixteen thousand pounds in money and bills; he would have escaped, if he had not been so uneasy with thirst, that he stole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wish we had the money, provided the East India Company was never the worse; you know we must not covet, &c. Our weather, for this fortnight past, is chequered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles; wish MD would do so, lazy sluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a shift to come back a-foot. I live a very retired

[1] He was told in a message from St John that he should come no more to Court, that what his master had to communicate would be well received from the hands of another Minister, and that he might depart from Britain when he thought fit.

[2] "The Conduct of the Allies;" published Nov. 27.

life, pay very few visits, and keep but very little company; I read no newspapers. I am sorry I sent you the Examiner, for the printer is going to print them in a small volume: it seems the author is too proud to have them printed by subscription, though his friends offered, they say, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewise printing in a larger and smaller volume: so I believe they are going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to send you now towards the end of my letter. The queen has the gout a little; I hoped the lord treasurer would have had it too, but Radcliffe told me yesterday it was the rheumatism in his knee and foot; however, he mends, and I hope will be abroad in a short time. I am told they design giving away several employments before the parliament sits, which will be the thirteenth instant. I either do not like, or not understand, this policy; and if lord treasurer does not mend soon, they must give them just before the session. But he is the greatest procrastinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal: I stuffed the secretary's pockets with papers, which he must read and settle at Hampton Court, where he went to-day, and stays some time. They have no lodgings for me there, so I can't go, for the town is small, chargeable, and inconvenient. Lord treasurer had a very ill night last night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is easier to-day. And so I went to visit Prior about some business, and so he was not within, and so sir Andrew Fountaine made me dine to-day again with Mrs Van, and I came home soon, remembering this must go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to answer. O Lord, where is it? let me see; so, so, here it is. You grudge writing so soon. Pox on that bill; the woman would have me manage that money for her. I do not know what to do with it now I have it; I am like the unprofitable steward in the Gospel: I laid it up in a napkin; there thou hast what is thine own, &c. Well, well, I know of your new mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fishmonger owed a man two crowns; so he sent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then said he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I wont tell it you: which of you finds it out?) Well, but, as I was saying, what care I for your mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Christmas, or soon after. I'm sorry you did not go on with your story about "Pray God you be John;" I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be. Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to say when you writ that. Yes, that story of the secretary's making me an example is true; "never heard it before;" why, how could you hear it? is it possible to tell you the hundredth part of what passes in our companies here? the secretary is as easy with me as Mr Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter sir William Temple [made] about being made secretary of state; I think Mr St John the greatest young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the house of commons, admirable conversation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in a way of complaint of too great a load of business, which looks a little like affectation; and he endeavours too much to mix the fine gentleman, and man of pleasure, with the man of business. What truth and sincerity he may have, I know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been secretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? how he stands with the queen and lord treasurer I have told you before. This is his character; and I believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I writ to the archbishop of Dublin, bishop of Cloyne, and of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windsor: I hope they had my letters; pray know if Clogher had his. Fig for your physician and his advice, madam Dingley; if I grow worse, I will; otherwise I will trust to temperance and exercise. Your fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves fall? I am sorry to see them fall with all my heart; but why should I take physic because leaves fall off from trees? that wont hinder them from falling. If a man falls from a horse, must I take physic for that? This arguing makes you mad; but it is true right reason, not to be disproved. I am glad at heart to hear poor Stella is better; use exercise and walk, spend pattens and spare potions, wear out clogs and waste claret. Have you found out my pun of the fishmonger? don't read a word more till you have got it. And Stella is handsome again, you say? and is she fat? I have sent to Leigh the set of Examiners; the first thirteen were written by several hands, some good, some bad; the next three-and-thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-six: then that author, whoever he was, laid it down on purpose to confound guessers; and the last six were written by a woman. Then there is An Account of Guiscard, by the same woman, but the facts sent by Presto. Then An Answer to the Letter to the Lords about Gregg, by Presto; Prior's Journey, by Presto; Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough, entirely by the same woman; Comment on Hare's Sermon, by the same woman, only hints sent to the printer from Presto to give her. Then there's the Miscellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate without sugar for Stella, a fine snuff-rasp of ivory, given me by Mrs St John, for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which she must hide or cut shorter out of modesty, and four pair of spectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come safe. O, Mrs Masham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon business; I believe I told you so before: pray pardon my forgetfulness in these cases; poor Presto can't help it. MD shall have the money as soon as Tooke gets it. And

so I think I have answered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetched up my week, and will send you another this day fortnight. Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling*: you are so dull you could never have found it out. Farewell, &c. &c.

LETTER XXXIV.

London, Nov. 3, 1711.

My thirty-third lies now before me just finished, and I am going to seal and send it, so let me know whether you would have me add anything: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be busy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's house to-day, where I was invited, just when dinner was setting on, and pretended I was engaged, because I saw some fellows I did not know; and went to sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the same inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwise I would have gone home, and sent for a slice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with persons unknown, as bad, for aught I know, as your deans, parsons, and curates. Bad slabby weather to-day. Now methinks I write at ease, when I have no letter of MD's to answer. But I mistook, and have got the large paper. The queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton Court; she is now seldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have less twitchings about my toes since these ministers are sick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light easy gout to be perfectly well in my head. Pray walk when the frost comes, young ladies, go a frost-biting. It comes into my head that, from the very time you first went to Ireland, I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swinging strong shoes on purpose; it has got as far as several young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out: she rails at me, and I have left visiting her.

5. MD was very troublesome to me last night in my sleep; I was a dreamed, methought, that Stella was here: I asked her after Dingley, and she said she had left her in Ireland, because she designed her stay to be short, and such stuff. Monsieur Pontchartrain, the secretary of state in France, and Monsieur Fontenelle, the secretary of the Royal Academy there (who writ the *Dialogues des Morts, &c.*), have sent letters to lord Pembroke, that the Academy have, with the king's consent, chosen him one of their members in the room of one who is lately dead.[1] But the cautious gentleman has given me the letters to show my lord Dartmouth and Mr St John, our two secretaries, and let them see there is no treason in them; which I will do on Wednesday, when they come from Hampton Court. The letters are very handsome, and it is a very great mark of honour and distinction to lord Pembroke. I hear the two French ministers are come over again about the peace; but I have seen nobody of consequence to know the truth. I dined to-day with a lady of my acquaintance, who was sick, in her bedchamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my bespeaking. We begin now to have chestnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had processions in carts of the pope and the devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers. You know this is the fifth of November, popery and gunpowder.

6. Since I am used to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above seven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldsby is going over, and they say here he is to be made a lord. Here was I staying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy sir Andrew Fountaine, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not shot a dinner flying, with one Mr Murray, I might have fasted, or gone to an alehouse. You never said one word of goody Stoyte in your letter; but I suppose these winter nights we shall hear more of her. Does the provost laugh as much as he used to do? We reckon him here a good for nothing fellow. I design to write to your dean one of these days, but I can never find time, nor what to say. I will think of something: but if DD[1] were not in Ireland, I believe seriously I should not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the subject of talk in any company where I am.

7. I went to-day to the city on business; but stopped at a printer's and staid there; it was a most delicious day. I hear the parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I suppose either because the queen has the gout, or that lord treasurer is not well, or that they would do something more towards a peace. I called at lord treasurer's at noon, and sat a while with lord Harley, but his father was asleep. A bookseller has reprinted or new titled a sermon of Tom Swift's,[2] printed last year, and publishes an advertisement calling it Dr Swift's sermon. Some friend of lord Galway has, by his directions, published a four shilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I have but just seen it. But what care you for books, except Presto's Miscellanies? Leigh promised to call and see me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Chester box. A murrain take that box;

1 An honour conferred on the Earl as a man of taste and science, particularly eminent for his splendid collection of marbles and other antiquities at Wilton.

1 Stella and Dingley.

2 A thanksgiving sermon, entitled "Noah's Dove, an exhortation to Peace;" preached 7th Nov. 1710.

everything is spoiled that is in it. How does the strong box do? You say nothing of Raymond: is his wife brought to bed again, or how? has he furnished his house, paid his debts, and put out the rest of the money to use? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I suppose Trim is now reduced to slavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great rascals as the gentlemen. But I must go to bed, sirrahs; the secretary is still at Hampton Court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did business this afternoon till about eight; and I must alter and undo, and a clutter. I am glad the parliament is prorogued. I staid with Prior till eleven; the secretary left us at eight. Prior, I believe, will be one of those employed to make the peace when a congress is opened. Lord Ashburnham told to-day at the coffee-house that lord Harley was yesterday morning married to the duke of Newcastle's daughter, the great heiress; and it got about all the town. But I saw lord Harley yesterday at noon in his night gown, and he dined in the city with Prior and others; so it is not true: but I hope it will be so; for I know it has been privately managing this long time:[1] the lady will not have half her father's estate; for the duke left lord Pelham's son his heir; the widow duchess will not stand to the will; and she is now at law with Pelham. However, at worst, the girl will have about ten thousand pounds a year to support the honour; for lord treasurer will never save a groat for himself. Lord Harley is a very valuable young gentleman; and they say the girl is handsome, and has good sense, but red hair.

9. I designed a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was disappointed; so one always is in this life; and I could not see lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had some business. Business and pleasure both disappointed. You can go to your dean, and for want of him, goody Stoyte, or Walls, or Manley, and meet everywhere with cards and claret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring and chicken, and half a flask of bad Florence. I begin to have fires now when the mornings are cold: I have got some loose bricks at the back of my grate, for good husbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me my caps are wearing out; I know not how to get others. I want a necessary woman strangely; I am as helpless as an elephant. I had three packets from the archbishop of Dublin, cost me four shillings, all about Higgins, printed stuff, and two long letters. His people forgot to enclose them to Lewis; and they were only directed to "Doctor Swift," without naming London or anything else. I wonder how they reached me, unless the postmaster directed them. I have read all the trash, and am weary.

10. Why, if you must have it out, something is to be published of great moment, and three or four great people are to see there are no mistakes in point of fact: and 'tis so troublesome to send it among them, and get their corrections, that I am as weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the printer, and was there all the afternoon: and it plagues me, and there 's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, lord treasurer's daughter, is brought to bed of a son. Lord treasurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel pits,[1] but not for gravel pits to live in us: a man in this case should leave no stone unturned. Lord treasurer's sickness, the queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occasion putting off the parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpose for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, because that is only for walking sake, and loses time, so I mix it with business. I wish MD walked half as much as Presto: if I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you should have masks on, and be tucked up like anything; and Stella is naturally a stout walker, and carries herself firm; methinks I see her strut, and step clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough if her petticoats were pinned up; but she is so embroiled, and so fearful, and then Stella scolds, and Dingley stumbles, and is so daggled. Have you got the whalebone petticoats among you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pshaw, what 's all this I 'm saying? Methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is selling his estate at Pepperhara, and is skulking about the town nobody knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs Masham, the queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great secret; and I have employed lady Oglethorpe to inquire about it. I was with lady Oglethorpe to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will see to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this present in some blind alley with some dirty wench. He has two sons that must starve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs Masham buys the land, I will desire her to get the queen to give some pension to the old fool, to keep him from absolutely starving. What do you meddle with other people's affairs for? says Stella. O, but Mr Masham and his wife are very urgent with me, since I first put them in the head of it. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will soon lose his employment.

12. *Morning.* I am going to hunt out old

[1] The great end, Bolingbroke says, of Harley's administration was to marry his son to this lady; which he accomplished.

[1] Patients were sent to Kensington gravel pits for the sake of air.

Frowde, and to do some business in the city. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair. It has been past dropping these two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purse. He tells me 'tis very windy and begins to look dark; woe be to my shillings! an old saying and a true,

Few fillings,
Many shillings.

If the day be dark, my purse will be light.

To my enemies be this curse,
A dark day and a light purse.

And so I'll rise and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not shaving day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I suppose you have him with you. Stella is just now showing a white leg, and putting it into the slipper. Present my service to her, and tell her I am engaged to the dean: and desire she will come too: or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning speech I mean. Morrow, sirrahs, and let me rise as well as you; but I promise you Walls can't dine with the dean to-day, for she is to be at Mrs Proby's just after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the shops to buy a yard of muslin, and a silver lace for an under petticoat. Morrow again, sirrahs. —*At night.* I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finish my affairs with him; but now I have resolved to buy five hundred pounds South Sea stock, which will cost me three hundred and eighty ready money; and I will make use of the bill of a hundred pounds you sent me, and transfer Mrs Walls over to Hawkshaw; or, if she dislikes it, I will borrow a hundred pounds of the secretary, and repay her. Three shillings coach-hire to-day. I have spoken to Frowde's brother to get me the lowest price of the estate, to tell Mrs Masham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the neighbourhood. Last Saturday night I came home, and the drab had just washed my room, and my bedchamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed in my own defence, and no fire; I was sick on Sunday, and now have got a swinging cold. I scolded like a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me; I detest washing of rooms; can't they wash them in a morning, and make a fire, and leave open the windows? I slept not a wink last night for hawking and spitting: and now everybody has colds. Here's a clutter; I'll go to bed and sleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy sent to me two days ago, so I dined with her to-day, and in the evening went to see lord treasurer. I found Patrick had been just there with a how d'ye, and my lord had returned answer that he desired to see me. Mrs Masham was with him when I came; and they are never disturbed: 'tis well she is not very handsome;[1] they sit alone together settling the nation. I sat with lady Oxford, and stopped Mrs Masham as she came out, and told her what progress I had made, &c., and then went to lord treasurer: he is very well, only uneasy at rising or sitting, with some rheumatic pains in his thigh, and a foot weak. He showed me a small paper, sent by an unknown hand to one Mr Cook, whe sent it to my lord: it was written in plain large letters, thus;

"Though G——d's knife did not succeed,
A F——n's yet may do the deed."

And a little below, "Burn this, you dog." My lord has frequently such letters as these: once he showed me one, which was a vision describing a certain man, his dress, his sword, and his countenance, who was to murder my lord. And he told me he saw a fellow in the chapel at Windsor with a dress very like it. They often send him letters signed, "Your humble servant, The Devil," and such stuff. I sat with him till after ten, and have business to do.

15. The secretary came yesterday to town from Hampton Court, so I went to him early this morning; but he went back last night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me that he was just come from Hampton Court, and just returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him; he stops all my business. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to see MD in Ireland soon after Christmas. I am weary of courts, and want my journeys to Laracor; they did me more good than all the ministries these twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no business as I designed. Lady Mountjoy tells me that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the archbishop of Dublin was the cause of his returning so soon. The parliament was prorogued two days ago, for a fortnight; which, with the queen's absence, makes the town very dull and empty. They tell me the duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing so bad in it in winter as your knots of Irish folks; but I go to no coffeehouse, and so I seldom see them. This letter shall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myself.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a visitor, when I had ordered to see nobody; so I was forced to hurry a hang-dog instrument of mine into my bedchamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour. I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will last me about ten days in all. I should have told you, that in those two verses sent to lord treasurer the G——d stands for Guiscard; that is easy; but we differed about F——n: I thought it was for Frenchman, because he hates them, and they him: and so it would be, that although Guiscard's knife missed its design, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it. My lord thinks it stands for Felton, the name of him that stabbed the first duke of Buckingham. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening.

[1] Especially she was remarkable for a very red nose, a perpetual subject of raillery in Whig lampoons.

Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? just a month to-day since I had your No. 22. I'll stay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play at ombre, and so forth, as you please. The Whigs are still crying down our peace, but we will have it, I hope, in spite of them: the emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promises wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will serve to spur on the French to be easy and sincere. Night, sirrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. *Morning.* This goes to-night; I will put it myself in the postoffice. I had just now a long letter from the archbishop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your session, how it ended in a storm; which storm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I wont hide. I often advised the dissolution of that parliament, although I did not think the scoundrels had so much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by several things the archbishop says, he is not very well either with the government or clergy. See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight. God Almighty bless and preserve dearest little MD. I suppose your lord lieutenant is now setting out for England. I wonder the bishop of Clogher does not write to me, or let me know of his statues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again as soon as I have leisure. Farewell, dearest MD, and love Presto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My service to Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine. I'm sitting in my bed, but will rise to seal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER XXXV.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I PUT my last this evening in the postoffice. I dined with Dr Cockburn. This being queen Elizabeth's birthday, we have the d—— and all to do among us. I just heard of the stir as my letter was sealed this morning; and was so cross I would not open it to tell you. I have been visiting lady Oglethorpe and lady Worsley; the latter is lately come to town for the winter, and with child, and what care you? This is queen Elizabeth's birthday, usually kept in this town by apprentices, &c.; but the Whigs designed a mighty procession by midnight, and had laid out a thousand pounds to dress up the pope, devil, cardinals, Sacheverell, &c., and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas; Dr Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were seized last night, by order from the secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the streets already. They had some very foolish and mischievous designs; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon assaulting my lord treasurer's house, and the secretary's, and other violences. The militia[1] was raised to prevent it, and now, I suppose, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the secretary's office at Whitehall. I design to see them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr secretary, who just came from Hampton Court. He was telling me more particulars about this business of burning the pope. It cost a great deal of money, and, had it gone on, would have cost three times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub street papers already. The secretary and I dined at brigadier Britton's, but I left them at six, upon an appointment with some sober company of men and ladies, to drink punch at sir Andrew Fountaine's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why, then, twelvepenny weather; sirrahs, why don't you play at shuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith, Presto will come over after Christmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffeehouses. They say abundance of them are very pretty: they are going to be printed in small volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I shall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will send you by him what I am now finishing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not seen him this good while, though he promised to call; I shall send to him. The queen comes to town on Thursday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at lord Dartmouth's office, and sent out for him from the committee of council, about some business. I was asking him more concerning this bustle about the figures in wax-work of the pope and devil, &c. He was not at leisure, or he would have seen them. I hear the owners are so impudent, that they design to replevin them by law. I am assured that the figure of the devil is made as like lord treasurer as they could. Why, I dined with a friend in St James's street. Lord treasurer, I am told, was abroad to-day: I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The duke of Marlborough is come, and was yesterday at Hampton Court with the queen; no, it was t'other day; no, it was yesterday; for to-day I remember Mr secretary was going to see him, when I was there—not at the duke of Marlborough's, but at the secretary's; the duke is not so fond of me. What care I? I won seven shillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or so.

20. I have been so teazed with Whiggish discourse by Mrs Barton and lady Betty Germaine, never saw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope burning into ridicule; and indeed they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reason to apprehend some tumults.

[1] The London trained bands.

I dined with lady Betty. I hear Prior's commission is passed to be ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary for the peace; my lord privy seal, who you know is bishop of Bristol, is the other; and lord Strafford, already ambassador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you, ignorant sluts, who is who. I was punning scurvily with sir Andrew Fountaine and lord Pembroke this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes the dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odso, I must go see his excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no less, after sending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as hell, and how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not.[1] And so I go to my business, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning busy with my printer; I gave him the fifth sheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct something, and alter, &c., and I walked home in the dusk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr Lewis; well, and so I opened it; and he says the peace is past danger, &c. Well, and so there was another letter enclosed in his; well, and so I looked on the outside of this t'other letter. Well, and so who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well, and so I'll tell you; it was from little MD, No. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you so before: but I just looked again to satisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four false spellings in all. Shall I send them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well, but I wont answer your letter now, sirrah saucyboxes, no, no, not yet; just a month and three days from the last, which is just five weeks: you see it comes just when I begin to grumble.

22. *Morning.* Tooke has just brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half-a-crown for entering the letter of attorney; but I swore to stop that. I'll spend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear sirrahs.—*At night.* I dined to-day with sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the duchess of Grafton, dined with us: she wears a great high head-dress, such as was in fashion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad woman in it; yet she has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to see lord Harley, and thought to have sat with lord treasurer; but he was taken up with the Dutch envoy, and such folks, and I would not stay. One particular in life here, different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find some letter for me, and seldom miss; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but these ministers being at Hampton Court I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation, but nothing has vexed me more for some months past, than people I never saw pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet speak ill of me too; at least some of them. An old crooked Scotch countess, whom I never heard of in my life, told the duchess of Hamilton t' other day that I often visited her. People of worth never do that; so that a man only gets the scandal of having scurvy acquaintance. Three ladies were railing against me some time ago, and said they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of, and the third I had only seen twice where I happened to visit. A man who has once seen me in a coffeehouse will ask me how I do, when he sees me talking at court with a minister of state; who is sure to ask me, how I came acquainted with that scoundrel. But come, sirrahs, this is all stuff to you, so I'll say no more on this side the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times since I came to England; I never will call it *Britain*, pray don't call it *Britain*. My week is not out, and one side of this paper is out, and I have a letter to answer of MD's into the bargain: must I write on the third side? faith, that will give you an ill habit. I saw Leigh last night; he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is seduced by some wench; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned several things. Leigh says he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has kept him these three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promises to call for the box at Chester; but I despair of it. Good night, sirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finished my pamphlet to-day, which has cost me so much time and trouble; it will be published in three or four days, when the parliament begins sitting. I suppose the queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finishing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my table as usual, and one from your mother, to tell me that you desire your writings and a picture should be sent to me, to be sent over to you. I have just answered her letter, and promised to take care of them if they be sent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too late to send them by Leigh; besides, I will wait your orders, madam Stella. I am going to finish a letter to lord treasurer about reforming our language; but first I must put an end to a ballad; and go you to your cards, sirrahs, this is card season.

25. I was early with the secretary to-day, but he was gone to his devotions, and to receive the sacrament; several rakes did the same; it was not for piety, but employments; according to act of parliament. I dined with lady Mary Dudley; and passed my time since insipidly,

[1] Lord Strafford absolutely refused to be joined on the commission with Prior; so the department of trade, which was to be Prior's, was entrusted to the Bishop of Bristol, much enchancing the difficulties of the negotiation.

only I was at court at noon, and saw fifty acquaintance I had not met this long time: that is the advantage of a court, and I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever since; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days; for the Whigs are too strong in the house of lords: other reasons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, and unexpectedly there dined with us an Irish knight, one sir John St Leger,[1] who follows the law here, but at a great distance: he was so pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I saw to-day the pope, and devil, and the other figures of cardinals, &c., fifteen in all, which have made such a noise. I have put an under-strapper upon writing a two-penny pamphlet to give an account of the whole design. My large pamphlet will be published to-morrow; copies are sent to the great men this night. Domville[2] is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it: I have not seen him yet; I design to present him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till six this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he set me down at lord treasurer's, with whom I staid about an hour, till Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him about some business. My lord treasurer is pretty well; but stiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatism. I am to bring Domville to my lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtiest rainy day that ever I saw. The pamphlet[3] is published; lord treasurer had it by him on the table, and was asking me about the mottoes in the title-page; he gave me one of them himself. I must send you the pamphlet, if I can.

28. Mrs Van sent to me to dine with her to-day, because some ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his visit, and went to visit Mrs Masham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it seems her husband and her son are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leicester Fields. I presented Mr Domville to Mr Lewis and Mr Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Sosias, in a Whig newspaper. Sosias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noise: I was asked by several whether I had seen it, and they advised me to read it, for it was something very extraordinary. I shall be suspected; and it will have several paltry answers. It must take its fate, as Savage said of his sermon that he preached at Farnham on sir William Temple's death. Domville saw Savage in Italy, and says he is a coxcomb, and half mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waistcoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the pope on a Palm Sunday, which is much more than kissing his toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when 'tis told. I'll answer your letter in my new lodgings: I have hardly room; I must borrow from the other side.

29. *New lodgings.* My printer came this morning to tell me he must immediately print a second edition, and lord treasurer made one or two small additions: they must work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they sold a thousand in two days. Our society met to-day, nine of us were present; we dined at our brother Bathurst's: we made several regulations, and have chosen three new members, lord Orrery, Jack Hill, (who is Mrs Masham's brother, he that lately miscarried in the expedition to Quebec,) and one colonel Disney. We have taken a room in a house near St James's, to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, &c., and am now got home, &c.

30. This morning I carried Domville to see my lord Harley, and I did some business with lord treasurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer, adding something to the second edition. I dined with the printer: the pamphlet makes a world of noise, and will do a great deal of good; it tells abundance of most important facts which were not at all known. I'll answer your letter to-morrow morning; or suppose I answer it just now, though it is pretty late. Come, then. You say you are busy with parliaments, &c.; that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none these two years. Lord Santry, &c., yes, I have had enough on't.[1] I am glad Dilly is mended; does he not thank me for showing him the court and the great people's faces? He had his glass out at the queen and the rest. 'Tis right what Dilly says; I depend upon nothing from my friends; but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a peace; or surely they'll give me the Dublin parish. Stella is in the right; the bishop of Ossory is the silliest, best-natured wretch breathing, of as little consequence as an egg shell. Well, the spelling I have mentioned before; only the next time say *at least*, and not *at lest*. Pox on your Newbury: what can I do for him? I'll give his case (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord treasurer's lameness goes off daily. Pray God preserve poor good Mrs Stoyte, she would be a great loss to us all; pray give her my service, and tell her she has my heartiest prayers. I pity poor Mrs Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, considering how little pro-

1 Afterwards (by George I.) made a Judge in Ireland.
2 Of Longman's Town, Co. Dublin.
3 "The Conduct of the Allies." The mottoes were pointedly severe against Marlborough.

1 Lord Santry, an extreme Whig, prosecuted Dr Higgins, the Irish Sacheverell, before the Privy Council, for uttering some violent High Church doctrines.

vision it would have had. Poh, every pamphlet abuses me, and for things I never writ. Joe should have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I must thank the duke of Ormond, who I dare swear will say he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, those seven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you. £7. 17*s.* 8*d.*, old blunderer, not 18*s.*: I have reckoned it 18 times. Hawkshaw's eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be secure, it may lie where it is, unless they desire to pay it: so Parvisol may let it drop till farther orders; for I have put Mrs Wesley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkshaw's—I mean that Hawkshaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good housewives. Bernage never comes now to see me; he has no more to ask: but I hear he has been ill. A pox on Mrs South's affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of assisting anybody else that solicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for anybody with my lord treasurer, especially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have spent all my discretion, and have no more to use. And so I have answered your letter fully and plainly. And so I have got to the third side of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, to nobody's sorrow. You are silly, not I; I'm a poet, if I had but &c. Who's silly now? rogues and lasses, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of silliness; methought I was speaking to dearest little MD face to face. There; so lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good-night, my delight, &c.

December 1. Pish, sirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of your letter, as well as the top, that I may know when you send it; your last is of Nov. 3, yet I had others at the same time, written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, send me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an answer, with a bill on Parvisol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will ease my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you some of ——'s letter, so you may imagine how witty the rest was; for it was all of a bunch, as goodman Peesley says. Pray let us have no more *bussiness*, but *busyness:* the deuce take me if I know how to spell it; your wrong spelling, madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me see, *bussiness*, *busyness*, *business*, *bisyness*, *bisness*, *bysness;* faith, I know not which is right, I think the second; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, sure I must, though; *business*, *busyness*, *bisyness.*——I have perplexed myself, and can't do it. Prithee ask Walls. *Business*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. O, now I see it as plain as can be; so yours is only an *s* too much. The parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the house of lords; no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that signifies nothing. It was feared there would be some peevish address from the lords against a peace. 'Tis said about the town that several of the allies begin now to be content that a peace should be treated. This is all the news I have. The queen is pretty well; and so now I bid poor dearest MD farewell till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I saw were not worth forty pounds, so I stretched a little when I said a thousand. The Grub street account of that tumult is published. The devil is not like lord treasurer: they were all in your odd antic masks, bought in common shops. I fear Prior will not be one of the plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over this letter, and find I make many mistakes of leaving out words; so 'tis impossible to find any meaning, unless you be conjurors. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day just what I have written that day; which will take up no time to speak of.

LETTER XXXVI.

London, Dec. 1, 1711.

My last was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr Masham to-day, and called at White's chocolate-house to see if he was there. Lord Wharton saw me at the door, and I saw him, but took no notice, and was going away; but he came through the crowd, called after me, and asked me how I did, &c. This was pretty; and I believe he wished every word he spoke was a halter to hang me. Masham did not dine at home, so I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not sent me the second edition; I know not the reason, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father desires I would make two small alterations. I am going to be busy, &c.

2. *Morning.* See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month, from the number above. Well, but I am staying here for old Frowde, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dressed to go to church: I suppose he dare not stir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the second edition went off yesterday in five hours, and he must have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have sold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I shall miss church. Morrow, sirrahs.—*At night.* I was at court to-day: the queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the secretary, and despatched some business. He tells me the

Dutch envoy designs to complain of that pamphlet. The noise it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it should answer the pains I have been at about it. I suppose it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr secretary St John, but I am always the first they lay everything to. I'll go sleep, &c.

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and a fellow would needs speak with me from sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him, and would not see the messenger: but at last it proved that this sir George has sold his estate and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers enclosed of lady Giffard's writing; one owning some exchequer business of 100*l.* to be Stella's; another for 100*l.* that she has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariston; and a third for 300*l.*: the last is on stamped paper. I think they had better lie in England in some good hand till lady Giffard dies; and I will think of some such hand before I come over. I was asking Smithers about all the people at Farnham. Mrs White has left off dressing, is troubled with lameness and swelled legs, and seldom stirs out; but her old hang-dog husband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with lord treasurer, about something he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be soon; for I dined with the printer, and he tells me they have sold off half the third. Mrs Percival and her daughter have been in town these three weeks, which I never heard till to-day; and Mrs Wesley is come to town too, to consult Dr Radcliffe. The Whigs are resolved to bring that pamphlet into the house of lords to have it condemned, so I hear. But the printer will stand to it, and not own the author; he must say he had it from the pennypost. Some people talk as if the house of lords would do some peevish thing; for the Whigs are now a great majority in it; our ministers are too negligent of such things: I have never slipped giving them warning; some of them are sensible of it, but lord treasurer stands too much upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune will bear him out in everything; but in reason I should think this ministry to stand very unsteady; if they can carry a peace, they may hold; I believe not else.

4. Mr secretary sent to me to-day to dine with him alone; but we had two more with us, which hindered me doing some business. I was this morning with young Harcourt, secretary to our society, to take a room for our weekly meetings; and the fellow asked us five guineas a week only to have leave to dine once a week; was not that pretty? so we broke off with him, and are to dine next Thursday at Harcourt's (he is lord keeper's son). They have sold off above half the third edition, and answers are coming out: the Dutch envoy refused dining with Dr D'Avenant, because he was suspected to write it: I have made some alterations in every edition, and it has cost me more trouble, for the time, since the printing than before. 'Tis sent over to Ireland, and I suppose you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, considering 'tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own strength. I have got an under spur-leather to write an Examiner again, and the secretary and I will now and then send hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub street, to be a match for their writers. I dined with lord treasurer to-day at five: he dined by himself after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatism, of which he is almost well. He was very pleasant, as he is always; yet I fancied he was a little touched with the present posture of affairs. The elector of Hanover's minister here has given in a violent memorial against the peace, and caused it to be printed. The Whig lords are doing their utmost for a majority against Friday, and design, if they can, to address the queen against the peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory and speechmaker, is gone over to the Whig side: they toast him daily, and lord Wharton says, "It is *Dismal* (so they call him from his looks) will save England at last." Lord treasurer was hinting as if he wished a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one against to-morrow. He gave me a scurrilous printed paper of bad verses on himself, under the name of the English Catiline, and made me read them to the company. It was his birthday, which he would not tell us, but lord Harley whispered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub street; at noon I paid a visit to Mrs Masham, and then went to dine with our society. Poor lord keeper dined below stairs, I suppose on a bit of mutton. We chose two members; we were eleven met, the greatest meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in small, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends, and sent into the country. A sixpenny answer is come out, good for nothing, but guessing me, among others, for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our side in the house of lords; yet I observed Mrs Masham a little uneasy: she assures me the queen is stout. The duke of Marlborough has not seen the queen for some days past.[1] Mrs Masham is glad of it, because, she says, he tells a hundred lies

[1] Marlborough, Godolphin, Somers, and other Whig leaders, were repeatedly closeted with the Queen, who sought to bring them if possible to unite with her Ministry in the project of a peace.

to his friends of what she says to him: he is one day humble, and the next day on the high ropes. The duke of Ormond, they say, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the parliament was to meet, and the great question to be determined, I went with Dr Freind to dine in the city, on purpose to be out of the way, and we sent our printer to see what was our fate; but he gave us a most melancholy account of things. The earl of Nottingham began, and spoke against a peace, and desired that in their address they might put in a clause to advise the queen not to make a peace without Spain; which was debated, and carried by the Whigs by about six voices:[1] and this has happened entirely by my lord treasurer's neglect, who did not take timely care to make up all his strength, although every one of us gave him caution enough. Nottingham has certainly been bribed. The question is yet only carried in the committee of the whole house. and we hope when it is reported to the house to-morrow we shall have a majority, by some Scotch lords coming to town. However, it is a mighty blow and loss of reputation to lord treasurer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing only as the printer brought it, who was at the debate; but how the ministry take it, or what their hopes and fears are, I cannot tell until I see them. I shall be early with the secretary to-morrow, and then I will tell you more, and shall write a full account to the bishop of Clogher to-morrow, and to the archbishop of Dublin, if I have time. I am horribly down at present. I long to know how lord treasurer bears this, and what remedy he has. The duke of Ormond came this day to town, and was there.

8. I was early this morning with the secretary, and talked over this matter. He hoped that, when it was reported this day in the house of lords, they would disagree with their committee, and so the matter would go off, only with a little loss of reputation to the lord treasurer. I dined with Dr Cockburn, and after, a Scotch member came in, and told us that the clause was carried against the court in the house of lords almost two to one. I went immediately to Mrs Masham, and meeting Dr Arbuthnot (the queen's favourite physician), we went together. She was just come from waiting at the queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone against us. It seems lord treasurer had been so negligent, that he was with the queen while the question was put in the house: I immediately told Mrs Masham, that either she and lord treasurer had joined with the queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the queen: she protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but she gave me some lights to suspect the queen is changed. For yesterday, when the queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the duke of Shrewsbury, lord chamberlain, asked her whether he or the grea chamberlain, Lindsay, ought to lead her out; she answered short, "Neither of you," and gave her hand to the duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against peace. She gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the queen is false, or at least very much wavering. Mr Masham begged us to stay, because lord treasurer would call, and we were resolved to fall on him about his negligence in securing a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as usual, but I thought his countenance was much cast down. I rallied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, if he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked how; I said, I would immediately turn lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the duke and duchess of Somerset, and lord Cholmondeley,[1] out of all their employments; and I believed he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked how he came not to secure a majority; he could answer nothing, but that he could not help it if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that "the hearts of kings are unsearchable." I told him it was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to: he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr secretary. He made his son take a list of all the house of commons who had places, and yet voted against the court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay. This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d——d duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the secretary always dreaded it. I told lord treasurer I should have the advantage of him; for he would lose his head, and I should only be hanged, and so carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr secretary; we are both of opinion that the queen is false. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumstances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had sent to me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his estate in Wales.

[1] The "previous question" by one voice, the main question by six voices.

[1] Treasurer of the Queen's household, but unfavourable to the Ministry.

He gave me reasons to believe the whole matter is settled between the queen and the Whigs; he hears that lord Somers is to be treasurer, and believes that, sooner than turn out the duchess of Somerset, she will dissolve the parliament, and get a Whiggish one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the crisis, and a day or two will determine. I have desired him to engage lord treasurer, that as soon as he finds the change is resolved on, he will send me abroad as queen's secretary somewhere or other, where I may remain till the new ministers recall me; and then I will be sick for five or six months till the storm has spent itself. I hope he will grant me this; for I should hardly trust myself to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is fresh. I dined to-day with the secretary, who affects mirth, and seems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aside after dinner, told him how I had served them, and had asked no reward, but thought I might ask security; and then desired the same thing of him, to send me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and swore he would take the same care of me as himself, &c.; but bid me have courage, for that in two days my lord treasurer's wisdom would appear greater than ever; that he suffered all that had happened on purpose, and had taken measures to turn it to advantage. I said, "God send it;" but I do not believe a syllable; and, as far as I can judge, the game is lost. I shall know more soon; and my letters will at least be a good history to show you the steps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the parliament sit till they have given the money, and then dissolve them in spring, and break the ministry. He spoke to lord treasurer about what I desired him. My lord desired him with great earnestness to assure me that all would be well, and that I should fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the commons went to the queen with their address, and all the lords who were for the peace went with them, to show their zeal. I have now some further conviction that the queen is false, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to see Mrs Masham; while I was there she went to her bedchamber to try a petticoat. Lord treasurer came in to see her, and, seeing me in the outer room, fell a rallying me: says he, "You had better keep company with me, than with such a fellow as Lewis, who has not the soul of a chicken nor the heart of a mite." Then he went in to Mrs Masham, and as he came back desired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He asked whether I was not afraid to be seen with him? I said I never valued my lord treasurer in my life, and therefore should have always the same esteem for Mr Harley and lord Oxford. He seemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting that he was not sure of the queen; and that those scoundrel, starving lords would never have dared to vote against the court, if Somerset had not assured them that it would please the queen. He said that was true, and Somerset did so. I staid till six; then De Buys, the Dutch envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I see him and all of them cast down; though they make the best of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I saw him last night; he is in no fear, but sanguine, although I have told him the state of things. This change so resembles the last, that I wonder they do not observe it. The secretary sent for me yesterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had something to say to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet seen. Morrow, sirrahs.—*At night.* I was to see the duke of Ormond this morning: he asked me two or three questions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at last I told him, that from the time I had seen him I never once thought of Irish affairs. He whispered me that he hoped I had done some good things here: I said, if everybody else had done half as much, we should not be as we are: then we went aside, and talked over affairs. I told him how all things stood, and advised him what was to be done. I then went and sat an hour with the duchess; then as long with lady Oglethorpe, who is so cunning a devil, that I believe she could yet find a remedy, if they would take her advice. I dined with a friend at court.

13. I was this morning with the secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; "Will you believe it," said he, "if you see these people turned out?" I said, "Yes, if I saw the duke and duchess of Somerset out:" he swore, if they were not, he would give up his place. Our society dined to-day at sir William Wyndham's; we were thirteen present. Lord Orrery and two other members were introduced; I left them at seven. I forgot to tell you that the printer told me yesterday that Morphew, the publisher, was sent for by that lord chief justice[1] who was a manager against Sacheverell; he showed him two or three papers and pamphlets; among the rest mine of The Conduct of the Allies; threatened him, asked who was the author, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he did not foresee what was coming at court.

14. Lord Shelburne was with me this morning, to be informed of the state of affairs, and desired I would answer all his objections against a peace; which was soon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good sense enough; but argues so violently, that he will some day or other put

[1] Parker, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield; a keen Whig.

himself into a consumption. He desires that he may not be denied when he comes to see me, which I promised, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne set out for Ireland on Monday se'ennight: I suppose they will be with you long before this. I was to-night drinking very good wine in scurvy company, at least some of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future: 'tis late, &c.

15. *Morning.* They say the Occasional Bill[1] is brought to-day into the house of lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it into the posthouse myself. This will be a memorable letter, and I shall sigh to see it some years hence. Here are the first steps toward the ruin of an excellent ministry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the consequences. I now bid my dearest MD farewell; for company is coming, and I must be at lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewell, dearest MD; I wish you a merry Christmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things a thousand times. Farewell again, dearest MD, &c.

LETTER XXXVII.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

I PUT in my letter this evening myself. I was to-day inquiring at the secretary's office of Mr Lewis how things went: I there met Prior, who told me he gave all for gone, &c., and was of opinion the whole ministry would give up their places next week; Lewis thinks they will not till spring, when the session is over; both of them entirely despair. I went to see Mrs Masham, who invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four I went to Masham's. He came and whispered me, that he had it from a very good hand that all would be well; and I found them both very cheerful. The company was going to the opera, but desired I would come and sup with them. I did so at ten, and lord treasurer was there, and sat with us till past twelve, and was more cheerful than I have seen him these ten days. Mrs Masham told me he was mightily cast down some days ago, and he could not indeed hide it from me. Arbuthnot is in good hopes that the queen has not betrayed us, but only has been frightened and flattered, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, whether [that] my reasons are better, or that my fears are greater. I do resolve, if they give up, or are turned out soon, to retire for some months, and I have pitched upon the place already: but I will take methods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. But I would be out of the way upon the first of the ferment; for they lay all things on me, even some I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to court with a very cheerful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to observe each others' faces. I have avoided lord Halifax's bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make less than fourscore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth, and I hear the duchess too, of which I shall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here some days ago, we are now told will not come at all. The Whigs designed to have met him with forty thousand horse. Lord treasurer told me some days ago of his discourse with the emperor's resident, that puppy Hoffman, about prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my lord would hinder it if he could; and we shall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountaine, Ford, and I, dined to-day with Mrs Van, by invitation.

17. I have mistaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr Masham and his lady, by invitation. Lord treasurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch envoy, who speaks English well enough: he was plaguily politic, telling a thousand lies, of which none passed upon any of us. We are still in the condition of suspense, and I think have little hopes. The duchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth; only the duke: and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the queen certainly designs to change the ministry, but perhaps may put it off till the session is over: and I think they had better give up now, if she will not deal openly; and then they need not answer for the consequences of a peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They say my lord privy seal sets out for Holland this week: so the peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and cost me three shillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the Conduct, &c.: it is in small, and sold for sixpence: they have printed as many as three editions, because they are to be sent in numbers into the country by great men, &c., who subscribe for hundreds. It has been sent a fortnight ago to Ireland: I suppose you will print it there. The Tory lords and commons in parliament argue all from it: and all agree that never anything of that kind was of so great consequence, or made so many converts. By the time I have sent this letter, I expect to hear from little MD: it will be a month, two days hence, since I had your last, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago; or else it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am sending out another little thing, which I hope to finish this week, and design to send to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub street speech

[1] The bill against occasional conformity, aimed at those who took the sacramental test merely as qualification for offices.

of lord Nottingham; and he was such an owl to complain of it in the house of lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at court hat Walpole[1] (a great Whig member) said that I and my whimsical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I should pay for it. He will find he lies: and I shall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be secretary of state, if the ministry changes; but he has lately had a bribe proved against him in parliament, while he was secretary at war. He is one of the Whigs' chief speakers.

19. Sad dismal weather. I went to the secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer. I have not seen the secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth despairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the same mind; but lord treasurer only says, "Poh, poh, all will be well." I am come home early to finish something I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour, and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have just sent away a penny paper to make a little mischief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Irish footman, who was Dr King's servant; he died of a consumption, a fit death for a poor starving wit's footman. The Irish servants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the secretary this morning, and, for aught I can see, we shall have a languishing death: I can know nothing, nor themselves neither. I dined, you know, with our society, and that odious secretary would make me president next week; so I must entertain them this day se'ennight at the Thatched House tavern, where we dined to-day; it will cost me five or six pounds; yet the secretary says he will give me wine. I found a letter when I came home, from the bishop of Clogher.

21. This is the first time I ever got a new cold before the old one was going: it came yesterday, and appeared in all due forms, eyes and nose running, &c., and is now very bad; and I cannot tell how I got it. Sir Andrew Fountaine and I were invited to dine with Mrs Van. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can think of anything to comfort us in present affairs. We must certainly fall, if the duchess of Somerset be not turned out; and nobody believes the queen will ever part with her. The duke and I were settling when Mr secretary and I should dine with him, and he fixed upon Tuesday; and when I came away I remembered it was Christmas day. I was to see lady ——, who is just up after lying-in; and the ugliest sight I have seen, pale, dead, old, and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my stomach. But she will soon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myself disordered with a pain all round the small of my back, which I imputed to Champaign I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine frosty day, and I resolved to walk into the city. I called at lord treasurer's at eleven, and staid some time with him. He showed me a letter from a great presbyterian parson[1] to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by passing this Conformity Bill; and he showed me the answer he had written, which his friends would not let him send; but was a very good one. He is very cheerful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23. *Morning.* As I was dressing to go to church, a friend that was to see me advised me not to stir out; so I shall keep at home to-day, and only eat some broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold frost, and snow fell yesterday, which still remains; look there, you may see it from the penthouses. The lords made yesterday two or three votes about peace, and Hanover, of a very angry kind, to vex the ministry; and they will meet sooner by a fortnight than the commons, and, they say, are preparing some knocking addresses. Morrow, sirrahs. I'll sit at home, and when I go to bed I will tell you how I am.—I have sat at home all day, and eaten only a mess of broth and a roll. I have written a Prophecy, which I design to print; I did it to-day, and some other verses.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard frost, and has been so these three or four days. My Prophecy[2] is printed, and will be published after Christmas day; I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass. You will never understand it at your distance without help. I believe everybody will guess it to be mine, because it is somewhat in the same manner with that of Merlin, in the Miscellanies. My lord privy seal set out this day for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half-a-crown for his Christmas box, on condition he would be good; and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it, because I never design to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wish MD a merry Christmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durst not go to church to-day, finding myself a little out of order, and it snowing prodigiously and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news that poor Mrs Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday last, at four in the morning; she was sick but four hours. We suppose it was the asthma, which she was subject to as well as the dropsy, as she sent me word in her last letter, written about five weeks ago; but then said she was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her last letter she told me she hoped to be easy by Christmas; and she kept her word, although she meant it otherwise.

[1] The famous Sir Robert.

[1] Mr Shower.

[2] The "Windsor Prophecy," which drew on Swift the invincible resentment of the Duchess of Somerset, and did nothing to improve him in the Queen's favour.

She had all sorts of amiable qualities, and no ill ones but the indiscretion of too much neglecting her own affairs. She had two thousand pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which she intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity she had of one hundred pounds a year, and Newburg House, which would be about sixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living so long forced her to retire; for the two thousand pounds was settled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, sir James Long, would not advance it for her; else she might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived still: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Post-Boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to serve her memory: but one reason was spite; for her brother would fain have her death a secret, to save the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the sake of a poor creature I had so much friendship for.

26. I went to Mr secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published, for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them. They have been printed and given about, but not sold. I saw lord treasurer there, who had been two hours with the queen: and Mrs Masham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and supped at Mr Masham's, and lord treasurer sat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, &c.

27. I entertained our society at the Thatched House tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurst sent for wine, the house affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and so he brought up dozens apiece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The frost still continues violently cold. Mrs Masham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our society did not part till nine. But I supped with Mrs Hill, her sister, and there was Mrs Masham and lord treasurer, and we staid till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority against next Wednesday, when the house of lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to make some violent addresses against a peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us. It is still prodigiously cold; but so I told you already. We have eggs on the spit, I wish they may not be addle. When I came home to-night I found, forsooth, a letter from MD, No. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the numbers now? and at the same time one from Joe, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his success, but wont put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter some time ago from Mr Warburton, and I beg one of you will copy out what I shall tell you, and send it by some opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: The doctor has received Mr Warburton's letter, and desires he will let the doctor know where that accident he mentions is like soon to happen, and he will do what he can in it. And pray, madam, let them know that I do this to save myself the trouble, and them the expense, of a letter. And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a lord treasurer and Mrs Masham. O, I could tell you ten thousand things of our mad politics, upon what small circumstances great affairs have turned. But I will go rest my busy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurst to see the duke of Ormond. We have given his grace some hopes to be one of our society. The secretary and I and Bathurst are to dine with him on Sunday next. The duke is not in much hopes, but has been very busy in endeavouring to bring over some lords against next Wednesday. The duchess caught me as I was going out; she is sadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with lord treasurer; and I' blame her. She met me in the street at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her closet. If we miscarry on Wednesday, I believe it will be by some strange sort of neglect. They talk of making eight new lords, by calling up some peers' eldest sons; but they delay strangely. I saw judge Coote to-day at the duke of Ormond's; he desires to come and see me, to justify his principles.

29. *Morning.* This goes to-day. I will not answer yours, your 24th, till next, which shall begin to-night, as usual. Lord Shelburne has sent to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton's and lord Aylesbury's sons are both made peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your dean. I owe the archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether anything is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewell, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, &c. &c. I wish you many happy Christmasses and new years.

I have owned to the dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

Dingley's Account.	L.	s.	d.
Received of Mr Tooke	6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney	0	2	6
For the three half-crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore	0	7	6
For exchange to Ireland	0	10	0
For coach hire	0	2	6
In all, just	8	0	0

So there 's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain, to let you know that we are all safe; the queen has made no less than twelve lords,[1] to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three peers' sons; and has turned out the duke of Somerset. She is awaked at last, and so is lord treasurer: I want nothing now but to see the duchess out. But we shall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, sirrahs. This is written in a coffeehouse. Three of the new lords are of our society.

LETTER XXXVIII.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Irish wine, and we are in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The queen has been at last persuaded to her own interest and security, and I freely think she must have made both herself and kingdom very unhappy, if she had done otherwise. It is still a mighty secret that Masham is to be one of the new lords; they say he does not yet know it himself; but the queen is to surprise him with it. Mr secretary will be a lord at the end of the session; but they want him still in parliament. After all, it is a strange unhappy necessity of making so many peers together; but the queen has drawn it upon herself by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our society.

30. I writ the dean and you a lie yesterday; for the duke of Somerset is not yet turned out. I was to-day at court, and resolved to be very civil to the Whigs; but saw few there. When I was in the bedchamber talking to lord Rochester, he went up to lady Burlington, who asked him who I was; and lady Sunderland and she whispered about me: I desired lord Rochester to tell lady Sunderland I doubted she was not as much in love with me, as I was with her; but he would not deliver my message. The duchess of Shrewsbury came running up to me, and clapped her fan up to hide us from the company, and we gave one another joy of this change; but sighed when we reflected on the Somerset family not being out. The secretary and I, and brother Bathurst, and lord Windsor, dined with the duke of Ormond. Bathurst and Windsor are to be two of the new lords. I desired my lord Radnor's brother, at court to-day, to let my lord know I would call on him at six, which I did, and was arguing with him three hours to bring him over to us, and I spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable; but he is a scoundrel, and though I said I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie, for I did not care if he were hanged: but every one gained over is of consequence. The duke of Marlborough was at court to-day, and nobody hardly took notice of him. Masham's being a lord begins to take wind: nothing at court can be kept a secret. Wednesday will be a great day: you shall know more.

31. Our frost is broken since yesterday, and it is very slabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered some things with the printer. I have settled Dr King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new lords' patents are passed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I see I have said this before. I hear the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I shall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr King to dine with the secretary. These are strong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The last ministry people are utterly desperate.

January 1. Now I wish my dearest little MD many happy new years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, ay, and Presto too, many happy new years. I dined with the secretary, and it is true that the duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The duke of Ormond has got his regiment of foot guards; I know not who has the rest. If the ministry be not sure of a peace, I shall wonder at this step, and do not approve it at best. The queen and lord treasurer mortally hate the duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unless he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confess my belief that he has not one good quality in the world besides that of a general; and even that I have heard denied by several great soldiers. But we have had constant success in arms while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter in war, and I doubt the French think it impossible to conquer an army that he leads, and our soldiers think the same; and how far even this step may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs.

2. This being the day the lords meet, and the new peers to be introduced, I went to Westminster to see the sight; but the crowd was too great in the house. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and sir Thomas Mansel, and lord Windsor; the other six I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raised some difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to see lady Masham at noon, and wish her joy of her new honour, and a happy new year. I found her very well pleased: for peerage will be some sort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and sup with her and lord treasurer. I went at nine, and she was not at

[1] The twelve new Peers were Lords Compton, Bruce, Hay of Bedwarden, Mountjoy, Burton, Mansel, Middleton, Trevor, Lansdowne, Masham, Foley, and Bathurst. The *Gazette* which announced their elevation or creation, also announced that "Her Majesty has removed the Duke of Marlborough from all his employments."

home, so I would not stay. No, no, I wont answer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I see nothing here like Christmas, excepting brawn and mincepies in places where I dine, and giving away my half-crowns like farthings to great men's porters and butlers. Yesterday I paid seven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern where I treated the society. I have a great mind to send you the bill. I think I told you some articles. I have not heard whether anything was done in the house of lords after introducing the new ones. Ford has been sitting with me till *peast tweelve a clock*.

3. This was our society day; lord Dupplin was president; we choose every week; the last president treats and chooses his successor. I believe our dinner cost fifteen pounds, besides wine. The secretary grew brisk, and would not let me go, nor lord Lansdowne, who would fain have gone home to his lady, being newly married to lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted; so you must think I can't write much to-night. The adjourning of the house of lords yesterday, as the queen desired, was just carried by the twelve new lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you that I have brought Dr King in to be Gazetteer? It will be worth about two hundred pounds a year to him: I believe I told you so before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toasted oranges. I'll go sleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by several hands, I know not whom. I believe lord treasurer had a finger in it; I added three stanzas; I suppose Dr Arbuthnot had the greatest share. I have been overseeing some other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my understrappers. Somerset is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the Prophecy in Ireland, although it is not published here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you understand it? No, faith, not without help. Tell me what you stick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our society yesterday for gross neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, secretary to the treasurer, and cousin-german to lord treasurer. He is going to Hanover from the queen. I am to give the duke of Ormond notice of his election as soon as I can see him.

5. I went this morning with a parishioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguish lawyer had refused to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a sharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was resolved to stand by him; and the next news was, that the lawyer desired I would meet him, and attest he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the spot. I then visited lord treasurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerset family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man said, by &c. Then I went and visited poor Will Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almost blind of both. I dined with some merchants in the city, but could not see Stratford, with whom I had business. Presto, leave off your impertinence, and answer our letter, saith MD. Yes, yes, one of these days, when I have nothing else to do. O, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one side done yet. These ugly spots are not tobacco, but this is the last gilt sheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was surprised when they gave him bits of paper instead of money; but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers: he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Irish way. Ben Tooke and my printer have desired me to make them stationers to the ordnance, of which lord Rivers is master instead of the duke of Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a year a-piece to them, if I can get it. I will try to-morrow.

6. I went this morning to earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment; and desired him to prefer my printer and bookseller to be stationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr secretary to speak to him, and desired I would engage him to do so; but that, however, he did it only for my sake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs Wesley, who is very much out of order, instead of going to church; and then I went to court, which I found very full, in expectation of seeing prince Eugene, who landed last night, and lies at Leicester House: he was not to see the queen till six this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good.[1] I refused dining with the secretary, and was like to lose my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at six to see the prince at court, but he was gone in to the queen; and when he came out Mr secretary, who introduced him, walked so near him, that he quite screened me from him with his great periwig. I'll tell you a good passage: as prince Eugene was going with Mr secretary to court, he told the secretary that Hoffman, the emperor's resident, said to his highness that it was not proper to go to court without a long wig, and his was a tied-up one; now, says the prince, I knew not what to do, for I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets and footmen, to see whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but none of them has any. Was not this spoken very greatly, with some sort of contempt? But the secretary said, it was a

[1] He was sent by the Emperor to prevent, if possible, the negotiation of peace between England and France; and was by all parties most honourably received.

thing of no consequence, and only observed by gentlemen-ushers. I supped with lord Masham, where lord treasurer and Mr secretary supped with us: the first left us at twelve, but the rest did not part till two: yet I have written all this, because it is fresh; and now I'll go sleep if I can; that is, I believe I shall because I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the duke of Ormond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our society, and to invite him on Thursday next to the Thatched House: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility such a preferment deserves, but cannot come till the next meeting, because prince Eugene is to dine with him that day; which I allowed for a good excuse, and will report accordingly. I dined with lord Masham, and sat there till eight this evening, and came home because I was not very well, but a little griped; but now I am well again, I will not go, at least but very seldom, to lord Masham's suppers. Lord treasurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late sitting up does not agree with me: there's the short and the long, and I wont do it; so take your answer, dear little young women; and I have no more to say to you tonight, because of the archbishop; for I am going to write a long letter to him; but not so politicly as formerly: I wont trust him.

8. Well then, come, let us see this letter; if I must answer it, I must. What's here, now? yes, faith, I *lamented my birthday*[1] two days after, that's all: and you rhyme, madam Stella; were those verses made upon my birthday? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and said them over a thousand times: they drank your health in all their glasses, and wished, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What; no, I believe it was not; what do I say upon the 8th of December? Compare, and see whether I say so. I am glad of Mrs Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad; your Dolly Manley's and bishop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am sorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, sir George St George dead. Go cry, madam Dingley; I have written to the dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wish all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like lightning; they cost me twelvepence a week, besides small coal. I have got four new caps, madam, very fine and convenient, with striped cambric, instead of muslin; so Patrick need not mend them, but take the old ones. Stella snatched Dingley's word out of her pen; Presto a cold; why, all the world here is dead with them: I never had anything like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. I hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought your box: how do you like the ivory rasp? Stella is angry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not the apron as good? I am sure I shall never be paid it: so all's well again. What, the quarrel with sir John Walters? Why, we had not one word of quarrel; only he railed at me when I was gone, and lord keeper and treasurer teazed me for a week. It was nuts to them; a serious thing with a vengeance. The Whigs may sell their estates, then, or hang themselves, as they are disposed; for a peace there will be. Lord treasurer told me that Conolly was going to Hanover. Your provost is a coxcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry when I tell her of spelling; I see none wrong in this. God Almighty be praised that your disorders lessen; it increases my hopes mightily that they will go off. And have you been plagued with the fear of the plague? never mind those reports; I have heard them five hundred times. *Replevi?* Replevin, simpleton; 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard word, and so I'll excuse it. I stated Dingley's accounts in my last. I forgot Catherine's sevenpenny dinner. I hope it was the beef-steaks; I'll call and eat them in spring; but goody Stoyte must give me coffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, ay, the pamphlet; but there are some additions to the fourth edition; the fifth edition was of four thousand, in a smaller print, sold for sixpence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from Parvisol: and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my last. And so there now, your whole letter is answered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and answer what is necessary; and so, and so. Well, when I expected we were all undone, I designed to retire for six months, and then steal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thousand times two lines of Shakspeare, where cardinal Wolsey says,

"A weak old man, batter'd with storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon, I have cheated you all this margin: I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider, like Stella; awkward sluts, *she writes so, so, there:*[1] that's as like as two eggs a penny. *A weak old man:* now I am saying it, and shall be till to-morrow. The duke of Marlborough says there is nothing he now desires so much as to contrive some way how to soften Dr Swift. He is mistaken; for those things that have been hardest against him were not written by me. Mr secretary told me this from a friend of the duke's; and I'm sure, now he is down, I shall not trample on him; although I love him not, I dislike his being out. Bernage was to see me this morning, and gave some very indifferent excuses for not calling here so long. I care not twopence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was last night at lady Betty Germaine's assemblée, and a vast number of ladies to see him. Mr Lewis and I dined with a private friend. I was this

[1] Swift, on his birthday, always read the third chapter of Job.

[1] These words in the manuscript imitate Stella's writing, and are sloped the wrong way.

morning to see the duke of Ormond, who appointed me to meet him at the Cockpit at one, but never came. I sat too some time with the duchess. We don't like things very well yet. I am come home early, and going to be busy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go sleep last night till past two, and was waked before three by a noise of people endeavouring to break open my window; for a while I would not stir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noise continued, I rose and went to the window, and then it ceased: I went to bed again, and heard it repeated, more violently; then I rose and called up the house, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the sash a yard; there are great sheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a story high; and if they get upon the sheds they are almost even with my window. We observed their track, and panes of glass fresh broken. The watchmen told us today they saw them, but could not catch them: they attacked others in the neighbourhood about the same time, and actually robbed a house in Suffolk street, which is the next street but one to us. It is said they are seamen discharged from service. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it seems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of the robbers. He is a sad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will discard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bedchamber; and I hide my purse in my thread stocking between the bed's head and the wainscot. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the duke of Douglas and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our society day, you know; but the duke of Ormond could not be with us, because he dined with prince Eugene. It cost me a guinea contribution to a poet who had made a copy of verses upon monkeys, applying the story to the duke of Marlborough; the rest gave two guineas, except the two physicians, who followed my example. I don't like this custom: the next time I will give nothing. I sat this evening at Lord Masham's with lord treasurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the posture of things well.

We cannot be stout
Till Somerset's out:

as the old saying is.

11. Mr Lewis and I dined with the chancellor of the exchequer,[1] who eats the most elegantly of any man I know in town. I walked lustily in the Park by moonshine till eight, to shake off my dinner and wine; and then went to sup at Mr Domville's with Ford and staid till twelve. It is told me to-day, as a great secret, that the duke of Somerset will be out soon; that the thing is fixed; but what shall we do with the duchess? They say the duke will make her leave the queen, out of spite, if he be out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, No. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain: but I wont answer it, because this goes to-morrow, only what you say of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's safe there; nor do I fear anything, unless the ministry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I shall be in Ireland before such a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the session, if the Whigs' designs had gone on. Have not you an apron by Leigh, madam Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. *Morning.* This goes to-day as usual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather these two or three days last. Farewell, &c. &c.

[1] Robert Benson, Esq., afterwards Lord Bingley.

LETTER XXXIX.

London, Jan. 12, 1711–12.

When I sealed up my letter this morning, I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined: for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week; that he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets, but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, &c. And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the South Sea company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philosophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I sent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the stock of Stratford, and settle things with him. He told me I was secure; for Stratford had transferred it to me in form in the South Sea House, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on stamped parchment. However he would be farther informed; and at night sent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet secure; and, besides, am in pain for Ford, whom I first brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment; the lord Mansel told me at court to-day that I was engaged to him; but Stratford had promised Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He did so; said he had hopes to save himself in his affair with Evans. Ford asked him for his tickets: he said he would send them to-morrow; but looking in his pocket-book, said he believed he had some of them about him, and gave him as many as came

to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; besides, he talked so frankly, that we might think there is no danger. I asked him, Was there any more to be settled between us in my affair? He said, "No;" and answered my questions just as Tooke had got them from others; so I hope I am safe. This has been a scurvy affair. I believe Stella would have laughed at me to see a suspicious fellow like me overreached. I saw prince Eugene to-day at court: I don't think him an ugly faced fellow, but well enough, and a good shape.

14. The parliament was to sit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the queen's directions till Thursday. She designs to make some important speech then. She pretended illness; but I believe they were not ready, and they expect some opposition: and the Scotch lords are angry,[1] and must be pacified. I was this morning to invite the duke of Ormond to our society on Thursday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about some business: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain lord: but I doubt we shall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but I was told he would be busy: so I dined with Mrs Van; and at night I sat with lord Masham till one. Lord treasurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him; he was in very good humour: I brought home two flasks of Burgundy in my chair; I wish MD had them. You see it is very late; so I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I presented my printer and bookseller to lord Rivers, to be stationers to the ordnance: *stationers*, that's the word, I did not write it plain at first. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers told them the doctor commanded him, and he durst not refuse it. I would have dined with lord treasurer to-day again, but lord Mansel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the duke of Ormond to-day at the Cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the mischief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will Penn the Quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the duke for his kindness to their people in Ireland. To see a dozen scoundrels with their hats on, and the duke complimenting them with his off, was a good sight enough. I sat this evening with sir William Robinson, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is past twelve.

16. This being fast day, Dr Freind and I went into the city to dine late, like good fasters. My printer and bookseller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, because it was enjoyed before by a stationer, although it be to serve the ordnance with oil, tallow, &c., and is worth four hundred pounds per annum more: I will try what I can do. They are resolved to ask several other employments of the same nature to other offices; and I will then grease fat sows, and see whether it be possible to satisfy them. Why am not I a stationer? The parliament sits to-morrow, and Walpole, late secretary at war, is to be swinged for bribery, and the queen is to communicate something of great importance to the two houses, at least they say so. But I must think of answering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went this morning to the duke of Ormond about some business; and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with prince Eugene. Those of our society of the house of commons could not be with us, the house sitting late on Walpole. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept some dinner for them. I hope Walpole will be sent to the Tower, and expelled the house: but this afternoon the members I spoke with in the court of requests talked dubiously of it. It will be a leading card to maul the duke of Marlborough for the same crime, or at least to censure him. The queen's message was only to give them notice of the peace she is treating, and to desire they will make some law to prevent libels against the government; so farewell to Grub street.

18. I heard to-day that the commoners of our society did not leave the parliament till eleven at night, then went to those I left, and staid till three in the morning. Walpole is expelled, and sent to the Tower. I was this morning again with lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookseller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this duke of Somerset out, and he apprehends it will not be; but I hope better. They are going now at last to change the commissioners of the customs: my friend sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a small pamphlet, and send it to the press, that I might not be known for author; 'tis A Letter to the October Club, if ever you heard of such a thing. Methinks this letter goes on but slowly for almost a week; I want some little conversation with MD, and to know what they are doing just now. I am sick of politics. I have not dined with lord treasurer these three weeks: he chides me, but I don't care: I don't.

19. I dined to-day with lord treasurer; this is his day of choice company, where they sometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on some extraordinary business; the keeper, steward, both secretaries, lord Rivers, and lord Anglesea: I left them at seven and came away, and have been writing to the bishop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him since sir George St George's death; but I have directed to the same house: you must tell me better, for the letter is sent by the bellman. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you; for I wont answer two letters together. The duke of Somerset

[1] Because the House of Lords had refused to permit the Duke of Hamilton to sit when he had received the title of Duke of Brandon in the British peerage.

is out, and was with his yellow liveries at parliament to-day: you know he had the same with the queen when he was master of the horse: we hope the duchess will follow, or that he will take her away in spite. Lord treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head. Has the dean received my letter? ask him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at court to see prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I saw the duchess of Somerset talking with the duke of Buckingham; she looked a little down, but was extremely courteous. The queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Must I fill this line too?[1] well then, so let it be. The duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our society; shall we let him? I spoke to the duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They say the duke of Somerset is advised by his friends to let his wife stay with the queen; I am sorry for it. I dined with the secretary to-day, with mixed company; I don't love it. Our society does not meet till Friday, because Thursday will be a busy day in the house of commons; for then the duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into, about the pension paid him by those that furnished bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I used him like a dog this morning for it. I was asked to-day by several, in the court of requests, whether it was true that the author of the Examiner was taken up in an action of twenty thousand pounds by the duke of Marlborough? I dined in the city, where my printer showed me a pamphlet, called Advice to the October Club, which he said was sent him by an unknown hand; I commended it mightily; he never suspected me; 'tis a twopenny pamphlet. I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the secretary's servants came to me, to let me know that lord treasurer would immediately speak to me at lord Masham's upon earnest business; and that, if I was a-bed, I should rise and come. I did so; lord treasurer was above with the queen; and when he came down he laughed, and said it was not he that sent for me: the business was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I staid with them till past one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolics. I thought to have answered your letter.

22. Dr Gastrel was to see me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the canons of Christ Church, and one I love very well: he said he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I asked what he meant: "Why," says he, "have you not seen the Grub street paper that says Dr Swift was taken up as author of the Examiner, on an action of twenty thousand pounds, and was now at James Broad's?" who, I suppose, is some bailiff. I knew nothing of this; but at the court of requests twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lansdowne observed to the secretary and me that the Whigs spread three lies yesterday: that about me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out last summer, is again restored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commission for lieutenant of the Tower is stopped, and that Cadogan is to continue. Lansdowne thinks they have some design by these reports; I cannot guess it. Did I tell you that Sacheverell has desired mightily to come and see me? but I have put it off: he has heard that I have spoken to the secretary in behalf of a brother whom he maintains, and who desires an employment. T'other day, at the court of requests, Dr Yalden saluted me by name: Sacheverell, who was just by, came up to me, and made me many acknowledgments and compliments. Last night I desired lord treasurer to do something for that brother of Sacheverell's: he said he never knew he had a brother; but thanked me for telling him, and immediately put his name in his table-book. I will let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his measures accordingly; but he shall be none of my acquaintance. I dined to-day privately with the secretary, left him at six, paid a visit or two, and came home.

23. I dined again to-day with the secretary, but could not despatch some business I had with him, he has so much besides upon his hands at this juncture; and preparing against the great business to-morrow, which we are topfull of. The ministers' design is, that the duke of Marlborough shall be censured as gently as possible, provided his friends will not make head to defend him; but if they do, it may end in some severer votes. A gentleman, who was just now with him, tells me he is much cast down and fallen away; but he is positive, if he has but ten friends in the house, that they shall defend him to the utmost, and endeavour to prevent the least censure upon him; which I think cannot be, since the bribery is manifest: Sir Solomon Medina paid him six thousand pounds a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the duke owns it in his letter to the commissioners of accounts. I was to-night at lord Masham's; lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the secretary read a great deal of it to lord treasurer: they all commended it to the skies, and so did I; and they began a health to the author. But I doubt lord treasurer suspected, for he said, "This is Dr D'Avenant's style;" which is his cant when he suspects me.[1] But I carried the matter very well. Lord treasurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

24. The secretary made me promise to dine with him to-day after the parliament was up; I

[1] The last of the page, written close to the edge of the paper.

[1] D'Avenant was abused as the author of the "Examiner," long after Swift had taken the paper in hand.

said I would come; but I dined at my usual time, knowing the house would sit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr Domville and another gentleman; I have not done so before these many months. At ten this evening I went to the secretary, but he was not come home. I sat with his lady till twelve, then came away; and he just came as I was gone, and he sent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and so I know not how things have passed, but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, &c.

25. The secretary sent to me this morning, to know whether we should dine together; I went to him, and there I learned that the question went against the duke of Marlborough by a majority of a hundred; so the ministry is mighty well satisfied, and the duke will now be able to do no hurt. The secretary and I, and lord Masham, &c., dined with lieutenant general Withers, who is just going to look after the army in Flanders: the secretary and I left them a little after seven, and I am come home, and will now answer your letter, because this goes to-morrow: let me see. The box at Chester; O, burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have desired one to inquire for it who went towards Ireland last Monday, but I am in utter despair of it. No, I was not splenetic; you see what plunges the court has been at to set all right again. And that duchess is not out yet, and may one day cause more mischief. Somerset shows all about a letter from the queen, desiring him to let his wife continue with her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley smelled a rat; because the Whigs are *upish;* but if ever I hear that word again I'll *uppish* you. I am glad you got your rasp safe and sound; does Stella like her apron? Your critics about guarantees of succession are puppies; that's an answer to the objection. The answerers here made the same objection, but it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that lord Marlborough is used too hardly: I have often scratched out passages from papers and pamphlets sent me before they were printed; because I thought them too severe. But he is certainly a vile man, and has no sort of merit besides the military. The Examiners are good for little; I would fain have hindered the severity of the two or three last, but could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for whose honesty I will engage. And I think it is best not to venture them with me at sea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling so very positively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond speak against peace? No, simpleton: he is one of the stanchest we have for the ministry. Neither trouble yourself about the printer: he appeared the first day of term, and is to appear when summoned again; but nothing else will come of it. Lord chief justice is cooled since this new settlement. No; I will not split my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is answered. (Pox on these blots!) What must I say more? I will set out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unless the ministry desire me to stay till the end of the session, which may be a month longer: but I believe they will not; for I suppose the peace will be made, and they will have no farther service for me. I must make my canal fine this summer, as fine as I can. I am afraid I shall see great neglects among my quicksets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river-walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finish this letter this morning, and am come home so late I must give it to the bellman; but I would have it go to-night, lest you should think there is anything in the story of my being arrested in an action of twenty thousand pounds by lord Marlborough; which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and consequently, I suppose, gone to Ireland. Farewell, dearest MD, &c. &c.

LETTER XL.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this size, so you must be content with plain. Our society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon lord Marlborough's business on Thursday. The duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the first time; we were thirteen at table; and lord Lansdowne came in after dinner, so that we wanted but three. The secretary proposed the duke of Beaufort,[1] who desires to be one of our society; but I stopped it, because the duke of Ormond doubts a little about it; and he was gone before it was proposed. I left them at seven, and sat this evening with poor Mrs Wesley, who has been mightily ill to-day with a fainting fit; she has often convulsions too; she takes a mixture with assafœtida, which I have now in my nose; and everything smells of it. I never smelt it before; 'tis abominable. We have eight packets, they say, due from Ireland.

27. I could not see prince Eugene at court to-day, the crowd was so great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he sets out from any place. When the duchess of Hamilton came from the queen after church, she whispered me that she was going to pay me a visit: I went to lady Oglethorpe's, the place appointed; for ladies always visit me in third places, and she kept me till near four: she talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, and I believe I shall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with lord Masham; they staid as long as they could, yet had almost dined, and were going in anger to pull down the brass peg for my hat, but lady Masham saved it. At

[1] So zealous a Tory, that he never appeared at Court during Godolphin's Ministry, and, when he came after Godolphin's fall, told her Majesty "he could now call her Queen in reality;" he died in 1714, aged only 30.

eight I went again to lord Masham's; lord treasurer is generally there at night: we sat up till almost two. Lord treasurer has engaged me to contrive some way to keep the archbishop of York from being seduced by lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, so I must go sleep.

28. Poor Mrs Manley, the author, is very ill of a dropsy and sore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid she cannot live long. I am heartily sorry for her; she has very generous principles for one of her sort, and a great deal of good sense and invention: she is about forty, very homely, and very fat. Mrs Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the duke of Ormond, and the prolocutor, about what lord treasurer spoke to me yesterday; I know not what will be the issue. There is but a slender majority in the house of lords; and we want more. We are sadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Brazil from the Portuguese. The sixth edition of three thousand of The Conduct of the Allies is sold, and the printer talks of a seventh; eleven thousand of them have been sold, which is a prodigious run. The little twopenny Letter of Advice to the October Club does not sell; I know not the reason; for it is finely written, I assure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it because it does not sell: you know that is usual to writers to condemn the judgment of the world: if I had hinted it to be mine, everybody would have bought it; but it is a great secret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of *Contes des Fées*, and have been reading them these two days, although I have much business upon my hands. I loitered till one at home; then went to Mr Lewis at his office; and the vice chamberlain told me that lady Ryalton had yesterday resigned her employment of lady of the bedchamber, and that lady Jane Hyde, lord Rochester's daughter, a mighty pretty girl, is to succeed; he said, too, that lady Sunderland would resign in a day or two. I dined with Lewis, and then went to see Mrs Wesley, who is better to-day. But you must know that Mr Lewis gave me two letters, one from the bishop of Cloyne, with an enclosed from lord Inchequin to lord treasurer, which he desires I would deliver and recommend. I am told that lord was much in with lord Wharton, and I remember he was to have been one of the lords justices by his recommendation; yet the bishop recommends him as a great friend to the Church, &c. I'll do what I think proper. T'other letter was from little saucy MD, No. 26. O Lord, never saw the like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; we shall never have done. Sirrahs; how durst you write so soon, sirrahs? I wont answer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the secretary, who was sick, and out of humour; he would needs drink Champaign some days ago, on purpose to spite me, because I advised him against it, and now he pays for it: Stella used to do such tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has resigned her place too. It is lady Catherine Hyde that succeeds lady Ryalton, and not lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late earl of Rochester's daughter. I dined with the secretary, then visited his lady; and sat this evening with lady Masham: the secretary came to us, but lord treasurer did not; he dined with the master of the rolls, and staid late with him. Our society does not meet till to-morrow se'ennight, because we think the parliament will be very busy to-morrow upon the state of the war; and the secretary, who is to treat as president, must be in the house. I fancy my talking of persons and things here must be very tedious to you, because you know nothing of them, and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's street, and Werburgh street, and (what do you call the street where Mrs Walls lives?) and Ingoldsby, and Higgins, and lord Santry; but what care you for lady Catherine Hyde? Why do you say nothing of your health, sirrah? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, bishop of Norwich, who was with this lord Sunderland at Moor Park in their travels, preached yesterday before the house of lords; and to-day the question was put to thank him, and print his sermon; but passed against him; for it was a terrible Whig sermon. The bill to repeal the act for naturalising Protestant foreigners passed the house of lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch lords went out, and would vote neither way, in discontent about duke Hamilton's patent, if you know anything of it. A poem is come out to-day, inscribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a Whiggish poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requests. I dined with lord treasurer at five alone, only with one Dutchman. Prior is now a commissioner of the customs; I told you so before, I suppose. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr Sacheverell, thanking me for recommending his brother to lord treasurer and Mr Secretary for a place. Lord treasurer sent to him about it; so good a solicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I should be a solicitor for Sacheverell.

February 1. Has not your dean of St Patrick's received my letter? you say nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a most delicious day; why don't you observe whether the same days be fine with you? To-night, at six, Dr Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr Freind, met at Dr Robert Freind's house at Westminster, who is master of the school: there we sat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politic Dingley, that the passage in The Conduct of the Allies is so far from being blamable, that the secretary designs to insist upon it in the house of commons, when the Treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now shortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of Advice to the

October Club begins now to sell; but I believe its fame will hardly reach Ireland: 'tis finely written, I assure you. I long to answer your letter; but wont yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This ends Christmas, and what care I? I have neither seen, nor felt, nor heard any Christmas this year. I passed a lazy dull day: I was this morning with lord treasurer, to get some papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own business. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my measures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening sat with lord Masham till twelve. Lord treasurer did not come; this is an idle dining day usually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of those scoundrels the Dutch, lest they should play us tricks. Lord Mar, a Scotch earl,[1] was with us at lord Masham's; I was arguing with him about the stubbornness and folly of his countrymen: they are so angry about the affair of duke Hamilton, whom the queen has made a duke of England, and the house of lords will not admit him. He swears he would vote for us, but dare not, because all Scotland would detest him if he did; he should never be chosen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at court to-day to look for a dinner; but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with lord Mountjoy. The queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the secretary this morning. He showed me a letter from the Hanover envoy, Mr Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier Treaty is laid before the house of commons; and desiring that no infringement may be made in the guarantee of the succession: but the secretary has written him a peppering answer. I fancy you understand all this, and are able states girls, since you have read The Conduct of the Allies. We are all preparing against the birthday; I think it is Wednesday next. If the queen's gout increases it will spoil sport. Prince Eugene has two fine suits made against it; and the queen is to give him a sword worth four thousand pounds, the diamonds set transparent.

4. I was this morning soliciting at the house of commons' door for Mr Vesey, a son of the archbishop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a bill to relieve him in some difficulty about his estate; I secured him above fifty members. I dined with lady Masham. We have no packet from Holland, as I was told yesterday: and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birthday who expected clothes from Holland. I appointed to meet a gentleman at the secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The house of commons have this day made many severe votes about our being abused by our allies. Those who spoke drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree that it was my book that spirited them to these resolutions; I long to see them in print. My head has not been as well as I could wish it for some days past; but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and showed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give some French spy. I dined with four Irishmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had resolved against it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at lady Masham's, but I only played for her while she was waiting; and I won her a pool; and supped there. Lord treasurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The ladies and lords have all their clothes ready against to-morrow: I saw several mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in spite of that spiteful French fashion of the Whiggish ladies not to come, which they have all resolved to a woman; and I hope it will more spirit the queen against them for ever.

6. I went to dine at lord Masham's at three, and met all the company just coming out of court; a mighty crowd: they staid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of seeing several lords and ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Ashburnham looked the best in my eyes. They say the court was never fuller nor finer. Lord treasurer, his lady, and two daughters, and Mrs Hill, dined with lord and lady Masham; the five ladies were monstrous fine. The queen gave prince Eugene the diamond sword to-day; but nobody was by when she gave it, except my lord chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera songs at night, and the queen was at all the entertainment, and is very well after it. I saw lady Wharton, as ugly as the devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undress; she has been with the Marlborough daughters and lady Bridgewater in St James's, looking out of the window all undressed to see the sight. I do not hear that one Whig lady was there, except those of the bedchamber. Nothing has made so great a noise as one Kelson's chariot, that cost nine hundred and thirty pounds, the finest was ever seen. The rabble huzza'd him as much as they did prince Eugene. This is birthday chat.

7. Our society met to-day; the duke of Ormond was not with us; we have lessened our dinners, which were grown so extravagant that lord treasurer and everybody else cried shame. I left them at seven, visited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The queen is much better after yesterday's exercise: her friends wish she would use a little more. I opposed lord Jersey's election into our society, and he is refused: I likewise opposed the duke of Beaufort, but I believe he will be chosen in

[1] John, eleventh and last Earl, who headed the rebellion of 1715, and, being attainted, fled abroad, and died in 1735.

spite of me: I don't much care; I shall not be with them above two months; for I resolve to set out for Ireland the beginning of April next (before I treat them again), and see my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city: this morning a scoundrel dog, one of the queen's music, a German whom I had never seen, got access to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely desired me to get an employment in the customs for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewise to forward a project of his own for raising ten thousand pounds a year upon operas: I used him civiller than he deserved, but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told I had a mighty interest with lord treasurer, and one word of mine, &c. Well, I got home early on purpose to answer MD's letter, No. 26, for this goes to-morrow. Well, I never saw such a letter in my life; so saucy, so journalish, so sanguine, so pretending, so every thing. I satisfied all your fears in my last; all is gone well, as you say; yet you are an impudent slut to be so positive; you will swagger so upon your sagacity, that we shall never have done. Pray don't mislay your reply; I would certainly print it if I had it here: how long is it? I suppose half a sheet: was the answer written in Ireland? Yes, yes, you shall have a letter when you come from Balligal.[1] I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the duchess of Somerset.—So, they say Presto writ the Conduct, &c. Do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the resolutions printed t'other day in the votes are almost quotations from it; and would never have passed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair-sex[2] it to the world's end. Well, madam Dingley, the frost; why, we had a great frost, but I forget how long ago; it lasted above a week or ten days: I believe about six weeks ago; but it did not break so soon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time, on second thoughts. MD can have no letter from Presto, says you; and yet four days before you own you had my thirty-seventh, unreasonable sluts! The bishop of Gloucester is not dead, and I am as likely to succeed the duke of Marlborough as him if he were; there's enough for that now. It is not unlikely that the duke of Shrewsbury will be your governor; at least I believe the duke of Ormond will not return. Well, Stella again: why, really, three editions of the Conduct, &c., is very much for Ireland; it is a sign you have some honest among you. Well, I will do Mr Manley all the service I can; but he will ruin himself. What business had he to engage at all about the city? can't he wish his cause well, and be quiet, when he finds that stirring will do it no good, and himself a great deal of hurt. I cannot imagine who should open my letter; it must be done at your side. If I hear of any thoughts of turning out Mr Manley, I will endeavour to prevent it. I have already had all the gentlemen of Ireland here upon my back often for defending him. So now I have answered your saucy letter. My humble service to goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come soon for my dinner.

9. *Morning.* My cold goes off at last; but I think I have got a small new one. I have no news since last. They say we hear, by the way of Calais,[1] that peace is very near concluding: I hope it may be true. I'll go and seal up my letter, and give it myself to-night into the postoffice; and so I bid my dearest MD farewell till to-night. I heartily wish myself with them, as hope saved. My willows, and quicksets, and trees, will be finely improved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to-day. Farewell, &c. &c. &c.

1 A village near Dublin.

2 Swift always ridiculed the perpetual mention of the "fair sex" in the "Spectator."

LETTER XLI.

London, Feb. 9. 1711–12.

WHEN my letter is gone, and I have none of yours to answer, my conscience is so clear, and my shoulders so light, and I go on with such courage to prate upon nothing to dear charming MD, you would wonder. I dined to-day with sir Matthew Dudley, who is newly turned out of commission of the customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of Whiggery; which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little while he kept in employment. We can get no packets from Holland. I have not been with any of the ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time; though I must dine with the secretary to-morrow, the choosing of the company being left to me. I have engaged lord Anglesea and lord Carteret, and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind that none else should be admitted. However, if I like any body at court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

10. I saw prince Eugene at court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides. The court was very full, and people had their birthday clothes. I was to have invited five; but I only invited two, lord Anglesea and lord Carteret. Pshaw; I told you this but yesterday. We have no packets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken Whiggish lords, like your lord Santry, who come into chocolate-houses, and rail aloud at the Tories, and have challenges sent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Ross was like to swinge the marquis of Winchester for this trick the other day; and we have nothing else now to talk of till the parliament has had another bout with the state of

1 From Utrecht, where the commissioners were now busy.

the war, as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the Barrier Treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked, some time ago, as if there was a design to impeach lord Townshend, who made it. I have no more politics now. Night, dear MD.

11. I dined with lord Anglesea to-day, who had seven Irishmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Blighe, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He asked me one day at court, when I had just been talking with some lords who stood near me, "Doctor, when shall we see you in the county of Meath?" I whispered him to take care what he said, for the people would think he was some barbarian. He never would speak to me since, till we met to-day. I went to lady Masham's to-night, and sat with lord treasurer and the secretary there till past two o'clock; and when I came home found some letters from Ireland, which I read, but can say nothing of them till to-morrow, it is so very late; but I must always be, late or early, MD's, &c.

12. One letter was from the bishop of Clogher last night, and the other from Walls, about Mrs South's[1] salary, and his own pension of eighteen pounds for his tithes of the park. I will do nothing in either. The first I cannot serve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will speak to Ned Southwell about what he desires me. You say nothing of your dean's receiving my letter. I find Clements, whom I recommended to lord Anglesea last year, at Walls' desire, or rather the bishop of Clogher's, is mightily in lord Anglesea's favour. You may tell the bishop and Walls so. I said to lord Anglesea that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c. I dined in the city with my printer, to consult with him about some papers lord treasurer gave me last night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do something with them. My third cold is a little better; I never had anything like it before, three colds successively; I hope I shall have the fourth. Three messengers came from Holland to-day, and they brought over the six packets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the secretary at noon they were just opening. But one thing I find, the Dutch are playing us tricks and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I shall know more.

13. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings, to consult about some observations on the Barrier Treaty. Our news from Holland is not good. The French raise difficulties, and make such offers to the allies as cannot be accepted; and the Dutch are uneasy that we are likely to get anything for ourselves: and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very busy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr Pratt to-day, by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me, for something I shall not trouble myself about. Wesley writ to recommend the same fellow to me. His expression is, that hearing I am acquainted with my lord treasurer, he desires I would do so and so. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I shall be wiser when I have once done with courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the service I could. Pray, have you got your apron, Mrs Ppt? I paid for it but yesterday; that puts me in mind of it. I writ an inventory of what things I sent by Leigh in one of my letters. Did you compare it with what you got? I hear nothing of your cards now: do you never play? yes, at Balligal. Go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

14. Our society dined to-day at Mr secretary's house. I went there at four; but hearing the house of commons would sit late upon the Barrier Treaty, I went for an hour to Kensington, to see lord Masham's children. My young nephew,[1] his son, of six months old, has got a swelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The commons have been very severe on the Barrier Treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig member took out The Conduct of the Allies, and read the passage about the succession with great resentment; but none seconded him. The Church party carried every vote by a great majority. The archbishop of Dublin is so railed at by all who come from Ireland, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Anglesea assured me that the story of applying Piso out of Tacitus to lord treasurer being wounded is true.[2] I believe the duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our society next meeting. To-day I published the Fable of Midas, a poem, printed in a loose half sheet of paper.[3] I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr Secretary read it before me the other night to lord treasurer, at lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you. I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a six days' journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear these journals are very dull. Note my dullest lines.

15. Mr Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very busy in my chamber till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troublesome on my breast, especially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never used to return so soon with me, or last so long. It is very surprising this news to-day of the dauphin and dauphiness both dying within six days. They say the old king is almost heartbroke: he

[1] Widow of Mr South, a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland, and one of the rangers of the Phœnix Park.

[1] Lord Masham was one of the sixteen "brothers" of the club, which accounts for Swift calling his son "nephew."

[2] See *ante*, "Journal," April 7, 1711.

[3] A cruel satire on the Duke of Marlborough, comparing his loss of place and power to that of Midas, deprived of the virtues of his touch by the streams of Pactolus.

has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The dauphin has left two little sons, of four and two years old; the eldest is sick. There is a foolish story got about the town, that lord Strafford, one of our plenipotentiaries, is in the interest of France: and it has been a good while said that lord privy seal[1] and he do not agree very well; they are both long practised in business, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford has some life and spirit, but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate. Night, MD.

16. I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finish something I am doing about the Barrier Treaty; but it is not quite done.[2] I went this evening to lord Masham's, where lord treasurer sat with us till past twelve. The lords have voted an address to the queen, to tell her they are not satisfied with the king of France's offers. The Whigs brought it in of a sudden; and the court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppose it. The house of lords is too strong in Whigs, notwithstanding the new creations: for they are very diligent, and the Tories as lazy: the side that is down has always most industry. The Whigs intended to have made a vote that would reflect on lord treasurer; but their project was not ripe. I hit my face such a rap by calling the coach to stop to-night, that it is plaguy sore, the bone beneath the eye. Night, dearest MD.

17. The court was mighty full to-day, and has been these many Sundays; but the queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to court is, that one sees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwise I should hardly meet twice a year. Prince Eugene dines with the secretary to-day, with about seven or eight general officers or foreign ministers. They will be all drunk, I am sure. I never was in company with this prince: I have proposed to some lords that we should have a sober meal with him; but I cannot compass it. It is come over in the Dutch new prints, that I was arrested on an action of £20,000 by the duke of Marlborough. I did not like my court invitations to-day; so sir Andrew Fountaine and I went and dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh. I came home at six, and have been very busy till this minute, and it is past twelve, so I got into bed to write to MD. We reckon the dauphin's death will set forward the peace a good deal. Pray, is Dr Griffith reconciled to me yet? Have I done enough to soften him?

18. Lewis had Guiscard's picture; he bought it, and offered it to lord treasurer, who promised to send for it, but never did; so I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room; and now lord treasurer says he will take it from me. Is that fair? He designs to have it in length in the clothes he wore when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand; and Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with lord treasurer to-day, but he has put me off till-morrow; so I dined with lord Dupplin. You know lord Dupplin very well; he is a brother of the society. Well, but I have received a letter from the bishop of Clogher, to solicit an affair for him with lord treasurer and with the parliament, which I will do as soon as fly. I am not near so keen about other people's affairs as Ppt used to reproach me about. It was a judgment on me. Harkee, idle dearees both, methinks I begin to want a letter from MD: faith, and so I do. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my being arrested. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder: only the Third Part of the Answer to the Conduct, which is lately come out. (Did I tell you of it already?) The house of commons goes on in mauling the late ministry and their proceedings.

19. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and sat with him till ten, in spite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a sheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit of paper, in his house, while he lay wounded. Some of the servants, I suppose, made waste paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inscribed to Mr Harley's physician thus:

> On Britain Europe's safety lies;
> Britain is lost if Harley dies;
> Harley depends upon your skill:
> Think what you save, or what you kill.

I proposed that some company should dine with him on the eighth of March, which was the day he was wounded; but he says he designs that the lords of the cabinet who then sat with him should dine that day with him: however, he has invited me to dine. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly. Night, MD.

20. After waiting to catch the secretary coming out from sir Thomas Hanmer, for two hours in vain, about some business, I went into the city to my printer, to correct some sheets of the Barrier Treaty and Remarks, which must be finished to-morrow. I have been terribly busy for some days past with this and some other things; and I wanted some very necessary papers which the secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet must not be published without them; but they are all busy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is chairman of the committee for drawing up a representation of the state of the nation to the queen, where all the wrong steps of the allies and late ministry about the war will be mentioned. The secretary, I suppose, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer. Night, dear MD.

21. I have been six hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to lord treasurer, about forming a society or academy to correct and fix the English language. (Is English a peech or a language?) It will not be above five or six more. I will send it him to-morrow, and will print it if he desires me.

[1] Dr John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, commissioner with Strafford for negotiating peace at Utrecht; see *ante*, "Journal," August 30, 1711.

[2] "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."

I dined, you know, with our society to-day; Thursday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the duke of Beaufort. We were thirteen met; brother Ormond was not there, but sent his excuse, that prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at seven, being engaged to go to sir Thomas Hanmer, who desired I would see him at that hour. His business was, that I would *hoenlbp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroeqporaensiepnotlastoiqobn*,[1] which I consented to do, but I do not know whether I shall succeed, because it is a little out of my way: however, I have taken my share. Night, MD.

22. I finished the rest of my letter to lord treasurer to-day, and sent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend Mr Lewis, to talk over some affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of Rymer's Collection of the Records of the Tower, for the university of Dublin. I have two volumes now. I will write to the provost to know how I shall send them to him; no, I wont, for I will bring them myself among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there was the secretary and chancellor of the exchequer very busy with him, laying their heads together about the representation. I went to lord Masham's to-night, and lady Masham made me read her a pretty twopenny pamphlet, called the St Alban's Ghost. I thought I had writ it myself; so did they; but I did not. Lord treasurer came down to us from the queen, and we staid till two o'clock. That is the best night place I have. The usual company are lord and lady Masham, lord treasurer, Dr Arbuthnot and I; sometimes the secretary, and sometimes Mrs Hill of the bedchamber, lady Masham's sister. I assure you it is very late now; but this goes to-morrow: and I must have time to converse with our little MD. Night, dear MD.

23. I have no news to tell you this last day, nor do I know where I shall dine. I hear the secretary is a little out of order. Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I sent Hanmer what he wanted from me: I know not how he will approve of it; I was to do more of the same sort. I am going out, and must carry this in my pocket to give it at some general posthouse. I will talk farther with you at night. I suppose in my next I shall answer a letter from MD that will be sent me on Tuesday. It will be four weeks since I had your last, No. 26. This day se'ennight I expect one, for that will be something more than a full month. Farewell, MD.

LETTER XLII.

London, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

AFTER having disposed my last letter in the postoffice, I am now to begin this with telling MD that I dined with the secretary to-day, who is much out of order with the cold, and feverish; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at six, against my will. The secretary is much the greatest commoner in England, and turns the whole parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him sometimes that, if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and trust my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am sorry, when I came first acquainted with this ministry, that I did not send you their names and characters, and then you would have relished what I would have writ, especially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this. Night, dearest rogues.

24. I went early this morning to the secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the chancellor of the exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me stir; so I did not go to church, but was busy with them till noon, about the affair I told you in my last. The other two went away; and I dined with the secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no absolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has shook me a little. I sometimes sit up very late at lord Masham's, and have writ much for several days past: but I will amend both; for I have now very little business, and hope I shall have no more. I am resolved to be a great rider this summer in Ireland. I was to see Mrs Wesley this evening, who has been somewhat better for this month past, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our peace goes on but slowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not push it as strongly as we ought. The fault of our court is delay, of which the queen has a great deal; and lord treasurer is not without his share. But pray let us know a little of your life and conversation. Do you play at ombre, or visit the dean, and goody Walls and Stoytes and Manleys, as usual? I must have a letter from you to fill the other side of this sheet. Let me know what you do. Is my aunt alive yet? O, pray, now I think of it, be so kind as to step to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a seal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is besides, at the bottom of the picture, the same coat of arms quartered with another, which I suppose was my great-grandmother's. If this be so, it is a stronger argument than the seal. And pray see whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the same time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and ask my aunt what she knows about it. But perhaps there is no such coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reason is, because I would ask some herald here whether I should choose that coat, or one in Guillim's large folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named, with another coat of arms of

[1] "Help him to draw up the representation."

three stags. This is sad stuff to write; so night, MD.

25. I was this morning again with the secretary, and we were two hours busy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horses sent some time ago to lord treasurer. The duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his grace and lord Godolphin in it; but they did not see us, to our great satisfaction; for neither of us desired that either of those two lords should see us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the secretary; but we did no business after dinner, and at six I walked into the fields; the days are grown pure and long; then I went to visit Percival and his family, whom I had seen but once since they came to town. They are going to Bath next month. Countess Doll of Meath is such an owl, that wherever I visit people are asking me whether I know such an Irish lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amusing myself with looking into one of the volumes of Rymer's Records of the Tower, and am mighty easy to think I have no urgent business upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I sometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you that I believe it is lady Masham's hot rooms that give it me? I never knew such a stove; and in my conscience, I believe both my lord and she, my lord treasurer, Mr Secretary, and myself, have all suffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot. Night, dear MD.

26. I was again busy with the secretary. We read over some papers, and did a good deal of business. I dined with him, and we were to do more business after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner; an old saying and a true, "much drinking, little thinking." We had company with us, and nothing could be done, and I am to go there again to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the parliament, by the queen's recommendation, is to take some method for preventing libels, &c.; which will include pamphlets, I suppose. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes out in a day or two. To-day in the morning I visited upward; first I saw the duke of Ormond below stairs, and gave him joy of his being declared general in Flanders; then I went up one pair of stairs, and sat with the duchess; then I went up another pair of stairs, and paid a visit to lady Betty; and desired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might pass half an hour with her; but she was young and handsome, and would not. The duke is our president this week, and I have bespoke a small dinner on purpose, for good example. Night, my dear little rogues.

27. I was again with the secretary this morning; but we only read over some papers with sir Thomas Hanmer; then I called at lord treasurer's; it was his levee day, but I went up to his bedchamber, and said what I had to say. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two streets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer,[1] and came back at six to lord treasurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refused him. I sat there an hour or two, and then went to lord Masham's. They were all abroad: so truly I came, and read whatever stuff was next me. I can sit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year past. However, I will stay out the session, to see if they have any further commands for me; and that I suppose will end in April. But I may go somewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we shall have either a certain peace, or certain war. The ministry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries; and we go on as if the war were to continue, but I believe it will not. It is pretty late now, young women; so I bid you night, own dear, dear little rogues.

28. I have been packing up some books in a great box I have bought, and must buy another for clothes and luggage. This is a beginning towards a removal. I have sent to Holland for a dozen shirts, and design to buy another new gown and hat. I will come over like a Zinkerman,[2] and lay out nothing in clothes in Ireland this good while. I have writ this night to the provost. Our society met to-day as usual, and we were fourteen, besides the earl of Arran, whom his brother the duke of Ormond brought among us against all order. We were mightily shocked; but, after some whispers, it ended in choosing lord Arran one of our society, which I opposed to his face, but it was carried by all the rest against me.

29. This is leap-year, and this is leap-day. Prince George was born on this day. People are mistaken; and some here think it is St David's day; but they do not understand the virtue of leap-year. I have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like Gumdragon; and yet I was dictating some trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was so discouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arrian. Alexander the Great is just dead; I do not think he was poisoned: between you and me, all those are but idle stories: it is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Aristobulus thought so, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their histories. The bill for limiting members of parliament to have but so many places passed the house of commons, and will pass the house of lords, in spite of the ministry; which you know is a great lessening of the queen's power. Four of the new lords voted against the court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the

1 Barber.

2 Probably this stands for gentleman in the "little language."

reign of an ill prince; but I think things are not settled enough for it at present: and the court may want a majority at a pinch. Night, dear little rogues. Love Presto.

March 1. I went into the city to inquire after poor Stratford, who has put himself a prisoner into the Queen's Bench, for which his friends blame him very much, because his creditors designed to be very easy with him. He grasped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumstance relative to lieutenant general Meredith, that is very melancholy: Meredith was turned out of all his employments last year, and had about £10,000 left to live on. Stratford, upon friendship, desired he might have the management of it for Meredith, to put it into the stocks and funds for the best advantage, and now he has lost it all. You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were class fellows at school and university. I dined with some merchants, his friends, to-day, and they said they expected his breaking this good while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace while it was a secret, of which he might have made good use, but that helped to ruin him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and consequently stocks rise high. Ford narrowly escaped losing £500 by him, and so did I too. Night, my two dearest lives, MD.

2. *Morning.* I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the house telling me of a great fire in the Haymarket. I slept again, and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother sir William Wyndham's house burnt, and that two maids leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, both fell on their heads, one of them upon the iron spikes before the door, and both lay dead in the streets. It is supposed to have been some carelessness of one or both those maids. The duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave £6,000 but a few months ago for that house, as he told me, and it was very richly furnished. I shall know more particulars at night. He married lady Catherine Seymour, the duke of Somerset's daughter; you know her, I believe. —*At night.* Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly; lady Catherine escaped barefoot; they all went to Northumberland House. Mr Brydges' house next door is damaged much, and was likely to be burnt. Wyndham has lost above £10,000 by this accident; his lady above a thousand pounds worth of clothes. It was a terrible accident. He was not at court to-day. I dined with lord Masham. The queen was not at church. Night, MD.

3. Pray tell Walls that I spoke to the duke of Ormond and Mr Southwell about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a solicitor; for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewise mentioned his own affair to Mr Southwell, and I hope that will be done too; for Southwell seems to think it reasonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are secrets; one of them is about Mrs South having a pension; the other about his salary from the government for the tithes of the park, that lie in his parish, to be put upon the establishment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had some small affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with lord treasurer this morning, and what care you for that? You dined with the dean to-day. Monday is parson's holiday. And you lost your money at cards and dice; the giver's device. So I'll go to bed. Night, my two dearest little rogues.

4. I sat to-day with poor Mrs Wesley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than she was. I heartily pray for her health, out of the entire love I bear to her worthy husband. This day has passed very insignificantly: but it is a great comfort to me now that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at lord Masham's to-night, and staid there till one. Lord treasurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, just as he did at the beginning of the session, and he was not so merry as usual. In short, the majority in the house of lords is a very weak one; and he has much ado to keep it up; and he is not able to make those removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himself and will not employ others: which is his great fault, as I have often told you. It is late. Night, MD.

5. I wish you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and sour devout faces of people who only put on religion for seven weeks. I was at the secretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated last October; one from the bishop of Clogher, the other from Walls. The gentleman is called colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me some time ago; he has business in the house of lords. I will do him what service I can. The Representation of the House of Commons is printed; I have not seen it yet; it is plaguy severe, they say. I dined with Dr Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but spleen; for his wife and a child or two were sick in the house, and that was full as mortifying as fish. We have had mighty fine cold frosty weather for some days past. I hope you take the advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never answer that part of my letters where I desire you to walk. I must keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge. Tell Jemmy Leigh that his boy that robbed him now appears about the town; Patrick has seen him once or twice. I knew nothing of his being robbed, till Patrick told me he had seen the boy. I wish it had been Sterne that had been robbed, to be revenged for the box that he lost, and be poxed to him. Night, MD.

6. I hear Mr Prior has suffered by Stratford's

breaking. I was yesterday to see Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to lose money. I walked before dinner in the Mall a good while with lord Arran and lord Dupplin, two of my brothers; and then we went to dinner, where the duke of Beaufort was our president. We were but eleven to-day. We are now in all nine lords and ten commoners. The duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propose his brother-in-law, the earl of Danby, to be a member: but I opposed it so warmly, that it was waved. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I staid till eight, and then we all went away soberly. The duke of Ormond's treat last week cost £20, though it was only four dishes and four without a dessert; and I bespoke it, in order to be cheap: yet I could not prevail to change the house. Lord treasurer is in a rage with us for being so extravagant: and the wine was not reckoned neither; for that is always brought by him that is president. Lord Orrery is to be president next week; and I will see whether it cannot be cheaper; or else we will leave the house. Lord Masham made me go home with him to-night to eat boiled oysters. Take oysters, wash them clean; that is, wash their shells clean; then put your oysters into an earthen pot, with their hollow sides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and so let them boil. Your oysters are boiled in their own liquor; and [do] not mix water. Lord treasurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a swimming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped, and sent to desire lady Masham to excuse him to the queen. Night, dear MD.

7. I was to-day at the house of lords about a friend's bill. Then I crossed the water at Westminster stairs to Southwark, went through St George's Fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench prison, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the 'Change. I thought he had something to say to me about his own affairs. I found him at his usual coffeehouse, and went to his own lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His business was only to desire I would intercede with the ministry about his brother-in-law, Ben Burton of Dublin, the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear, about spreading false Whiggish news. I hate Burton, and told Stratford so; and I will advise the duke of Ormond to make use of it to keep the rogue in awe. Mrs Stratford tells me her husband's creditors have consented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and she hopes he will pay them all. He was cheerfuller than I have seen him this great while. I have walked much to-day. Night, dearest rogues.

8. This day twelvemonth Mr Harley was stabbed; but he is ill, and takes physic to-day, I hear ('tis now morning); and cannot have the cabinet council with him, as he intended, nor me to say grace. I am going to see him. Pray read the Representation; it is the finest that ever was writ. Some of it is Presto's style; but not very much. This is the day of the queen's accession to the crown, so it is a great day. I am going to court, and will dine with lord Masham; but I must go this moment to see the secretary about some business; so I will seal up this, and put it in the post. Farewell, dearest hearts and souls, MD, MD, MD.

LETTER XLIII.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I CARRIED my forty-second letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the general post. I went in the morning to see lord treasurer, who had taken physic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr Freind, to be physician general; and the secretary promised to mention it to the queen. I can serve everybody but myself.[1] Then I went to court, and carried lord keeper and the secretary to dine with lord Masham, when we drank the queen and lord treasurer with every health, because this was the day of his stabbing. Then I went and played pools at picquet with lady Masham and Mrs Hill; won ten shillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. I met at my lodgings a letter from Joe,[2] with a bit annexed from Ppt. What Joe asks is entirely out of my way; and I take it for a foolish whim in him. Besides, I know not who is to give a patent; if the duke of Ormond, I would speak to him; but good security is all; and to think that I would speak to lord treasurer for any such matter at random is a jest. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and bid them &c.? Night, sirrahs, and love Presto. Night, MD.

9. I was at court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two whom I did not care to dine with; so I dined with Mrs Vanhomrigh.[3] Young Davenant was telling us at court how he was set upon by the Mohocks,[4] and how they run his chair through

[1] At this time Swift expected the Deanery of Wells, vacant since Feby. 4; but it was given to Dr Brailsford, the Duke of Newcastle's chaplain.

[2] "Joe" Beaumont, often mentioned before. He seems to have begged Swift's influence to get his invention patented.

[3] It is noticeable how frequently Swift mentions his dining or spending the evening at the Vanhomrighs' with an apologetic explanation, hardly necessary if he had not an uneasy consciousness that Stella would not like to know the real nature of the attraction.

[4] A set of disorderly debauchees, who, under the various names of nickers, scowrers, &c., infested the streets of London, insulted passengers, attacked the watchmen, and committed great excesses. The "Spectator" often mentions them.

with a sword. It is not safe being in the streets at night for them. The bishop of Salisbury's son[1] is said to be of the gang. They are all Whigs; and a great lady sent to me to speak to her father and to lord treasurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewise of myself; for she heard they had malicious intentions against the ministers and their friends. I know not whether there be anything in this, though others are of the same opinion.[2] The weather still continues very fine and frosty. I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early to avoid the Mohocks. Lord treasurer is better. Night, my own two dearest MD.

10. I went this morning again to lord treasurer, who is quite recovered; and I staid till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little business of printing; but not my own. You must buy a small twopenny pamphlet, called Law is a Bottomless Pit.[3] It is very prettily written, and there will be a second part. The commons are very slow in bringing in their bill to limit the press, and the pamphleteers make good use of their time; for there come out three or four every day. Well, but is not it time, methinks, to have a letter from MD? it is now six weeks since I had your No. 26. I can assure you I expect one before this goes; and I will make shorter days' journals than usual, cause I hope to fill up a good deal of this side with my answer. Our fine weather lasts yet, but grows a little windy. We shall have rain soon, I suppose. Go to cards, sirrahs, and I to sleep. Night, MD.

11. Lord treasurer has lent the long letter I writ him to Prior; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this academy for the improvement of our language. Faith, we never shall improve it so much as FW[4] has done; shall we? No, faith, our richer *Gengridge*. I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to see Ned Southwell, and talked with him about Walls' business, and Mrs South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells me that it must be laid before lord treasurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and may be lord treasurer wont do it at last; and it is, as Walls says himself, not above forty shillings a year difference. You must tell Walls this, unless he would have the business a secret from you; in that case only say I did all I could with Ned Southwell, and it cannot be done; for it must be laid before lord treasurer, &c., who will not do it; and besides, it is not worth troubling his lordship. So night, my two dear little MD.

12. Here is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin almost to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me that one of the lodgers heard in a coffeehouse, publicly, that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already. I dined to-day with lord treasurer and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland, yet very polite men. I sat there till nine, and then went to lord Masham's, where lord treasurer followed me, and we sat till twelve; and I came home in a chair for fear of the Mohocks; and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harrison, whom I sent to Holland, is now actually made queen's secretary at the Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth twelve hundred pounds a year.

Here is a young fellow has writ some Sea Eclogues, Poems of Mermen, resembling pastorals and shepherds, and they are very pretty, and the thought is new. Mermen are he-mermaids; Tritons, natives of the sea. Do you understand me? I think to recommend him to our society to-morrow. His name is Diaper.[1] Pox on him; I must do something for him and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise; but when they do rise I would encourage them: but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage. Night, dearest MD.

13. You would laugh to see our printer constantly attending our society after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he seldom fails to do; yet he had nothing to-day. Lord Lansdowne, one of our society, was offended at a passage in this day's Examiner, which he thinks reflects on him; as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only that his underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, &c. Lord Orrery was president to-day, but both our dukes were absent. Brother Wyndham recommended Diaper to the society. I believe we shall make a contribution among ourselves, which I don't like. Lord treasurer has yet done nothing for

[1] Thomas Burnet, the third son; a great scapegrace, who, being one day seen by his father unwontedly grave, and asked on what he meditated, answered: "A greater work than your Lordship's History of the Reformation—my own reformation." He did reform, and died a Justice of the Common Pleas, 1753.

[2] In the "History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne," Swift does not hesitate to give it as a historical fact, that the outrages of the Mohocks were part of an extensive plan to create riot and disturbance in the night, under colour of which Oxford might be assassinated; and this infamous plot he ascribes to Prince Eugene's contrivance.

[3] Or "The History of John Bull;" it was written by Dr Arbuthnot, but has usually been included in the editions of Swift's works.

[4] In Sheridan's edition printed TW, and conjectured by Mr Nichol to mean Sir William Temple; but, taken in connection with the word *Gengridge* that follows, the symbol may perhaps be set down as one understood only by the recipients of the letter—and Swift's reference as being playfully to the superiority of the "little language" they had invented.

[1] John Diaper, of Baliol College, Oxford.

us, but we shall try him soon. The company parted early; but Freind, and Prior, and I, sat a while longer, and reformed the state, and found fault with the ministry. Prior hates his commission of the customs, because it spoils his wit. He says he dreams of nothing but cockets, and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon, words of the custom-house. Our good weather went away yesterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten. Night, my dearest sirrahs.

14. I have been plagued this morning with solicitors, and with nobody more than my brother Dr Freind, who must needs have me to get old Dr Lawrence, the physician general, turned out, and himself in. He has argued with me so long upon the reasonableness of it, that I am fully convinced it is very unreasonable; and so I would tell the secretary, if I had not already made him speak to the queen. Besides, I know not but my friend Dr Arbuthnot would be content to have it himself, and I love him ten times better than Freind. What's all this to you? but I must talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know anything of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parson Richardson,[1] of Ireland, overtook me. He was here last summer upon a project of converting the Irish, and printing Bibles, &c., in that language; and is now returned to pursue it on. He tells me Dr Coghill came last night to town. I will send to see how he does to-morrow. He gave me a letter from Walls about his old business. Night, dearest MD.

15. I had intended to be early with the secretary this morning, when my man admitted up stairs one Mr Newcomb, an officer, who brought me a letter from the bishop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mr Ashe, all about that Newcomb. I think indeed his case is hard, but God knows whether I shall be able to do him any service. People will not understand: I am a very good second; but I care not to begin a recommendation, unless it be for an intimate friend: however, I will do what I can. I missed the secretary, and then walked to Chelsea to dine with the dean of Christ Church,[2] who was engaged to lord Orrery, with some other Christ Church men. He made me go with him, whether I would or not; for they have this long time admitted me a Christ Church man. Lord Orrery generally every winter gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergyman at table and four laymen. The dean and I soon left them; and after a visit or two I went to lord Masham's, and lord treasurer, Arbuthnot, and I, sat till twelve. And now I am come home, and got to bed. I came afoot, but had my man with me. Lord treasurer advised me not to go in a chair, because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot. They think there is some mischievous design in those villains. Several of them, lord treasurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard at dinner that one of them was killed last night. We shall know more in a little time. I do not like them as to men.

16. This morning, at the secretary's, I met general Ross, and recommended Newcomb's case to him, who promises to join with me in working up the duke of Ormond to do something for him. Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old lady Winchelsea's, at the door of their house in the Park, with a candle; [she] had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face, and beat her, without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's hands. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, Arbuthnot, her physician, says. I dined with Crowe, late governor of Barbadoes, an acquaintance of Sterne's. After dinner I asked him whether he had heard of Sterne? "Here he is," said he, "at the door in a coach;" and in came Sterne. He has been here this week. He is buying a captainship in his cousin Sterne's regiment. He told me he left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give 800 guineas for his commission. I suppose you know all this better than I. How shall I have room to answer your letter when I get it, I have gone so far already? Night, dearest rogues.

17. Dr Sacheverell came this morning, to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but six or seven weeks since I spoke to lord treasurer for him. Sacheverell brought Trapp along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I sat with them till seven. I little thought, and I believe so did he, that ever I should be his solicitor to the present ministry, when I left Ireland. This is the seventh I have now provided for since I came, and can do nothing for myself. I don't care; I shall have ministries and other people obliged to me. Trapp is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit and sense is miraculous. The second part of Law is a Bottomless Pit is just now printed, and better, I think than the first. Night, my two dear saucy little rogues.

18. There is a proclamation out against the Mohocks. One of those that are taken is a baronet. I dined with poor Mrs Wesley, who is returning to the Bath. Mrs Percival's youngest daughter has got the smallpox, but will do well. I walked this evening in the Park, and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I staid till past twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do so no more, though I got home safe. Prior and I were talking discontentedly of some managements, that no more people are turned

[1] John Richardson, rector of Annult, *alias* Belturbet, and chaplain to the Duke of Ormond.

[2] Atterbury, who had succeeded in his rivalry with Smallridge for the Deanery. The Christ Church men here mentioned are doubtless the "Christ Church Wits" who aided Orrery in his controversy with Bentley; *ante*, Note, p. 109.

out, which gets lord treasurer many enemies: but whether the fool be in him, or the queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. Young women, it is now seven weeks since I received your last; but I expect one next packet, to fill the rest of this paper: but if it don't come I'll do without it: so I wish you good luck at ombre with the dean. Night.

19. Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the duke of Ormond to speak for him; but the duke was just going out to take the oaths for general.[1] The duke of Shrewsbury is to be lord lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kensington, where we dined, and it cost me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man said. It was very windy walking. I saw there lord Masham's children. The youngest, my nephew, I fear has got the king's evil: the other two are daughters of three and four years old. The gardens there are mighty fine. I passed the evening at lord Masham's with lord treasurer and Arbuthnot, as usual, and we stuck till past one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters: one from one Fetherston, a parson, with superscription of Tisdall's to recommend him. And Fetherston, whom I never saw, has been so kind as to give me a letter of attorney to recover a debt for him: another from lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Chiselhurst from the king of France: in which I will do what I can, for his pretensions are very just:[2] the third, I warrant you, from our MD. It is a great stir this, of getting a dukedom from the king of France: but it is only to speak to the secretary, and get the duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the case to lord treasurer, &c., and this I shall do. Night, dearest little MD.

20. I was with the duke of Ormond this morning, about lord Abercorn, Dr Pratlett, and Newcomb. Some will do and some will not do: that's wise, mistresses. The duke of Shrewsbury is certainly to be your governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the duchess joy, and recommend the archbishop of Dublin to her. I writ to the archbishop some months ago that it would be so; and told him I would speak a good word for him to the duchess; and he says he has a great respect for her, &c. I made our society change their house, and we met together at the Star and Garter in the Pall Mall. Lord Arran was president. The other dog was so extravagant in his bills, that for four dishes and four, first and second course, without wine or dessert, he charged twenty-one pounds six shillings and eightpence to the duke of Ormond. We design, when all have been presidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of so much a head: but we shall break up when the session ends. Night, dearest.

21. *Morning.* Now I will answer MD's letter, No. 27: you, sirs, are adding to your numbers and guessing, had made it 26 and then altered it to 27. I believe it is above a month since your last; yes, it is above seven weeks since I had your last; but I ought to consider that this was twelve days right writing, so that makes it pretty even. O, the sorry jades, with their account of a fortnight at Ballygall, seeing their friends, and landlord running away. O what a trouble and a bustle! No, if you will have it, I am not dean of Wells, nor know anything of being so; nor is there anything in the story; and that's enough. It was not Repper sent that news: Repper is my humble slave. Yes, I heard of your resolves, and that Parson was exploded. Stanford spoke to me in his behalf: but I said I loved the vessel. Poor Catherine gone to Wales? But she will come back again, I hope. I would see her in my journey, if she were near the road, and bring her over. Joe is a fool; that sort of business is not at all in my way, pray put him off it. People laugh when I mention it. Beg your pardon, mistress: I am glad you like the apron: no harm, I hope. And so MD wonders she has not a letter all the day; she will have it soon. The deuce he is! married to that vengeance! Men are not to be believed. I don't think her a fool. Who would have her? Dilly will be governed like an ass; and she will govern like a lion. Is not that true, Ppt? Why, Stoyte told me he left you at ombre with Leigh; and yet you never saw him. He is a little in doubt about buying his commission. Yes, I will bring you over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I sent you, by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues sent books to the society yesterday, and we gave him guineas a-piece; and, may be, will do further than him for him, I mean. So the bishop of Clogher and lady were your guests for a night or two. Why, Ppt, you are grown a great gamester and company-keeper. I did say to myself, when I read those names, just what you guess; and you clear up the matter wonderfully. You may converse with those two nymphs if you please, but — take me if ever I do. Yes, faith, it is delightful to hear that Ppt is every way Ppt now, in health and looks and all. Pray God keep her so, many, many, many years. The session, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however, I shall not wait for it, if the ministry will let me go sooner. I wish I were just now in my little garden at Laracor. I would set out for Dublin early on Monday, and bring you an account of my young trees, which you are better acquainted with than the ministry, and so am I. O, now you have got No. 41; have you so? Why perhaps I forgot, and kept it to next post in my pocket: I have done such tricks. My cold is better, but not gone. I want air and riding.

[1] In Macllwraith's case.

[2] This Dukedom was conferred on the Earl of Arran, during Queen Mary's (of Scots) minority; the eldest son of the first Duke had children; the second son fell at Worcester in '51: and the succession then passed to the House of Hamilton in the female line—a daughter of the second son having married the Earl of Selkirk, the heirs of the marriage being the fourth Duke of Hamilton, mentioned in the "Journal." But the Earl of Abercorn was the direct descendant in the male line of the third son of the first Duke of Chatelherault: and the question was whether, as a male fief, the title should not have passed to him.

Hold your tongue, you Ppt, about colds at Moor Park! the case is quite different. I will do what you desire me for Tisdall, when I next see lord Anglesea. Pray give him my service. The weather is warm these three or four days, and rainy. I am to dine to-day with Lewis and Darteneuf at Somers's the clerk of the kitchen at court. Darteneuf loves good bits and good sups. Good morrow, little sirrahs.—*At night.* I dined, as I said; and it cost me a shilling for a chair. It has rained all day, and is very warm. Lady Masham's young son, my nephew, is very ill; and she is sick with grief. I pity her mightily. I am got home early, and going to write to the bishop of Clogher, but have no politics to send him. Night, my own two dearest saucy dear ones.

22. I am going into the city this morning with a friend about some business; so I will immediately seal up this, and keep it in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the post. The weather continues warm and gloomy. I have heard no news since I went to bed, so can say no more. I have here underneath given order for forty shillings to Mrs Brent, which you will send to Parvisol. Farewell, dearest dear MD, and love Presto dearly. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, &c. There, there, there, there, there, and there, and there again.

LETTER XLIV.

London, March 22, 1711–12.

Ugly, nasty weather. I was in the city to-day with Mrs Wesley and Mrs Percival, to get money from a banker for Mrs Wesley, who goes to Bath on Thursday. I left them there, and dined with a friend, and went to see lord treasurer; but he had people with him I did not know: so I went to lady Masham's, and lost a crown with her at picquet, and then sat with lord Masham and lord treasurer, &c., till past one; but I had my man with me, to come home. I gave in my forty-third, and one for the bishop of Clogher, to the postoffice, as I came from the city; and so you know it is late now, and I have nothing to say for this day. Our Mohocks are all vanished; however, I shall take care of my person. Night, my dearest MD.

23. I was this morning, before church, with the secretary, about lord Abercorn's business and some others. My soliciting season is come, and will last as long as the session. I went late to court, and the company was almost gone. The court serves me for a coffeehouse; once a week I meet an acquaintance there that I should not otherwise see in a quarter. There is a flying report that the French have offered a cessation of arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namur, for security, till the peace is made. The duke of Ormond, they say, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expense of this employment will ruin him, since he must lose the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refused all dinners offered me at court; which however were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a scoundrel about the court, that sells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the vice chamberlain's place, for seven thousand pounds, and had received some guineas earnest; but the whole thing was discovered the other day, and examination taken of it by lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be swinged. The vice chamberlain told me several particulars of it last night at lord Masham's. Can DD play at ombre yet, enough to hold the cards while Ppt steps into the next room? Night, dearest sirrahs.

24. This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart to do it farther. Then I went to visit the duchess of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the duchess of Shrewsbury, and sat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the duke's being lord lieutenant. She said she knew nothing of it; but I rallied her out of that, and she resolves not to stay behind the duke. I intend to recommend the bishop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: she is indeed a most agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the court of requests to get some lords to be at a committee to-morrow about a friend's bill: and then the duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a country squire. Lord Exeter desired the duke to give it the queen, because the author is his friend; but the duke desired I would let him know whether it was good for anything. I brought it home, and will return it to-morrow as the dullest thing I ever read, and advise the duke not to present it. I dined with Domville at his lodgings, by invitation; for he goes in a few days for Ireland. Night, dear MD.

25. There is a mighty feast at a Tory sheriff's to-day in the city: twelve hundred dishes of meat. Above five lords, and several hundred gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to custom. Doctor Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs Van's. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new answers come out to the Conduct of the Allies. The last year's Examiners, printed together in a small volume, go off but slowly. The printer over-printed himself by at least a thousand; so soon out of fashion are party papers, however so well writ. The Medleys are coming out in the same volume, and perhaps may sell better. Our news about a cessation of arms begins to flag, and I have not these three days seen anybody in business to ask them about it. We had a terrible fire last night in Drury Lane, or thereabouts, and three or four people destroyed. One of the maids of honour has the small-pox: but the best is, she

can lose no beauty; and we have one new handsome maid of honour. Night, MD.

26. I forgot to tell you that on Sunday last, about seven at night, it lightened above fifty times as I walked the Mall, which I think is extraordinary at this time of the year, and the weather was very hot. Had you anything of this in Dublin? I intended to dine with lord treasurer to-day; but lord Mansel and Mr Lewis made me dine with them at Kit Musgrave's. Now you don't know who Kit Musgrave is. I sat the evening with Mrs Wesley, who goes to-morrow morning to the Bath. She is much better than she was. The news of the French desiring a cessation of arms, &c., was but town talk. We shall know in a few days, as I am told, whether there will be a peace or not. The duke of Ormond will go in a week for Flanders, they say. Our Mohocks go on still, and cut people's faces every night; but they shan't cut mine: I like it better as it is. The dogs will cost me at least a crown a week in chairs. I believe the souls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't distinguish between a cow and a Christian. I forgot to wish you yesterday a happy new year. You know the twenty-fifth of March is the first day of the year, and now you must leave off cards and put out your fire. I'll put out mine the first of April, cold or not cold. I believe I shall lose credit with you by not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped the session would be ended, and I must stay till then; yet I would fain be at the beginning of my willows growing. Percival tells me that the quicksets upon the flat in the garden do not grow so well as those famous ones on the ditch. They want digging about them. The cherry trees by the river side my heart is set upon.

27. Society day, you know that, I suppose. Dr Arbuthnot was president. His dinner was dressed in the queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. We ate it at Ozinda's chocolate-house, just by St James's. We were never merrier nor better company, and did not part till after eleven. I did not summon lord Lansdowne: he and I are fallen out. There was something in an Examiner a fortnight ago that he thought reflected on the abuses in his office (he is secretary at war), and he writ to the secretary that he heard I had inserted that paragraph. This I resented highly, that he should complain of me before he spoke to me. I sent him a peppering letter, and would not summon him by note, as I did the rest; nor ever will have anything to say to him till he begs my pardon. I met lord treasurer to-day at lady Masham's. He would fain have carried me home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. What! upon a society day! No, no. It is late, sirrahs. I am not drunk. Night, MD.

28. I was with my friend Lewis to-day, getting materials for a little mischief; and I dined with lord treasurer, and three or four fellows I never saw before. I left them at seven, and came home, and have been writing to the archbishop of Dublin, and cousin Deane, in answer to one of his, of four months old, that I spied by chance, routing among my papers. Domville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I shall dine with him to-morrow. Does the bishop of Clogher talk of coming for England this summer? I think lord Molesworth told me so about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himself to me to recommend him to the ministry, because he pretends to have found out the longitude. I believe he has no more found it out than he has found out mine ——. However, I will gravely hear what he says, and discover him a knave or fool. Night, MD.

29. I am plagued with these pains in my shoulder; I believe it is the rheumatic; I will do something for it to-night. Mr Lewis and I dined with Mr Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glasses of Champaign by perfect teazing, though it is bad for my pain; but if it continue, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I am got into bed, and have put some old flannel, for want of new, to my shoulder; and rubbed it with Hungary water. It is plaguy hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head; and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abstemiousness for a while. How does MD do now; how does DD, and Ppt? You must know I hate pain, as the old woman said. But I'll try to go to sleep. My flesh sucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an awkward rascal, and makes me peevish. Do you know that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not shave my head, his hand shook so? He is drunk every day, and I design to turn him off as soon as ever I get to Ireland. I'll write no more now, but go to sleep, and see whether flannel and sleep will cure my shoulder. Night, dearest MD.

30. I was not able to go to church or court to-day. The pain has left my shoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. It makes me think of poor Ppt's blade-bone. Urge, urge, urge; dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs Van, where I could be easy, and came back at seven. My Hungary water is gone; and to-night I use spirits of wine, which my landlady tells me is very good. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneasy, and such cruel twinges every moment! Night, dearest MD.

31. *April* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All these days I have been extremely ill; though I twice crawled out a week ago; but am now recovering, though very weak. The violence of my pain abated the night before last: I will just tell you how I was, and then send this letter,

which ought to have gone Saturday last. The pain increased with mighty violence in my left shoulder and collar-bone, and that side my neck. On Thursday morning appeared great red spots in all those places where my pain was, and the violence of the pain was confined to my neck, behind or a little on the left side; which was so violent that I had not a minute's ease, nor hardly a minute's sleep in three days and nights. The spots increased every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white and full of corruption, though small. The red still continues too, and most prodigious hot and inflamed. The disease is the shingles. I eat nothing but watergruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctors say it would have ended in some violent disease, if it had not come out thus. I shall now recover fast. I have been in no danger of life, but miserable torture. So adieu, dearest MD, FW, &c. *Lele*, I can say, *lele*, yet, you see. Faith, I don't conceal a bit, as hope saved.

P.S.—I must purge and clyster after this; and my next letter will not be in the old order of journal till I have done with physic. Are you not surprised to see a letter want half a side?

LETTER XLV.

London, April 24, 1712.

I HAD yours two or three days ago. I can hardly answer it now. Since my last I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day just a month since I felt the pain on the tip of my left shoulder, which grew worse, and spread for six days; then broke all out by my collar and left side of my neck in monstrous red spots inflamed, and these grew to small pimples. For four days I had no rest, nor nights, for a pain in my neck; then I grew a little better; afterwards, where my pains were, a cruel itching seized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake several nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not scratch it: then it grew into three or four great sores like blisters, and run; at last I advised the doctor to use it like a blister, so I did with melilot plasters, which still run; and am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but confined myself two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yesterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never suffered so much in my life. I have taken my breeches in above two inches, so I am leaner, which answers one question in your letter. The weather is mighty fine. I write in the morning, because I am better then. I will go try to walk a little. I will give DD's certificate to Tooke to-morrow. Farewell, MD, MD, &c.

LETTER XLVI.

London, May 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet ease or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber these ten days. My pain continues still in my shoulder and collar; I keep flannel on it, and rub it with brandy, and take a nasty diet drink. I still itch terribly, and have some few pimples: I am weak, and sweat; and then the flannel makes me mad with itching; but I think my pain lessens. A journal, while I was sick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and physic, visits and messages; the two last were almost as troublesome as the two first. One good circumstance is, that I am grown much leaner. I believe I told you that I have taken in my breeches two inches. I had your No. 29 last night. In answer to your good opinion of my disease, the doctors said they never saw anything so odd of the kind; they were not properly shingles, but *herpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be sick like other people, but always something out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came, nor staid, nor went without pain, and the worst pain I ever bore in my life. *Medemeris*[1] is retired in the country, with the beast her husband, long ago. I thank the bishop of Clogher for his proxy; I will write to him soon. Here is Dilly's wife in town; but I have not seen her yet. No, simpleton: it is not a sign of health, but a sign that if it had not come out some terrible fit of sickness would have followed. I was at our society last Thursday, to receive a new member, the chancellor of the exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We shall have a peace, I hope, soon, or [else be] entirely broke; but I believe the first. My letter to lord treasurer, about the English tongue, is now printing; and I suffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The Appendix to the Third Part of John Bull was published yesterday; it is equal to the rest. I hope you read John Bull. It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone some days ago with a tack;[2] but we carried it bravely, and the Whigs came in to help us. Poor lady Masham, I am afraid, will lose her only son, about a twelvemonth old, with the king's evil. I never would let Mrs Fenton see me during my illness, though she often came; but she has been once since I recovered. Bernage has been twice to see me of late. His regiment will be broke, and he only upon half pay; so perhaps he thinks he will want me again. I am told here the bishop of Clogher and family are coming over; but he says nothing of

[1] Madame Ayres.

[2] A tack is a bill tacked to a money bill, that as both must be passed or rejected together, the tacked bill may pass, because the money bill must.

it himself. I have been returning the visits of those that sent *howdees* in my sickness; particularly the duchess of Hamilton, who came and sat with me two hours. I make bargains with all people that I dine with, to let me scrub my back against a chair; and the duchess of Ormond was forced to bear it the other day. Many of my friends are gone to Kensington, where the queen has been removed for some time. This is a long letter for a sick body. I will begin the next in the journal way, though my journals will be sorry ones. My left hand is very weak, and trembles; but my right side has not been touched.

This is a pitiful letter,
For want of a better;
But plagued with a tetter,
My fancy does fetter.

Ah; my poor willows and quicksets! Well, but you must read John Bull. Do you understand it all? Did I tell you that young parson Gery is going to be married, and asked my advice when it was too late to break off? He tells me Elwick has purchased forty pounds a year in land adjoining to his living. Ppt does not say one word of her own little health. I am vexed almost; but I wont, because she is a good girl in other things. Yes, and so is DD too. God bless MD, and FW, and Me, and Presto too. Farewell, MD, MD, MD, *Lele*. I can say *lele* yet, young women; yes I can, well as you.

LETTER XLVII.

London, May 31, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing still, though with less violence; but I don't love to write journals while I am in pain; and, above all, not journals to MD. But however I am so much mended, that I intend my next shall be in the old way; and yet I shall perhaps break my resolution when I feel pain. I believe I have lost credit with you in relation to my coming over; but I protest it is impossible for one who has anything to do with this ministry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a business, which till it takes some turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never wished so much as now that I had staid in Ireland; but the die is cast, and is now a spinning, and till it settles I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a sise. The moment I am used ill, I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in suspense. The session will soon be over (I believe in a fortnight), and the peace, we hope, will be made in a short time; and there will be no farther occasion for me; nor have I anything to trust to but court gratitude; so that I expect to see my willows a month after the parliament is up: but I will take MD in my way, and not go to Laracor like an unmannerly spreenckish fellow. Have you seen my Letter to Lord Treasurer? There are two answers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmless proposal about the improvement of the English tongue. I believe if I writ an essay upon a straw some fool would answer it. About ten days hence I expect a letter from MD, No. 30. You are now writing it, near the end, as I guess. I have not received DD's money; but I will give you a note for it on Parvisol, and beg your pardon I have not done it before. I am just now thinking to go lodge at Kensington, for the air. Lady Masham has teazed me to do it, but business has hindered me; but now lord treasurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our society dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parson's Green last Thursday; I never saw anything so fine and romantic. We got a great victory last Wednesday in the house of lords, by a majority, I think, of twenty-eight; and the Whigs had desired their friends to bespeak places to see lord treasurer carried to the Tower. I met your Higgins[1] here yesterday; he roars at the insolence of the Whigs in Ireland, talks much of his own sufferings and expenses in asserting the cause of the Church; and I find he would fain plead merit enough to desire that his fortune should be mended. I believe he designs to make as much noise as he can, in order to preferment. Pray let the provost, when he sees you, give you ten English shillings, and I will give as much here to the man who delivered me Rymer's books: he knows the meaning. Tell him I will not trust him, but that you can order it to be paid me here; and I will trust you till I see you. Have I told you that the rogue Patrick has left me these two months, to my great satisfaction? I have got another, who seems to be much better, if he continues it. I am printing a threepenny pamphlet,[2] and shall print another in a fortnight, and then I have done, unless some new occasion starts. Is my curate Warburton married to Mrs Melthrop in my parish? so I hear. Or is it a lie? Has Raymond got to his new house? Do you see Joe now and then? What luck have you at ombre? How stands it with the dean? My service to Mrs Stoyte, and Catherine, if she be come from Wales. I have not yet seen Dilly Ashe's wife. I called once, but she was not at home: I think she is under the doctor's hand. I believe the news of the duke of Ormond producing letters in the council of war, with orders not to fight, will surprise you in Ireland. Lord treasurer said in the house of lords that in a few days the treaty of peace should be laid before them; and our court thought it wrong to hazard a battle, and sacrifice many lives, in such a juncture.[3] If the peace holds, all will do well; otherwise I know not how we shall weather

[1] The Irish Sacheverell, prosecuted by Lord Santry, a violent Whig, as noticed before.

[2] "Some Reasons to prove that no person is obliged, by his Principles as a Whig, to oppose her Majesty or the present Ministry."

[3] Ormond's private instructions were not to hazard a battle, or undertake a siege; and he was obliged, in justice to his own character, to make them known to the council of war, when it was proposed to attack the camp of Marshal Villars.

it. And it was reckoned as a wrong step in politics for lord treasurer to open himself so much. The secretary would not go so far to satisfy the Whigs in the house of commons; but there all went swimmingly. I'll say no more to you to-night, sirrahs, because I must send away the letter, not by the bell, but early: and besides I have not much more to say at this present writing. Does MD never read at all now, pray? But you walk prodigiously, I suppose. You make nothing of walking to, to, to, ay, to Donnybrook. I walk as much as I can, because sweating is good; but I'll walk more if I go to Kensington. I suppose I shall have no apples this year neither. So I dined the other day with lord Rivers, who is sick at his country house, and he showed me all his cherries blasted. Night, dearest sirrahs; farewell, dearest little MD, MD, MD, FW, FW, FW, *Me, Me, Lele, Me, Lele, Lele*, little MD.

LETTER XLVIII.

Kensington, June 17, 1712.

I HAVE been so tosticated about since my last, that I could not go on in my journal manner, though my shoulder is a great deal better; however, I feel violent pain in it, but I think it diminishes, and I have cut off some slices from my flannel. I have lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exercise, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the duchess of Ormond at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat as usual. I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat; then to Mortlake, but no boat; and it was nine o'clock. At last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Last night I had another such difficulty. I was in the city till past ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love these shabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them because they arise from not having a thousand pounds a year. I had your No. 30 about three days ago, which I will now answer. And first I did not relapse, but I came out before I ought; and so, and so, as I have told you in some of my last. The first coming abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more messages afterwards. Well, but John Bull is not wrote by the person you imagine. It is too good for another to own. Had it been Grub street, I would have let people think as they please; and I think that's right: is not it now? so flap your hand, and make wry mouths yourself, saucy doxy. Now comes DD. Why, sirrahs, I did write in a fortnight my forty-seventh; and if it did not come in due time, can I help wind and weather? am I a Laplander? am I witch? can I work miracles? can I make easterly winds? Now I am against Dr Smith. I drink little water with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Yet Dr Cockburn told me a little wine would not hurt me; but it is so hot and dry, and water is so dangerous. The worst thing here is my evenings at lord Masham's, where lord treasurer comes, and we sit till after twelve. But it is convenient I should be among them for a while as much as possible. I need not tell you why. But I hope that will be at an end in a month or two one way or other, and I am resolved it shall; but I can't go to Tunbridge, or anywhere else out of the way, in this juncture. So Ppt designs for Templeoag (what a name is that!) Whereabouts is that place? I hope not very far from ——. Higgins is here, roaring that all is wrong in Ireland, and would have me get him an audience of lord treasurer to tell him so; but I will have nothing to do in it, no, not I, faith. We have had no thunder till last night, and till then we were dead for want of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field looked green. I reckon the queen will go to Windsor in three or four weeks: and if the secretary takes a house there, I shall be sometimes with him. But how affectedly Ppt talks of my being here all the summer; which I do not intend: nor to stay one minute longer in England than becomes the circumstances I am in. I wish you would go soon into the country, and take a good deal of it; and where better than Trim? Joe will be your humble servant, Parvisol your slave, and Raymond at your command, for he piques himself on good manners. I have seen Dilly's wife; and I have seen once or twice old Bradley here. He is very well, very old, and very wise: I believe I must go see his wife when I have leisure. I should be glad to see goody Stoyte and her husband; pray give them my humble service, and to Catherine, and to Mrs Walls. I cannot be the least bit in love with Mrs Walls. I suppose the cares of the husband increase with the fruitfulness of the wife. I am glad at heart to hear of Ppt's good health; please to let her finish it by drinking waters. I hope DD had her bill, and has her money. Remember to write a due time before the money is wanted, and be good girls, good *dallars*, I mean, and no crying *dallars*. I heard somebody coming up stairs, and forgot I was in the country; and I was afraid of a visitor; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teazed with solicitors. Molt, the chemist, is my acquaintance. My service to Dr Smith. I sent the question to him about sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the answer he returned is in these words: "It is directly after Mr Boyle's receipt." That commission is performed; if he wants any of it, Molt shall use him fairly. I suppose Smith is one of your physicians. So now your

letter is fully and impartially answered: not as rascals answer me; I believe, if I writ an essay upon a straw, I should have a shoal of answers: but no matter for that; you see I can answer without making any reflections, as becomes men of learning. Well, but now for the peace: why, we expect it daily; but the French have the staff in their own hands, and we trust to their honesty. I wish it were otherwise. Things are now in the way of being soon in the extremes of well or ill: I hope and believe the first. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curses himself and friends for ruining themselves in defending lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He swears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty speech at sixty-six, and the queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you must know her health is fixed by a certain reason, that she has done with braces (I must use the expression), and nothing ill has happened to her since; so she has a new lease of her life. Read the Letter to a Whig lord. Do you ever read? Why don't you say so? I mean does DD read to Ppt? Do you walk? I think Ppt should walk to DD, as DD reads to Ppt, for Ppt you must know is a good walker; but not so good as Presto. I intend to dine to-day with Mr Lewis: but it threatens rain; and I shall be too late to get a lift; and I must write to the bishop of Clogher. It is now ten in the morning; and this is all writ at a heat. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER XLIX.

Kensington, July 1, 1712.

I NEVER was in a worse station for writing letters than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night I generally go to lord Masham's, where lord treasurer comes, and we stay till past twelve; but I am now resolved to write journals again, though my shoulder is not yet well; for I have still a few itching pimples, and a little pain now and then. It is now high cherry time with us; take notice, is it so soon with you? And we have early apricots; and gooseberries are ripe. On Sunday archdeacon Parnell[1] came here to see me. It seems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I persuade him to it, and have spoken to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he wont have spirit to go. I have made Ford Gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a year settled on the employment by the secretaries of state, besides the perquisites. It is the prettiest employment in England of its bigness; yet the puppy does not seem satisfied with it. I think people keep some follies to themselves, till they have occasion to produce them. He thinks it not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impossible to make any man easy. His salary is paid him every week, if he please, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, &c.; can frank what letters he will; and his perquisites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the bishop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I hope to see him in a few days. I was to see Mrs Bradley on Sunday night. Her youngest son is to marry somebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave lady Giffard, because she was striking up an intrigue with a footman who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yesterday, the old bishop of Worcester,[1] who pretends to be a prophet, went to the queen, by appointment, to prove to her majesty, out of Daniel and the Revelation, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the king of France would be a Protestant, and fight on their side; that the Popedom would be destroyed, &c.; and declared that he would be content to give up his bishopric if it were not true. Lord treasurer, who told it me, was by, and some others; and I am told lord treasurer confounded him sadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelsome. He is near ninety years old. Old Bradley is fat and lusty, and has lost his palsy. Have you seen Toland's Invitation to *Dismal*?[2] How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Horace, and perhaps you do not understand Horace. Here has been a great sweep of employments, and we expect still more removals. The court seems resolved to make thorough work. Mr Hill intended to set out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed governor; but he tells me to-day that he cannot go till Thursday or Friday. I wish it were over. Mr Secretary tells me he is in no fear at all that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is safe. We rail now all against the Dutch, who indeed have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr secretary is soon to be made a viscount. He desired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excused myself from a work that might lose me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of Bolingbroke, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have advised him to be called lord Pomfret: but he thinks that title is already in some other family; and besides he objects that it is in Yorkshire, where he has no estate; but there is nothing in that, and I love Pomfret. Don't you love

[1] This amiable man, and elegant poet, was at this time Archdeacon of Clogher, to which dignity Swift's friend the Bishop had preferred him.

[1] Dr William Lloyd, bishop of Worcester, a man of learning, and author of a "History of the Government of the Church," and other works.

[2] The Earl of Nottingham, whose *sobriquet* of "Dismal" has been referred to in the "Journal."

Pomfret? Why, 'tis in all our histories; they are full of Pomfret Castle. But what 's all this to you? You don't care for this. Is goody Stoyte come to London? I have not heard of her yet. The dean of St Patrick's never had the manners to answer my letter. I was the other day to see Sterne and his wife. She is not half so handsome as when I saw her with you at Dublin. They design to pass the summer at a house near Lord Somers's, about a dozen miles off. You never told me how my Letter to Lord Treasurer passes in Ireland. I suppose you are drinking at this time Temple-something waters. Steele was arrested the other day for making a lottery, directly against an act of parliament. He is now under prosecution; but they think it will be dropped, out of pity. I believe he will very soon lose his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf. Raymond writes me word that the bishop of Meath was going to summon me, in order to suspension for absence, if the provost had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their first-fruits, with a pox. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and for a week past we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am just now told, that the governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This must put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like these stoppings in such an affair. Go, get you gone, and drink your waters, if this rain has not spoiled them, saucy doxy. I have no more to say to you at present; but love Presto, and MD, and Me. And Presto will love Ppt, and MD, and Me. I wish you had taken an account when I sent money to Mrs Brent. I believe I have not done it a great while. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, Me, &c.

LETTER L.

Kensington, July 17, 1712.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it soon. The queen goes on Tuesday to Windsor, and I shall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and supping at lady Masham's. I dined to-day with the duke of Argyle at Kew, and would not go to the court to-night, because of writing to MD. The bishop of Clogher has been here this fortnight: I see him as often as I can. Poor master Ashe has a bad redness in his face; it is St Anthony's fire; his face all swelled, and will break out in his cheek, but no danger. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grub street has been very fruitful. Presto has writ five or six Grub street papers this last week. Have you seen Toland's Invitation to *Dismal*, or Hue and Cry after *Dismal*, or Ballad on Dunkirk, or Agreement that *Dunkirk* is not in our hands? Poh! you have seen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good: but my shoulder is not yet right; itchings and scratchings and small achings. Did I tell you that I have made Ford Gazetteer, with two hundred pounds a year salary, besides perquisites? I had a letter lately from Parvisol, who says my canal looks very finely; I long to see it; but no apples; all blasted again. He tells me there will be a triennial visitation in August. I must send Raymond another proxy. So now I will answer your letter, No. 30, dated June 17. Ppt writes as well as ever, for all her waters. I wish I had never come here, as often and as heartily as Ppt. What had I to do here? I can assure you, the bishop of Clogher's being here does not in the least affect my staying or going. I have heard of the bishop's[1] making me uneasy, but I did not think it was because I never wrote to him. A little would make me write to him, but I don't know what to say. I find I am obliged to the provost for keeping the bishop from being impertinent. Yes, Mrs DD but you would not be content with letters from Presto of six lines, or twelve either, faith. I hope Ppt will have done with the waters soon, and find benefit by them. I believe, if they were as far off as Wexford, they would do as much good; for I take the journey to contribute as much as anything. I never talked to Higgins but once in my life in the street, and I believe he and I shall hardly meet but by chance. What care I whether my Letter to Lord Treasurer be commended there or not? Why does not somebody among you answer it, as three or four have done here? (I am now sitting with nothing but my bed gown, for heat.) Ppt shall have a great Bible, and DD shall be repaid her other book; but patience; all in good time: you are so hasty, a dog would &c. So Ppt has neither won nor lost. Why, mun, I play sometimes too at picket; that is, picquet, I mean; but very seldom. Out late? why, it is only at lady Masham's, and that is in our town; but I never come late here from London, except once in rain, when I could not get a coach. We have had very little thunder here; none these two months. Why, pray, madam philosopher, how did the rain hinder the thunder from doing any harm? I suppose it *squenched* it. So here comes Ppt again with her little watery postscript. You bold drunken slut you! drink Presto's health ten times in a morning! you are a whetter, faith, I sup MD's fifteen times every morning in milk porridge. There's for you now, and there's for your letter, and every kind of thing; and now I must say something else. You hear secretary St John is made viscount Bolingbroke. I could hardly persuade him to take that title, because the eldest branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was last year extinct. If he did not take it, I advised him to be lord Pomfret, which I think is a noble title. You hear of it often in the Chronicles, Pomfret

[1] Of Meath.

Castle: but we believed it was among the titles of some other lord. Jack Hill sent his sister a pattern of a headdress from Dunkirk; it was like our fashion twenty years ago, only not quite so high, and looks very ugly. I have made Trapp chaplain to Lord Bolingbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr Addison returned me my visit this morning. He lives in our town. I shall be mighty retired, and mighty busy for a while at Windsor. Pray why don't MD go to Trim, and see Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the holly, and the cherry trees on the river walk?

19. I could not send this letter last post, being called away before I could finish it. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer: sat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for some business I had with him. He brought me to Kensington, and lord Bolingbroke would not let me go away till two; and I am now in bed, very lazy and sleepy, at nine. I must shave head and face, and meet lord Bolingbroke at eleven, and dine again with lord treasurer. To-day there will be another Grub, "A Letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord."[1] Grub street has but ten days to live; then an act of parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half sheet at a halfpenny. We have news just come, but not the particulars, that the earl of Albemarle, at the head of eight thousand Dutch, is beaten, lost the greatest part of his men, and himself made a prisoner.[2] This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. We had a good deal of rain last night, very refreshing. It is late, and I must rise. Don't play at ombre in your waters, sirrah. Farewell, dearest MD.

LETTER LI.

London, August 7, 1712.

I READ your No. 32 at Windsor: I just read it, and immediately sealed it up again, and shall read it no more this twelvemonth at least. The reason of my resentment is, because you talk as glibly of a thing as if it were done, which, for aught I know, is farther from being done than ever, since I hear not a word of it, though the town is full of it, and the court always giving me joy and vexation. You might be sure I would have let you know as soon as it was done; but I believe you fancied I would not affect to tell it you, but let you learn it from newspapers and reports. I remember only there was something in your letter about Me's money; and that shall be taken care of on the other side. I left Windsor on Monday last, upon lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France; and somebody's being here that I ought often to consult with in an affair I am upon: but that person talks of returning to Windsor again, and I believe I shall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging, very busy, as I am every day till noon: so that this letter is like to be short, and you are not to blame me these two months; for I protest, if I study ever so hard, I cannot in that time compass what I am upon.[1] We have a fever both here and at Windsor, which hardly anybody misses; but it lasts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The queen had forty servants down in it at once. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer, but could do no business, though he sent for me, I thought, on purpose; but he desires I will dine with him again to-day. Windsor is a most delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon Eton and the Thames. I wish I were owner of them; they belong to a prebend. God knows what was in your letter; and if it be not answered, whose fault is it, *saucy dallars!* Do you know that Grub street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's: but now every single half sheet pays a halfpenny to the queen. The Observator is fallen: the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post; the Examiner is deadly sick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a halfpenny, the stamping. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior set out for France last Saturday. My lord's business is to hasten the peace before the Dutch are too much mauled, and to hinder France from carrying the jest of beating them too far. Have you seen the Fourth Part of John Bull? It is equal to the rest, and extremely good. The bishop of Clogher's son has been ill of St Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be spoiled, but it is not. Dilly is just as he used to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. The two brothers see one another: and I think not the two sisters. Raymond wrote to me that he intended to invite you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there? Went you see poor Laracor? Parvisol says I shall have no fruit. Blasts have taken away all. Pray observe the cherry trees in the river walk; but you are too lazy to take such a journey. If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being toasticated between this and Windsor. Poor lord Winchelsea[2] is dead, to my great grief. He

1 "Some reasons," &c.

2 At Denain; where the Confederates—being weakened by the absence of the Duke of Ormond, with the British forces, taking possession of Dunkirk—were attacked in their camp by Marshal Villars, and defeated disastrously, as stated in the text.

1 His "History of the Four last Years of Queen Anne."

2 Charles, Earl of Winchelsea, First Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations.

was a worthy honest gentleman, and particular friend of mine: and, what is yet worse, my old acquaintance, Mrs Finch,[1] is now countess of Winchelsea, the title being fallen to her husband, but without much estate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now past two afternoon, so I shall take a little walk in the Park. Do you play at ombre still? or is that off by Mr Stoyte's absence, and Mrs Manley's grief? Somebody was telling me of a strange sister that Mrs Manley has got in Ireland, who disappointed you all about her being handsome. My service to Mrs Walls. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, *Me*, *Lele*, rogues both; love poor Presto.

LETTER LII.

Windsor, Sept. 15, 1712.

I NEVER was so long without writing to MD as now since I left them, nor ever will again while I am able to write. I have expected from one week to another that something would be done in my own affairs; but nothing at all is, nor I don't know when anything will, or whether any at all, so slow are people at doing favours. I have been much out of order of late, with the old giddiness in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eaten mighty little fruit; yet I impute my disorder to that little, and shall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for some papers from the ministry for materials for the rest; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I asked of them; so that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to study. One is kept constantly out of humour by a thousand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reason with some friends, we cannot conceive how affairs can last as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy subject for those who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was last year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings. One cannot withhold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to destroy both. See how my style is altered, by living, and thinking, and talking among these people, instead of my canal and river, walk and willows. I lose all my money here among the ladies; so that I never play when I can help it, being sure to lose. I have lost five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope Ppt is luckier at picquet with the dean and Mrs Walls. The dean never answered my letter, and I have clearly forgot whether I sent a bill for *Me* in any of my last letters. I think I did; pray let me know, and always give me timely notice. I wait here but to see what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, as —— said, I will come over.

18. I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I shall be better. I have been very giddy since I wrote what is before, yet not as I used to be: more frequent, but not so violent. Yesterday we were alarmed with the queen's being ill: she had an aguish and feverish fit; and you never saw such countenances as we all had, such dismal melancholy. Her physicians from town were sent for; but towards night she grew better; to-day she missed her fit, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worst but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord treasurer would not come here from London, because it would make a noise if he came before his usual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The Whigs have lost a great support in the earl of Godolphin.[1] It is a good jest to hear the ministers talk of him with humanity and pity, because he is dead and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney,[2] the late king's mistress, (who lives at a fine place, five miles from hence, called Clifden,) and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wisest woman I ever saw; and lord treasurer made great use of her advice in the late change of affairs. I heard lord Marlborough is growing ill of his *diabetes;* which, if it be true, may soon carry him off; and then the ministry will be something more at ease. MD has been a long time without writing to Presto, though they have not the same cause: it is seven weeks since your last came to my hands, which was No. 32, that you may not be mistaken. I hope Ppt has not wanted her health. You were then drinking waters. The doctor tells me I must go into a course of *steel*, though I have not the spleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not seen him this long time; but I suppose he is overrun with melancholy. My lord Shrewsbury is certainly designed to be governor of Ireland; and I believe the duchess will please the people there mightily. The Irish Whig leaders promise great things to themselves from this government: but great care shall be taken, if possible, to prevent them. Mrs Fenton has writ to me that she has been forced to leave lady Giffard, and come to town, for a rheumatism: that lady does not love to be troubled with sick people. Mrs Fenton writes to me as one dying, and desires I would think of her son: I have not answered her letter. She is retired to Mrs Povey's. Is my aunt alive yet? and do you ever see her? I suppose she has forgot the loss of her son. Is Raymond's new house quite finished? and does he squander as he used to do? has he yet spent all his wife's

1 She was the wife of Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea; authoress of the "Spleen," and other poems; and died 1720.

1 He died September 15, 1712.

2 Lady Elizabeth Villiers, on whom King William settled a large estate in Ireland, worth £26,000 a-year.

fortune? I hear there are five or six people putting strongly in for my livings: God help them! But if ever the court should give me anything, I would recommend Raymond to the duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendship to him, but because it would be proper for the minister of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold studded snuff-box now; for my brother Hill, governor of Dunkirk, has sent me the finest that ever you saw. It is allowed at court that none in England comes near it, though it did not cost above twenty pounds. And the duchess of Hamilton has made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle (for you know I wear no waistcoat in summer), and there are several divisions, and one on purpose for my box, oh ho! We have had most delightful weather this whole week; but illness and vomiting have hindered me from sharing in a great part of it. Lady Masham made the queen send to Kensington for some of her preserved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. Mrs Brent sent me a letter by a young fellow, a printer, desiring I would recommend him here, which you may tell her I have done: but I cannot promise what will come of it, for it is necessary they should be made free[1] here before they can be employed. I remember I put the boy apprentice to Brent. I hope Parvisol has set my tithes well this year: he has writ nothing to me about it; pray talk to him of it when you see him, and let him give me an account how things are. I suppose the corn is now off the ground. I hope he has sold that great ugly horse. Why don't you talk to him? He keeps me at charges for horses that I never ride; yours is large, and will never be good for anything. The queen will stay here about a month longer, I suppose; but lady Masham will go in ten days to lie in at Kensington. Poor creature! she fell down in the court here the other day. She would needs walk across it upon some displeasure with her chairmen, and was likely to be spoiled so near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a sore side; though I shall not be at ease till she is brought to bed. I find I can fill up a letter, some way or other, without a journal. If I had not a spirit naturally cheerful,[2] I should be very much discontented at a thousand things. Pray God preserve MD's health, and Presto's, and that I may live free from the envy and discontent that attend those who are thought to have more favour at court than they really possess. Love Presto, who loves MD above all things. Farewell, dearest, ten thousand times dearest, MD.

1 That is, made freemen of the city of London.

2 His life is a mournful and striking instance of the power of disappointment totally to subvert natural cheerfulness, to take away the value of every good, and aggravate real by imaginary evil.

LETTER LIII.

London, Oct. 9, 1712.

I HAVE left Windsor these ten days, and am deep in pills with assafœtida, and a steel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much discouraged; for I used to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a day, and have taken, I believe, a hundred and fifty already. The queen, lord treasurer, lady Masham, and I, were all ill together, but are now all better; only lady Masham expects every day to lie in at Kensington. There never was such a lump of lies spread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the least ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in something I am writing by my illness, but hope to fetch it up, so as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but it is now near quite well. I was playing at *one-and-thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with: it put me in mind of sir William Temple.[1] I asked both him and lady Masham seriously, whether the queen were at all inclined to a dropsy? And they positively assured me she was not: so did her physician Arbuthnot, who always attends her. Arbuthnot has sent me from Windsor a pretty Discourse upon Lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a proposal for publishing a curious piece, called, The Art of Political Lying, in two volumes, &c. And then there is an abstract of the first volume, just like those pamphlets which they call The Works of the Learned. Pray get it when it comes out. The queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe she will stay a month still at Windsor. Lord treasurer showed me the kindest letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one secret, that there will be soon made some knights of the Garter. You know another is fallen by lord Godolphin's death: he will be buried in a day or two at Westminster Abbey. I saw Tom Leigh in town once. The bishop of Clogher has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from Ireland; half a dozen bishops at least. The poor old bishop of London,[2] at past fourscore, fell down backwards going up stairs, and I think broke or cracked his skull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at midsummer; and if I had not occasion for physic, I would be at Windsor still. Did I tell you of lord Rivers' will? He has left legacies to about twenty

1 Sir William's stingy patronage of Swift, after having led him to hope for better provision, justified or at least provoked this sarcasm.

2 Dr Henry Compton, translated to that see from the bishopric of Oxford, in 1675. He fought for Charles I., and at the Revolution took command of the volunteer troop that escorted the Princess Anne to Nottingham.

paltry old whores by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependant, or relation: he has left from his only child, lady Barrymore, her mother's estate, and given the whole to his heir-male, a Popish priest,[1] a second cousin, who is now earl Rivers, and whom he used in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and bastard. Lord treasurer and lord chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, but detest his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the Dutch are so wilful because they are told the queen cannot live. I had poor MD's letter, No. 32, at Windsor: but I could not answer it then; Presto was very sick then: and, besides, it was a very inconvenient place to write letters from. You "thought to come home the same day, and stayed a month!" that was a sign the place was agreeable. I should love such a sort of jaunt. Is that lad Swanton a little more fixed than he used to be? I think you like the girl very well. She has left off her grave airs, I suppose. I am now told lord Godolphin was buried last night. O poor Ppt![2] I believe I escaped the *new* fever, for the same reason that Ppt did, because I am not well; but why should DD escape it, pray? She is *melthigal*, you know, and ought to have the fever; but I hope it is now too late, and she wont have it at all. Some physicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburgh. I hoped Ppt would have done with her illness; but I think we both have the faculty never to part with a disorder for ever; we are very constant. I have had my giddiness twenty-three years by fits. Will Mrs Raymond never have done lying-in? He intends to leave beggars enough; for I dare say he has squandered away the best part of his fortune already, and is now not out of debt. I had a letter from him lately.

11. Lord treasurer sent for me yesterday and the day before to sit with him, because he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finish my letter. How the deuce come I to be so exact in your money? Just seventeen shillings and eightpence more than due; I believe you cheat me. Ppt[2] makes a petition with many apologies. John Danvers, you know, is lady Giffard's friend. The rest I never heard of. I tell you what, as things are at present, I cannot possibly speak to lord treasurer for anybody. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a solicitor for your sister; if the latter, I have done with courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am used well, and I will then make it my business. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deserve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt, whose affairs Presto has so at heart. I have taken down his name and his case; and whenever a proper time comes I will do all I can: that is enough to say when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thousand times that I cannot do better. I hope the dean of St Patrick's is well of his fever: he has never wrote to me: I am glad of it; pray don't desire him to write. I have dated your bill late, because it must not commence, young women, till the first of November next. O, faith, I must be *ise;* yes faith, must I; else we shall cheat Presto. Are you good housewives and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gamesters. Are you drinkers? Are you — hold, I must go no farther, for fear of abusing fine ladies. Parvisol has not sent me one word how he set this year's tithes. Pray, ask whether tithes set well or ill this year. Bishop of Killaloe tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland: but how is corn?[1] I dined yesterday with lady Orkney, and we sat alone from two till eleven at night. You have heard of her, I suppose. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am so lazy and so busy I cannot answer them, and they grow upon me for several months. Have I any apples at Laracor? It is strange every year should blast them, when I took so much care for shelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country house this fortnight, which puts me backward in business I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of stairs, and see nobody if I can help it; yet some puppies have found me out, and my man is not such an artist as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been soliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with some of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am just going out, and can only bid you farewell. Farewell, dearest little MD, &c.

1 William Savage, third son of the first Earl, who was a Popish priest, and died unmarried, so that the title became extinct.

2 Stella.

LETTER LIV.

London, Oct. 28, 1712.

I HAVE been in physic this month, and have been better these three weeks. I stop my physic by the doctor's orders, till he sends me farther directions. DD grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we shall have it soon, for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is just come over from France for a few days; I suppose upon some important affair. I saw him last night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks rise upon his coming. As for my stay in England, it cannot be long now, so tell my friends. The parliament will not meet till after Christmas, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing shall keep me. I am very much discontented at Parvisol, about neglecting to sell my horses, &c.

Lady Masham is not yet brought to bed; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months

1 On the price of which the value of the Doctor's tithes depended.

ago, and Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my snuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr Cogrill, desiring me to get Raphoe for dean Stearne, and the deanery for myself. I shall indeed. I have such obligations to Stearne. But however, if I am asked who would make a good bishop, I shall name him before anybody. Then comes another letter, desiring I would recommend a provost, supposing that Pratt who has been here about a week will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I presented Pratt to lord treasurer, and truly young Molyneux would have had me present him too; but I directly answered him I would not, unless he had business with him. He is the son of one Mr Molyneux of Ireland. His father wrote a book:[1] I suppose you know it. How is the duke of Marlborough going out of England! Lord knows why, which causes many speculations. Some say he is conscious of guilt, and dare not stand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who should say, that one who has done such great services to his country cannot live quietly in it, by reason of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up these people together once more. God knows how long it may last. I was to-day at a trial between lord Lansdowne and lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in the queen's bench, for about six thousand a year for nine, I think. I sat under lord chief justice Parker, and his pen falling down I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whisper him, that I had done good for evil: for he would have taken mine from me.[2] I told it lord treasurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if several lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned everybody's eyes, and set them a whispering. I owe the dog a spite, and will pay him in two months at farthest, if I can. So much for that. But you must have chat, and I must say every sorry thing that comes into my head. They say the queen will stay a month longer at Windsor. These devils of Grub street rogues, that write the Flying Post and Medley in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling lord treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough: but I hope to swinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath.[3] They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round. They say some learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving, by civil law, that we do them wrong by this peace: but I shall show, by plain reason, that we have suffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horse, and have hundreds of letters still to read: and squeeze a line out of each, or at least the seeds of a line. Stratford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very neat. I have about thirty pages more to write that is, to be corrected, which will be sixty in print. It is the most troublesome part of all, and I cannot keep myself private, though I stole into a room up two pair of stairs when I came from Windsor, but my present master has not yet learned his lesson of denying me decently.

20. The duchess of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Masham is still expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not touch my letter last post for the soul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers these six weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tisdall yet in the world? I propose writing controversies, to get a name with posterity. The duke of Ormond will not be over these three or four days. I design to make him join with me in settling all right among our people. I have ordered the duchess to let me have an hour with the duke at his first coming, to give him a true state of persons and things. I believe the duke of Shrewsbury will hardly be declared your governor yet; at least, I think so now; but resolutions alter very often. Duke Hamilton gave me a pound of snuff to-day, admirably good. I wish DD had it, and Pyt too, if she likes it. It cost me a quarter of an hour of his politics, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing table of her own contrivance, and a bed night gown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the devil was in it, the other day, that I should talk to her of an ugly squinting cousin of hers, and the poor lady herself, you know, squints like a dragon. The other day we had a long discourse with her about love; and she told us a saying of her sister Pitchardine, which I thought excellent, that in men, desire begets love, and in women, love begets desire. We have abundance of our old critics still hereabouts. I hear every morning your women with the old satin and taffeta, &c., the fellow with old coats, suits, or cloaks. Our weather is abominable of late. We have not two tolerable days in twenty. I have lost money again, at ombre, with lord Orkney and others; yet, after all, this year I have lost but three-and-twenty shillings; so that, considering card-money, I am no loser.

Our society have not yet renewed their meetings. I hope we shall continue to do some good this winter; and lord treasurer promises the academy for reforming our language shall soon go forward. I must now go hunt those dry letters for materials. You will see something very notable, I hope. So much for that. God almighty bless you.

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[1] "The Case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated." 8vo. 1698.

[2] See ante, "Journal," December 18, 1711.

[3] Celebrated in the Dunciad with Abel Roper, a newswriter of the opposite faction—

"There Redpath, Roper, cudgelled you might view.
The very worsted yet retlecked black and blue."

LETTER LV.

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the most terrible accident that has almost ever happened. This morning at eight, my man brought me word that duke Hamilton had fought with lord Mohun, and killed him, and was brought home wounded. I immediately sent him to the duke's house, in St James's square; but the porter could hardly answer for tears, and a great rabble was about the house. In short, they fought at seven this morning: the dog Mohun was killed on the spot; and while the duke was over him, Mohun shortened his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped toward the cakehouse by the ring in Hyde Park (where they fought), and died on the grass, before he could reach the house; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep. Macartney and one Hamilton were the seconds, who fought likewise, and are both fled. I am told that a footman of lord Mohun's stabbed duke Hamilton; and some say Macartney did so too.[1] Mohun gave the affront, and yet sent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor duke, who was a frank, honest, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greatest mind in the world to have me go with him to France,[2] but durst not tell it me; and those he did tell said I could not be spared, which was true. They have removed the poor duchess to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her for two hours, and am just come away. I never saw so melancholy a scene; for indeed all reasons for real grief belong to her; nor is it possible for any body to be a greater loser in all regards. She has moved my very soul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not suffer it, because it had no room backward, and she must have been tortured with the noise of the Grub street screamers mentioning her husband's murder in her ears.

I believe you have heard the story of my escape in opening the band-box sent to the lord treasurer.[3] The prints have told a thousand lies of it; but at last we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in The Evening; only I would not suffer them to name me, having been so often named before, and teazed to death with questions. I wonder how I came to have so much presence of mind, which is usually not my talent; but so it pleased God, and I saved myself and him, for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me that, if I had been killed, the Whigs would have called it a judgment, because the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them so much mischief. There was a pure Grub street of it, full of lies and inconsistencies. I do not like these things at all, and I wish myself more and more among my willows. There is a devilish spirit among people, and the ministry must exert themselves or sink. Night, dearest sirrahs, I'll go to sleep.

16. I thought to have finished this yesterday; but was too much disturbed. I sent a letter early this morning to lady Masham, to beg her to write some comforting words to the poor duchess. I dined to-day with lady Masham at Kensington, where she is expecting these two months to lie in. She has promised me to get the queen to write to the duchess kindly on this occasion; and to-morrow I will beg lord treasurer to visit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worse. Her violences not so frequent, but her melancholy more formal and settled. She has abundance of wit and spirit; about thirty-three years old; handsome and airy, and seldom spared any body that gave her the least provocation; by which she had many enemies, and few friends. Lady Orkney, her sister-in-law, is come to town on this occasion, and has been to see her, and behaved herself with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor duchess could not have patience when people told her I went often to lady Orkney's. But I am resolved to make them friends; for the duchess is now no more the object of envy, and must learn humility from the severest master, Affliction. I design to make the ministry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) against that villain Macartney. What shall we do with these murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occasion, for I cannot send it till Tuesday, and the coroner's inquest on the duke's body is to be to-morrow: and I shall know more. But what care you for all this? Yes, MD is sorry for Presto's friends; and this is a very surprising event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals. Night.

17. I was to-day at noon with the duchess of Hamilton again, after I had been with lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her sister in affliction. The duchess told me lady Orkney had been with her, and that she did not treat her as gently as she ought. They hate one another, but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for The Post-Boy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as possible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it. I dined at lord treasurer's at six in the evening, which is his usual hour of returning from Windsor; he

[1] The quarrel appeared to be forced on the Duke; but there were doubts that he received foul play.

[2] The Duke was about to be sent as Ambassador to Paris.

[3] A report of a conspiracy, by sending the Lord Treasurer a box, with three pistols, whose triggers being tied to the cover, they would have gone off at the opening of the box, had that not been prevented by Swift—who, being in the room while his lordship was dressing, suspected something, and opened the box in such a manner that no mischief was done.

promised to visit the duchess to-morrow, and says he has a message to her from the queen. 'Tis late: I have stuck till past one with him. So night, dearest MD.

18. The committee of council is to sit this afternoon, upon the affair of duke Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out against Macartney. I was just now ('tis now noon) with the duchess, to let her know lord treasurer will see her. She is mightily indisposed. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inquest. We suspect Macartney stabbed the duke while he was fighting. The queen and lord treasurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with lord treasurer; but must send this to the postoffice before, because else I shall not have time; he usually keeps me so late. Ben Tooke bid me write to DD to send her certificate, for it is high time it should be sent, he says. Pray make Parvisol write to me, and send me a general account of my affairs: and let him know I shall be over in spring, and that by all means he sells the horses. Prior has kissed the queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and lord Strafford to Holland; and, now the king of Spain has renounced his pretensions to France, the peace must follow very soon, unavoidably. You must no more call Philip duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him king of Spain. Dr Pratt tells me you are all mad in Ireland with playhouse follies, and prologues, and I know not what. The bishop of Clogher and his family are well: they have heard from you lately, or you from them. I have forgot which: I dined there the other day, but the bishop came not till after dinner; and our meat and drink was very so-so. Mr Vesham was with me yesterday, and inquired after you. He was a lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He asked me nothing for himself, but wanted an employment for a friend, who would give a handsome pair of gloves. One Hales sent me up a letter the other day, which said you lodged in his house, and therefore desired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be written, and have frowned my man to give him an answer, that I never upon letters brought me by the writers, &c. I was complaining to a lady, that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to sixty pounds a year, in the salt office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me one Mr Griffin should do it. And afterwards I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filby to him, and his uncle somewhere near Nantwich. He said, frankly, he had formerly examined the man, and found he understood very little of his business; but, if he heard he mended, he would do what I desired. I will let it rest a while, and then resume it; and if Ppt writes to Filby, she may advise him to diligence, &c. I told Griffin positively I would have it done, if the man mended. This is an account of Ppt's commission to her most humble servant Presto. I have a world of writing to finish, and little time; these fonds of ministers are so *slow in their helps*. This makes me sometimes steal a week from the exactness [with which] I used to write to MD. Farewell, dearest little MD, &c. Smoke the folding of my letters of late.

LETTER LVI.

London, December 12, 1712.

Here is now a strange thing; a letter from MD unanswered: never was before. I am slower, and MD is faster: but the last was owing to DD's certificate. Why could it not be sent before, pray now? Is it so hard for DD to prove she is alive? I protest solemnly I am not able to write to MD for other business, but I will renew my journal method next time. I find it is easier, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks, till this business is off my hands, which must be in six, I think, at furthest. O! Ppt, I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now, with a vengeance. Two women have been here six times a-piece: I never saw them yet. The first I have despatched with a letter; the other I must see, and tell her I can do nothing for her: she is wife of one Mr Connor, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a foolish errand, for some old pretensions, that will succeed when I am lord treasurer. I am got up two pair of stairs, in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to discover where I am: yet every morning two or three sots are plaguing me, and my present servant has not yet his lesson perfect of denying me. I have written a hundred and thirty pages in folio, to be printed, and must write thirty more, which will make a large book of four shillings.[1] I wish I knew an opportunity of sending you some snuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if possible. I had a letter from Parvisol, and find he has set my things very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was second to duke Hamilton, is tried to-day. I suppose he is come off, but have not heard. I dined with lord treasurer, but left him by nine, and visited some people. Lady Betty, his daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I suppose) to the marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portrine,[2] till you told me so in your last. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave, wise coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt is better of her disorders. God keep her so. The pamphlet of Political Lying is written by Dr Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull; 'tis very pretty, but not so obvious to be understood. Higgins, first chaplain to duke Hamilton? Why, duke Hamilton never dreamt of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of

[1] "History of the Peace of Utrecht."
[2] Or Portrain, seven miles from Dublin.

Higgins. You are glorious newsmongers in Ireland: Dean Francis, sir Richard Levinge, stuff: and Pratt, more stuff. We have lost our fine frost here; and Abel Roper tells me you have had floods in Dublin; ho, have you? Oh ho! Swanton seized Portraine, now I understand you. Ay, ay, now I see Portraine at the top of your letter. I never minded it before. Now to your second, No. 36. So, you read one of the Grub streets about the band-box. The Whig papers have abused me about the band-box. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the Post-Boy and Evening Post of that day. Lord treasurer has had the seal sent him that sealed the box, and directions where to find the other pistol in a tree in St James's Park, which lord Bolingbroke's messenger found accordingly; but who sent the present is not yet known. Duke Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as possible according to the foppish rules of honour in practice. What signified your writing angry to Filby? I hope you said nothing of hearing from me. Heigh! do you write by candle-light? naughty, naughty, naughty *dallah*, a hundred times, for doing so. O faith, DD, I'll take care of myself. The queen is in town, and lady Masham's month of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the christening on Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after lord treasurer; it is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond sent me some chocolate to-day. I wish you had share of it: they say it is good for me, and I design to drink some in the morning. Our society meets next Thursday, now the queen is in town; and lord treasurer assures me that the society for reforming the language shall soon be established. I have given away ten shillings to-day to servants. What a stir is here about your company and visits! Charming company, no doubt; now, I keep no company, nor have I any desire to keep any. I never go to a coffeehouse nor a tavern, nor have I touched a card since I left Windsor. I make few visits, nor go to levees; my only debauch is sitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almost dropped the duchesses of Shrewsbury and Hamilton, and several others. Lord treasurer, the duke of Ormond, and lady Orkney, are all that I see very often. O yes, and lady Masham and lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to see the world. But, to say the truth, I am growing weary of it. I dislike a million of things in the course of public affairs; and if I were to stay here much longer, I am sure I should ruin myself with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into schemes of doing this, but I cannot find any that will probably succeed. It is impossible to save people against their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patchwork already. Do you understand all this stuff? No. Well then, you are now returned to ombre and the dean, and Christmas; I wish you a very merry one; and pray don't lose your money, nor play upon Watt Welch's game. Night, sirrahs, it is late, I'll go to sleep; I don't sleep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner: but I am very sleepy in a morning. This is the effect of wine and years. Night, dearest MD.

13. *Morning.* I am so very sleepy in the morning, that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. (Here is a restless dog, crying "cabbages and savoys," plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wish his largest cabbage were sticking in his throat.) I lodge over against the house in Little Rider street where DD lodged. Don't you remember, mistress? To-night I must see the Abbé Gaultier, to get some particulars for my history. It was he who was first employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to see him; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has just sent to invite me to dinner; she has not given me the bed night gown; besides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I stay till my fire is burnt up. My grate is very large; two bushels of coal in a week: but I save it in lodgings. Lord Abercorn is come to London, and he will plague me, and I can do him no service. The duke of Shrewsbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We shall have a peace very soon; the Dutch are almost entirely agreed, and if they stop, we shall make it without them; that has been resolved. One squire Jones, a scoundrel in my parish, has writ to me, to desire I would engage Joe Beaumont to give him his interest for parliament-man for him: pray tell Joe this; and if he designed to vote for him already, then he may tell Jones that I received his letter, and that I writ to Joe to do it. If Joe be engaged for any other, then he may do what he will; and Parvisol may say he spoke to Joe, and Joe is engaged, &c. I received three pair of fine thread stockings from Joe lately. Pray thank him when you see him; and that I say they are very fine and good. (I never looked at them yet, but that's no matter.) This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelvepenny weather. I must see my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the duchess of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in disgrace, not having seen her these ten days. I send this to-day, and must finish it now; and perhaps some people may come and hinder me; for it is ten o'clock, (but not shaving day;) and I must be abroad at eleven. Abbé Gaultier sends me word I cannot see him to-night; pox take him! I don't value anything but one letter he has of Petecum's, showing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not The Conduct of the Allies make you great politicians? Faith, I believe you are not

quite so ignorant as I thought you. I am glad to hear you walk so much in the country. Does DD ever read to you, young woman? O, faith, I shall find strange doings when I come home! Here is somebody coming that I must see that wants a little place; the son of cousin Rooke's eldest daughter, that died many years ago. He is here. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, *Me, Lelc.*

LETTER LVII.

London, Dec. 18, 1712.

Our society was to meet to-day; but lord Harley, who was president this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbledon with his new brother-in-law, the young marquis of Caermarthen, who married lady Betty Harley on Monday last; and lord treasurer is at Wimbledon too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propose our meetings should be once a fortnight; for, between you and me, we do no good. It cost me nineteen shillings to-day for my club dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible snowy slobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will see me, whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a dukedom in France,[1] which duke Hamilton was soliciting for; but Abercorn resolves to spoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have advised the duchess to compound with him, and have made the ministry of my opinion. Night, dear sirrahs, MD.

19. How agreeable it is in a morning for Presto to write journals again! It is as natural as mother's milk, now I am got into it. Lord treasurer is returned from Wimbledon, ('tis not above eight miles off,) and sent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with some others, with honest Ben Tooke, by invitation. The duchess of Ormond promised me her picture, and coming home to-night, I found hers and the duke's both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil surprise? Yes, and they are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her: which I will send to-morrow morning. I will tell her, she is such a prude, that she will not let so much as her picture be alone in a room with a man, unless the duke's be with it; and so forth. We are full of snow and dabbling. Lady Masham has come abroad these three days, and seen the queen. I dined with her the other day at her sister Hill's. I hope she will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St James's from Kensington. Night, dearest rogues, MD.

20. I lodge up two pair of stairs, have but one room, and deny myself to everybody almost, yet I cannot be quiet; and all my mornings are lost with people who will not take answers below stairs; such as Dilly, and the bishop, and provost, &c. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which hindered me from dining with lord treasurer. This is his day that his chief friends in the ministry dine with him. However, I went there about six, and sat with him till past nine, when they all went off; but he kept me back, and told me the circumstances of lady Betty's match. The young fellow has £60,000 ready money, three great houses furnished, £7000 a year at present, and about five more after his father and mother die. I think lady Betty's portion is not above £8000. I remember Tisdall writ to me in somebody's letter, or you did it for him, that I should mention him on occasion to lord Anglesea, with whom he said he had some little acquaintance. Lord Anglesea was with me to-night at lord treasurer's; and then I asked him about Tisdall, and described him. He said he never saw him, but that he had sent him his book. See what it is to be a puppy. Pray tell Mr Walls that lord Anglesea thanked me for recommending Clements to him; that he says he is £20,000 the better for knowing Clements. But pray don't let Clements go and write a letter of thanks, and tell my lord that he hears so and so, &c. Why, it is but like an *Irish* understanding to do so. Sad weather: two shillings in coaches to-day, and yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over something, and correct it. So night.

21. Puppies have got a new way of plaguing me. I find letters directed for me at lord treasurer's, sometimes with enclosed ones to him, and sometimes with projects, and sometimes with libels. I usually keep them three or four days without opening. I was at court to-day, as I always am on Sundays, instead of a coffeehouse, to see my acquaintance. This day se'ennight, after I had been talking at court with sir William Wyndham, the Spanish ambassador came to him, and said he heard that was Dr Swift; and desired him to tell me that his master, and the king of France, and the queen, were more obliged to me than any man in Europe; so we bowed, and shook hands, &c. I took it very well of him. I dined with lord treasurer, and must again to-morrow, though I had rather not, (as DD says;) but, now the queen is in town, he does not keep me so late. I have not had time to see Fanny Manley since she came; but intend it one of these days. Her uncle, Jack Manley, I hear, cannot live a month, which will be a great loss to her father in Ireland, for I believe he is one of his chief supports. Our peace now will soon be determined; for lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning that four provinces of Holland have complied with the queen, and we expect the rest will do so immediately. Night, MD.

22. Lord keeper promised me yesterday the first convenient living to poor Mr Gery, who is married, and wants some addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter some weeks ago from Elwick, who married Betty Gery. It seems the poor woman died

[1] The dukedom of Chatelherault; see *ante*, "Journal," March 19, 1711-1712.

some time last summer. Elwick grows rich, and purchases lands. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to lord treasurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas Day, and I made lord treasurer promise to see him; and it may one day do Parnell a kindness. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that poem. Night, dear MD.

23. This morning I presented one Diaper, a poet,[1] to lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give him a sum of money from my lord; and I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his tail here in town. It is a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make lord keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to lord treasurer to excuse me to-day; so I dined with the former, and Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, who made me many compliments. I staid till nine, and now it is past ten, and my man has locked me up, and I had just called to mind that I shall be in disgrace with Tom Leigh. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckershall, clerk of the kitchen to the queen, who was civil to him at Windsor on my account; for I had done some service to Eckershall. Leigh teazes me to pass an evening at his lodgings with Eckershall. I put it off several times, but was forced at last to promise I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to bed; so I will write an excuse to-morrow. I detest that Tom Leigh, and am as formal to him as I can when I happen to meet him in the Park. The rogue frets me, if he knew it. He asked me, why I did not wait on the bishop of Dromore? I answered, I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not presume, &c. He takes me seriously, and says, the bishop is no proud man, &c. He tells me of a judge in Ireland that has done ill things. I ask why he is not out? Says he, "I think the bishops, and you, and I, and the rest of the clergy, should meet and consult about it." I beg his pardon, and say I cannot be serviceable that way. He answers, "Yes, everybody may help something." Don't you see how curiously he continues to vex me? for the dog knows that, with half a word, I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous design of teazing. He is one of those that would rather a service should not be done than [be] done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this; don't you? Night, dearest sirrahs! I will go to sleep.

24. I dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer, in order to look over some of my papers; but nothing was done. I have been also mediating between the Hamilton family and lord Abercorn, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk, the late duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France to make the demands; and the ministry are of opinion they will get some satisfaction, and they empowered me to advise the Hamilton side to agree with Abercorn, who asks a fourth part, and will go to France and spoil all if they don't yield it. Night, dearest sirrahs.

25. I carried Parnell to dine at lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himself very well; and lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleased with him. I was at St James's chapel by eight this morning; and church and sacrament were done by ten. The queen has got the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I staid so long in my chamber, that I missed going to court. Did I tell you that the queen designs to have a drawing-room and company every day? Night, dear rogues.

26. I was to wish the duke of Ormond a happy Christmas, and give half a crown to his porter. It will cost me a dozen half crowns to such fellows. I dined with lord treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind, with a pox! less of civility and more of interest! We hear Macartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be set upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Macartney? upon which they brought him to a justice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were sent to gaol. Was it not great presence of mind? But may be you heard of this already; for there was a Grub street of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I must walk away to-day when dinner was done, because lord treasurer, and he, and another, were to enter upon business; but I said it was as fit I should know their business as any body, for I was to justify. So the rest went, and I staid, and it was so important, I was like to sleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with general Hill, governor of Dunkirk. Lady Masham and Mrs Hill, his two sisters, were of his company, and there have I been sitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myself: and I think Ppt is now a great gamester. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them seldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curse of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the Whig wits to the favour and mercy of the ministers, than any other people.

[1] Author of the "Sea Eclogues," mentioned *ante*, "Journal," March 12, 1711-1712.

Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be used kindly, and secured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promise of a place. Philips I should certainly have provided for, if he had not run party mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. And I set Addison so right at first, that he might have been employed, and have partly secured him the place he has: yet I am worse used by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, sirrah Ppt, and dress the wine and orange, sirrah *Me*,[1] and I'll go sleep. It is late. Night, MD.

28. My cold is so bad that I could not go to church to-day, nor to court; but I was engaged to lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, because I could cough and spit there as I pleased. The duke and lord Arran left us, and I have been sitting ever since with lord and lady Orkney till past eleven: and my cold is worse, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold. O, says Ppt, everybody is giddy with a cold; I hope it is no more; but I'll go to bed, for the fellow has bawled past twelve. Night, dears.

29. I got out early to-day, and escaped all my duns. I went to see lord Bolingbroke about some business, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city upon the broiled leg of a goose and a bit of bacon with my printer. Did I tell you that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the court decides something about me? I will contract no more enemies, at least I will not embitter worse those I have already, till I have got under shelter; and the ministers know my resolution, so that you may be disappointed in seeing this thing as soon as you expected. I hear lord treasurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Everybody has one. Night, dear rogues.

30. I suppose this will be full by Saturday. Duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at an old servant's house of his. The council made us part at six. One Mrs Ramsay dined with us, an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at lord treasurer's, and sat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow; but says he will see Parnell some other time. I hoise up Parnell partly to spite the envious Irish folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I saw the bishop of Clogher's family to-day; miss is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs incessantly. Night, MD.

31. To-day Parnell and I dined with lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him show all the places he disliked; and when Parnell has corrected it fully he shall print it. I went this evening to sit with lord treasurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I sat with him while the young folks went to supper; and then went down, and there were the young folks merry together, having turned lady Oxford up to my lord, and I staid with them till twelve. There was the young couple, lord and lady Caermarthen, and lord and lady Dupplin, and lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done so often; stealing together from the old folks, though indeed it was not from poor lord treasurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but lady Oxford is a silly mere old woman. My cold is still so bad, that I have not the least smelling. I am just got home, and 'tis past twelve; and I'll go to bed, and settle my head, heavy as lead. Night, MD.

January 1. A great many new years to dearest little MD. Pray God Almighty bless you, and send you ever happy! I forgot to tell you that yesterday lord Abercorn was here, teazing me about his French duchy, and suspecting my partiality to the Hamilton family in such a whimsical manner, that Dr Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no sooner gone, but lord Orkney sent to know whether he might come and sit with me half an hour upon some business. I returned answer that I would wait on him; which I did. We discoursed a while, and he left me with lady Orkney; and in came the earl of Selkirk, whom I had never seen before. He is another brother of duke Hamilton, and is going to France, by a power from his mother, the old duchess, to negotiate their pretensions to the duchy of Chatelherault. He teazed me for two hours, in spite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to stir; would have had me engage the ministry to favour him against lord Abercorn, and to convince them that lord Abercorn had no pretensions; and desired I would also convince lord Abercorn himself so; and concluded, he was sorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and used him with some plainness. Am I not purely handled between a couple of puppies! Ay, says Ppt, you must be meddling in other folks' affairs. I appeal to the bishop of Clogher whether Abercorn did not complain that I would not let him see me last year, and that he swore he would take no denial from my servant when he came again. The ministers gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family, it was their opinion that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Anglesea was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me I was commissioned by the ministers, and ought to perform my commission, &c. But I'll have done with them. I have warned lord treasurer and lord Bolingbroke to beware of Selkirk's teazing, pox on him! yet Abercorn vexes me more. The whelp owes to me all the kind receptions he has had from the ministry. I dined to-day at lord treasurer's with the young folks, and sat with lord treasurer till nine, and then was forced to lady Masham's, and sat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one must that knows them

[1] Here *Me* plainly means Dingley.

inwardly. A thousand things wrong, most of them easy to mend; yet our schemes availing at best but little, and sometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I twice patched up with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now spread more than ever. But burn politics, and send me from courts and ministers! Night, dearest little MD.

2. I sauntered about this morning, and went with Dr Pratt to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture that I was fond of, but, it seems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy some pictures for the bishop of Clogher, who resolves to lay out ten pounds to furnish his house with curious pieces. We dined with the bishop, I being by chance disengaged. And this evening I sat with the bishop of Ossory,[1] who is laid up with the gout. The French ambassador, duke d'Aumont, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with shouts.[2] I cannot smell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard frosty weather. Go and be merry, little sirrahs.

3. Lord Dupplin and I went with lord and lady Orkney this morning at ten to Wimbledon, six miles off, to see lord and lady Caermarthen. It is much the finest place about this town. Did you never see it? I was once there before, about five years ago. You know lady Caermarthen is lord treasurer's daughter, married about three weeks ago. I hope the young fellow will be a good husband. I must send this away now. I came back just by nightfall; cruel cold weather. I'll take my leave. I forgot how MD's accounts are. Pray let me know always timely before MD wants; and pray give the bill on the other side to Mrs Brent as usual. I believe I have not paid her this great while. Go, play at cards. Love Presto. Night, MD, FW, *ME, Lele.* The six odd shillings, tell Mrs Brent, are for her new year's gift. I am just now told that poor dear lady Ashburnham, the duke of Ormond's daughter, died yesterday at her country house. The poor creature was with child. She was my greatest favourite, and I am in excessive concern for her loss. I hardly knew a more valuable person on all accounts. You must have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to see the duke and duchess. She was naturally very healthy; I fear she has been thrown away for want of care. Pray condole with me. 'Tis extremely moving. Her lord is a puppy; and I shall never think it worth my while to be troubled with him, now he has lost all that was valuable in his possession; yet I think he used her pretty well. I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents; and to see so many thousand wretches burdening the earth, while such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life for a blessing. Farewell.

[1] Dr John Hartstonge, translated to Derry 1714.

[2] He entered the city in great state, scattering money among the populace.

LETTER LVIII.

London, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ENDED my last with the melancholy news of poor lady Ashburnham's death. The bishop of Clogher and Dr Pratt made me dine with them to-day at lord Mountjoy's, pursuant to an engagement, which I had forgot. Lady Mountjoy told me that Macartney was got safe out of our clutches, for she had spoke with one who had a letter from him from Holland. Others say the same thing. As I left lord Mountjoy's I saw the duke d'Aumont, the French ambassador, going from lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have a private audience of the queen. I followed, and went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the duke of Argyle, by the fireside in the bedchamber, when the ambassador came out from the queen. Argyle presented me to him and lord Bolingbroke, and we talked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, something like the duke of Ormond, and just such an expensive man. After church to-day I showed the bishop of Clogher, at court, who was who. Night, my two dear rogues.

5. Our frost is broke, but it is bloody cold. Lord treasurer is recovered, and went out this evening to the queen. I dined with lady Oxford, and then sat with lord treasurer till he went out. He gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr Brown, bishop of Cork, recommending him to a better bishopric, as a person who opposed lord Wharton, and was made a bishop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c.: in short, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world! I was to see the poor duke and duchess of Ormond this morning. The duke was in his public room with Mr Southwell and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him he talked something of lord Ashburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but something falling accidentally in discourse, the tears were just falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of wiping them with his handkerchief. I never saw anything so moving, nor such a mixture of greatness of mind, and tenderness, and discretion. Night, dearest MD.

6. Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I, dined, by invitation, with my friend Darteneuf, whom you have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes Parnell mightily; and it is pleasant to see that one who hardly passed for anything in Ireland, makes his way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is scurvy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad to-day, nor know anything that passes. Lord treasurer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care to keep himself well. The duchess of Marlborough is leaving England to go to her duke,

and makes presents of rings to several friends, they say worth two hundred pounds a-piece. I am sure she ought to give me one, though the duke pretended to think me his greatest enemy, and got people to tell me so, and very mildly to let me know how gladly he would have me softened towards him. I bid a lady of his acquaintance and mine let him know that I had hindered many a bitter thing against him; not for his own sake, but because I thought it looked base; and I desired everything should be left him except power. Night, MD.

7. I dined with lord and lady Masham to-day, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs Vanhomrigh, merely for amusement. The ministers have got my papers, and will neither read them nor give them to me; and I can hardly do anything. Very warm slabby weather, but I made a shift to get a walk; yet I lost half of it, by shaking off lord Rochester,[1] who is a good, civil, simple man. The bishop of Ossory will not be bishop of Hereford, to the great grief of himself and his wife. And what is MD doing now, I wonder? Playing at cards with the dean and Mrs Walls? I think it is not certain yet that Macartney has escaped. I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest trash I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me. I have got weak ink, and it is very white; and I don't see that it turns black at all. I'll go to sleep; it is past twelve. Night, MD.

8. You must understand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a present from Mrs Ashe, of Clogher, and some chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks sometimes. I dined with lord treasurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and lord Bolingbroke were at business; for it is fit I should know all that passes now, because &c. The duke of Ormond employed me to speak to lord treasurer to-day about an affair, and I did so; and the duke spoke himself two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing: there is not one of the ministry but what will employ me as gravely to speak for them to lord treasurer as if I were their brother or his; and I do it as gravely; though I know they do it only because they will not make themselves uneasy, or had rather I should be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finished these two months; for I think we must have a return from Spain by a messenger who will not go till Sunday next. Lord treasurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commissioner, Keatly, is to be there. Night, dear little MD.

[1] Henry Hyde, son of Laurence Earl of Rochester, younger son of lord chancellor Clarendon, minister of Charles II. He became Earl of Clarendon on the death of Edward, third Earl, in 1723. He was cousin-german to the Queen by her mother's side.

9. Dr Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yesterday with him to see lady Betty Butler, grieving for her sister Ashburnham. The jade was in bed in form, and she did so cant, she made me sick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the Park, to preserve his health. He is as ruddy as a rose, and tells me his bishop of Dromore recovers very much. That bishop has been very near dying. To-day's Examiner talks of the play of "What is it like?" and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in these papers at all. I dined with lord treasurer, and shall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the ministers dine with him. He calls it whipping day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed usually rally him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor lord Rivers, lord keeper, and lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Anglesea, lord steward, Dartmouth, and other rabble intrude, and I scold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and indeed many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it. Night, MD.

10. At seven this evening, as we sat after dinner at lord treasurer's, a servant said lord Peterborow was at the door. Lord treasurer and lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was just returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. As soon as he saw me, he left the duke of Ormond and other lords, and ran and kissed me before he spoke to them; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did the last time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places so often, it was impossible a letter should overtake him. He left England with a bruise, by his coach overturning, that made him spit blood; and was so ill, we expected every post to hear of his death: but he outrode it, or outdrank it, or something, and is come home lustier than ever. He is at least sixty, and has more spirits than any young fellow I know of in England. He has got the old Oxford regiment of horse, and I believe will have a Garter. I love the hang-dog dearly. Night, dear MD.

11. The court was crammed to-day, to see the French ambassador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you that I go to court on Sundays as to a coffeehouse, to see acquaintance, whom I should not otherwise see twice a year? The provost and I dine with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to settle your kingdom, if my scheme can be followed; but I doubt our ministry will be too tedious. You must certainly have a new parliament; but they would have that a secret yet. Our parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks. Those puppies the Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to submit to the queen in everything; but they would fain try first how our session begins, in hopes to embroil us in the house of lords: and if my advice had been taken, the session should have begun, and we

would have trusted the parliament to approve the steps already made towards the peace, and had an address perhaps from them to conclude without the Dutch, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned so safe, it seems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready so soon as three weeks, but that is a secret.[1] Night, MD.

12. Pratt and I walked into the city to one Bateman's, a famous bookseller for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge alehouse, for two shillings and twopence, like emperors. Let me see, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty shillings, &c. Well, I 'll tell you no more; you don't understand Greek. We have no news, and I have nothing more to say to-day, and I can't finish work. These ministers will not find time to do what I would have them. So night, own dear *dallars*.

13. I was to have dined to-day with lord keeper, but would not, because that brute sir John Walters was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me last summer was twelve months at Windsor, and has never begged my pardon, though he promised to do it; and lord Mansel, who was one of the company, would certainly have set us together by the ears, out of pure roguish mischief. So I dined with lord treasurer, where there was none but lord Bolingbroke. I staid till eight, and then went to lady Orkney's, who has been sick, and sat with her till twelve. The parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad and slobbery, and I shall spoil my new hat (I have bought a new hat), or empty my pockets. Does Hawkshaw pay the interest he owes? Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above six people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for; nor can I if I would. Night, dear MD.

14. To-day I took the circle of mourning visits. I went to the duchess of Ormond, and there was she, and lady Betty, and lord Ashburnham together: this was the first time the mother and daughter saw each other since lady Ashburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made lady Betty go to her own chamber; then sat a while with the duchess, and went after lady Betty, and all was well. There is something of farce in all these mournings, let them be ever so serious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the duchess of Hamilton, who never grieved, but raged, and stormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord keeper and his son, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr Cæsar, treasurer of the navy, at his house in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I said something in his praise, when it struck me immediately that I had made a blunder in doing so; and, therefore, I recollected myself, and said, "Mr *Cæsar*, I beg your pardon." So we laughed, &c. Night, my own dearest little rogues, MD.

15. I forgot to tell you, that last night I had a present sent me (I found it, when I came home, in my chamber) of the finest wild fowl I ever saw, with the vilest letter, and from the vilest poet, in the world, who sent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I knew not where the scoundrel lived, so I could not send them back; and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue should have kept the wings at least for his muse. One of his fowls was a large capon pheasant, as fat as a pullet. I ate share of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing-room every Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at one o'clock. The queen does not come out; but all her ministers, foreigners, and persons of quality, are at it. I was there to-day; and as lord treasurer came towards me I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him so; and to-night, at lord Masham's, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reasons are, that people seeing me speak to him causes a great deal of teazing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were Whigs or Tories, and I value our conversation the more that it never turned on that subject. I have a fancy that Ppt is a Tory, and a rigid one. I don't know why; but methinks she looks like one, and DD a sort of a trimmer. Am I right? I gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation, and to praise the queen for her tenderness to the Dutch, in giving them still more time to submit. It fitted the occasions at present. Night, MD.

16. I was busy to-day at the secretary's office, and staid till past three. The duke of Ormond and I were to dine at lord Orkney's. The duke was at the committee, so I thought all was safe. When I went there they had almost dined; for the duke had sent to excuse himself, which I never knew. I came home at seven, and began a little whim, which just came into my head, and will make a threepenny pamphlet. It shall be finished and out in a week; and if it succeed, you shall know what it is; otherwise, not. I cannot send this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday, because I have much business. So my journals shall be short, and Ppt must have patience.

[1] The Ministry were sorely distracted between the reluctance of the Dutch to treat at all, and the artifices used by the French to make the most they could of the necessity of concluding peace to which the English Administration were reduced. Bolingbroke, in a letter to Prior at Paris, urged that France should "depart from that shameful expedient, by which they thought to bubble us out of the advantages they had solemnly yielded;" else they and the Government were alike undone. "Make the French ashamed," he says elsewhere, "of their sneaking chicane; by Heaven, they treat like pedlars, or, which is worse, like attornies."

17. This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with lord treasurer and his Saturday's company, nine of us in all. They went away at seven, and lord treasurer and I sat talking an hour after. After dinner he was talking to the lords about the speech the queen must make when the parliament meets. He asked me how I would make it? I was going to be serious, because it was seriously put; but I turned it to a jest: and because they had been speaking of the duchess of Marlborough going to Flanders after the duke, I said the speech should begin thus:—"My lords and gentlemen; In order to my own quiet, and that of my subjects, I have thought fit to send the duchess of Marlborough abroad after the duke." This took well, and turned off the discourse. I must tell you I do not at all like the present situation of affairs, and remember I tell you so. Things must be on another foot, or we are all undone. I hate this driving always to an inch. Night, MD.

18. We had a mighty full court to-day. Dilly was with me at the French church, and edified mightily. Duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's; but I left them at seven, and came home to my whim. I have made a great progress. My large Treatise[1] stands stock still. Some think it too dangerous to publish, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I shall do. The bishop of Dromore is dying. They thought yesterday he could not live two hours; yet he is still alive, but is utterly past all hopes. Go to cards. Night, dear MD.

19. I was this morning to see the duke and duchess of Ormond. The duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a present for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence it came. He sent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was busy, and he could not speak to me; and not to let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am sure I never heard the name, and I shall take no such presents from strangers. Perhaps he might be only some beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be something worse. Let them keep their poison for their rats. I don't love it. Night, dear MD.

20. A committee of our society dined to-day with the chancellor of the exchequer. Our society does not meet now as usual, for which I am blamed; but till lord treasurer will agree to give us money and employments to bestow, I am averse to it; and he gives us nothing but promises. Bishop of Dromore is still alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh must go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of these bishoprics. Our English bishopric[1] is not yet disposed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the session.

21. I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I had written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it succeeds, I will tell you of it; otherwise, not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The bishop of Dromore still draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you so before. This letter shall not go till Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow MD six weeks, which are now almost out; so you must know I expect a letter very soon, and that MD is very well; and so night, dear MD.

22. This is one of our court days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. The Hamiltons and Abercorns have done teazing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord treasurer quarrelled with me at court for being four days without dining with him; so I dined there to-day, and he has at last fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining halfpence and farthings, with devices, like medals, in honour of the queen, every year changing the device. I wish it may be done. Night, MD.

23. Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of settling your affairs of parliament in Ireland; but there was a mixture of company, and the duke of Ormond was in haste, and nothing was done. If your parliament meets this summer, it must be a new one; but I find some are of opinion there should be none at all these two years. I will trouble myself no more about it. My design was to serve the duke of Ormond. Dr Pratt and I sat this evening with the bishop of Clogher, and played at ombre for threepence. That I suppose is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from MD, No. 37. I shall not answer it this bout, but will the next. I am sorry for poor Ppt. Pray walk if you can. I have got a terrible new cold before my old one was quite gone, and don't know how. I shall have DD's money soon from the exchequer. The bishop of Dromore is dead now at last. Night, dear MD.

24. I was at court to-day, and it was comical to see lord Abercorn bowing to me, but not speaking, and lord Selkirk the same. I dined with lord treasurer and his Saturday club, and sat with him two hours after the rest were gone, and spoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do who might do more good. All his friends repine, and shrug their shoulders, but will not deal with him so freely as they ought. It is an odd business; the parliament just going to sit, and no employments given. They say they will give them in a few days.

[1] His "History of the Peace of Utrecht."

[1] That of Hereford, vacant by the death of Dr Humphreys on the 20th November.

There is a new bishop made of Hereford; so Ossory is disappointed. I hinted so to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himself, and being indiscreet, as he was. I have just time to send this without giving it to the bellman. My second cold is better now. Night, dearest little MD, FW, *Me, Lele.*

LETTER LIX.

London, Sunday, Jan. 25, 1712–13.

We had such a terrible storm to-day, that going to lord Bolingbroke's I saw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one swinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horse: so, after church and court, I walked through the Park, and took a chair to lord treasurer's. Next door to his house a tin chimney-top had fallen down, with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you such a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord treasurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He has those tricks sometimes of inviting me from day to day, which I am forced to break through. My little pamphlet is out: 'tis not politics. If it takes, I say again you shall hear of it.

26. This morning I felt a little touch of giddiness, which has disordered and weakened me with its ugly remains all this day. After dinner at lord treasurer's, the French ambassador, duke d'Aumont, sent lord treasurer word that his house was burnt down to the ground. It took fire in the upper rooms, while he was at dinner with Monteleon, the Spanish ambassador, and other persons; and soon after lord Bolingbroke came to us with the same story. We are full of speculations upon it, but I believe it was the carelessness of his French rascally servants. It is odd that this very day lord Somers, Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax, and the whole club of Whig lords, dined at Pontack's in the city, as I received private notice. They have some damned design. I tell you another odd thing: I was observing it to lord treasurer that he was stabbed on the day king William died; and the day I saved his life by opening the band-box was king William's birthday. My friend Mr Lewis has had a lie spread on him, by the mistake of a man who went to another of his name, to give him thanks for passing his privy seal to come from France. That other Lewis spread about that the man brought him thanks from lord Perth and lord Melfort (two lords with the Pretender), for his great services, &c. The lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it. Pray tell me if it be necessary to write a little plainer, for I looked over a bit of my last letter, and could hardly read it. I'll mend my hand, if you please; but you are more used to it *nor* I, as Mr Raymond says. Night, MD.

27. I dined to-day with lord treasurer: this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I absolutely refused him. I was this evening at a christening with him, of lord Dupplin's daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and some others till past twelve; so you may be sure 'tis late, as they say. We have now stronger suspicions that the duke d'Aumont's house was set on fire by malice. I was to-day to see lord keeper, who has quite lost his voice with a cold. There Dr Radcliffe told me that it was the ambassador's confectioner set the house on fire, by boiling sugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others still think differently; so I know not what to judge. Night, my own dearest MD.

28. I was to-day at court, where the ambassador talked to me as if he did not suspect any design in burning d'Aumont's house; but the Abbé Gaultier, secretary for France here, said quite otherwise; and that d'Aumont had a letter the very same day, to let him know his house should be burnt; and tells several other circumstances too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles, just when the fire broke out, saw a pot with wildfire in the room. I dined with lord Orkney. Neither lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now speak with me. I have disobliged both sides. Night, dear MD.

29. Our society met to-day, fourteen of us, and at a tavern. We now resolve to meet but once a fortnight, and have a committee every other week of six or seven, to consult about doing some good. I proposed another message to lord treasurer by three principal members, to give a hundred guineas to a certain person, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We also raised sixty guineas upon our own society; but I made them do it by assessors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the several estates. The duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate they may tax as often as they please. Well, but I must answer your letter, young women: not yet; it is late now, and I can't find it. Night, dearest MD.

30. I have drank Spa waters these two or three days; but they do not pass, and make me very giddy. I am not well; faith, I will take them no more. I sauntered after church with the provost to-day, to see a library to be sold, and dined at five with lord Orkney. We still think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's house. I hear little Harrison is come over; it was he I sent to Utrecht. He is now queen's secretary to the embassy, and has brought with him the Barrier Treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch; which was the greatest difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will send him back as soon as possible. I long to see the little brat, my own

creature. His pay is in all a thousand pounds a year, and they have never paid him a groat, though I have teazed their hearts out. He must be three or four hundred pounds in debt at least. Poor brat! Let me go to bed, sirrahs. Night, dear MD.

31. Harrison was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it, but he whispered me it was impossible to do otherwise; and in the coach he told me he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money somewhere or other. So there was the queen's minister intrusted in affairs of the greatest importance, without a shilling in his pocket to pay a coach! I paid him, while he was with me, seven guineas, in part of a dozen of shirts he bought me in Holland. I presented him to the duke of Ormond and several lords at court; and I contrived it so that lord treasurer came to me and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr Parnell, and came up and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. His poem is almost fully corrected, and shall be soon out. Here is enough for to-day: only to tell you that I was in the city with my printer to alter an Examiner about my friend Lewis's story, which will be told with remarks.

Sunday, February 1. I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be said, and then Mr Lewis came and corrected it as he would have it; so I was neither at church nor court. The duke of Ormond and I dined at lord Orkney's. I left them at seven, and sat with sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad sore leg, for which he designs to go to France. Here is a week gone, and one side of this letter not finished. O, but I will write now but once in three weeks. Yes, faith, this shall go sooner. The parliament is to sit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days: for the queen is laid up with the gout, and both speakers out of order, though one of them, the lord keeper, is almost well. I spoke to the duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Irish affairs; but I will speak to lord treasurer to-morrow, that we three may settle some way or other.

2. I had a letter some days ago from Moll Gery: her name is now Wigmore, and her husband is turned parson. She desires nothing but that I would get lord keeper to give him a living; but I will send her no answer, though she desires it much. She still makes mantuas at Farnham. It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the city; so I went with him for a shaking, because it would not cost me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts and be clear in the world. He begged that I would dine with some merchant friends of ours there, because it was the last time I should see him: so I did, and thought to have seen lord treasurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; so I visited some friends, and came home. And now I have the greatest part of your letter to answer; and yet I will not do it to-night, say what you please. The parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which disappointment will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not Whigs: for they are forced to be in town at expense for nothing: but we want an answer from Spain before we are sure of every thing being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that answer this month. It is a most ticklish juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it. Night, MD.

3. The parliament met, and was prorogued, as I said, and I found some cloudy faces, and heard some grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now settled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much disposed to play the rogue, if we had not held them to; and this business we wait for from Spain is to prevent some other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evasion to trade to the Spanish West Indies: but I hope we shall prevent it. I dined with lord treasurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuscript to read, where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the bishop of St David's (now removing to Hereford) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and sat till twelve with the provost and bishop of Clogher.

[*Wednesday*] 4. I was to-day at court, but kept out of lord treasurer's way, because I was engaged to the duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, ate and drank too much. I sat this evening with lady Masham, and then with lord Masham and lord treasurer at lord Masham's. It was last year, you may remember, my constant evening place. I saw lady Jersey with lady Masham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promise from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I shall perform, (I have just mended my pen, you see,) for I do not much like her character; but she is very malicious, and therefore I think I must keep fair with her. I cannot send this letter till Saturday next, I find; so I will answer yours now. I see no different days of the month; yet it is dated January 3. So it was long a coming. I did not write to Dr Coghill that I would have nothing in Ireland; but that I was soliciting nothing anywhere: and that is true. I have named Dr Sterne to lord treasurer, lord Bolingbroke, and the duke of Ormond, for a bishopric; and I did

it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you, as a great secret, that I have made the duke of Ormond promise me to recommend nobody till he tells me, and this for some reasons too long to mention. My head is still in no good order. I am heartily sorry for Ppt. I am sure her head is good for ——. I'll answer more to-morrow. Night, dearest MD.

5 [6]. I must go on with your letter. I dined to-day with sir Andrew Fountaine and the provost, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke came in, and I gave him three or four scurvy Dilly puns that begin with an *if*. Well, but your letter; well, let me see. No; I believe I shall write no more this good while, nor publish what I have done. ****. Turns and visitations, what are those? I'll preach and visit as much for Mr Walls. Pray God mend people's health; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my legs swell. Night, dearest MD.

6 [7]. This is the queen's birthday, and I never saw it celebrated with so much hurry and fine clothes. I went to court to see them, and I dined with lord keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I passed the evening at Mrs Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early, to answer your letter again. Pray God keep the queen. She was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her stomach. When I came from lord keeper's I called at lord treasurer's, because I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing; and it was true, for his coat and waistcoat were embroidered. I have seen the provost often since, and never spoke to him to speak to the Temples about Daniel Carr, nor will; I don't care to do it. I have writ lately to Parvisol. You did well to let him make up his accompts. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parsons; for my livings are fallen much this year, by Parvisol's account. Night, dearest rogues, MD.

7 [8]. I was at court to-day, but saw no birthday clothes; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with lord Orkney, and sat the evening with sir Andrew Fountaine, whose leg is in a very dubious condition. Pray let me know when DD's money is near due: always let me know it beforehand. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for I tell you what, being not very well, I dare not study much: so I let company come in a morning, and the afternoon pass in dining and sitting somewhere. Lord treasurer is angry if I don't dine with him every second day, and I cannot part with him till late: he kept me last night till near twelve. Our weather is constant rain above these two months, which hinders walking, so that our spring is not like yours. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Clogher make a figure! Clogher make a ——. Colds! why, we have been all dying with colds; but now they are a little off, and my second is almost off. I can do nothing for Swanton: indeed, it is a thing impossible, and wholly out of my way. If he buys, he must buy. So now I have answered your letter; and there's an end of that now; and I'll say no more, but bid you night, dear MD.

8 [9]. It was terribly rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with lord treasurer, but went to see sir Andrew Fountaine, and he kept me to dinner, which saved coach-hire; and I staid with him all the afternoon, and lost thirteen shillings and sixpence at ombre. There was management! and lord treasurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The bishop of Clogher's daughter has been ill some days, and it proves the smallpox. She is very full; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture, a very fine original of sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a mending. He has favoured her squint admirably; and you know I love a cast in the eye. I was to see lady Worsley to-day, who is just come to town; she is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and sickly. She lodges in the very house in King street, between St James' street and St James' square, where DD's brother bought the sweetbread when I lodged there and DD came to see me. Short ****. Night, MD.

9 [10]. I thought to have dined with lord treasurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's, so I dined at lord Masham's, and was winning all I had lost playing with lady Masham at crown picquet, when we went to pools, and I lost it again. Lord treasurer came in to us, and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. Miss Ashe is still the same, and they think her not in danger; my man calls there daily after I am gone out, and tells me at night. I was this morning to see lady Jersey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I shall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced, after all her greatness, to seven servants and a small house, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet. Night, MD.

10 [11]. I made visits this morning to the duke and duchess of Ormond, and lady Betty, and the duchess of Hamilton. (When I was writing this, near twelve o'clock, the duchess of Hamilton sent to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my answer through the door, for my man has got the key and is gone to bed, but I cannot obey her, for our society meets to-morrow.) I stole away from lord treasurer by eight, and intended to have passed the evening with sir Thomas Clarges and his lady; but met them in another place, and have there sat till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made lord Mansel walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner. Yesterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all last night. I saw Sterne staring at court to-day. He has been often to see me, he says; but my man has

not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not ask him. Night, MD.

12. I have reckoned days wrong all this while;[1] for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I lost it. I dined to-day with our society, the greatest dinner I have ever seen. It was at Jack Hill's, the governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of sixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow; and lord treasurer has promised me a hundred pounds to reward some others. I found a letter on my table last night, to tell me that poor little Harrison, the queen's secretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the Barrier Treaty, was ill, and desired to see me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas for him from lord Bolingbroke, and an order for a hundred pounds from the treasury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightsbridge, for the air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs, but I hope will do well. Night, MD.

13. I was to see a poor poet, one Mr Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick. I gave him twenty guineas from lord Bolingbroke, and disposed the other sixty to two other authors, and desired a friend to receive the hundred pounds for poor Harrison, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I sent to see how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature, and in a very honourable post, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother and sister attend him, and he wants nothing. Night, dear MD.

14. I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to see poor Harrison. I had the hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man, in tears, told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral, with as little cost as possible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord treasurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with lord treasurer, nor anywhere else; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loss ever grieved me so much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bless poor MD. Adieu. I send this away to-night, and am sorry it must go while I am in so much grief.

LETTER LX.

London, Feb. 15, 1712-13.

I DINED to-day with Mr Rowe, and a projector who has been teazing me with twenty schemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, besides, I was out of humour for the loss of poor Harrison. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as possible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home, after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to sit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed. Night, dearest MD.

16. I dined to-day with lord Dupplin and some company, to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a book for amusement. I shall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which several of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though everything about the peace is past all danger. I never saw such a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together these ten weeks. I have not dined with lord treasurer these four days, nor can I till Saturday: for I have several engagements till then, and he will chide me to some purpose. I am perplexed with this hundred pounds of poor Harrison's, what to do with it. I cannot pay his relations till they administer, for he is much in debt; but I will have the staff in my own hands, and venture nothing. Night, dear MD.

17. Lady Jersey and I dined by appointment to-day with lord Bolingbroke. He is sending his brother to succeed Mr Harrison. It is the prettiest post in Europe for a young gentleman. I lost my money at ombre sadly; I make a thousand blunders at it. I play but threepenny ombre; but it is what you call running ombre. Lady Clarges, and a drab I hate, won a dozen shillings of me last night. The parliament was prorogued to-day; and people grumble; and the good of it is, the peace cannot be finished by the time they meet, there are so many fiddling things to do. Is Ppt an ombre lady yet? You know all the tricks of it now, I suppose. I reckon you have all your cards from France, for ours pay sixpence a pack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have given away all my Spa water, and take some nasty steel drops, and my head has been better this week past. I send every day to see how Miss Ashe does: she is very full, they say, but in no danger. I fear she will lose some of her beauty. The son lies out of the house. I wish he had them too, while he is so young. Night, MD.

18. The earl of Abingdon had been teazing me these three months to dine with him; and this day was appointed about a week ago, and I named my company; lord Stawell, colonel Disney, and Dr Arbuthnot; but the two last slipped out their necks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We did not dine till seven, because it is Ash Wednesday. We had nothing but fish, which lord Stawell could not eat, and

[1] He had omitted Thursday the fifth.

got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poison; yet the puppy has twelve thousand pounds a year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He shall not catch me in haste again, and everybody has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let Harrison's mother know I could not pay till she administers; which she will do. I believe she is an old devil, and her daughter a ——. There were more Whigs to-day at court than Tories. I believe they think the peace must be made, and so come to please the queen. She is still lame with the gout.

19. I was at court to-day, to speak to lord Bolingbroke to look over Parnell's poem since it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has shown him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife, and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues as fresh raining as if it had not rained at all. I sat to-night at lady Masham's, where lord treasurer came and scolded me for not dining with him. I told him I could not till Saturday. I have staid there till past twelve; so night, dear MD.

20. Lady Jersey, lady Catherine Hyde,[1] the Spanish ambassador, the duke d'Etrées, another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day by appointment with lord Bolingbroke: but they fell a drinking so many Spanish healths in Champaign, that I stole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went and lost my money at ombre with sir Andrew Fountaine, who has a very bad leg. Miss Ashe is past all danger; and her eye, which was lately bad, (I suppose one effect of her distemper,) is now better. I do not let the bishop see me, nor shall this good while. Good lack! when I came home, I warrant, I found a letter from MD, No. 38; and you write so small now-a-days. I hope your poor eyes are better. Well, this shall go to-morrow se'enight, with a bill for Me. I will speak to Mr Griffin to-morrow, about Ppt's brother Filby, and desire, whether he deserves or no, that his employment may be mended; that is to say, if I see Griffin; otherwise not; and I'll answer MD's letter when I Presto think fit. Night, MD.

21. Methinks I writ a little saucy last night. I mean the last. I saw Griffin at court. He says he knows nothing of a saltwork at Recton; but that he will give Filby a better employment, and desires Filby will write to him. If I knew where to write to Filby, I would; but pray do you. Bid him make no mention of you; but only let Mr Griffin know that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr Swift, &c.; that he will endeavour to deserve, &c.; and if you dictated a whole letter for him it would be better; I hope he can write and spell well. I'll inquire for a direction to Griffin before I finish this. I dined with lord treasurer and seven lords to-day. You know Saturday is his great day. I sat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter delivered for me at lord treasurer's; for I would not own one she sent by post. She reproaches me for not writing to her these four years; and I have honestly told her it was my way never to write to those whom I am never likely to see, unless I can serve them, which I cannot her, &c. Davis the schoolmaster's widow. Night, MD.

22. I dined to-day at lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond and sir Thomas Hanmer. Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the duchess of Grafton in his youth (she dined with us too). He is the most considerable man in the house of commons. He went last spring to Flanders, with the duke of Ormond; from thence to France, and was going to Italy; but the ministry sent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things: he thinks the peace is kept off too long, and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is designed for secretary of state, instead of lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted these two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I saw the bishop of Clogher at court; miss is recovering. I know not how much she will be marked. The queen is slowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to parliament when it meets, which will be March 3; for I suppose they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be signed then, and we apprehend the Tories themselves will many of them be discontented. Night, dear MD.

23. It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with sir Andrew Fountaine, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provost, and won twenty-five shillings; so I have recovered myself pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to see Fanny Manley; but I have not yet been able to do it. Miss Ashe is now quite out of danger; and they hope will not be much marked. I cannot tell how to direct to Griffin; and think he lives in Bury street, near St James' street, hard by me; but I suppose your brother may direct to him to the salt office, and, as I remember, he knows his Christian name, because he sent it me in the list of the commissioners. Night, dear MD.

24. I walked this morning to Chelsea, to see Dr Atterbury, dean of Christ Church. I had business with him about entering Mr Fitzmaurice, lord Kerry's son, into his college; and lady Kerry is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, lord Dupplin, young Bromley the speaker's son, and I, dined with Dr Stratford and some other clergymen; but I left them at seven, to go to lady Jersey, to see Monteleon the Spanish ambassador play at

[1] Afterwards Duchess of Queensberry.

ombre. Lady Jersey was abroad, and I chid the servants and made a rattle; but since I came home she sent me a message that I was mistaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worse memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for lady Catherine Hyde and lady Bolingbroke are to be there by appointment; and I listed up my periwig, and all, to make a figure. Well, who can help it? Not I, vow to Heaven! Night, MD.

25. Lord treasurer met me last night at lord Masham's, and thanked me for my company, in a jeer, because I had not dined with him in three days. He chides if I stay away but two days together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grandmother used to say,

> "More of your lining,
> And less of your dining."

However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to lady Jersey's, where five or six foreign ministers were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the English, and cried *game*, and knocked his knuckles for trump, and played at small games like Ppt. Lady Jersey whispered me to stay and sup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not stay. I think this letter must go on Saturday; that's certain; and it is not half full yet. Lady Catherine Hyde had a mighty mind I should be acquainted with lady Dalkeith,[1] her sister, the duke of Monmouth's eldest son's widow, who was of the company to-night: but I did not like her; she paints too much. Night, MD.

26. This day our society met at the duke of Ormond's; but I had business that called me another way; so I sent my excuses, and dined privately with a friend. Besides, sir Thomas Hanmer whispered me last night at lady Jersey's that I must attend lord treasurer and duke of Ormond at supper at his house to-night; which I did at eleven, and staid till one, so you may be sure it is late enough. There was the duchess of Grafton, and the duke her son; nine of us in all. Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the society to-day, and said sixteen were there. I said I never knew sixteen people good company in my life; no, faith, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know less of what passes than any body, because I go to no coffeehouse, nor see any but ministers and such people; and ministers never talk politics in conversation. The Whigs are forming great schemes against the meeting of parliament, which will be next Tuesday, I still think, without fail; and we hope to hear by then that the peace is ready to sign. The queen's gout mends daily. Night, MD.

[1] Lady Henrietta Hyde, mother to Francis, second Duke of Buccleuch.

27. I passed a very insipid day, and dined privately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I tell you that I have a very fine picture of lady Orkney,[1] an original, by sir Godfrey Kneller, three-quarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine frame. Lord Bolingbroke and lady Masham have promised to sit for me; but I despair of lord treasurer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and then I shall have all the pictures of those I really love here; just half a dozen; only I will make lord keeper give me his print in a frame. This letter must go to-morrow, because of sending Me a bill; else it should not till next week, I assure you. I have little to do now with my pen; for my grand business[2] stops till they are more pressing, and till something or other happens; and I believe I shall return with disgust to finish it, it is so very laborious. Sir Thomas Hanmer has my papers now. You are now at ombre with the dean, always on Friday night with Mrs Walls. Pray don't play at small games. I stood by the other night while the duke d'Etrées lost six times with Manilio, Basto, and three small trumps; and lady Jersey won above twenty pounds. Night, dear MD.

28. I was at court to-day, when the Abbé Gaultier whispered me that a courier was just come with an account that the French king had consented to all the queen's demands, and his consent was carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be signed in a few days. I suppose the general peace cannot be so soon ready; but that is no matter. The news presently ran about the court. I saw the queen carried out in her chair to take the air in the garden. I met Griffin at court, and he told me that orders were sent to examine Filby; and, if he be fit, to make him (I think he called it) an assistant; I don't know what, supervisor, I think; but it is some employment a good deal better than his own. The parliament will have another short prorogation, though it is not known yet. I dined with lord treasurer and his Saturday company, and left him at eight, to put this in the postoffice time enough. And now I must bid you farewell, dearest rogues. God bless dear MD; and love Presto. Farewell, MD, FW, *Me*, *Lele*.

[1] He bequeathed this picture to John, Earl of Orrery, who married Lady Orkney's daughter.

[2] His "History of the Peace of Utrecht."

LETTER LXI.

London, March 1, 1712-13.

It is out of my head whether I answered all your letter in my last yesterday or no. I think I was in haste, and could not: but now I see I answered a good deal of it; no, only about your brother, and Me's bill. I dined with lady Orkney, and we talked politics till eleven at night; and, as usual, found everything wrong, and put ourselves out of humour. Yes, I have

lady Giffard's picture sent me by your mother. It is boxed up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I have a lodging I box up the books I get (for I always get some), and come naked into a new lodging; and so on. Talk not to me of deaneries; I know less of that than ever by much. Night, MD.

2. I went into the city to see Pat Rolt, who lodges with a city cousin, a daughter of cousin Cleve; (you are much the wiser). I had never been at her house before. My he-cousin Thomson the butcher is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to sit with lady Clarges. I found four of them at whist; lady Godolphin was one. I sat by her, and talked of her cards, &c., but she would not give one look, nor say a word to me. She refused some time ago to be acquainted with me. You know she is lord Marlborough's eldest daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr Smith's daughter's husband? I have no personal credit with any of the commissioners. I will speak to Keatly; but I believe it will signify nothing. In the customs people must rise by degrees, and he must at first take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt mistakes me; I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my answer. Some things are in my way, and then I serve those I can. But people will not distinguish, but take things ill, when I have no power; but Ppt is wiser: and employments in general are very hard to be got. Night, MD.

3. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, who chid me for my absence, which was only from Saturday last. The parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I suppose the peace will be ready by then, and the queen will be able to be brought to the house and make her speech. I saw Dr Griffith two or three months ago, at a Latin play at Westminster; but did not speak to him. I hope he will not die; I should be sorry for Ppt's sake; he is very tender of her. I have long lost all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take some steel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle; and, not finishing my thing, I ramble abroad and play at ombre. I shall be more careful in my physic than Mrs Price: 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and so I say no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go sleep. Night, dear MD.

4. Mr Ford has been this half year inviting me to dine at his lodgings: so I did to-day, and brought the provost and Dr Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on; which I love, and would not play. Tisdall is a pretty fellow, as you say; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing, he will condole with me with abundance of secret pleasure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, that I have saved England, and he Ireland; but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and see, and say nothing. I was to see the duchess Hamilton to-day, and met Blith of Ireland just going out of her house into his coach. I asked her how she came to receive young fellows. It seems he had a ball in the duke of Hamilton's house when the duke died; and the duchess got an advertisement put in the Post Boy, reflecting on the ball because the Marlborough daughters were there; and Blith came to beg the duchess' pardon, and clear himself. He is a sad dog. Night, dear MD.

5. Lady Masham has miscarried; but is almost well again. I have paid many visits to-day. I met Blith at the duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the duchess Hamilton to beg her pardon again. I did, on purpose to see how the blunderbuss behaved himself; but I begged the duchess to use him mercifully, for she is the devil of a teazer. The good of it is, she ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet she would not allow him to put in an advertisement to clear himself from hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it against him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign ministers have got a trick of employing me to speak for them to lord treasurer and lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the case is reasonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with sir Thomas Hanmer and his duchess. The duke of Ormond was there, but we parted soon, and I went to visit lord Pembroke for the first time; but it was to see some curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the scoundrel, for all he is your Griffith's friend. Yes, yes, I am abused enough, if that be all. Night, MD.

6. I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt, and laid out two pounds five shillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were a Titian it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to lord Masham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myself. That's my conscience. But I made Pratt buy several pictures for lord Masham. Pratt is a great virtuoso that way. I dined with lord treasurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always teaze him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more constant, poor boy! I was at lord treasurer's levee with the provost, to ask a book for the college. I never go to his levee, unless it be to present somebody.

7. Yes, I hope Leigh will soon be gone, a pox on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not seeing the Irish bishops here, and the Irish gentlemen; but I believe my answers fretted him enough. I would not dine with lord treasurer to-day, though it was Saturday (for he has engaged me for to-morrow); but went and dined with lord Masham, and played at ombre, sixpenny running ombre, for three

hours. There were three voles against me, and I was once a great loser, but came off for three shillings and sixpence. One may easily lose five guineas at it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not see her for laziness, but wrote to her. She has left me some physic. I knew MD's politics before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people conversed so much with so little politics. I avoid all conversation with the other party; it is not to be borne, and I am sorry for it. O yes, things are very dear. DD must come in at last with her two eggs a penny. There the provost was well applied. Parvisol has sent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which I hope will serve me, and bring me over. Pray God MD does not be delayed for it; but I have had very little from him this long time. I was not at court to-day; a wonder! Night, dear MD. Love Presto.

8. You must know I give chocolate almost every day to two or three people that I suffer to come to see me in a morning. My man begins to lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will see, and denies me to everybody else. This is the day of the queen's coming to the crown, and the day lord treasurer was stabbed by Guiscard. I was at court, where everybody had their birthday clothes on; and I dined with lord treasurer, who was very fine. He showed me some of the queen's speech, which I corrected in several places, and penned the vote of address of thanks for the speech; but I was of opinion the house should not sit on Tuesday next unless they hear the peace is signed; that is, provided they are sure it will be signed the week after, and so have one scolding for all. Night, MD.

9. Lord treasurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he desired me last night, but I refused, because he would not keep the day of his stabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended: so I dined with my friend Lewis; and the provost, and Parnell, and Ford, were with us. I lost sixteen shillings at ombre; I don't like it. At night Lewis brought us word that the parliament does not sit to-morrow. I hope they are sure of the peace by next week, and then they are right, in my opinion: otherwise I think they have done wrong, and might have sat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but lord treasurer cares not a rush. Lord keeper is suddenly taken ill of a quinsy, and some lords are commissioned, I think lord treasurer, to prorogue the parliament in his stead. You never saw a town so full of ferment and expectation. Mr Pope[1] has published a fine poem, called Windsor Forest. Read it. Night, MD.

10. I was early this morning to see lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the parliament should sit; and says they are not sure the peace will be signed next week. The prorogation is to this day se'ennight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered a hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will sell some of them, and keep the rest; but I doubt they wont take the money. I dined in the city, and sat an hour in the evening with lord treasurer; who was in very good humour, but reproached me for not dining with him yesterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him. Night, MD.

11. I was this morning to visit the duke and duchess of Ormond and the duchess of Hamilton, and went with the provost to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen shillings. I am in for it, if I had money; but I doubt I shall be undone; for sir Andrew Fountaine invited the provost and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly lost fourteen shillings. It wont do; and I shall be out of conceit with play this good while. I am come home; and it is late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is past twelve a good while. Went out four matadores and a trump in black, and yet was beasted. Very sad, faith! Night, my dear rogues, MD.

12. I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made lord Masham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures sold of twice as much value a-piece. Our society met to-day at the duke of Beaufort's: a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did some business. Our printer was to attend us as usual; and the chancellor of the exchequer sent the author of the Examiner[1] twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the most confounded vain coxcomb in the world, so that I dare not let him see me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much discourse with the duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving some points to secure *****. I left the society at seven. I can't drink now at all with any pleasure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, Champaign, or Burgundy. I have a sad vulgar appetite. I remember Ppt used to maunder, when I came from a great dinner, and DD had but a bit of mutton. I cannot endure above one dish, nor ever could since I was a boy and loved stuffing. It was a fine day, which is a rarity with us, I assure you. Never fair two days together. Night, MD.

13. I had a rabble of Irish parsons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have supped last night with the Swedish envoy at his house, and some other company, but forgot it; and he rallied me to-day at lord Bolingbroke's, who excused me, saying the envoy ought not to be angry, because I served lord treasurer and him the same way. For that reason I very seldom promise to go anywhere. I dined with lord treasurer, who chid me for being absent so

[1] Pope was just emerging from obscurity; this is the first mention of him in the "Journal."

[1] Mr Oldisworth.

long, as he always does if I miss a day. I sat three hours this evening with lady Jersey; but the first two hours she was at ombre with some company. I left lord treasurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which, I told him, among common men looked like the spleen. This letter shall not go to-morrow; no haste, young women; nothing that presses. I promised but once in three weeks, and I am better than my word. I wish the peace may be ready, I mean that we have notice it is signed, before Tuesday; otherwise the grumbling will much increase. Night, dear MD.

14. It was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the Park before I went to court. Colonel Disney, one of our society, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loss. I doubt I shall not buy the library; for a roguish bookseller has offered sixty pounds more than I designed to give; so you see I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with lord treasurer and his Saturday company; but there were but seven at table. Lord Peterborow is ill, and spits blood, with a bruise he got before he left England; but I believe an Italian lady he has brought over is the cause that his illness returns. You know old lady Bellasis is dead at last? She has left lord Berkeley of Stratton one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they say above ten thousand pounds. I staid with lord treasurer upon business after the company was gone; but I dare not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs if I durst venture to say a thousand things that pass; but I hear so much of letters opening at your postoffice, that I am fearful, &c.; and so good night. Love Presto and MD.

15. Lord treasurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted;[1] but he would not see it, but put me off till to-morrow. The queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to parliament on Tuesday, if the houses meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the ministers themselves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumstances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at lord treasurer's to-morrow, upon that supposition, to settle some things relating that way. Ppt may understand me. The doctors tell me that, if poor colonel Disney does not get some sleep to-night, he must die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our society; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake; but very honest: not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, that, since she could not get a husband, the queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman. You don't understand this. They give brevets to majors and captains to act as colonels in the army. Brevets are commissions. Ask soldiers, dear sirrahs. Night, MD.

16. I was at lord treasurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me the parliament was prorogued till Thursday se'ennight. They have had some expresses, by which they count that the peace may be signed by that time; at least, that France, Holland, and we, will sign some articles by which we shall engage to sign the peace when it is ready: but Spain has no minister there; for Monteleon, who is to be their ambassador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there the Spaniards can sign no peace: and one thing take notice, that a general peace can hardly be finished these two months, so as to be proclaimed here; for, after signing, it must be ratified; that is, confirmed by the several princes at their courts, which to Spain will cost a month; for we must have notice that it is ratified in all courts before we can proclaim it. So be not in too much haste. Night, MD.

17. The Irish folks were disappointed that the parliament did not meet to-day, because it was St Patrick's day; and the Mall was so full of crosses, that I thought all the world was Irish. Miss Ashe is almost quite well, and I see the bishop, but shall not yet go to his house. I dined again with lord treasurer; but the parliament being prorogued, I must keep what I have till next week: for I believe he will not see it till just the evening before the session. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to disoblige him. Night, MD.

18. I have now dined six days successively with lord treasurer; but to-night I stole away while he was talking with somebody else, and so am at liberty to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general cessation of arms: everybody had it at court; but I believe there is nothing in it. I asked a certain French minister how things went; and he whispered me in French, "Your plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool." None of us, indeed, approve of the conduct of either at this time; but lord treasurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myself. Disney is recovering, though you don't care a straw. Dilly murders us with his *if* puns. You know them. Night, MD.

19. The bishop of Clogher has made an *if* pun that he is mighty proud of, and designs to send it over to his brother Tom. But sir Andrew Fountaine has wrote to Tom Ashe last post, and told him the pun, and desired him to send it over to the bishop as his own; and if it succeeds, it will be a pure bite. The bishop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother should jump so exactly. I'll tell you the pun: If there was a hackney coach at Mr Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be Hecatompolis; "Hack at

[1] The Address in answer to the Queen's speech.

Tom Pooley's." Silly, says Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our society, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not seen Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town; why, she was at her country-house; what care you? Night, MD.

20. Dilly read me a letter to-day from Ppt. She seems to have scratched her head when she wrote it. 'Tis a sad thing to write to people without taste. There you say you hear I was going to Bath. No such thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now sending me to Savoy. Forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the least truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was so glad of my liberty that I would dine nowhere; but, the weather being fine, I sauntered into the city, and ate a bit about five, and then supped at Mr Burke's, your accountant general, who had been engaging me this month. The bishop of Clogher was to have been there, but was hindered by lord Paget's funeral. The provost and I sat till one o'clock; and if that be not late, I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be published on Monday, and to-morrow I design he shall present it to lord treasurer and lord Bolingbroke at court. The poor lad is almost always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his sister. She has a little of the pert Irish way. Night, MD.

21. *Morning.* I will now finish my letter; for company will come, and a stir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it into the post myself. I must go to court, and you know on Saturday I dine with lord treasurer, of course. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, *Mc, Lele.*

LETTER LXII.

London, March 21, 1712-13.

I GAVE your letter in this night. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at lord Halifax's house, with four principal Whigs; but he is resolved to begin a speech against them when the parliament sits; and I have begged that the ministry may have a meeting on purpose to settle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to something, for the Whigs intend to attack the ministers: and if, instead of that, the ministers attack the Whigs, it will be better: and farther, I believe we shall attack them on those very points they intend to attack us. The parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, because of Passion week. I forgot to tell you that Mr Griffin has given Ppt's brother a new employment, about ten pounds a year better than his former; but more remote, and consequently cheaper. I wish I could have done better, and hope that you will take what can be done in good part, and that Ppt's brother will not dislike it. Night, dearest MD.

22. I dined to-day with lord steward.[1] There Frank Annesley (a parliament-man) told me he had heard that I had wrote to my friends in Ireland to keep firm to the Whig interest; for that lord treasurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. Annesley said twenty people had told him this. You must know this is what they endeavour to report of lord treasurer, that he designs to declare for the Whigs; and a Scotch fellow has wrote the same to Scotland; and his meeting with those lords gives occasion to such reports. Let me henceforth call lord treasurer Eltee, because possibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember Eltee. You know the reason: L. T. and Eltee are pronounced the same way. Stay, it is now five weeks since I had a letter from MD. I allow you six. You see why I cannot come over the beginning of April. Whoever has to do with this ministry can fix no time: but, as hope saved, it is not Presto's fault.

23. I dined to-day at sir Thomas Hanmer's. by an old appointment: there was the duke of Ormond, and lord and lady Orkney. I left them at six. Everybody is as sour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendship between the duke of Ormond and Eltee. You know who Eltee is (or have you forgot already?) I have great designs, if I can compass them; but delay is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there that things are no better. Here is the cursedest libel in verse come out that ever was seen, called The Ambassadress;[2] it is very dull too; it has been printed three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not sold. It abuses the queen horribly. The Examiner has cleared me to-day of being author of his paper, and done it with great civilities to me. I hope it will stop people's mouths: if not, they must go on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis terrible rainy weather; I'll go sleep. Night, dearest MD.

24. It rained all this day, and ruined me in coach-hire. I went to colonel Disney, who is past danger. Then I visited lord keeper, who was at dinner; but I would not dine with him, but drove to lord treasurer (Eltee I mean); paid the coachman, and went in; but he dined abroad: so I was forced to call the coachman again, and went to lord Bolingbroke's. He dined abroad too; and at lord Dupplin's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner there, and then went to the Latin play at Westminster school, acted by the boys: and lord treasurer (Eltee I mean again) honoured them with his presence. Lady Masham's eldest son, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live: she is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four shillings to-day in coach-hire; faith, it wont do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thursday fortnight; but our plenipo-

[1] Earl Poulett.

[2] It was entitled "The British Ambassadress' Speech to the French King."

tentiaries were to blame that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to sign the peace, unless every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has no minister yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders. Night, MD.

25. Weather worse than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was resolved I would spend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr Pratt, and there met the duke of Beaufort, who promised to come with me to court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to court, and did some little business there, but was forced to go home; for you must understand I take a little physic over night, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my physician. It is *hiera picra*, two spoonfuls; devilish stuff! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to save a shilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won six shillings. Here are several people of quality lately dead of the smallpox. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe, but hear she is well. The bishop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr Pratt has got him very good pennyworths. I can get no walks, the weather is so bad. Is it so with you? Night, dear MD.

26. Though it was shaving day, head and beard, yet I was out early, to see lord Bolingbroke, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the duke of Ormond, and so to court, where the ministers did not come, because the parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our society met this day, but I left them before seven, and went to sir Andrew Fountaine, and played at ombre with him and sir Thomas Clarges till ten, and then went to sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the duchess of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I staid with him about an hour, upon some affairs, &c. Lord Bolingbroke left us at the society before I went; for there is an express from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the ministers expect the peace will be signed in a week, which is a week before the session. Night, MD.

27. Parnell's poem is mightily esteemed; but poetry sells ill. I am plagued with that —— poor Harrison's mother; you would laugh to see how cautious I am of paying her the £100 I received for her son from the treasury. I have asked every creature I know whether I may do it safely; yet durst not venture, till my lord keeper assured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her, but will in a day or two: though I have a great mind to stay till Ppt sends me her opinion, because Ppt is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr Lewis and me, and has some design upon us, which we know very well. I went afterward to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw anything so pretty. You see a sea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ships sailing in the sea and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky, with moon and stars, &c. I am a fool. Night, dear MD.

28. I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myself to everybody, except about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr Addison was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee and his Saturday company, as usual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborow was making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in spite. Then I went to see the bishop of Ossory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland. The bishop of Killaloe and Tom Leigh were with us. The latter had wholly changed his style by seeing how the bishops behaved themselves, and he seemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the bishops about the first-fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, strongly upon Killaloe; and showed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called the crown rents, which the queen had promised. He had nothing to say, but was humble, and desired my interest in that and some other things. This letter is half done in a week: I believe you will have it next. Night, MD.

29. I have been employed in endeavouring to save one of your junior fellows,[1] who came over here for a dispensation from taking orders, and, in soliciting it, has run out his time; and now his fellowship is void, if the college pleases, unless the queen suspends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I spoke to all the ministers yesterday about it; but they say the queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and she is positive, and so the man must be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never saw him in my life; but the case was so hard, I could not forbear interposing. Your government recommended him to the duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refused the fellowship by rigour is forfeited. I dined with Dr Arbuthnot (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in Chelsea, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of Tisdall's outlandish mould at your hospital for the soldiers. I was not at court to-day, and I hear the queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has seized her again. Terrible rain all day. Have you such weather? Night, MD.

30. *Morning.* I was naming some time ago, to a certain person, another certain person that was very deserving, and poor, and sickly; and the other, that first certain person, gave me a hundred pounds to give the other, which I have not yet done. The person who is to have it never saw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the least knowledge or imagination of it; so I believe it will be a very agreeable surprise; for I think it is a handsome present

[1] Mr Charles Grattan, afterwards master of the royal free school at Enniskilling.

enough. At night I dined in the city, at Pontack's, with lord Dupplin,[1] and some others. We were treated by one colonel Cleland,[2] who has a mind to be governor of Barbadoes, and is laying these long traps for me and others, to engage our interest for him. He is a true Scotchman. I paid the hundred pounds this evening, and it was a great surprise to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now signed, and that we shall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty sure. Night, MD.

31. I thought to-day on Ppt, when she told me she supposed I was acquainted with the steward, when I was giving myself airs of being at some lord's house. Sir Andrew Fountaine invited the bishop of Clogher and me, and some others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the duke of Kent's, who was gone out of town; but the steward treated us nobly, and showed us the fine pictures, &c. I have not yet seen Miss Ashe: I wait till she has been abroad, and taken the air. This evening lady Masham, Dr Arbuthnot, and I, were contriving a lie for to-morrow, that Mr Noble, who was hanged last Saturday, was recovered by his friends and then seized again by the sheriff, and is now in a messenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to send to our friends to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread. However, we shall do our endeavours; nothing shall be wanting on our parts, and leave the rest to fortune. Night, MD.

April 1. We had no success in our story, though I sent my man to several houses to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the secret: but I doubt my colleagues did not contribute as they ought. Parnell and I dined with Darteneuf to-day. You have heard of Darteneuf; I have told you of Darteneuf. After dinner we all went to lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him, but I would not, because I had heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson Trapp upon the peace. The Swedish envoy told me to-day at court that he was in great apprehensions about his master; and indeed we are afraid that prince[3] is dead among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr Addison to dine with him on Good Friday. I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. Addison is to have a play on Friday in Easter week: 'tis a tragedy, called Cato; I saw it unfinished some years ago. Did I tell you that Steele has begun a new daily paper, called the Guardian? they say good for nothing. I have not seen it.[4] Night, dear MD.

2. I was this morning with lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish courier is just come, with the news that the king of Spain has agreed to everything that the queen desires; and the duke d'Ossuna has left Paris, in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trapp, and read his poem and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was thus employed, sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber, and balked me of a journey he and I intended this week to lord Orkney's, at Clifden; but he is not well, and his physician will not let him undertake such a journey. I intended to dine with lord treasurer, but going to see colonel Disney, who lives with general Withers, I liked the general's little dinner so well that I staid and took share of it, and did not go to lord treasurer till six, where I found Dr Sacheverell, who told us that the bookseller had given him £100 for his sermon[1] preached last Sunday, and intended to print 30,000; I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly sell above half. I have fires still, though April is begun, against my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never saw such a long run of ill weather in my life. Night, dear MD.

3. I was at the queen's chapel to-day, but she was not there. Mr St John, lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an express from Utrecht, that the peace is signed by all the ministers there but those of the emperor, who will likewise sign in a few days; so that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe it will appear a most excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addison and I, and some others, dined with lord Bolingbroke, and sat with him till twelve. We were very civil, but yet, when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party. Addison raised his objections, and lord Bolingbroke answered them with great complaisance. Addison began lord Somers' health, which went about; but I bid him not name lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it, and I told lord Bolingbroke frankly that Addison loved lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, &c. Well, but you are glad of the peace, you Ppt the trimmer, are not you? As for DD, I don't doubt her. Why, now, if I did not think Ppt had been a violent Tory, and DD the greater Whig of the two! It is late. Night, MD.

4. This Passion week people are so demure, especially this last day, that I told Dilly, who called here, that I would dine with him; and so I did, faith, and had a small shoulder of mutton of my own bespeaking. It rained all day. I came home at seven, and have never stirred out, but have been reading Sacheverell's long dull sermon, which he sent me. It is his first sermon since his suspension is expired; but not a word in it upon the occasion except two or

1 Then one of the tellers of the Exchequer.

2 Son of the Presbyterian poet, Colonel Cleland, killed at the head of the Cameronian regiment at Bothwell Bridge in 1689. The son was the intimate of the wits of Queen Anne's reign; to him Pope inscribed the letter preliminary of the "Dunciad."

3 Charles the Twelfth, then a refugee at Bender, in Turkey, whither he had fled after the defeat at Pultawa.

4 The first number appeared on Thursday, March 12, 1712-13.

1 This sermon, the first preached after the expiration of the three years of silence imposed on him by the House of Lords as part of his sentence, was entitled "The Christian Triumph, or the Duty of Praying for our Enemies."

three remote hints. The bishop of Clogher has been sadly bit by Tom Ashe, who sent him a pun which the bishop had made, and designed to send him, but delayed it; and lord Pembroke and I made sir Andrew Fountaine write it to Tom. I believe I told you of it in my last; it succeeded right, and the bishop was wondering to lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the same thing. I'll go to bed soon, for I must be at church by eight to-morrow, Easter day. Night, dear MD.

5. Warburton wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes, who is lately dead, in the county of Meath. My answer is, that before I received the first letter general Gorges had recommended a friend of his to the duke of Ormond, which was the first time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the provost told me of it. I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead when Gorges recommended the other; for Warburton's last letter said that Foulkes was dead the day before the date. This has prevented me from serving Warburton, as I would have done if I had received early notice enough. Pray say or write this to Warburton, to justify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and dressed and shaved after I came back, but was too late at court; and lord Abingdon had like to have snapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out for refusing him; but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the first we have had a great while. Remember, was Easter day a fine day with you? I have sat with lady Worsley till now. Night, MD.

6. I was this morning at ten at the rehearsal of Mr Addison's play, called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There was not above half-a-score of us to see it. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab that acts Cato's daughter[1] out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out, "What's next?" The bishop of Clogher was there too; but he stood privately in a gallery. I went to dine with lord treasurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter Caermarthen's country seat, seven miles off. So I went back, and dined privately with Mr Addison, whom I had left to go to lord treasurer. I keep fires yet; I am very extravagant. I sat this evening with sir Andrew Fountaine, and we amused ourselves with making *ifs* for Dilly. It is rainy weather again; never saw the like. This letter shall go to-morrow: remember, young women, it is seven weeks since your last, and I allow you but five weeks; but you have been galloping in the country to Swanton's. Pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to serve him. If a governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more: and you know all employments in Ireland, at least almost all, are engaged in reversions. If I were on the spot, and had credit with a lord lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itself. Night, dear MD.

[1] Mrs Oldfield.

7. *Morning.* I have had a visitor here that has taken up my time. I have not been abroad, you may be sure; so I can say nothing to-day, but that I love MD better than ever, if possible. I will put this in the postoffice; so I say no more. I write by this post to the dean, but it is not above two lines; and one enclosed to you, but that enclosed to you is not above three lines; and then one enclosed to the dean, which he must not have but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are some things in it I would not have liable to accident. You shall only know in general that it is an account of what I have done to serve him in his pretensions on these vacancies, &c. But he must not know that you know so much. Don't this perplex you? What care I? But love Presto. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, *Me, Lele.*

LETTER LXIII.

London, April 7, 1713.

I FANCY I marked my last, which I sent this day, wrong; only 61, and it ought to be 62. I dined with lord treasurer; and though the business I had with him is something against Thursday, when the parliament is to meet, and this is Tuesday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, lest this letter should miscarry or be opened; but I never saw his fellow for delays. The parliament will now certainly sit, and every body's expectations are ready to burst. At a council to-night the lord chief justice Parker, a Whig, spoke against the peace; so did lord Cholmondeley, another Whig, who is treasurer of the household. My lord keeper was this night made lord chancellor. We hope there will soon be some removes. Night, dearest little MD.

8. Lord Cholmondeley is this day removed from his employment, for his last night's speech; and sir Richard Temple, lieutenant general, the greatest Whig in the army, is turned out; and lieutenant general Palmes will be obliged to sell his regiment. This is the first-fruits of a friendship I have established between two great men. I dined with lord treasurer, and did the business I had for him to his satisfaction. I wont tell you what it was. The parliament sits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Macartney's name, vindicating himself from the murder of duke Hamilton. I must give some hints to have it answered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of exposing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at Westminster. Lord treasurer is as easy as a lamb. They are mustering up the proxies of the absent lords; but they are

not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increased this year. Night, MD.

9. I was this morning with lord treasurer, to present to him a young son of the late earl of Jersey, at the desire of the widow. There I saw the mace and great coach ready for lord treasurer, who was going to parliament. Our society met to-day; but I expected the houses would sit longer than I cared to fast; so I dined with a friend, and never inquired how matters went, till eight this evening, when I went to lord Orkney's, where I found sir Thomas Hanmer. The queen delivered her speech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vast. The order for an address was moved, and opposed by lords Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper. Lord treasurer spoke with great spirit and resolution; lord Peterborow flirted against the duke of Marlborough (who is in Germany, you know), but it was in answer to one of lord Halifax's impertinences. The order for an address passed by a majority of thirty-three, and the houses rose before six. This is the account I heard at lord Orkney's. The bishop of Chester,[1] a high Tory, was against the court. The duchess of Marlborough sent for him some months ago, to justify herself to him in relation to the queen, and showed him letters, and told him stories, which the weak man believed, and was converted.

10. I dined with a cousin in the city, and poor Pat Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a husband leave to come to England from Port Mahon. The Whigs are much down, but I reckon they have some scheme in agitation. This parliament time hinders our court meetings on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of business to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle; and I lost a dozen shillings at ombre with Dr Pratt and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over dust. Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the queen, but leave everything, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. This I tell her, but talk to the winds. Night, MD.

11. I dined at lord treasurer's with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all lords but myself and the chancellor of the exchequer. Argyle went off at six, and was in very indifferent humour as usual. Duke of Ormond and lord Bolingbroke were absent. I staid till near ten. Lord treasurer showed us a small picture, enamelled work, and set in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean, of the queen, which she gave to the duchess of Marlborough, set in diamonds. When the duchess was leaving England, she took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs Higgins (an old intriguing woman, whom everybody knows), bidding her make the best of it she could. Lord treasurer sent to Mrs Higgins for this picture, and gave her a hundred pounds for it. Was ever such an ungrateful beast as that duchess? or did you ever hear such a story? I suppose the Whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an insignificant woman, as a thing of no consequence: and gives it to her to sell, like a piece of old-fashioned plate. Is she not a detestable slut? Night, dear MD.

12. I went to court to-day, on purpose to present Mr Berkeley,[1] one of your fellows of Dublin College, to lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr Berkeley is a very ingenious man and great philosopher, and I have mentioned him to all the ministers, and have given them some of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conscience, to use all my little credit toward helping forward men of worth in the world. The queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at lord Orkney's, with the duke of Ormond, lord Arran, and sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr St John, secretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace. Did I tell you in my last of Addison's play called Cato, and that I was at the rehearsal of it? Night, MD.

13. This morning my friend Mr Lewis came to me, and showed me an order for a warrant for three deaneries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foresaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr Lewis tell my lord treasurer that I take nothing ill of him but his not giving me timely notice, as he promised to do, if he found the queen would do nothing for me. At noon, lord treasurer, hearing I was in Mr Lewis's office, came to me, and said many things too long to repeat. I told him I had nothing to do but to go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, unless I had something honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the duke of Ormond's. He there told me he had stopped the warrants for the deans, that what was done for me might be at the same time, and he hoped to compass it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne should be a bishop, and I have St Patrick's; but I believe nothing will come of it, for stay I will not; and so I believe, for all our ——— ———, you may see me in Dublin before April ends. I am less out of humour than you would imagine: and if it were not that impertinent people will condole with me, as they used to give me joy, I would value it less. But I will avoid company, and muster up my baggage, and send them next Monday by the carrier to Chester, and come and see my willows, against

[1] Dr Francis Gastrel, consecrated April 4, 1713.

[1] Afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne. Swift procured him the chaplaincy and secretaryship to Lord Peterborough, then going as Envoy to Sicily.

the expectation of all the world. What care I? Night, dearest rogues, MD.

14. I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me against I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as soon as ever the warrants for the deaneries are out, which are yet stopped. Lord treasurer told Mr Lewis that it should be determined to-night: and so he will say a hundred nights. So he said yesterday, but I value it not. My daily journals shall be but short till I get into the city, and then I will send away this, and follow it myself; and design to walk it all the way to Chester, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I shall do it in fourteen days. Night, dear MD.

15. Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day; I was as good company as ever: and [he] told me the queen would determine something for me to-night. The dispute is, Windsor or St Patrick's. I told him I would not stay for their disputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Masham told me that lady Masham is angry I have not been to see her since this business, and desires I will come to-morrow. Night, dear MD.

16. I was this noon at lady Masham's, who was just come from Kensington, where her eldest son is sick. She said much to me of what she had talked to the queen and lord treasurer. The poor lady fell a shedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St Patrick's, &c. I was never more moved than to see so much friendship. I would not stay with her, but went and dined with Dr Arbuthnot, with Mr Berkeley, one of your fellows, whom I have recommended to the doctor and to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. Mr Lewis tells me that the duke of Ormond has been to-day with the queen; and she was content that Dr Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St Patrick's; but then out came lord treasurer, and said he would not be satisfied, but that I must be prebendary of Windsor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confess, as much as I love England, I am so angry at this treatment, that if I had my choice I would rather have St Patrick's. Lady Masham says she will speak to the purpose to the queen to-morrow. Night, dear MD.

17. I went to dine at lady Masham's to-day, and she was taken ill of a sore throat, and aguish. She spoke to the queen last night, but had not much time. The queen says she will determine to-morrow with lord treasurer. The warrants for the deaneries are still stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think anything will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the meantime, I prepare for my journey, and see no great people, nor will see lord treasurer any more, if I go. Lord treasurer told Mr Lewis it should be done to-night; so he said five nights ago. Night, MD.

18. This morning Mr Lewis sent me word that lord treasurer told him the queen would determine at noon. At three lord treasurer sent to me to come to his lodgings at St James's, and told me the queen was at last resolved that Dr Sterne should be bishop of Dromore, and I dean of St Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant should be drawn immediately. You know the deanery is in the duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the queen, lord treasurer, and the duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; some unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at passing my days in Ireland; and I confess I thought the ministry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it. Night, MD.

19. I forgot to tell you, that lord treasurer forced me to dine with him yesterday as usual, with his Saturday company; which I did, after frequent refusals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at court. After dinner Mr Lewis sent me word that the queen staid till she knew whether the duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a bishop. I went this evening and found the duke of Ormond at the Cockpit, and told him, and desired he would go to the queen and approve of Sterne. He made objections, and desired I would name any other deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to see him; that he was influenced by the archbishop of Dublin, &c.; so all is now broken again. I sent out for lord treasurer, and told him this. He says all will do well; but I value not what he says. This suspense vexes me worse than anything else. Night, MD.

20. I went to-day, by appointment, to the Cockpit, to talk with the duke of Ormond. He repeated the same proposals of any other deanery, &c. I desired he would put me out of the case, and do as he pleased. Then, with great kindness, he said he would consent; but would do it for no man alive but me, &c. And he will speak to the queen to-day or to-morrow; so perhaps something will come of it. I can't tell. Night, own dear MD.

21. The duke of Ormond has told the queen he is satisfied that Sterne should be bishop, and she consents I shall be dean; and I suppose the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouse with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the ministers, though lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and lord treasurer was to be there. I said I would if I were out of suspense. Night, dearest MD.

22. The queen says warrants shall be drawn, but she will dispose of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teazed no more. This will delay it some time; and while it is delayed I am not sure of the queen, my enemies being busy. I hate this suspense. Night, dear MD.

23. I dined yesterday with general Hamilton: I forgot to tell you. I write short journals now. I have eggs on the spit. This night the queen has signed all the warrants, among

which Sterne is bishop of Dromore, and the duke of Ormond is to send over an order for making me dean of St Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all. I think 'tis now past. And I suppose MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than Wells.[1] But you see what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but six hundred pounds for the house; but the bishop of Clogher says eight hundred pounds; first-fruits one hundred and fifty pounds, and so, with patent, a thousand pounds in all; so that I shall not be the better for the deanery these three years. I hope in some time they will be persuaded here to give me some money to pay off these debts. I must finish the book[2] I am writing before I can go over; and they expect I shall pass next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a sum of money. However, I hope to pass four or five months with MD, whatever comes of it. I received yours to-night; just ten weeks since I had your last. I shall write next post to bishop Sterne. Never man had so many enemies in Ireland as he. I carried it with the strongest hand possible. If he does not use me well and gently in what dealings I shall have with him, he will be the most ungrateful of mankind. The archbishop of York,[3] my mortal enemy, has sent, by a third hand, that he would be glad to see me. Shall I see him, or not? I hope to be over in a month, and that MD, with their raillery, will be mistaken, that I shall make it three years. I will answer your letter soon, but no more journals. I shall be very busy. Short letters from henceforward. I shall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year. Is it? If it be, overplus shall be divided . . . . , besides usual . . . . Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever so short. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they say here it is much to my reputation that I have made a bishop, in spite of all the world, to get the best deanery in Ireland. Night, dear MD.

24. I forgot to tell you I had Sterne's letter yesterday, in answer to mine. I made mistakes the last three days, and am forced to alter the number. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and am going to be busy with my work. I will send this to-morrow, and I suppose the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr Coghill to take care of passing my patent; and to Parvisol to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow some where he can. Night, MD.

25. *Morning.* I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the duke of Ormond. I suppose it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unsealed till I know whether all be finished.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr Lewis sent to Southwell's clerk at ten, and he said the bishop of Killaloe had desired they should be stopped till next post. He sent again, that the bishop of Killaloe's business had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myself, but it was past eleven, and asked the reason. Killaloe is removed to Raphoe, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Raphoe that have fallen due since the vacancy, and he would have all stop till he has gotten that. A pretty request! But the clerk, at Mr Lewis's message, sent the warrants for Sterne and me; but then it was too late to send this, which frets me heartily that MD should not have intelligence first from Presto. I think to take a hundred pounds a year out of the deanery, and divide between——, but will talk of that when I come over. Night, dear MD. Love Presto.

26. I was at court to-day, and a thousand people gave me joy; so I ran out. I dined with lady Orkney. Yesterday I dined with lord treasurer and his Saturday people as usual; and was so bedeaned! The archbishop of York says he will never more speak against me. Pray see that Parvisol stirs about getting my patent. I have given Tooke DD's note, to prove she is alive.

27. Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, &c. I'll seal up this to-night. Pray write soon. Farewell, MD, FW, *Me*, *Lele*.

LETTER LXIV.

London, May 16, 1713.

I HAD yours, No. 40, yesterday. Your new bishop acts very ungratefully. I cannot say so bad of him as he deserves. I begged, by the same post his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave those livings to my disposal. I shall write this post to him to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me that I ought to think of employing somebody to set the tithes of the deanery. I know not what to do at this distance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders; one to Parvisol, and the other to Parvisol and a blank for whatever fellow the last dean employed; and I would desire you to advise with friends which to make use of: and if the latter, let the fellow's name be inserted, and both act by commission. If the former, then speak to Parvisol and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a perfect stranger alone, as Parvisol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his interest with me; but that is needless, for I am willing to do him any good that will do me no harm. Pray advise with Walls and Raymond, and a little with bishop Sterne for form. Tell Raymond I cannot succeed to get him the living of Moimed. It is represented here as a great sinecure. Several

[1] A deanery which Swift had expected, see *ante*, "Journal," March 8, 1711–1712.

[2] The "History of the Peace of Utrecht."

[3] Dr Sharpe, who joined with the Duchess of Somerset in obstinate opposition to Swift's preferment.

chaplains have solicited for it; and it has vexed me so, that if I live I will make it my business to serve him better in something else. I am heartily sorry for his illness, and that of the other two. If it be not necessary to let the tithes till a month hence, you may keep the two papers, and advise well in the meantime; and whenever it is absolutely necessary, then give that paper which you are most advised to. I thank Mr Walls for his letter. Tell him that must serve for an answer, with my service to him and her. I shall buy bishop Sterne's hair, as soon as his household goods. I shall be ruined, or at least sadly cramped, unless the queen will give me a thousand pounds. I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord treasurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but *quando?* I am advised to hasten over as soon as possible, and so I will, and hope to set out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me. What! at your old tricks again? I can lie somewhere after I land, and care not where nor how. I will buy your eggs and bacon, ... your caps and Bible; and pray think immediately, and give me some commissions, and I will perform them. The letter I sent before this was to have gone a post before, but an accident hindered it; and I assure you I am very angry MD did not write to Presto, and I think you might have had a dean under your girdle for the superscription. I have just finished my treatise, and must be ten days in correcting it. Farewell, dearest MD, FW, *Me, Lele.* You'll seal the two papers after my name.

London, May 16, 1713.

I appoint Mr Isaiah Parvisol and Mr to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St Patrick's for the present year. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written. JONAT. SWIFT.

London, May 16, 1713.

I do hereby appoint Mr Isaiah Parvisol my proctor, to set and let the tithes of the deanery of St Patrick's. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day and year above written. JONAT. SWIFT.

LETTER LXV.

Chester, June 6, 1713.

I AM come here after six days. I set out on Monday last, and got here to-day about eleven in the morning. A noble rider, faith! and all the ships and people went off yesterday with a rare wind. This was told me, to my comfort, upon my arrival. Having not used riding these three years, made me terrible weary, yet I resolve on Monday to set out for Holyhead, as weary as I am: 'tis good for my health, mun. When I came here, I found MD's letter of the 26th of May sent down to me. Had you written a post sooner I might have brought some pins: but you were lazy, and could not write your orders immediately, as I desired you. I will come when God pleases; perhaps I may be with you in a week. I will be three days going to Holyhead; I cannot ride faster, say what you will. I am upon Stay-behind's mare. I have the whole inn to myself. I would fain scape this Holyhead journey; but I have no prospect of ships, and it will be almost necessary I should be in Dublin before the 25th instant, to take the oaths; otherwise I must wait to a quarter session. I will lodge as I can, therefore take no lodgings for me to pay in my absence. The poor dean can't afford it. I spoke again to the duke of Ormond about Moimed for Raymond, and hope he may yet have it, for I laid it strongly to the duke, and gave him the bishop of Meath's memorial. I am sorry for Raymond's fistula; tell him so. I will speak to lord treasurer about Mrs South tomorrow. Odso! I forgot; I thought I had been in London. The letters to Ireland go at so uncertain an hour, that I am forced to conclude. Farewell, MD, FW, *Me, Lele,* &c.

A DISCOURSE OF THE CONTESTS AND DISSENSIONS

BETWEEN THE

NOBLES AND THE COMMONS IN ATHENS AND ROME,

WITH THE CONSEQUENCES THEY HAD UPON BOTH THOSE STATES.

—— Si tibi vera videtur,
Dede manus, et si falsa est, accingere contra.—LUCRETIUS.

[THE circumstances under which this "Discourse" (the first composition that Swift printed) was written, are briefly related by the author himself, in the "Memorials Relating to the Change in the Queen's Ministry."[1] Towards the close of King William's reign, the House of Commons had become vehemently and vexatiously unfriendly to the Court and to the House of Lords. The King was mortified by being obliged to send home his Dutch guards, and to revoke the grants of forfeited lands in Ireland which he had made to his servants and favourites; while, in spite of the dismissal of several ministers who had become obnoxious to the Commons, in the session of 1701 four leading Lords were impeached by the other House for their share in concluding the treaty for the partition of Spain. Swift, who was then on the Whig side in politics, shared the apprehensions of many enlightened politicians of the day, that the liberties of England would perish as those of the great republics of antiquity had perished, by the contests and dissensions of the nobles and the commons. He was encouraged to put his views into print, which was done in the summer recess of 1701; and the reputation and effect of the treatise were both considerable. Its authorship was ascribed to Lord Somers and Bishop Burnet—the latter being obliged publicly to disown it, to save himself from impeachment; and the temper shown by the Commons in the session of 1702 was much milder and more patriotic than that which had given occasion to this "Discourse"—certified by Lord Orrery to be "full of historical knowledge and excellent reflections," and "in point of style equal, if not superior, to any of Swift's political works." The author selects six instances from Greek history, to illustrate the four impeachments—of the Earl of Portland, Lord Somers, the Earl of Orford, and the Earl of Halifax.]

CHAPTER I.

IT is agreed that in all government there is an absolute unlimited power, which naturally and originally seems to be placed in the whole body, wherever the executive part of it lies. This holds in the body natural; for wherever we place the beginning of motion, whether from the head, or the heart, or the animal spirits in general, the body moves and acts by a consent of all its parts. This unlimited power, placed fundamentally in the body of a people, is what the best legislators of all ages have endeavoured, in their several schemes or institutions of government, to deposit in such hands as would preserve the people from rapine and oppression within, as well as violence from without. Most of them seem to agree in this, that it was a trust too great to be committed to any one man or assembly, and therefore they left the right still in the whole body; but the administration, or executive part, in the hands of the one, the few, or the many; into which three powers all independent bodies of men seem naturally to divide: for, by all I have read of those innumerable and petty commonwealths in Italy, Greece, and Sicily, as well as the great ones of Carthage and Rome, it seems to me that a free people met together, whether by compact or family government, as soon as they fall into any acts of civil society, do of themselves divide into three powers. The first is that of some one eminent spirit, who, having signalised his valour and

[1] *Ante*, page 222.

fortune in defence of his country or by the practice of popular arts at home, comes to have great influence on the people, to grow their leader in warlike expeditions, and to preside, after a sort, in their civil assemblies; and this is grounded upon the principles of nature and common reason, which in all difficulties or dangers, where prudence or courage is required, rather incite us to fly for counsel or assistance to a single person than a multitude. The second natural division of power is, of such men who have acquired large possessions, and consequently dependencies, or descend from ancestors who have left them great inheritances, together with an hereditary authority. These, easily uniting in thoughts and opinions, and acting in concert, begin to enter upon measures for securing their properties, which are best upheld by preparing against invasions from abroad, and maintaining peace at home; this commences a great council, or senate of nobles, for the weighty affairs of the nation. The last division is, of the mass or body of the people, whose part of power is great and indisputable, whenever they can unite, either collectively or by deputation, to exert it. Now the three forms of government, so generally known in the schools, differ only by the civil administration being placed in the hands of one, or sometimes two (as in Sparta), who were called kings; or in a senate, who were called the nobles; or in the people collective or representative, who may be called the commons. Each of these had frequently the executive power in Greece, and sometimes in Rome; but the power in the last resort was always meant by legislators to be held in balance among all three. And it will be an eternal rule in politics among every free people, that there is a balance of power to be carefully held by every state within itself, as well as among several states with each other.

The true meaning of a balance of power, either without or within a state, is best conceived by considering what the nature of a balance is. It supposes three things: first, the part which is held, together with the hand that holds it; and then the two scales, with whatever is weighed therein. Now, consider several states in a neighbourhood; in order to preserve peace between these states, it is necessary they should be formed into a balance, whereof one or more are to be directors, who are to divide the rest into equal scales, and, upon occasion, remove from one into the other, or else fall with their own weight into the lightest; so in a state within itself, the balance must be held by a third hand, who is to deal the remaining power with the utmost exactness into the several scales. Now, it is not necessary that the power should be equally divided between these three; for the balance may be held by the weakest, who, by his address and conduct, removing from either scale, and adding of his own, may keep the scales duly poised. Such was that of the two kings of Sparta; the consular power in Rome; that of the kings of Media before the reign of Cyrus, as represented by Xenophon; and that of the several limited states in the Gothic institution.

When the balance is broken, whether by the negligence, folly, or weakness of the hand that held it, or by mighty weights fallen into either scale, the power will never continue long in equal division between the two remaining parties, but, till the balance is fixed anew, will run entirely into one. This gives the truest account of what is understood in the most ancient and approved Greek authors by the word Tyranny; which is not meant for the seizing of the uncontrolled or absolute power into the hands of a single person (as many superficial men have grossly mistaken), but for the breaking of the balance by whatever hand, and leaving the power wholly in one scale: for tyranny and usurpation in a state are by no means confined to any number, as might easily appear from examples enough; and, because the point is material, I shall cite a few to prove it.

The Romans,[1] having sent to Athens, and the Greek cities of Italy, for the copies of the best laws, chose ten legislators to put them into form, and during the exercise of their office suspended the consular power, leaving the administration of affairs in their hands. These very men, though chosen for such a work as the digesting a body of laws for the government of a free state, did immediately usurp arbitrary power, ran into all the forms of it, had their guards and spies after the practice of the tyrants of those ages, affected kingly state, destroyed the nobles, and oppressed the people; one of them proceeding so far as to endeavour to force a lady of great virtue: the very crime which gave occasion to the expulsion of the regal power but sixty years before, as this attempt did to that of the Decemviri.

The Ephori in Sparta were at first only certain persons deputed by the kings to judge in civil matters, while they were employed in the wars. These men, at several times, usurped the absolute authority, and were as cruel tyrants as any in their age.

Soon after the unfortunate expedition into Sicily,[2] the Athenians chose four hundred men for administration of affairs, who became a body of tyrants, and were called, in the language of those ages, an oligarchy, or tyranny of the few; under which hateful denomination they were soon after deposed in great rage by the people.

When Athens was subdued by Lysander,[3] he appointed thirty men for the administration of that city, who immediately fell into the rankest tyranny: but this was not all; for, conceiving their power not founded on a basis large enough, they admitted three thousand into a share of the government; and, thus fortified, became the cruellest tyranny upon record. They murdered in cold blood great numbers of the best

1 DIONYS. HAL., Lib. x.
2 THUCYDIDES, Lib. viii.
3 XENOPHON, De Rebus Græcis, Lib. ii.

men, without any provocation, from the mere lust of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula. This was such a number of tyrants together as amounted to near a third part of the whole city; for Xenophon tells us,[1] that the city contained about ten thousand houses; and allowing one man to every house who could have any share in the government (the rest consisting of women, children, and servants,) and making other obvious abatements, these tyrants, if they had been careful to adhere together, might have been a majority even of the people collective.

In the time of the second Punic war,[2] the balance of power in Carthage was got on the side of the people: and this to a degree, that some authors reckon the government to have been then among them a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the commons; which it seems they were at all times apt to fall into, and was at last among the causes that ruined their state: and the frequent murders of their generals, which Diodorus[3] tells us was grown to an established custom among them, may be another instance that tyranny is not confined to numbers.

I shall mention but one example more among a great number that might be produced; it is related by the author last cited.[4] The orators of the people at Argos (whether you will style them, in modern phrase, great speakers of the house, or only, in general, representatives of the people collective) stirred up the commons against the nobles, of whom 1600 were murdered at once; and at last the orators themselves, because they left off their accusations, or, to speak intelligibly, because they withdrew their impeachments; having, it seems, raised a spirit they were not able to lay. And this last circumstance, as cases have lately stood, may perhaps be worth noting.

From what has been already advanced, several conclusions may be drawn:—

First, that a mixed government, partaking of the known forms received in the schools, is by no means of Gothic invention, but has place in nature and reason, seems very well to agree with the sentiments of most legislators, and to have been followed in most states, whether they have appeared under the name of monarchies, aristocracies, or democracies; for, not to mention the several republics of this composition in Gaul and Germany, described by Cæsar and Tacitus, Polybius tells us the best government is that which consists of three forms, *regis, optimatium, et populi imperio*,[5] which may be fairly translated, the king, lords, and commons. Such was that of Sparta, in its primitive institution by Lycurgus, who, observing the corruptions and depravations to which every of these was subject, compounded his scheme out of all, so that it was made up of *regcs, seniores, et populus*. Such also was the state of Rome under its consuls; and the author tells us that the Romans fell upon this model purely by chance (which I take to have been nature and common reason), but the Spartans by thought and design. And such at Carthage was the *summa reipublicæ*, or power in the last resort; for they had their kings, called *suffetes*, and a senate, which had the power of nobles; and the people had a share established too.

Secondly, it will follow, that those reasoners who employ so much of their zeal, their wit, and their leisure, for the upholding the balance of power in Christendom, at the same time that by their practices they are endeavouring to destroy it at home, are not such mighty patriots, or so much in the true interest of their country, as they would affect to be thought; but seem to be employed like a man who pulls down with his right hand what he has been building with his left.

Thirdly, this makes appear the error of those who think it an uncontrollable maxim, that power is always safer lodged in many hands than in one: for, if these many hands be made up only from one of the three divisions before mentioned, it is plain from those examples already produced, and easy to be paralleled in other ages and countries, that they are [as] capable of enslaving the nation, and of acting all manner of tyranny and oppression, as it is possible for a single person to be, though we should suppose their number not only to be of four or five hundred, but above three thousand.

Again, it is manifest, from what has been said, that, in order to preserve the balance in a mixed state, the limits of power deposited with each party ought to be ascertained and generally known. The defect of this is the cause that introduces those strugglings in a state about prerogative and liberty; about encroachments of the few upon the rights of the many, and of the many upon the privileges of the few, which ever did, and ever will, conclude in a tyranny; first, either of the few or the many; but at last, infallibly of a single person: for whichever of the three divisions in a state is upon the scramble for more power than its own (as one or other of them generally is), unless due care be taken by the other two, upon every new question that arises, they will be sure to decide in favour of themselves, talk much of inherent right; they will nourish up a dormant power, and reserve privileges *in petto*, to exert upon occasions, to serve expedients, and to urge upon necessities; they will make large demands and scanty concessions, ever coming off considerable gainers: thus at length the balance is broke and tyranny let in; from which door of the three it matters not.

To pretend to a declarative right, upon any occasion whatsoever, is little less than to make use of the whole power: that is, to declare an opinion to be law which has always been contested, or perhaps never started at all before such an incident brought it on the stage. Not to consent to the enacting of such a law, which has no view besides the general good, unless another law shall at the same time pass with no

[1] Memorabilia, Lib. iii.
[2] Polybius, Frag., Lib. vi.
[3] Lib. xx.
[4] Polybius, Frag., Lib. xv.
[5] Frag., Lib. vi.

other view but that of advancing the power of one party alone; what is this but to claim a positive voice as well as a negative? To pretend that great changes and alienations of property have created new and great dependencies, and, consequently, new additions of power, as some reasoners have done, is a most dangerous tenet.[1] If dominion must follow property, let it follow in the same pace; for change in property through the bulk of a nation makes slow marches, and its due power always attends it. To conclude that whatever attempt is begun by an assembly, ought to be pursued to the end, without regard to the greatest incidents that may happen to alter the case; to count it mean, and below the dignity of a house, to quit a prosecution; to resolve upon a conclusion before it is possible to be apprised of the premises; to act thus, I say, is to affect not only absolute power, but infallibility too. Yet such unaccountable proceedings as these have popular assemblies engaged in, for want of fixing the due limits of power and privilege.

Great changes may indeed be made in a government, yet the form continue and the balance be held: but large intervals of time must pass between every such innovation, enough to melt down and make it of a piece with the constitution. Such, we are told, were the proceedings of Solon, when he modelled anew the Athenian commonwealth; and what convulsions in our own, as well as other states, have been bred by a neglect of this rule, is fresh and notorious enough: it is too soon, in all conscience, to repeat this error again.

Having shown that there is a natural balance of power in all free states, and how it has been divided, sometimes by the people themselves, as in Rome; at others by the institutions of the legislators, as in the several states of Greece and Sicily; the next thing is, to examine what methods have been taken to break or overthrow this balance, which every one of the three parties has continually endeavoured, as opportunities have served; as might appear from the stories of most ages and countries: for absolute power in a particular state is of the same nature with universal monarchy in several states adjoining to each other. So endless and exorbitant are the desires of men, whether considered in their persons or their states, that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less. Even since men have been united into governments, the hopes and endeavours after universal monarchy have been bandied among them, from the reign of Ninus to this of the Most Christian King; in which pursuits, commonwealths have had their share as well as monarchs: so the Athenians, the Spartans, the Thebans, and the Achaians, did several times aim at the universal monarchy of Greece; so the commonwealths of Carthage and Rome affected the universal monarchy of the then known world. In like manner has absolute power been pursued by the several parties of each particular state; wherein single persons have met with most success, though the endeavours of the few and the many have been frequent enough: yet, being neither so uniform in their designs, nor so direct in their views, they neither could manage nor maintain the power they had got, but were ever deceived by the popularity and ambition of some single person. So that it will be always a wrong step in policy for the nobles and commons to carry their endeavours after power so far as to overthrow the balance: and it would be enough to damp their warmth in such pursuits, if they could once reflect that in such a course they will be sure to run upon the very rock that they meant to avoid; which, I suppose, they would have us think is the tyranny of a single person.

Many examples might be produced of the endeavours of each of these three rivals after absolute power; but I shall suit my discourse to the time I am writing in, and relate only such dissensions in Greece and Rome, between the nobles and commons, with the consequences of them, wherein the latter were the aggressors.

I shall begin with Greece, where my observation shall be confined to Athens, though several instances might be brought from other states thereof.

[1] Reference is here made to the "tacking" to the Land-tax Bill of the clause for the resumption of the forfeited estates in Ireland; and to the apparent pretension of the House of Commons that the magnitude of the grants brought them in an especial manner within its cognisance.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE DISSENSIONS IN ATHENS BETWEEN THE FEW AND THE MANY.

THESEUS is the first who is recorded, with any appearance of truth, to have brought the Grecians from a barbarous manner of life, among scattered villages, into cities; and to have established the popular state in Athens, assigning to himself the guardianship of the laws and chief command in war. He was forced, after some time, to leave the Athenians to their own measures, upon account of their seditious temper, which ever continued with them till the final dissolution of their government by the Romans. It seems the country about Attica was the most barren of any in Greece, through which means it happened that the natives were never expelled by the fury of invaders (who thought it not worth a conquest), but continued always aborigines; and therefore retained, through all revolutions, a tincture of that turbulent spirit wherewith their government began. This institution of Theseus appears to have been rather a sort of mixed monarchy, than a popular state; and, for aught we know, might continue so during the series of kings till the death of Codrus. From this last prince Solon was said to be descended; who, finding the people engaged in two violent factions of the poor and the rich, and in great confusion thereupon, refusing the monarchy which was offered him, chose rather

to cast the government after another model, wherein he made provisions for settling the balance of power, choosing a senate of four hundred, and disposing the magistracies and offices according to men's estates; leaving to the multitude their votes in electing, and the power of judging certain processes by appeal. This council of four hundred was chosen, one hundred out of each tribe, and seems to have been a body representative of the people; though the people collective reserved a share of power to themselves. It is a point of history perplexed enough: but this much is certain, that the balance of power was provided for; else Pisistratus, called by authors the tyrant of Athens, could never have governed so peaceably as he did without changing any of Solon's laws.[1] These several powers, together with that of the archon or chief magistrate, made up the form of government in Athens, at what time it began to appear upon the scene of action and story.

The first great man bred up under this institution was Miltiades, who lived about ninety years after Solon, and is reckoned to have been the first great captain, not only of Athens, but of all Greece. From the time of Miltiades to that of Phocion, who is looked upon as the last famous general of Athens, are about 130 years: after which, they were subdued and insulted by Alexander's captains, and continued under several revolutions a small truckling state, of no name or reputation, till they fell with the rest of Greece under the power of the Romans.

During this period from Miltiades to Phocion, I shall trace the conduct of the Athenians with relation to their dissensions between the people and some of their generals; who, at that time, by their power and credit in the army, in a warlike commonwealth, and often supported by each other, were, with the magistrates and other civil officers, a sort of counterpoise to the power of the people; who, since the death of Solon, had already made great encroachments. What these dissensions were, how founded, and what the consequences of them, I shall briefly and impartially relate.

I must here premise that the nobles in Athens were not at this time a corporate assembly, that I can gather; therefore the resentments of the commons were usually turned against particular persons, and by way of articles of impeachment. Whereas the commons in Rome and some other states, as will appear in a proper place, though they followed this method upon occasion, yet generally pursued the enlargement of their power by more set quarrels of one entire assembly against another. However, the custom of particular impeachments being not limited to former ages, any more than that of general struggles and dissensions between fixed assemblies of nobles and commons, and the ruin of Greece having been owing to the former, as that of Rome was to the latter, I shall treat on both expressly; that those states who are concerned in either (if, at least, there be any such now in the world) may, by observing the means and issues of former dissensions, learn whether the causes are alike in theirs; and if they find them to be so, may consider whether they ought not justly to apprehend the same effects.

[1] Herodotus, Lib. i.

To speak of every particular person impeached by the commons of Athens, within the compass designed, would introduce the history of almost every great man they had among them. I shall therefore take notice only of six, who, living at that period of time when Athens was at the height of its glory, as indeed it could not be otherwise while such hands were at the helm, though impeached for high crimes and misdemeanours, such as bribery, arbitrary proceedings, misapplying or embezzling public funds, ill conduct at sea, and the like, were honoured and lamented by their country as the preservers of it, and have had the veneration of all ages since paid justly to their memories.

Miltiades,[1] was one of the Athenian generals against the Persian power, and the famous victory at Marathon was chiefly owing to his valour and conduct. Being sent some time after to reduce the island of Paros, he mistook a great fire at a distance for the fleet, and, being no ways a match for them, set sail for Athens; at his arrival he was impeached by the commons for treachery, though not able to appear by reason of his wounds, fined 30,000 crowns, and died in prison. Though the consequences of this proceeding upon the affairs of Athens were no other than the untimely loss of so great and good a man, yet I could not forbear relating it.

Their next great man was Aristides. Besides the mighty service he had done his country in the wars, he was a person of the strictest justice, and best acquainted with the laws as well as forms of their government, so that he was in a manner chancellor of Athens. This man, upon a slight and false accusation of favouring arbitrary power, was banished by ostracism; which, rendered into modern English, would signify that they voted he should be removed from their presence and council for ever. But, however, they had the wit to recal him, and to that action owed the preservation of their state by his future services. For it must be still confessed in behalf of the Athenian people, that they never conceived themselves perfectly infallible, nor arrived to the heights of modern assemblies, to make obstinacy confirm what sudden heat and temerity began. They thought it not below the dignity of an assembly to endeavour at correcting an ill step; at least to repent, though it often fell out too late.

Themistocles was at first a commoner himself: it was he that raised the Athenians to their greatness at sea, which he thought to be the true and constant interest of that commonwealth; and the famous naval victory over the Persians at Salamis was owing to his conduct.

[1] The cases of Miltiades and Themistocles are paralleled with that of Russell, Lord Orford; of Aristides, with that of Lord Somers; of Pericles and Alcibiades, with that of Lord Halifax; and of Phocion, with that of Portland.

It seems the people observed somewhat of haughtiness in his temper and behaviour, and therefore banished him for five years; but finding some slight matter of accusation against him, they sent to seize his person, and he hardly escaped to the Persian court; whence, if the love of his country had not surmounted its base ingratitude to him, he had many invitations to return at the head of the Persian fleet, and take a terrible revenge: but he rather chose a voluntary death.

The people of Athens impeached Pericles for misapplying the public revenues to his own private use. He had been a person of great deservings from the republic, was an admirable speaker, and very popular. His accounts were confused, and he could not then give them up; therefore, merely to divert that difficulty, and the consequences of it, he was forced to engage his country in the Peloponnesian war, the longest that ever was known in Greece, and which ended in the utter ruin of Athens.

The same people, having resolved to subdue Sicily, sent a mighty fleet under the command of Nicias, Lamachus, and Alcibiades: the two former, persons of age and experience; the last, a young man of noble birth, excellent education, and plentiful fortune. A little before the fleet set sail, it seems one night the stone images of Mercury, placed in several parts of the city, were all pared in the face: this action the Athenians interpreted for a design of destroying the popular state; and Alcibiades, having been formerly noted for the like frolics and excursions, was immediately accused of this. He, whether conscious of his innocence, or assured of the secrecy offered to come to his trial before he went to his command: this the Athenians refused; but as soon as he was got to Sicily they sent for him back, designing to take the advantage and prosecute him in the absence of his friends, and of the army, where he was very powerful. It seems he understood the resentment of a popular assembly too well to trust them; and therefore, instead of returning, escaped to Sparta; where, his desires of revenge prevailing over his love for his country, he became its greatest enemy. Meanwhile the Athenians before Sicily, by the death of one commander, and the superstition, weakness, and perfect ill-conduct of the other, were utterly destroyed, the whole fleet taken, and a miserable slaughter made of the army, whereof hardly one ever returned. Some time after this, Alcibiades was recalled upon his own conditions by the necessities of the people, and made chief commander at sea and land; but his lieutenant engaging against his positive orders, and being beaten by Lysander, Alcibiades was again disgraced and banished. However, the Athenians having lost all strength and heart since their misfortune at Sicily, and now deprived of the only person that was able to recover their losses, repent of their rashness, and endeavour in vain for his restoration; the Persian lieutenant, to whose protection he fled, making him a sacrifice to the resentments of Lysander, the general of the Lacedemonians, who now reduces all the dominions of the Athenians, takes the city, razes their walls, ruins their works, and changes the form of their government, which, though again restored for some time by Thrasybulus (as their walls were rebuilt by Conon), yet here we must date the fall of the Athenian greatness; the dominion and chief power in Greece from that period to the time of Alexander the Great, which was about fifty years, being divided between the Spartans and Thebans. Though Philip, Alexander's father (the Most Christian King of that age), had indeed some time before begun to break in upon the republic of Greece by conquest or bribery; particularly dealing large money among some popular orators, by which he brought many of them, as the term of art was then, to philippize.

In the time of Alexander and his captains, the Athenians were offered an opportunity of recovering their liberty and being restored to their former state: but the wise turn they thought to give the matter was, by an impeachment and sacrifice of the author, to hinder the success. For, after the destruction of Thebes by Alexander, this prince, designing the conquest of Athens, was prevented by Phocion, the Athenian general, then ambassador from that state; who, by his great wisdom and skill at negotiations, diverted Alexander from his design, and restored the Athenians to his favour. The very same success he had with Antipater after Alexander's death, at which time the government was new regulated by Solon's laws: but Polyperchon, in hatred to Phocion, having, by order of the young king, whose governor he was, restored those whom Phocion had banished, the plot succeeded. Phocion was accused by popular orators, and put to death.

Thus was the most powerful commonwealth of all Greece, after great degeneracies from the institution of Solon, utterly destroyed by that rash, jealous, and inconstant humour of the people, which was never satisfied to see a general either victorious or unfortunate: such ill judges, as well as rewarders, have popular assemblies been, of those who best deserved from them.

Now, the circumstance which makes these examples of more importance is, that this very power of the people in Athens, claimed so confidently for an inherent right, and insisted on as the undoubted privilege of an Athenian born, was the rankest encroachment imaginable, and the grossest degeneracy from the form that Solon left them. In short, their government was grown into a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the people, who by degrees had broke and overthrown the balance which that legislator had very well fixed and provided for. This appears not only from what has been already said of that lawgiver, but more manifestly from a passage in Diodorus,[1] who tells us that Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, abrogated the

[1] Lib. xviii.

popular government in Athens, and restored the power of suffrages and magistracy to such only as were worth two thousand drachmas; by which means, says he, that republic came to be again administered by the laws of Solon. By this quotation it is manifest that great author looked upon Solon's institution and a popular government to be two different things. And as for this restoration by Antipater, it had neither consequence nor continuance worth observing.

I might easily produce many more examples, but these are sufficient: and it may be worth the reader's time to reflect a little on the merits of the cause, as well as of the men who had been thus dealt with by their country. I shall direct him no farther than by repeating that Aristides was the most renowned by the people themselves for his exact justice and knowledge in the law; that Themistocles was a most fortunate admiral, and had got a mighty victory over the great king of Persia's fleet; that Pericles was an able minister of state, an excellent orator, and a man of letters; and lastly, that Phocion, beside the success of his arms, was also renowned for his negotiations abroad; having in an embassy brought the greatest monarch of the world at that time to the terms of an honourable peace, by which his country was preserved.

I shall conclude my remarks upon Athens with the character given us of that people by Polybius. About this time, says he, the Athenians were governed by two men, quite sunk in their affairs, had little or no commerce with the rest of Greece, and were become great reverencers of crowned heads.

For, from the time of Alexander's captains till Greece was subdued by the Romans, to the latter part of which this description of Polybius falls in, Athens never produced one famous man either for counsels or arms, or hardly for learning. And, indeed, it was a dark insipid period through all Greece: for, except the Achaian league under Aratus and Philopœmen, and the endeavours of Agis and Cleomenes to restore the state of Sparta, so frequently harassed by tyrannies occasioned by the popular practices of the ephori, there was very little worth recording. All which consequences may perhaps be justly imputed to this degeneracy of Athens.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE DISSENSIONS BEWTEEN THE PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS IN ROME, WITH THE CONSEQUENCES THEY HAD UPON THAT STATE.

HAVING in the foregoing chapter confined myself to the proceedings of the commons only, by the method of impeachments against particular persons, with the fatal effects they had upon the state of Athens; I shall now treat of the dissensions at Rome between the people and the collective body of the patricians or nobles. It is a large subject, but I shall draw it into as narrow a compass as I can.

As Greece, from the most ancient accounts we have of it, was divided into several kingdoms, so was most part of Italy into several petty commonwealths. And as those kings in Greece are said to have been deposed by their people upon the score of their arbitrary proceedings, so, on the contrary, the commonwealths of Italy were all swallowed up and concluded in the tyranny of the Roman emperors. However, the differences between those Grecian monarchies and Italian republics were not very great; for, by the account Homer gives us of those Grecian princes who came to the siege of Troy, as well as by several passages in the Odyssey, it is manifest that the power of these princes in their several states was much of a size with that of the kings in Sparta, the archon at Athens, the *suffetes* at Carthage, and the consuls in Rome: so that a limited and divided power seems to have been the most ancient and inherent principle of both those peoples in matters of government. And such did that of Rome continue from the time of Romulus, though with some interruptions, to Julius Cæsar, when it ended in the tyranny of a single person. During which period (not many years longer than from the Norman conquest to our age) the commons were growing by degrees into power and property, gaining ground upon the patricians, as it were, inch by inch, till at last they quite overturned the balance, leaving all doors open to the practices of popular and ambitious men, who destroyed the wisest republic, and enslaved the noblest people, that ever entered upon the stage of the world. By what steps and degrees this was brought to pass, shall be the subject of my present inquiry.

While Rome was governed by kings, the monarchy was altogether elective. Romulus himself, when he had built the city, was declared king by the universal consent of the people, and by augury, which was there understood for divine appointment. Among other divisions he made of the people, one was into patricians and plebeians: the former were like the barons of England some time after the conquest; and the latter are also described to be almost exactly what our commons were then. For they were dependents upon the patricians, whom they chose for their patrons and protectors, to answer for their appearance and defend them in any process: they also supplied their patrons with money in exchange for their protection. This custom of patronage, it seems, was very ancient, and long practised among the Greeks.

Out of these patricians Romulus chose a hundred to be a senate, or grand council, for advice and assistance to him in the administration. The senate therefore originally consisted all of nobles, and were of themselves a standing council, the people being only convoked upon such occasions as by this institution of Romulus fell into their cognisance: those were, to constitute magistrates, to give their votes for mak-

ing laws, and to advise upon entering on a war. But the two former of these popular privileges were to be confirmed by authority of the senate; and the last was only permitted at the king's pleasure. This was the utmost extent of power pretended to by the commons in the time of Romulus, all the rest being divided between the king and the senate; the whole agreeing very nearly with the constitution of England for some centuries after the conquest.

After a year's interregnum from the death of Romulus, the senate of their own authority chose a successor, and a stranger, merely upon the fame of his virtue, without asking the consent of the commons; which custom they likewise observed in the two following kings. But in the election of Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king, we first hear mentioned that it was done *populi impetratâ venîâ;* which indeed was but very reasonable for a free people to expect; though I cannot remember, in my little reading, by what incidents they were brought to advance so great a step. However it were, this prince, in gratitude to the people, by whose consent he was chosen, elected a hundred senators out of the commons, whose number, with former additions, was now amounted to three hundred.

The people, having once discovered their own strength, did soon take occasion to exert it, and that by very great degrees. For at this king's death, who was murdered by the sons of a former, being at a loss for a successor, Servius Tullius, a stranger, and of mean extraction, was chosen protector of the kingdom by the people, without the consent of the senate;[1] at which the nobles being displeased, he wholly applied himself to gratify the commons, and was by them declared and confirmed no longer protector, but king.

This prince first introduced the custom of giving freedom to servants, so as to become citizens of equal privileges with the rest, which very much contributed to increase the power of the people.

Thus in a very few years the commons proceeded so far as to wrest even the power of choosing a king entirely out of the hands of the nobles; which was so great a leap, and caused such a convulsion and struggle in the state, that the constitution could not bear it; but civil dissensions arose, which immediately were followed by the tyranny of a single person, as this was by the utter subversion of the regal government, and by a settlement upon a new foundation. For the nobles, spited at this indignity done them by the commons, firmly united in a body, deposed this prince by plain force, and chose Tarquin the Proud;[2] who, running into all the forms and methods of tyranny, after a cruel reign was expelled by a universal concurrence of nobles and people, whom the miseries of his reign had reconciled.

When the consular government began, the balance of power between the nobles and plebeians was fixed anew; the two first consuls were nominated by the nobles and confirmed by the commons; and a law was enacted, That no person should bear any magistracy in Rome *injussu populi*, that is, without the consent of the commons.

In such turbulent times as these, many of the poorer citizens had contracted numerous debts, either to the richer sort among themselves, or to senators and other nobles: and the case of debtors in Rome for the first four centuries was, after the set time for payment, that they had no choice but either to pay or be the creditor's slave. In this juncture, the commons leave the city in mutiny and discontent, and will not return but upon condition to be acquitted of all their debts; and moreover, that certain magistrates be chosen yearly, whose business it shall be to defend the commons from injuries. These are called tribunes of the people; their persons are held sacred and inviolable, and the people bind themselves by oath never to abrogate the office. By these tribunes, in process of time, the people were grossly imposed on to serve the turns and occasions of revengeful or ambitious men, and to commit such exorbitancies as could not end but in the dissolution of the government.

These tribunes, a year or two after their institution, kindled great dissensions between the nobles and the commons on the account of Coriolanus, a nobleman whom the latter had impeached, and the consequences of whose impeachment (if I had not confined myself to Grecian examples for that part of my subject) had like to have been so fatal to their state. And from this time the tribunes began a custom of accusing to the people whatever nobles they pleased, several of whom were banished or put to death in every age.

At this time the Romans were very much engaged in wars with their neighbouring states; but upon the least intervals of peace the quarrels between the nobles and the plebeians would revive; and one of the most frequent subjects of their differences was the conquered lands, which the commons would fain have divided among the public; but the senate could not be brought to give their consent. For several of the wisest among the nobles began to apprehend the growing power of the people; and therefore, knowing what an accession thereof would accrue to them by such an addition of property, used all means to prevent it: for this the Appian family was most noted, and thereupon most hated by the commons. One of them, having made a speech against this division of lands, was impeached by the people of high treason, and a day appointed for his trial; but disdaining to make his defence, he chose rather the usual Roman remedy of killing himself: after whose death the commons prevailed, and the lands were divided among them.

This point was no sooner gained, but new dissensions began; for the plebeians would fain

[1] The parallel is with the Great Rebellion, the execution of Charles I., and the Protectorate of Cromwell.

[2] Who corresponds to James II.

have a law enacted to lay all men's rights and privileges upon the same level; and to enlarge the power of every magistrate within his own jurisdiction, as much as that of the consuls. The tribunes also obtained to have their numbers doubled, which before was five: and the author[1] tells us that their insolence and power increased with their number, and the seditions were also doubled with it.

By the beginning of the fourth century from the building of Rome, the tribunes proceeded so far in the name of the commons as to accuse and fine the consuls themselves, who represented the kingly power. And the senate, observing how in all contentions they were forced to yield to the tribunes and people, thought it their wisest course to give way also to time; therefore a decree was made to send ambassadors to Athens and to the other Grecian commonwealths planted in that part of Italy called Græcia Major, to make a collection of the best laws; out of which, and some of their own, a new complete body of law was formed, afterward known by the name of the laws of the twelve tables.

To digest these laws into order, ten men were chosen, and the administration of all affairs left in their hands; what use they made of it has been already shown. It was certainly a great revolution, produced entirely by the many unjust encroachments of the people, and might have wholly changed the fate of Rome, if the folly and vice of those who were chiefly concerned could have suffered it to take root.

A few years after, the commons made farther advances on the power of the nobles; demanding, among the rest, that the consulship, which hitherto had only been disposed to the former, should now lie in common to the pretensions of any Roman whatsoever. This, though it failed at present, yet afterward obtained, and was a mighty step to the ruin of the commonwealth.

What I have hitherto said of Rome has been chiefly collected out of that exact and diligent writer Dionysius Halicarnasseus, whose history, through the injury of time, reaches no farther than to the beginning of the fourth century after the building of Rome. The rest I shall supply from other authors, though I do not think it necessary to deduce this matter any farther so very particularly as I have hitherto done.

To point at what time the balance of power was most equally held between the lords and commons in Rome, would perhaps admit a controversy. Polybius tells us that in the second Punic war the Carthaginians were declining, because the balance was got too much on the side of the people; whereas the Romans were in their greatest vigour by the power remaining in the senate: yet this was between two and three hundred years after the period Dionysius ends with, in which time the commons had made several farther acquisitions. This however must be granted, that (till about the middle of the fourth century) when the senate appeared resolute at any time upon exerting their authority, and adhered closely together, they did often carry their point. Besides, it is observed by the best authors that in all the quarrels and tumults at Rome, from the expulsion of the kings, though the people frequently proceeded to rude contumelious language, and sometimes so far as to pull and hale one another about the forum, yet no blood was ever drawn in any popular commotions till the time of the Gracchi: however, I am of opinion that the balance had begun many years before to lean to the popular side. But this default was corrected, partly by the principle just mentioned, of never drawing blood in a tumult; partly by the warlike genius of the people, which, in those ages, was almost perpetually employed; and partly by their great commanders, who, by the credit they had in their armies, fell into the scales as a farther counterpoise to the growing power of the people. Besides, Polybius, who lived in the time of Scipio Africanus the younger, had the same apprehensions of the continual encroachments made by the commons; and, being a person of as great abilities and as much sagacity as any of his age, from observing the corruptions which, he says, had already entered into the Roman constitution, did very nearly foretell what would be the issue of them. His words are very remarkable, and with little addition may be rendered to this purpose: "That those abuses and corruptions which in time destroy a government are sown along with the very seeds of it, and both grow up together; and that, as rust eats away iron, and worms devour wood, and both are a sort of plagues born and bred along with the substance they destroy, so, with every form and scheme of government that man can invent, some vice or corruption creeps in with the very institution which grows up along with and at last destroys it."[1] The same author, in another place, ventures so far as to guess at the particular fate which would attend the Roman government. He says its ruin would arise from the popular tumults, which would introduce a *dominatio plebis*, or tyranny of the people; wherein it is certain he had reason, and therefore might have adventured to pursue his conjectures so far as to the consequences of a popular tyranny, which, as perpetual experience teaches, never fails to be followed by the arbitrary government of a single person.[2]

About the middle of the fourth century from the building of Rome, it was declared lawful for nobles and plebeians to intermarry; which custom, among many other states, has proved the most effectual means to ruin the former, and raise the latter.

And now the greatest employments in the state were, one after another, by laws forcibly enacted by the commons, made free to the people; the consulship itself, the office of censor, that of the quæstors or commissioners of the treasury, the office of prætor or chief justice,

[1] DIONYS. HALICAR.

[1] Lib. v. [2] POLYBIUS, Frag., Lib. vi.

the priesthood, and even that of dictator; the senate, after long opposition, yielding, merely for present quiet, to the continual urging clamours of the commons, and of the tribunes their advocates. A law was likewise enacted that the *plebiscita*, or a vote of the house of commons, should be of universal obligation; nay, in time the method of enacting laws was wholly inverted, for, whereas the senate used of old to confirm the *plebiscita*, the people did at last, as they pleased, confirm or disannul the *senatus consulta*.[1]

Appius Claudius brought in a custom of admitting to the senate the sons of freedmen, or of such who had once been slaves; by which, and succeeding alterations of the like nature, that great council degenerated into a most corrupt and factious body of men divided against itself, and its authority became despised.

The century and half following, to the end of the third Punic war by the destruction of Carthage, was a very busy period at Rome, the intervals between every war being so short that the tribunes and people had hardly leisure or breath to engage in domestic dissensions; however, the little time they could spare was generally employed the same way. So Terentius Leo, a tribune, is recorded to have basely prostituted the privileges of a Roman citizen in perfect spite to the nobles. So the great African Scipio and his brother, after all their mighty services, were impeached by an ungrateful commons.

However, the warlike genius of the people, and the continual employment they had for it, served to divert this humour from running into a head, till the age of the Gracchi.

These persons, entering the scene in the time of a full peace, fell violently upon advancing the power of the people, by reducing into practice all those encroachments which they had been so many years gaining. There were at that time certain conquered lands to be divided, besides a great private estate left by a king; these the tribunes, by procurement of the elder Gracchus, declared by their legislative authority were not to be disposed of by the nobles, but by the commons only. The younger brother pursued the same design; and, besides, obtained a law that all Italians should vote at elections as well as the citizens of Rome: in short, the whole endeavours of them both perpetually turned upon retrenching the nobles' authority in all things, but especially in the matter of judicature. And though they both lost their lives in those pursuits, yet they traced out such ways as were afterward followed by Marius, Sylla, Pompey, and Cæsar, to the ruin of the Roman freedom and greatness.

For in the time of Marius, Saturninus, a tribune, procured a law that the senate should be bound by oath to agree to whatever the people would enact; and Marius himself, while he was in that office of tribune, is recorded to have with great industry used all endeavours for depressing the nobles and raising the people, particularly for cramping the former in their power of judicature, which was their most ancient inherent right.

Sylla, by the same measure, became absolute tyrant of Rome; he added three hundred commons to the senate, which perplexed the power of the whole order, and rendered it ineffectual; then, flinging off the mask, he abolished the office of tribune, as being only a scaffold to tyranny whereof he had no further use.

As to Pompey and Cæsar, Plutarch tells us that their union for pulling down the nobles (by their credit with the people) was the cause of the civil war, which ended in the tyranny of the latter, both of them in their consulships having used all endeavours and occasions for sinking the authority of the patricians, and giving way to all encroachments of the people, wherein they expected best to find their own account.

From this deduction of popular encroachments in Rome, the reader will easily judge how much the balance was fallen upon that side. Indeed, by this time the very foundation was removed, and it was a moral impossibility that the republic could subsist any longer; for, the commons having usurped the offices of state, and trampled on the senate, there was no government left but a *dominatio plebis*. Let us therefore examine how they proceeded in this conjuncture.

I think it is a universal truth, that the people are much more dexterous at pulling down and setting up, than at preserving what is fixed; and they are not fonder of seizing more than their own, than they are of delivering it up again to the worst bidder, with their own into the bargain. For although, in their corrupt notions of divine worship, they are apt to multiply their gods, yet their earthly devotion is seldom paid to above one idol at a time of their own creation, whose oar they pull with less murmuring, and much more skill, than when they share the lading, or even hold the helm.

The several provinces of the Roman empire were now governed by the great men of their state; those upon the frontiers, with powerful armies, either for conquest or defence. These governors, upon any designs of revenge or ambition, were sure to meet with a divided power at home, and therefore bent all their thoughts and applications to close in with the people, who were now by many degrees the stronger party. Two of the greatest spirits that Rome ever produced happened to live at the same time, and to be engaged in the same pursuit, and this at a conjuncture the most dangerous for such a contest; these were Pompey and Cæsar, two stars of such a magnitude that their conjunction was as likely to be fatal as their opposition.

The tribunes and people, having now subdued all competitors, began the last game of a prevalent populace, which is that of choosing themselves a master; while the nobles foresaw, and used all endeavours left them to prevent it. The people at first made Pompey their admiral, with full power over all the Mediterranean, soon after

[1] Dionysius, Lib. ii.

captain-general of all the Roman forces, and governor of Asia. Pompey, on the other side, restored the office of tribune, which Sylla had put down, and in his consulship procured a law for examining into the miscarriages of men in office or command for twenty years past. Many other examples of Pompey's popularity are left us on record, who was a perfect favourite of the people, and designed to be more; but his pretensions grew stale for want of a timely opportunity of introducing them upon the stage. For Cæsar, with his legions in Gaul, was a perpetual check upon his designs; and in the arts of pleasing the people did soon after get many lengths beyond him. For he tells us himself that the senate, by a bold effort, having made some severe decrees against his proceedings, and against the tribunes, these all left the city and went over to his party, and consequently along with them the affections and interests of the people; which is farther manifest from the accounts he gives us of the citizens in several towns mutinying against their commanders, and delivering both to his devotion. Besides, Cæsar's public and avowed pretensions for beginning the civil war were, to restore the tribunes and the people, oppressed (as he pretended) by the nobles.

This forced Pompey, against his inclinations, upon the necessity of changing sides, for fear of being forsaken by both; and of closing in with the senate and chief magistrates, by whom he was chosen general against Cæsar.

Thus at length the senate (at least the primitive part of them, the nobles) under Pompey, and the commons under Cæsar, came to a final decision of the long quarrels between them. For, I think, the ambition of private men did by no means begin or occasion this war; though civil dissensions never fail of introducing and spiriting the ambition of private men; who thus become indeed the great instruments for deciding such quarrels, and at last are sure to seize on the prize. But no man that sees a flock of vultures hovering over two armies ready to engage, can justly charge the blood drawn in the battle to them, though the carcases fall to their share. For while the balance of power is equally held, the ambition of private men, whether orators or great commanders, gives neither danger nor fear, nor can possibly enslave their country; but that once broken, the divided parties are forced to unite each to its head, under whose conduct or fortune one side is at first victorious, and at last both are slaves. And to put it past dispute that this entire subversion of the Roman liberty and constitution was altogether owing to those measures which had broke the balance between the patricians and plebeians, whereof the ambition of particular men was but an effect and consequence, we need only consider that, when the uncorrupted part of the senate had, by the death of Cæsar, made one great effort to restore the former state and liberty, the success did not answer their hopes; but that whole assembly was so sunk in its authority, that those patriots were forced to fly and give way to the madness of the people, who, by their own dispositions, stirred up with the harangues of their orators, were now wholly bent upon single and despotic slavery. Else, how could such a profligate as Antony, or a boy of eighteen like Octavius, ever dare to dream of giving the law to such an empire and people? wherein the latter succeeded, and entailed the vilest tyranny that heaven, in its anger, ever inflicted on a corrupt and poisoned people. And this with so little appearance at Cæsar's death, that when Cicero wrote to Brutus how he had prevailed by his credit with Octavius to promise him (Brutus) pardon and security for his person, that great Roman received the notice with the utmost indignity, and returned Cicero an answer, yet upon record, full of the highest resentment and contempt for such an offer and from such a hand.

Here ended all show or shadow of liberty in Rome. Here was the repository of all the wise contentions and struggles for power between the nobles and commons, lapped up safely in the bosom of a Nero and a Caligula, a Tiberius and a Domitian.

Let us now see, from this deduction of particular impeachments and general dissensions in Greece and Rome, what conclusions may naturally be formed for instruction of any other state that may haply upon many points labour under the like circumstances.

CHAPTER IV.

Upon the subject of impeachments we may observe, that the custom of accusing the nobles to the people, either by themselves or their orators, (now styled an impeachment in the name of the commons,) has been very ancient doth in Greece and Rome, as well as Carthage, and therefore may seem to be the inherent right of a free people; nay, perhaps it is really so; but then it is to be considered, first, that this custom was peculiar to republics, or such states where the administration lay principally in the hands of the commons, and ever raged more or less according to their encroachments upon absolute power; having been always looked upon by the wisest men and best authors of those times as an effect of licentiousness, and not of liberty; a distinction which no multitude, either represented or collective, has been at any time very nice in observing. However, perhaps this custom in a popular state, of impeaching particular men, may seem to be nothing else but the people's choosing upon occasion to exercise their own jurisdiction in person; as if a king of England should sit as chief justice in his court of king's bench; which, they say, in former times he sometimes did. But in Sparta, which was called a kingly government, though the people were perfectly free, yet, because the administration was in the two kings and the ephori, with the assistance of the senate, we read of no im-

peachments by the people; nor was the process against great men, either upon account of ambition or ill conduct, though it reached sometimes to kings themselves, ever formed that way, as I can recollect, but only passed through those hands where the administration lay. So likewise, during the regal government in Rome, though it was instituted a mixed monarchy, and the people made great advances in power, yet I do not remember to have read of one impeachment from the commons against a patrician, until the consular state began and the people had made great encroachments upon the administration.

Another thing to be considered is, that, allowing this right of impeachment to be as inherent as they please, yet, if the commons have been perpetually mistaken in the merits of the causes and the persons, as well as in the consequences of such impeachments upon the peace of the state, we cannot conclude less than that the commons in Greece and Rome (whatever they may be in other states) were by no means qualified, either as prosecutors or judges, in such matters; and, therefore, that it would have been prudent to have reserved these privileges dormant, never to be produced but upon very great and urging occasions, where the state is in apparent danger, the universal body of the people in clamours against the administration, and no other remedy in view. But for a few popular orators or tribunes, upon the score of personal piques; or to employ the pride they conceive in seeing themselves at the head of a party; or as a method for advancement; or moved by certain powerful arguments that could make Demosthenes philippize: for such men, I say, when the state would of itself gladly be quiet, and has, besides, affairs of the last importance upon the anvil, to impeach Miltiades, after a great naval victory, for not pursuing the Persian fleet; to impeach Aristides, the person most versed among them in the knowledge and practice of their laws, for a blind suspicion of his acting in an arbitrary way, that is, as they expound it, not in concert with the people; to impeach Pericles, after all his services, for a few inconsiderable accounts; or to impeach Phocion, who had been guilty of no other crime but negotiating a treaty for the peace and security of his country: what could the continuance of such proceedings end in, but the utter discouragement of all virtuous actions and persons, and consequently in the ruin of a state? Therefore the historians of those ages seldom fail to set this matter in all its lights, leaving us in the highest and most honourable ideas of those persons who suffered by the persecution of the people, together with the fatal consequences they had, and how the persecutors seldom failed to repent when it was too late.

These impeachments, perpetually falling upon many of the best men both in Greece and Rome, are a cloud of witnesses and examples enough to discourage men of virtue and abilities from engaging in the service of the public; and help, on the other side, to introduce the ambitious, the covetous, the superficial, and the ill designing; who are as apt to be bold, and forward, and meddling, as the former are to be cautious, and modest, and reserved. This was so well known in Greece, that an eagerness after employments in the state was looked upon by wise men as the worst title a man could set up, and made Plato say, that if all men were as good as they ought to be, the quarrel in a commonwealth would be, not, as it is now, who should be ministers of state, but who should not be so. And Socrates is introduced by Xenophon[1] severely chiding a friend of his for not entering into the public service when he was every way qualified for it: such a backwardness there was at that time among good men to engage with a usurping people and a set of pragmatical ambitious orators. And Diodorus tells us[2] that when the petalism was erected at Syracuse, in imitation of the ostracism at Athens, it was so notoriously levelled against all who had either birth or merit to recommend them, that whoever possessed either withdrew for fear, and would have no concern in public affairs. So that the people themselves were forced to abrogate it, for fear of bringing all things into confusion.

There is one thing more to be observed, wherein all the popular impeachments in Greece and Rome seem to have agreed; and that was a notion they had of being concerned in point of honour to condemn whatever person they impeached, however frivolous the articles were upon which they began, or however weak the surmises whereon they were to proceed in their proofs. For to conceive that the body of the people could be mistaken, was an indignity not to be imagined, till the consequences had convinced them when it was past remedy. And I look upon this as a fate to which all popular accusations are subject; though I should think that the saying, *Vox populi vox Dei*, ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a people, not of the bare majority of a few representatives, which is often procured by little arts and great industry and application; wherein those who engage in the pursuits of malice and revenge are much more sedulous than such as would prevent them.

From what has been deduced of the dissensions in Rome between the two bodies of patricians and plebeians, several reflections may be made.

First, That when the balance of power is duly fixed in a state, nothing is more dangerous or unwise than to give way to the first steps of popular encroachments, which is usually done either in hopes of procuring ease and quiet from some vexatious clamour, or else made merchandise, and merely bought and sold. This is breaking into a constitution to serve a present expedient, or supply a present exigency: the remedy of an empiric, to stifle the present pain, but with cer-

[1] In the Memorabilia.

[2] Lib. ii. The votes by petalism were written upon leaves, as those by ostracism upon shells.

tain prospect of sudden and terrible returns. When a child grows easy and content by being humoured, and when a lover becomes satisfied by small compliances without farther pursuits, then expect to find popular assemblies content with small concessions. If there could one single example be brought from the whole compass of history of any one popular assembly who, after beginning to contend for power, ever sat down quietly with a certain share; or if one instance could be produced of a popular assembly that ever knew, or proposed, or declared what share of power was their due; then might there be some hopes that it were a matter to be adjusted by reasonings, by conferences, or debates: but since all that is manifestly otherwise, I see no other course to be taken in a settled state than a steady constant resolution in those to whom the rest of the balance is intrusted never to give way so far to popular clamours as to make the least breach in the constitution, through which a million of abuses and encroachments will certainly in time force their way.

Again, from this deduction it will not be difficult to gather and assign certain marks of popular encroachments; by observing which, those who hold the balance in a state may judge of the degrees, and, by early remedies and application, put a stop to the fatal consequences that would otherwise ensue. What those marks are, has been at large deduced, and need not be here repeated.

Another consequence is this, that (with all respect for popular assemblies be it spoken) it is hard to recollect one folly, infirmity, or vice, to which a single man is subjected, and from which a body of commons, either collective or represented, can be wholly exempt. For, besides that they are composed of men with all their infirmities about them, they have also the ill fortune to be generally led and influenced by the very worst among themselves; I mean popular orators, tribunes, or, as they are now styled, great speakers, leading men, and the like. Whence it comes to pass, that in their results we have sometimes found the same spirit of cruelty and revenge, of malice and pride, the same blindness and obstinacy and unsteadiness, the same ungovernable rage and anger, the same injustice, sophistry, and fraud, that ever lodged in the breast of any individual.

Again, in all free states the evil to be avoided is tyranny; that is to say, the *summa imperii*, or unlimited power, solely in the hands of the one, the few, or the many. Now, we have shown that, although most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person; so that a usurping populace is its own dupe, a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance, to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.

CHAPTER V.

SOME reflections upon the late public proceedings among us, and that variety of factions into which we are still so intricately engaged, gave occasion to this discourse. I am not conscious that I have forced one example, or put it into any other light than it appeared to me long before I had thought of producing it.

I cannot conclude without adding some particular remarks upon the present posture of affairs and dispositions in this kingdom.

The fate of empire is grown a commonplace: that all forms of government, having been instituted by men, must be mortal like their authors, and have their periods of duration limited, as well as those of private persons. This is a truth of vulgar knowledge and observation: but there are few who turn their thoughts to examine how those diseases in a state are bred that hasten its end; which would, however, be a very useful inquiry. For, though we cannot prolong the period of a commonwealth beyond the decree of Heaven or the date of its nature, any more than human life beyond the strength of the seminal virtue, yet we may manage a sickly constitution, and preserve a strong one; we may watch and prevent accidents; we may turn off a great blow from without, and purge away an ill humour that is lurking within: and, by these and other such methods, render a state long-lived though not immortal. Yet some physicians have thought that, if it were practicable to keep the several humours of the body in an exact equal balance of each with its opposite, it might be immortal; and so perhaps would a political body, if the balance of power could be always held exactly even. But I doubt this is as impossible in practice as the other.

It has an appearance of fatality, and that the period of a state approaches, when a concurrence of many circumstances, both within and without, unite towards its ruin; while the whole body, of the people are either stupidly negligent, or else giving in with all their might to those very practices that are working their destruction. To see whole bodies of men breaking a constitution by the very same errors that so many have been broke before; to observe opposite parties, who can agree in nothing else, yet firmly united in such measures as must certainly ruin their country; in short, to be encompassed with the greatest dangers from without, to be torn by many virulent factions within; then to be secure and senseless under all this, and to make it the very least of our concern; these, and some others that might be named, appear to me to be the most likely symptoms in a state of a sickness unto death.

Quod procul a nobis flectat fortuna gubernans:
Et ratio potius, quam res persuadeat ipsa.[1]

There are some conjunctures wherein the death or dissolution of government is more lamentable

[1] LUCRETIUS, Lib. v. 108.

in its consequences than it would be in others. And, I think, a state can never arrive to its period in a more deplorable crisis than at a time when some prince in the neighbourhood, of vast power and ambition, lies hovering like a vulture to devour, or at least dismember, its dying carcase; by which means it becomes only a province or acquisition to some mighty monarchy, without hopes of a resurrection.

I know very well there is a set of sanguine tempers who deride and ridicule, in the number of fopperies, all such apprehensions as these. They have it ready in their mouths that the people of England are of a genius and temper never to admit slavery among them; and they are furnished with a great many commonplaces upon that subject. But it seems to me that such discoursers do reason upon short views and a very moderate compass of thought. For I think it a great error to count upon the genius of a nation as a standing argument in all ages, since there is hardly a spot of ground in Europe where the inhabitants have not frequently and entirely changed their temper and genius. Neither can I see any reason why the genius of a nation should be more fixed in the point of government than in their morals, their learning, their religion, their common humour and conversation, their diet, and their complexion; which do all notoriously vary almost in every age, and may every one of them have great effects upon men's notions of government.

Since the Norman conquest the balance of power in England has often varied, and sometimes been wholly overturned; the part which the commons had in it, (that most disputed point,) in its original progress and extent, was, by their own confessions, but a very inconsiderable share. Generally speaking, they have been gaining ever since, though with frequent interruptions and slow progress. The abolishing of villanage, together with the custom introduced (or permitted) among the nobles, of selling their lands, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, was a mighty addition to the power of the commons: yet I think a much greater happened in the time of his successor, at the dissolution of the abbeys; for this turned the clergy wholly out of the scale, who had so long filled it; and placed the commons in their stead, who, in a few years, became possessed of vast quantities of those and other lands, by grant or purchase. About the middle of queen Elizabeth's reign, I take the power between the nobles and the commons to have been in more equal balance than it was ever before or since. But then, or soon after, arose a faction in England, which, under the name of Puritans, began to grow popular, by moulding up their new schemes of religion with republican principles in government; and gaining upon the prerogative as well as the nobles, under several denominations, for the space of about sixty years, did at last overthrow the constitution, and according to the usual course of such revolutions, did introduce a tyranny, first of the people, and then of a single person.

In a short time after, the old government was revived. But the progress of affairs for almost thirty years, under the reigns of two weak princes,[1] is a subject of a different nature; when the balance was in danger to be overturned by the hands that held it, which was at last very seasonably prevented by the late Revolution. However, as it is the talent of human nature to run from one extreme to another, so in a very few years we have made mighty leaps from prerogative heights into the depth of popularity, and I doubt to the very last degree that our constitution will bear. It were to be wished that the most august assembly of the commons would please to form a pandect of their own power and privileges, to be confirmed by the entire legislative authority, and that in as solemn a manner (if they please) as the *magna charta*. But to fix one foot of their compass wherever they think fit, and extend the other to such terrible lengths, without describing any circumference at all, is to leave us and themselves in a very uncertain state, and in a sort of rotation that the author of the Oceana[2] never dreamed on. I believe the most hardy tribune will not venture to affirm at present that any just fears of encroachment are given us from the regal power, or the few: and is it then impossible to err on the other side? How far must we proceed, or where shall we stop? The raging of the sea, and the madness of the people, are put together in holy writ, and it is God alone who can say to either, "Hitherto shalt thou pass, and no farther."

The balance of power in a limited state is of such absolute necessity, that Cromwell himself, before he had perfectly confirmed his tyranny, having some occasions for the appearance of a parliament, was forced to create and erect an entire new house of lords (such as it was) for a counterpoise to the commons. And indeed, considering the vileness of the clay, I have sometimes wondered that no tribune of that age durst ever venture to ask the potter, "What dost thou make?"[3] But it was then about the last act of a popular usurpation; and fate, or Cromwell, had already prepared them for that of a single person.

I have been often amazed at the rude, passionate, and mistaken results which have, at certain times, fallen from great assemblies, both ancient and modern, and of other countries as well as our own. This gave me the opinion I mentioned a while ago, that public conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and vices of private men. To which if there be any exception, it must be of such assemblies who act by universal concert, upon public principles, and for public ends; such as proceed upon debates

[1] Charles II. and James II.

[2] Mr James Harrington, who, in the time of the Commonwealth, published a Utopian scheme of government, entitled "The Commonwealth of Oceana," part of which was the retirement of a portion of the senate by rote.

[3] Pride the brewer, Hewson the cobbler, and such other upstarts as the civil war had called into eminence, were summoned to the Upper House by writ.

without unbecoming warmths or influence from particular leaders and inflamers; such, whose members, instead of canvassing to procure majorities for their private opinions, are ready to comply with general sober results, though contrary to their own sentiments. Whatever assemblies act by these and other methods of the like nature, must be allowed to be exempt from several imperfections to which particular men are subjected. But I think the source of most mistakes and miscarriages in matters debated by public assemblies arises from the influence of private persons upon great numbers, styled, in common phrase, leading men and parties. And, therefore, when we sometimes meet a few words put together, which is called the vote or resolution of an assembly, and which we cannot possibly reconcile to prudence or public good, it is most charitable to conjecture that such a vote has been conceived, and born, and bred in a private brain; afterwards raised and supported by an obsequious party; and then with usual methods confirmed by an artificial majority. For, let us suppose five hundred men, mixed in point of sense and honesty, as usually assemblies are; and let us suppose these men proposing, debating, resolving, voting, according to the mere natural motions of their own little or much reason and understanding; I do allow that abundance of indigested and abortive, many pernicious and foolish overtures, would arise and float a few minutes; but then they would die and disappear. Because this must be said in behalf of human kind, that common sense and plain reason, while men are disengaged from acquired opinions, will ever have some general influence upon their minds; whereas the species of folly and vice are infinite, and so different in every individual that they could never procure a majority if other corruptions did not enter to pervert men's understandings and misguide their wills.

To describe how parties are bred in an assembly would be a work too difficult at present, and perhaps not altogether safe. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ.* Whether those who are leaders usually arrive at that station more by a sort of instinct, or secret composition of their nature, or influence of the stars, than by the possession of any great abilities, may be a point of much dispute; but when the leader is once fixed there will never fail to be followers. And man is so apt to imitate, so much of the nature of sheep (*imitatores, servum pecus*), that whoever is so bold to give the first great leap over the heads of those about him, though he be the worst of the flock, shall be quickly followed by the rest. Besides, when parties are once formed, the stragglers look so ridiculous, and become so insignificant, that they have no other way but to run into the herd, which at least will hide and protect them; and where to be much considered requires only to be very violent.

But there is one circumstance with relation to parties which I take to be, of all others, most pernicious in a state; and I would be glad any partisan would help me to a tolerable reason that, because Clodius and Curio happen to agree with me in a few singular notions, I must therefore blindly follow them in all: or, to state it at best, that, because Bibulus the party-man is persuaded that Clodius and Curio do really propose the good of their country as their chief end, therefore Bibulus shall be wholly guided and governed by them in the means and measures toward it. Is it enough for Bibulus and the rest of the herd to say, without farther examining, "I am of the side with Clodius," or "I vote with Curio?" Are these proper methods to form and make up what they think fit to call the united wisdom of the nation? Is it not possible that upon some occasion Clodius may be bold and insolent, borne away by his passion, malicious and revengeful? that Curio may be corrupt, and expose to sale his tongue or his pen? I conceive it far below the dignity both of human nature and human reason to be engaged in any party, the most plausible soever, upon such servile conditions.

This influence of one upon many, which seems to be as great in a people represented as it was of old in the commons collective, together with the consequences it has had upon the legislature, has given me frequent occasion to reflect upon what Diodorus tells us of one Charondas, a lawgiver to the Sybarites, an ancient people of Italy, who was so averse from all innovation, especially when it was to proceed from particular persons (and, I suppose, that he might put it out of the power of men fond of their own notions to disturb the constitution at their pleasures by advancing private schemes), that he provided a statute, that whoever proposed any alteration to be made should step out and do it with a rope about his neck; if the matter proposed were generally approved, then it should pass into a law; if it went into the negative, the proposer to be immediately hanged. Great ministers may talk of what projects they please, but I am deceived if a more effectual one could ever be found for taking off (as the present phrase is) those hot, unquiet spirits who disturb assemblies and obstruct public affairs, by gratifying their pride, their malice, their ambition, or their avarice.

Those who in a late reign began the distinction between the personal and politic capacity seem to have had reason, if they judged of princes by themselves; for, I think, there is hardly to be found through all nature a greater difference between two things than there is between a representing commoner in the function of his public calling, and the same person when he acts in the common offices of life. Here he allows himself to be upon a level with the rest of mortals; here he follows his own reason and his own way; and rather affects a singularity in his actions and thoughts, than servilely to copy either from the wisest of his neighbours. In short, here his folly and his wisdom, his reason and his passions, are all of his own growth, not the echo or infusion of

other men. But when he is got near the walls of his assembly he assumes and affects an entire set of very different airs; he conceives himself a being of a superior nature to those without, and acting in a sphere where the vulgar methods for the conduct of human life can be of no use. He is listed in a party where he neither knows the temper, nor designs, nor perhaps the person, of his leader; but whose opinions he follows and maintains with a zeal and faith as violent as a young scholar does those of a philosopher whose sect he is taught to profess. He has neither opinions, nor thoughts, nor actions, nor talk, that he can call his own, but all conveyed to him by his leader, as wind is through an organ. The nourishment he receives has been not only chewed but digested before it comes into his mouth. Thus instructed, he follows the party, right or wrong, through all his sentiments, and acquires a courage and stiffness of opinion not at all congenial with him.

This encourages me to hope that, during the present lucid interval, the members retired to their homes may suspend a while their acquired complexions, and, taught by the calmness of the scene and the season, reassume the native sedateness of their temper. If this should be so, it would be wise in them, as individual and private mortals, to look back a little upon the storms they have raised, as well as those they have escaped; to reflect, that they have been authors of a new and wonderful thing in England, which is, for a house of commons to lose the universal favour of the numbers they represent; to observe how those whom they thought fit to persecute for righteousness sake have been openly caressed by the people; and to remember how themselves sat in fear of their persons from popular rage. Now, if they would know the secret of all this unprecedented proceeding in their masters, they must not impute it to their freedom in debate, or declaring their opinions, but to that unparliamentary abuse of setting individuals upon their shoulders who were hated by God and man. For it seems the mass of the people, in such conjunctures as this, have opened their eyes, and will not endure to be governed by Clodius and Curio at the head of their myrmidons, though these be ever so numerous, and composed of their own representatives.

This aversion of the people against the late proceedings of the commons is an accident that, if it last a while, might be improved to good uses for setting the balance of power a little more upon an equality than their late measures seem to promise or admit. This accident may be imputed to two causes: the first is a universal fear and apprehension of the greatness and power of France, whereof the people in general seem to be very much and justly possessed, and therefore cannot but resent to see it, in so critical a juncture, wholly laid aside by their ministers, the commons. The other cause is a great love and sense of gratitude in the people towards their present king, grounded upon a long opinion and experience of his merit, as well as concessions to all their reasonable desires; so that it is for some time they have begun to say and to fetch instances where he has in many things been hardly used. How long these humours may last (for passions are momentary, and especially those of a multitude,) or what consequences they may produce, a little time will discover. But whenever it comes to pass that a popular assembly, free from such obstructions, and already possessed of more power than an equal balance will allow, shall continue to think they have not enough, but by cramping the hand that holds the balance, and by impeachments or dissensions with the nobles, endeavour still for more, I cannot possibly see, in the common course of things, how the same causes can produce different effects and consequences among us from what they did in Greece and Rome.

There is one thing I must needs add, though I reckon it will appear to many as a very unreasonable paradox. When the act passed some years ago against bribing of elections, I remember to have said upon occasion, to some persons of both houses, that we should be very much deceived in the consequences of that act: and upon some discourse of the conveniences of it, and the contrary (which will admit reasoning enough), they seemed to be of the same opinion. It has appeared since that our conjectures were right: for I think the late parliament was the first fruits of that act; the proceedings whereof, as well as of the present, have been such as to make many persons wish that things were upon the old foot in that matter. Whether it be that so great a reformation was too many degrees beyond so corrupt an age as this; or that, according to the present turn and disposition of men in our nation, it were a less abuse to bribe elections than leave them to the discretion of the choosers. This at least was Cato's opinion when things in Rome were at a crisis much resembling ours; who is recorded to have gone about with great industry, dealing money among the people to favour Pompey (as I remember) upon a certain election in opposition to Cæsar; and he excused himself in it upon the necessities of the occasion and the corruptions of the people: an action that might well have excused Cicero's censure of him, that he reasoned and acted *tanquam in Republicâ Platonis, non in fœce Romuli.* However it be, it is certain that the talents which qualify a man for the service of his country in parliament are very different from those which give him a dexterity at making his court to the people, and do not often meet in the same subject. Then for the moral part, the difference is inconsiderable; and whoever practises upon the weakness and vanity of the people is guilty of an immoral action as much as if he did it upon their avarice. Besides, the two trees may be judged by their fruits. The former produces a set of popular men fond of their own merits and abilities, their opinions and their eloquence; whereas the bribing of elections,

though a great and shameful evil, seems to be at present but an ill means of keeping things upon the old foot, by leaving the defence of our properties chiefly in the hands of those who will be the greatest sufferers whenever they are endangered. It is easy to observe, in the late and present parliament, that several boroughs and some counties have been represented by persons who little thought to have ever had such hopes before: and how far this may proceed when such a way is laid open for the exercise and encouragement of popular arts, one may best judge from the consequences that the same causes produced both in Athens and Rome. For, let speculative men reason or rather refine as they please, it ever will be true among us, that as long as men engage in the public service upon private ends, and whilst all pretences to a sincere Roman love of our country are looked upon as an affectation, a foppery, or a disguise (which has been a good while our case, and is likely to continue so), it will be safer to trust our property and constitution in the hands of such who have paid for their election, than of those who have obtained them by servile flatteries of the people.

THE

CONDUCT OF THE ALLIES;

AND OF THE LATE MINISTRY, IN BEGINNING AND CARRYING ON THE WAR.[1]

Partem tibi Gallia nostri
Eripuit: Partem duris Hispania bellis:
Pars jacet Hesperia, totoque exercitus orbe
Te vincente perit.
Odimus accipitrem quia semper vivit in armis.
Victrix Provincia plorat.

PREFACE.

I CANNOT sufficiently admire the industry of a sort of men, wholly out of favour with the prince and people, and openly professing a separate interest from the bulk of the landed men, who yet are able to raise at this juncture so great a clamour against a peace, without offering one single reason but what we find in their ballads. I lay it down for a maxim that no reasonable man, whether Whig or Tory (since it is necessary to use those foolish terms), can be of opinion for continuing the war upon the footing it now is, unless he be a gainer by it; or hopes it may occasion some new turn of affairs at home, to the advantage of his party; or, lastly, unless he be very ignorant of the kingdom's condition, and by what means we have been reduced to it. Upon the two first cases, where interest is concerned, I have nothing to say; but as to the last, I think it highly necessary that the public should be freely and impartially told what circumstances they are in, after what manner they have been treated by those whom they trusted so many years with the disposal of their blood and treasure, and what the consequences of this management are likely to be upon themselves and their posterity.

Those who, either by writing or discourse, have undertaken to defend the proceedings of the late ministry in the management of the war, and of the treaty at Gertruydenberg, have spent time in celebrating the conduct and valour of our leaders and their troops, in summing up

[1] This tract, published ten days before the Parliament met in December 1711, forms the first and principal of a series (including the "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty," the "Examiner," and the "Public Spirit of the Whigs,") by which Swift supported the Administration of Harley, and reflected back discredit on that of Godolphin, by the exposure of the secret springs of affairs in England and throughout Europe. The "Journal to Stella," from Oct. 30 to Dec. 3, shows how much care and pains were bestowed by Swift on the preparation of this pamphlet; which, it has been said, "will be the basis for all who write the history of those times to build upon; as it detects the artifices of the ministry, which the nation was at that time diverted from attending to by a course of victories; and exposes the baldness of our general, that ought not to be concealed by his laurels." Johnson, in his Life of Swift, remarks that "the purpose of this pamphlet was, to persuade the nation to a peace; and never had any writer more success. The people, who had been amused with bonfires and triumphal processions, and looked with idolatry on the general and his friends, who, as they thought, had made England the arbitress of nations, were confounded between shame and rage when they found that 'mines had been exhausted, and millions destroyed,' to secure the Dutch, or aggrandize the emperor, without any advantage to ourselves; that we had been bribing our neighbours to fight their own quarrel; and that amongst our enemies we might number our allies. That is now no longer doubted, of which the nation was then first informed, that the war was unnecessarily protracted to fill the pockets of Marlborough; and that it would have been continued without end, if he could have continued his annual plunder. But Swift, I suppose, did not yet know what he has since written, that a commission was drawn which would have appointed him general for life, had it not become ineffectual by the resolution of lord Cowper, who refused the seal."

the victories they have gained and the towns they have taken. Then they tell us what high articles were insisted on by our ministers and those of the confederates, and what pains both were at in persuading France to accept them. But nothing of this can give the least satisfaction to the just complaints of the kingdom. As to the war, our grievances are, that a greater load has been laid on us than was either just or necessary, or than we have been able to bear; that the grossest impositions have been submitted to, for the advancement of private wealth and power, or in order to forward the more dangerous designs of a faction, to both which a peace would have put an end; and that the part of the war which was chiefly our province, which would have been most beneficial to us and destructive to the enemy, was wholly neglected. As to a peace, we complain of being deluded by a mock treaty; in which those who negotiated took care to make such demands as they knew were impossible to be complied with, and therefore might securely press every article as if they were in earnest.

These are some of the points I design to treat of in the following discourse; with several others, which I thought it necessary at this time for the kingdom to be informed of. I think I am not mistaken in those facts I mention; at least not in any circumstances so material as to weaken the consequences I draw from them.

After ten years' war with perpetual success, to tell us it is yet impossible to have a good peace, is very surprising, and seems so different from what has ever happened in the world before, that a man of any party may be allowed suspecting that we have been either ill used, or have not made the most of our victories, and might therefore desire to know where the difficulty lay. Then it is natural to inquire into our present condition; how long we shall be able to go on at this rate; what the consequences may be upon the present and future ages; and whether a peace, without that impracticable point which some people do so much insist on, be really ruinous in itself, or equally so with the continuance of the war.

THE CONDUCT, &c.

THE motives that may engage a wise prince or state in a war I take to be one or more of these: either to check the overgrown power of some ambitious neighbour; to recover what has been unjustly taken from them; to revenge some injury they have received, which all political casuists allow; to assist some ally in a just quarrel; or, lastly, to defend themselves when they are invaded. In all these cases, the writers upon politics admit a war to be justly undertaken. The last is what has been usually called *pro aris et focis;* where no expense or endeavour can be too great, because all we have is at stake, and consequently our utmost force to be exerted; and the dispute is soon determined either in safety or utter destruction. But in the other four I believe it will be found that no monarch or commonwealth did ever engage beyond a certain degree: never proceeding so far as to exhaust the strength and substance of their country by anticipations and loans, which in a few years must put them in a worse condition than any they could reasonably apprehend from those evils for the preventing of which they first entered into the war; because this would be to run into real infallible ruin, only in hopes to remove what might perhaps but appear so by a probable speculation.

And as a war should be undertaken upon a just and prudent motive, so it is still more obvious that a prince ought naturally to consider the condition he is in when he enters on it; whether his coffers be full, his revenues clear of debts, his people numerous and rich by a long peace and free trade, not overpressed with many burdensome taxes; no violent faction ready to dispute his just prerogative, and thereby weaken his authority at home and lessen his reputation abroad. For if the contrary of all this happen to be his case, he will hardly be persuaded to disturb the world's quiet and his own, while there is any other way left of preserving the latter with honour and safety.

Supposing the war to have commenced upon a just motive, the next thing to be considered is, when a prince ought in prudence to receive the overtures of a peace: which I take to be, either when the enemy is ready to yield the point originally contended for; or when that point is found impossible to be ever obtained; or when contending any longer, although with probability of gaining that point at last, would put such a prince and his people in a worse condition than the present loss of it. All which considerations are of much greater force where a war is managed by an alliance of many confederates, which, in a variety of interests among the several parties, is liable to so many unforseen accidents.

In a confederate war it ought to be considered which party has the deepest share in the quarrel: for although each may have their particular reasons, yet one or two among them will probably be more concerned than the rest, and therefore ought to bear the greatest part of the burden, in proportion to their strength. For example: two princes may be competitors for a kingdom; and it will be your interest to take the part of him who will probably allow you good conditions of trade, rather than of the other who may possibly not. However, that prince whose cause you espouse, although never so vigorously, is the principal in that war; and you, properly speaking, are but a second. Or a commonwealth may lie in danger to be overrun by a powerful neighbour, which in time may produce very bad consequences upon your trade and liberty: it is therefore necessary, as well as prudent, to lend them assistances, and

help them to win a strong secure frontier; but as they must, in course, be the first and greatest sufferers, so in justice they ought to bear the greatest weight. If a house be on fire, it behoves all in the neighbourhood to run with buckets to quench it; but the owner is sure to be undone first; and it is not impossible that those at next door may escape by a shower from heaven, or the stillness of the weather, or some other favourable accident.

'But if any ally, who is not so immediately concerned in the good or ill fortune of the war, be so generous as to contribute more than the principal party, and even more in proportion to his abilities, he ought at least to have his share in what is conquered from the enemy; or, if his romantic disposition transport him so far as to expect little or nothing from this, he might however hope that the principals would make it up in dignity and respect; and he would surely think it monstrous to find them intermeddling in his domestic affairs, prescribing what servants he should keep or dismiss, pressing him perpetually with the most unreasonable demands, and at every turn threatening to break the alliance if he will not comply.

From these reflections upon war in general I descend to consider those wars wherein England has been engaged since the Conquest. In the civil wars of the barons, as well as those between the houses of York and Lancaster, great destruction was made of the nobility and gentry; new families raised, and old ones extinguished; but the money spent on both sides was employed and circulated at home; no public debts [were] contracted, and a very few years of peace quickly set all right again.

The like may be affirmed even of that unnatural Rebellion against king Charles I. The usurpers maintained great armies in constant pay, had almost continual war with Spain or Holland; but, managing it by their fleets, they increased very much the riches of the kingdom, instead of exhausting them.

Our foreign wars were generally against Scotland or France; the first, being in this island, carried no money out of the kingdom, and were seldom of long continuance. During our first wars with France we possessed great dominions in that country, where we preserved some footing till the reign of Queen Mary; and although some of our later princes made very chargeable expeditions thither, a subsidy and two or three fifteenths cleared all the debt. Besides, our victories were then of some use as well as glory; for we were so prudent as to fight, and so happy as to conquer, only for ourselves.

The Dutch wars in the reign of king Charles II., although begun and carried on under a very corrupt administration, and much to the dishonour of the crown, did indeed keep the king needy and poor by discontinuing or discontenting his parliament when he most needed their assistance; but neither left any debt upon the nation, nor carried any money out of it.

At the Revolution a general war broke out in Europe, wherein many princes joined in alliance against France, to check the ambitious designs of that monarch; and here the emperor, the Dutch, and England, were principals. About this time the custom first began among us of borrowing millions upon funds of interest. It was pretended that the war could not possibly last above one or two campaigns; and that the debts contracted might be easily paid in a few years by a gentle tax, without burdening the subject. But the true reason for embracing this expedient was the security of a new prince, not firmly settled on the throne. People were tempted to lend by great premiums and large interest; and it concerned them nearly to preserve that government which they had trusted with their money. The person[1] said to have been author of so detestable a project, lived to see some of its fatal consequences, whereof his grandchildren will not see an end. And this pernicious counsel closed very well with the posture of affairs at that time: for a set of upstarts, who had little or no part in the Revolution, but valued themselves upon their noise and pretended zeal when the work was over, were got into credit at court, by the merit of becoming undertakers and projectors of loans and funds; these, finding that the gentlemen of estates were not willing to come into their measures, fell upon those new schemes of raising money, in order to create a moneyed interest, that might in time vie with the landed, and of which they hoped to be at the head.

The ground of the first war for ten years after the Revolution, as to the part we had in it, was to make France acknowledge the late king, and to recover Hudson's Bay. But during that whole war the sea was almost entirely neglected, and the greatest part of six millions annually employed to enlarge the frontier of the Dutch; for the king was a general, but not an admiral, and, although king of England, was a native of Holland.

After ten years' fighting to little purpose, after the loss of above a hundred thousand men, and a debt remaining of twenty millions, we at length hearkened to the terms of peace, which was concluded with great advantages to the empire and Holland, but none at all to us, and clogged soon after with the famous treaty of partition, by which Naples, Sicily, and Lorraine were to be added to the French dominions; or, if that crown should think fit to set aside the treaty, upon the Spaniards refusing to accept it, as they declared they would to the several parties at the very time of the transacting it, then the French would have pretensions to the whole monarchy. And so it proved in the event; for the late king of Spain, reckoning it an indignity to have his territories cantoned out into parcels by other princes during his own life, and without his consent, rather chose to bequeath the monarchy entire to a younger son of France; and this prince was acknow-

[1] Dr Gilbert Burnet, bishop of Sarum, author of the "History of the Reformation."

ledged for king of Spain both by us and Holland.

It must be granted that the counsels of entering into this war were violently opposed by the Church party, who first advised the late king to acknowledge the duke of Anjou; and particularly it is affirmed that a certain great person,[1] who was then in the Church interest, told the king, in November 1701, that since his majesty was determined to engage in a war so contrary to his private opinion, he could serve him no longer, and accordingly gave up his employment; although he happened afterwards to change his mind, when he was to be at the head of the treasury and have the sole management of affairs at home, while those abroad were to be in the hands of one[2] whose advantage, by all sorts of ties, he was engaged to promote.

The declarations of war against France and Spain, made by us and Holland, are dated within a few days of each other. In that published by the States they say, very truly, that they are nearest and most exposed to the fire; that they are blocked up on all sides, and actually attacked by the kings of France and Spain; that their declaration is the effect of an urging and pressing necessity; with other expressions to the same purpose. They desire the assistance of all kings and princes, &c. The grounds of their quarrel with France are such as only affect themselves, or at least more immediately than any other prince or state; such as the French refusing to grant the tariff promised by the treaty of Ryswick; the loading of the Dutch inhabitants settled in France with excessive duties, contrary to the said treaty; the violation of the partition treaty by the French accepting the king of Spain's will, and threatening the States if they would not comply; the seizing of the Spanish Netherlands by the French troops, and turning out the Dutch, who, by permission of the late king of Spain, were in garrison there; by which means that republic was deprived of her barrier, contrary to the treaty of partition, where it was particularly stipulated that the Spanish Netherlands should be left to the archduke. They alleged that the French king governed Flanders as his own, although under the name of his grandson, and sent great numbers of troops thither to fright them; that he had seized the city and citadel of Liège; had possessed himself of several places in the archbishopric of Cologne, and maintained troops in the country of Wolfenbuttel, in order to block up the Dutch on all sides; and caused his resident to give in a memorial, wherein he threatened the States to act against them if they refused complying with the contents of that memorial.

The queen's declaration of war is grounded upon the grand alliance, as this was upon the unjust usurpations and encroachments of the French king; whereof the instances produced are, his keeping in possession a great part of the Spanish dominions, seizing Milan and the Spanish Low Countries, making himself master of Cadiz, &c.; and instead of giving satisfaction in these points, his putting an indignity and affront on her majesty and kingdoms, by declaring the pretended prince of Wales king of England, &c. Which last was the only personal quarrel we had in the war; and even this was positively denied by France, that king being willing to acknowledge her majesty.

I think it plainly appears, by both declarations, that England ought no more to have been a principal in this war than Prussia or any other power who came afterward into that alliance. Holland was first in danger, the French troops being at that time just at the gates of Nimeguen. But the complaints made in our declaration do all, except the last, as much, or more, concern almost every prince in Europe.

For among the several parties who came first or last into this confederacy, there were few but who, in proportion, had more to get or to lose, to hope or to fear, from the good or ill success of this war, than we. The Dutch took up arms to defend themselves from immediate ruin; and by a successful war they proposed to have a large extent of country and a better frontier against France. The emperor hoped to recover the monarchy of Spain, or some part of it, for his younger son, chiefly at the expense of us and Holland. The king of Portugal had received intelligence that Philip designed to renew the old pretensions of Spain upon that kingdom, which is surrounded by the other on all sides, except toward the sea, and could therefore only be defended by maritime powers. This, with the advantageous terms offered by king Charles, as well as by us, prevailed with that prince to enter into the alliance. The duke of Savoy's temptations and fears were yet greater: the main charge of the war on that side was to be supplied by England, and the profit to redound to him. In case Milan should be conquered, it was stipulated that his highness should have the duchy of Montserrat, belonging to the duke of Mantua, the provinces of Alexandria and Valencia, and Lomellino, with other lands between the Po and the Tanaro, together with the Vigevenasco, or in lieu of it an equivalent out of the province of Novara, adjoining to his own state; besides whatever else could be taken from France on that side by the confederate forces. Then he was in terrible apprehension of being surrounded by France, who had so many troops in the Milanese, and might have easily swallowed up his whole duchy.

The rest of the allies came in purely for subsidies, whereof they sunk considerable sums into their own coffers, and refused to send their contingent to the emperor, alleging their troops were already hired by England and Holland.

Some time after, the duke of Anjou succeeding to the monarchy of Spain in breach of the partition treaty, the question here in England was, whether the peace should be continued, or a new war begun? Those who were for the former

[1] The Earl of Godolphin.
[2] The Duke of Marlborough.

alleged the debts and difficulties we laboured under; that both we and the Dutch had already acknowledged Philip for king of Spain; that the inclinations of the Spaniards to the house of Austria, and their aversion for that of Bourbon, were not so surely to be reckoned upon as some would pretend; that we thought it a piece of insolence as well as injustice in the French to offer putting a king upon us, and the Spaniards would conceive we had as little reason to force one upon them; that it was true the nature and genius of those two people differed very much, and so would probably continue to do, as well under a king of French blood as one of Austrian; but that if we would engage in a war for dethroning the duke of Anjou, we should certainly effect what, by the progress and operations of it, we endeavoured to prevent, I mean a union of interest and affections between the two nations; for the Spaniards must, of necessity, call in French troops to their assistance; this would introduce French counsellors into king Philip's court, and this by degrees would habituate and reconcile the two nations; that to assist king Charles by English and Dutch forces would render him odious to his new subjects, who have nothing in so great abomination as those whom they hold for heretics; that the French would by this means become masters of the treasures in the Spanish West Indies; that in the last war, when Spain, Cologne, and Bavaria were in our alliance, and by a modest computation brought sixty thousand men into the field against the common enemy; when Flanders, the seat of war, was on our side, and his majesty, a prince of great valour and conduct, at the head of the whole confederate army; yet we had no reason to boast of our success: how then should we be able to oppose France with those powers against us, which would carry sixty thousand men from us to the enemy, and so make us upon the balance weaker by one hundred and twenty thousand men, at the beginning of this war, than of that in 1688?

On the other side, those whose opinion, or some private motives, inclined them to give their advice for entering into a new war, alleged how dangerous it would be for England that Philip should be king of Spain; that we could have no security for our trade while that kingdom was subject to a prince of the Bourbon family, nor any hopes of preserving the balance of Europe, because the grandfather would in effect be king, while his grandson had but the title, and thereby have a better opportunity than ever of pursuing his design for universal monarchy. These and the like arguments prevailed; and so, without taking time to consider the consequences, or to reflect on our own condition, we hastily engaged in a war, which has cost us sixty millions, and, after repeated as well as unexpected success in arms, has put us and our posterity in a worse condition, not only than any of our allies, but even our conquered enemies themselves.

The part we have acted in the conduct of this whole war, with reference to our allies abroad and to a prevailing faction at home, is what I shall now particularly examine; where I presume it will appear, by plain matters of fact, that no nation was ever so long or so scandalously abused, by the folly, the temerity, the corruption, and the ambition of its domestic enemies; or treated with so much insolence, injustice, and ingratitude, by its foreign friends.

This will be manifest by proving the three following points:—

First, That, against all manner of prudence or common reason, we engaged in this war as principals, when we ought to have acted only as auxiliaries.

Secondly, That we spent all our vigour in pursuing that part of the war which could least answer the end we proposed by beginning it; and made no efforts at all where we could have most weakened the common enemy, and at the same time enriched ourselves.

Lastly, That we suffered each of our allies to break every article in those treaties and agreements by which they were bound, and to lay the burden upon us.

Upon the first of these points, that we ought to have entered into this war only as auxiliaries, let any man reflect upon our condition at that time: just come out of the most tedious, expensive, and unsuccessful war that ever England had been engaged in; sinking under heavy debts of a nature and degree never heard of by us or our ancestors; the bulk of the gentry and people heartily tired of the war, and glad of a peace, although it brought no other advantage but itself; no sudden prospect of lessening our taxes, which were grown as necessary to pay our debts as to raise armies; a sort of artificial wealth of funds and stocks in the hands of those who for ten years before had been plundering the public; many corruptions in every branch of our government that needed reformation. Under these difficulties, from which twenty years' peace and the wisest management could hardly recover us, we declare war against France, fortified by the accession and alliance of those powers I mentioned before, and which, in the former war, had been parties in our confederacy. It is very obvious what a change must be made in the balance by such weights taken out of our scale and put into theirs; since it was manifest, by ten years' experience, that France, without those additions of strength, was able to maintain itself against us. So that human probability ran with mighty odds on the other side; and in this case nothing under the most extreme necessity should force any state to engage in a war. We had already acknowledged Philip for king of Spain; neither does the queen's declaration of war take notice of the duke of Anjou's succession to that monarchy as a subject of quarrel, but the French king's governing it as if it were his own; his seizing Cadiz, Milan, and the Spanish Low Countries, with the indignity of proclaiming the Pretender. In all which we

charge that prince with nothing directly relating to us, excepting the last; and this, although indeed a great affront, might easily have been redressed without a war; for the French court declared they did not acknowledge the Pretender, but only gave him the title of king, which was allowed to Augustus by his enemy of Sweden, who had driven him out of Poland and forced him to acknowledge Stanislaus.

It is true, indeed, the danger of the Dutch by so ill a neighbourhood in Flanders might affect us very much in the consequences of it; and the loss of Spain to the house of Austria, if it should be governed by French influence and French politics, might in time be very pernicious to our trade. It would therefore have been prudent, as well as generous and charitable, to help our neighbour; and so we might have done without injuring ourselves; for by an old treaty with Holland we were bound to assist that republic with ten thousand men whenever they were attacked by the French, whose troops, upon the king of Spain's death, taking possession of Flanders in right of Philip, and securing the Dutch garrisons till they would acknowledge him, the States-General, by memorials from their envoy here, demanded only the ten thousand men we were obliged to give them by virtue of that treaty. And I make no doubt but the Dutch would have exerted themselves so vigorously as to be able with that assistance alone to defend their frontiers; or if they had been forced to a peace, the Spaniards, who abhor dismembering their monarchy, would never have suffered the French to possess themselves of Flanders. At that time they had none of those endearments to each other which this war has created; and whatever hatred and jealousy were natural between the two nations would then have appeared. So that there was no sort of necessity for us to proceed farther, although we had been in a better condition. But our politicians at that time had other views; and a new war must be undertaken upon the advice of those who, with their partisans and adherents, were to be sole gainers by it. A grand alliance was therefore made between the emperor, England, and the States-General; by which, if the injuries complained of from France were not remedied in two months, the parties concerned were obliged mutually to assist each other with their whole strength.

Thus we became principal in a war in conjunction with two allies, whose share in the quarrel was beyond all proportion greater than ours. However, I can see no reason, from the words of the grand alliance, by which we were obliged to make those prodigious expenses we have since been at. By what I have always heard and read, I take the whole strength of the nation, as understood in that treaty, to be the utmost that a prince can raise annually from his subjects. If he be forced to mortgage and borrow, whether at home or abroad, it is not properly speaking his own strength, or that of the nation, but the entire substance of particular persons, which, not being able to raise out of the annual income of his kingdom, he takes upon security, and can only pay the interest. And by this method one part of the nation is pawned to the other, with hardly a possibility left of being ever redeemed.

Surely it would have been enough for us to have suspended the payment of our debts contracted in the former war, and to have continued our land and malt tax, with those others which have since been mortgaged: these, with some additions, would have made up such a sum as, with prudent management, might, I suppose, have maintained a hundred thousand men by sea and land; a reasonable quota, in all conscience, for that ally who apprehended least danger and expected least advantage. Nor can we imagine that either of the confederates, when the war began, would have been so unreasonable as to refuse joining with us upon such a foot, and expect that we should every year go between three and four millions in debt (which has been our case), because the French could hardly have contrived any offers of a peace so ruinous to us as such a war. Posterity will be at a loss to conceive what kind of spirit could possess their ancestors, who, after ten years' suffering by the unexampled politics of a nation maintaining a war by annually pawning itself, and during a short peace, while they were looking back with horror on the heavy load of debts they had contracted, universally condemning those pernicious counsels which had occasioned them, racking their invention for some remedies or expedients to mend their shattered condition; I say, that these very people, without giving themselves time to breathe, should again enter into a more dangerous, chargeable, and extensive war, for the same or perhaps a greater period of time, and without any apparent necessity. It is obvious, in a private fortune, that whoever annually runs out, and continues the same expenses, must every year mortgage a greater quantity of land than he did before; and as the debt doubles and trebles upon him, so does his inability to pay it. By the same proportion we have suffered twice as much by this last ten years' war as we did by the former; and if it were possible to continue it five years longer at the same rate, it would be as great a burden as the whole twenty. This computation being so easy and trivial as it is almost a shame to mention it, posterity will think that those who first advised the war wanted either the sense or the honesty to consider it.

As we have wasted our strength and vital substance in this profuse manner, so we have shamefully misapplied it to ends at least very different from those for which we undertook the war, and often to effect others which after a peace we may severely repent. This is the second article I propose to examine.

We have now for ten years together turned the whole force and expense of the war where the enemy was best able to hold us at a bay; where we could propose no manner of advantage

to ourselves; where it was highly impolitic to enlarge our conquests; utterly neglecting that part which would have saved and gained us many millions; which the perpetual maxims of our government teach us to pursue; which would have soonest weakened the enemy, and must either have promoted a speedy peace, or enabled us to continue the war.

Those who are fond of continuing the war cry up our constant success at a most prodigious rate, and reckon it infinitely greater than in all human probability we had reason to hope. Ten glorious campaigns are passed; and now at last, like the sick man, we are just expiring with all sorts of good symptoms. Did the advisers of this war suppose it would continue ten years, without expecting the successes we have had; and yet at the same time determine that France must be reduced, and Spain subdued, by employing our whole strength upon Flanders? Did they believe the last war left us in a condition to furnish such vast supplies for so long a period, without involving us and our posterity in inextricable debts? If after such miraculous doings we are not yet in a condition of bringing France to our terms, nor can tell when we shall be so, although we should proceed without any reverse of fortune; what could we look for in the ordinary course of things, but a Flanders war of at least twenty years longer? Do they indeed think a town taken for the Dutch is a sufficient recompense to us for six millions of money; which is of so little consequence to determine the war, that the French may yet hold out a dozen years more, and afford a town every campaign at the same price?

I say not this by any means to detract from the army or its leaders. Getting into the enemy's lines, passing rivers, and taking towns, may be actions attended with many glorious circumstances; but when all this brings no real solid advantage to us; when it has no other end than to enlarge the territories of the Dutch, and to increase the fame and wealth of our general; I conclude, however it comes about, that things are not as they should be, and that surely our forces and money might be better employed, both towards reducing our enemy, and working out some benefit to ourselves. But the case is still much harder; we are destroying many thousand lives, exhausting our substance, not for our own interest, which would be but common prudence; not for a thing indifferent, which would be sufficient folly; but perhaps to our own destruction, which is perfect madness. We may live to feel the effects of our own valour more sensibly than all the consequences we imagine from the dominions of Spain in the duke of Anjou. We have conquered a noble territory for the States, that will maintain sufficient troops to defend itself, and feed many hundred thousand inhabitants; where all encouragement will be given to introduce and improve manufactures, which was the only advantage they wanted; and which, added to their skill, industry, and parsimony, will enable them to undersell us in every market of the world.

Our supply of forty thousand men, according to the first stipulation, added to the quotas of the emperor and Holland, which they were obliged to furnish, would have made an army of near two hundred thousand, exclusive of garrisons: enough to withstand all the power that France could bring against it; and we might have employed the rest much better, both for the common cause and our own advantage.

The war in Spain must be imputed to the credulity of our ministers, who suffered themselves to be persuaded by the imperial court that the Spaniards were so violently affected to the house of Austria, as, upon the first appearance there with a few troops under the archduke, the whole kingdom would immediately revolt. This we tried; and found the emperor to have deceived either us or himself. Yet there we drove on the war at a prodigious disadvantage, with great expense; and by a most corrupt management, the only general[1] who, by a course of conduct and fortune almost miraculous, had nearly put us into possession of the kingdom, was left wholly unsupported, exposed to the envy of his rivals, disappointed by the caprices of a young unexperienced prince, under the guidance of a rapacious German ministry, and at last called home in discontent. By which our armies, both in Spain and Portugal, were made a sacrifice to avarice, ill conduct, or treachery.

In common prudence we should either have pushed that war with the utmost vigour in so fortunate a juncture, especially since the gaining of that kingdom was the great point for which we pretended to continue the war; or at least, when we had found or made that design impracticable, we should not have gone on in so expensive a management of it, but have kept our troops on the defensive in Catalonia, and pursued some other way more effectual for distressing the common enemy and advantaging ourselves.

And what a noble field of honour and profit had we before us wherein to employ the best of our strength, which, against the maxims of British policy, we suffered to lie wholly neglected! I have sometimes wondered how it came to pass that the style of maritime powers, by which our allies in a sort of contemptuous manner usually couple us with the Dutch, did never put us in mind of the sea; and while some politicians were showing us the way to Spain by Flanders, others to Savoy or Naples, that the West Indies should never come into their heads. With half the charge we have been at we might have maintained our original quota of forty thousand men in Flanders, and at the same time by our fleets and naval forces have so distressed the Spaniards in the north and south seas of America as to prevent any returns of money from thence except in our own bottoms. This is what best became us to do as a maritime

[1] The Earl of Peterborough.

power; this with any common degree of success would soon have compelled France to the necessities of a peace, and Spain to acknowledge the archduke. But while we for ten years have been squandering away our money upon the continent, France has been wisely engrossing all the trade of Peru, going directly with their ships to Lima and other ports, and there receiving ingots of gold and silver for French goods of little value; which, besides the mighty advantage to their nation at present, may divert the channel of that trade for the future, so beneficial to us, who used to receive annually such vast sums at Cadiz for our goods sent thence to the Spanish West Indies. All this we tamely saw and suffered, without the least attempt to hinder it; except what was performed by some private men at Bristol, who, inflamed by a true spirit of courage and industry, did about three years ago, with a few vessels fitted out at their own charge, make a most successful voyage into those parts; took one of the Acapulco ships, very narrowly missed of the other, and are lately returned laden with unenvied wealth, to show us what might have been done with the like management by a public undertaking. At least, we might easily have prevented those great returns of money to France and Spain, although we could not have taken it ourselves. And if it be true, as the advocates for war would have it, that the French are now so impoverished, in what condition must they have been if that issue of wealth had been stopped?

But great events often turn upon very small circumstances. It was the kingdom's misfortune that the sea was not the duke of Marlborough's element; otherwise the whole force of the war would infallibly have been bestowed there, infinitely to the advantage of his country, which would then have gone hand in hand with his own. But it is very truly objected, that if we alone had made such an attempt as this, Holland would have been jealous; or if we had done it in conjunction with Holland, the house of Austria would have been discontented. This has been the style of late years; which whoever introduced among us, they have taught our allies to speak after them. Otherwise it could hardly enter into any imagination, that while we are confederates in a war with those who are to have the whole profit, and who leave a double share of the burden upon us, we dare not think of any design (although against the common enemy) where there is the least prospect of doing good to our own country, for fear of giving umbrage and offence to our allies, while we are ruining ourselves to conquer provinces and kingdoms for them. I therefore confess with shame that this objection is true, for it is very well known that, while the design of Mr Hill's expedition[1] remained a secret, it was suspected in Holland and Germany to be intended against Peru; whereupon the Dutch made everywhere their public complaints; and the ministers at Vienna talked of it as an insolence in the queen to attempt such an undertaking: the failure of which (partly by the accidents of a storm, and partly by the stubbornness or treachery of some in that colony for whose relief and at whose entreaty it was in some measure designed) is no objection at all to an enterprise so well concerted and with such fair probability of success.

It was something singular that the States should express their uneasiness when they thought we intended to make some attempt in the Spanish West Indies; because it is agreed between us, whatever is conquered there by us or them shall belong to the conqueror; which is the only article that I can call to mind in all our treaties or stipulations with any view of interest to this kingdom; and for that very reason, I suppose, among others, [it] has been altogether neglected. Let those who think this a severe reflection examine the whole management of the present war by sea and land, with all our alliances, treaties, stipulations, and conventions, and consider whether the whole does not look as if some particular care and industry had been used to prevent any benefit or advantage that might possibly accrue to Britain?

This kind of treatment from our principal allies has taught the same dialect to all the rest; so that there is hardly a petty prince whom we half maintain by subsidies and pensions, who is not ready upon every occasion to threaten us that he will recal his troops (although they must rob or starve at home) if we refuse to comply with him in any demand however unreasonable.

Upon the third head I shall produce some instances to show how tamely we have suffered each of our allies to infringe every article in those treaties and stipulations by which they were bound, and to lay the load upon us.

But before I enter upon this, which is a large subject, I shall take leave to offer a few remarks on certain articles in three of our treaties, which may let us perceive how much those ministers valued or understood the true interest, safety, or honour of their country.

We have made two alliances with Portugal, an offensive and a defensive: the first is to remain in force only during the present war; the second to be perpetual. In the offensive alliance the emperor, England, and Holland are parties with Portugal; in the defensive only we and the States.

Upon the first article of the offensive alliance it is to be observed, that although the grand alliance, as I have already said, allows England and Holland to possess for their own whatever each of them shall conquer in the Spanish West Indies, yet there we are quite cut out by consenting that the archduke shall possess the dominions of Spain in as full a manner as their late king Charles. And what is more remark-

[1] This expedition was designed for the reduction of India and Canada, and regaining the Newfoundland fishery, which the French had taken from us; but it was unsuccessful. See "Journal to Stella," April 29, 1711, and *post*.

able, we broke this very article in favour of Portugal by subsequent stipulations, where we agree that king Charles shall deliver up Estremadura, Vigo, and some other places, to the Portuguese, as soon as we can conquer them from the enemy. They who are guilty of so much folly and contradiction know best whether it proceeded from corruption or stupidity.

By two other articles (besides the honour of being convoys and guards in ordinary to the Portuguese ships and coasts) we are to guess the enemy's thoughts, and to take the king of Portugal's word whenever he has a fancy that he shall be invaded. We are also to furnish him with a strength superior to what the enemy intends to invade any of his dominions with, let that be what it will. And until we know what the enemy's forces are, his Portuguese majesty is sole judge what strength is superior, and what will be able to prevent an invasion, and may send our fleets whenever he pleases upon his errands to some of the furthest parts of the world, or keep them attending upon his own coasts till he thinks fit to dismiss them. These fleets must likewise be subject in all things, not only to the king, but to his viceroys, admirals, and governors, in any of his foreign dominions, when he is in a humour to apprehend an invasion; which I believe is an indignity that was never offered before, except to a conquered nation.

In the defensive alliance with that crown, which is to remain perpetual, and where only England and Holland are parties with them, the same care, in almost the same words, is taken for our fleet to attend their coasts and foreign dominions, and to be under the same obedience. We and the States are likewise to furnish them with twelve thousand men at our own charge, which we are constantly to recruit, and these are to be subject to the Portuguese generals.

In the offensive alliance, we took no care of having the assistance of Portugal whenever we should be invaded, but in this it seems we are wiser, for that king is obliged to make war on France or Spain whenever we or Holland are invaded by either: but before this, we are to supply them with the same forces, both by sea and land, as if he were invaded himself. And this must needs be a very prudent and safe course for a maritime power to take upon a sudden invasion, by which, instead of making use of our fleets and armies for our own defence, we must send them abroad for the defence of Portugal.

By the thirteenth article we are told what this assistance is which the Portuguese are to give us, and upon what conditions. They are to furnish ten men-of-war; and when England and Holland shall be invaded by France and Spain together, or by Spain alone, in either of these cases these ten Portuguese men-of-war are to serve only upon their own coasts, where, no doubt, they will be of mighty use to their allies and terror to the enemy.

How the Dutch were drawn to have a part in either of these two alliances, is not very material to inquire, since they have been so wise as never to observe them; nor I suppose ever intended it, but resolved, as they have since done, to shift the load upon us.

Let any man read these two treaties from the beginning to the end, he will imagine that the king of Portugal and his ministers sat down and made them by themselves, and then sent them to their allies to sign: the whole spirit and tenor of them quite through running only upon this single point, what we and Holland are to do for Portugal, without any mention of an equivalent, except those ten ships which, at the time when we have greatest need of their assistance, are obliged to attend upon their own coasts.

The barrier treaty between Great Britain and Holland was concluded at the Hague on the 29th of October, in the year 1709. In this treaty neither her majesty nor her kingdoms have any interest or concern further than what is mentioned in the second and the twentieth articles; by the former, the States are to assist the queen in defending the act of succession; and by the other, not to treat of a peace till France has acknowledged the queen and the succession of Hanover, and promised to remove the Pretender out of that king's dominions.

As to the first of these, it is certainly for the safety and interest of the States-General that the Protestant succession should be preserved in England, because such a Popish prince as we apprehend would infallibly join with France in the ruin of that republic. And the Dutch are as much bound to support our succession as they are tied to any part of a treaty, or league offensive and defensive, against a common enemy, without any separate benefit upon that consideration. Her majesty is in the full peaceable possession of her kingdoms, and of the hearts of her people, among whom hardly one in five thousand is in the Pretender's interest. And whether the assistance of the Dutch, to preserve a right so well established, be an equivalent to those many unreasonable exorbitant articles in the rest of the treaty, let the world judge. What an impression of our settlement must it give abroad to see our ministers offering such conditions to the Dutch, to prevail on them to be guarantees of our acts of parliament! Neither perhaps is it right, in point of policy or good sense, that a foreign power should be called in to confirm our succession by way of guarantee, but only to acknowledge it; otherwise we put it out of the power of our own legislature to change our succession without the consent of that prince or state who is guarantee,[1] however our posterity may hereafter, by the tyranny and oppression of any succeeding princes, be reduced to the fatal necessity of breaking in upon the excellent happy settlement now in force.

As to the other article, it is a natural con-

[1] In the first edition the sentence finished thus: *how much soever the necessities of the kingdom may require it* —See the Postscript.

sequence that must attend any treaty of peace we can make with France, being only the acknowledgment of her majesty as queen of her own dominions, and the right of succession by our own laws, which no foreign power has any pretence to dispute.

However, in order to deserve these mighty advantages from the States, the rest of the treaty is wholly taken up in directing what we are to do for them.

By the grand alliance, which was the foundation of the present war, the Spanish Low Countries were to be recovered and delivered to the king of Spain; but by this treaty that prince is to possess nothing in Flanders during the war; and after a peace the States are to have the military command of about twenty towns, with their dependencies, and four hundred thousand crowns a year from the king of Spain, to maintain their garrisons. By which means they will have the command of all Flanders from Newport-on-the-Sea to Namur-on-the-Maese, and be entirely masters of the Pais de Waas, the richest part of those provinces. Farther, they have liberty to garrison any place they shall think fit in the Spanish Low Countries whenever there is an appearance of war; and consequently to put garrisons into Ostend, or where else they please, upon a rupture with England.

By this treaty likewise, the Dutch will in effect be entire masters of all the Low Countries; may impose duties, restrictions in commerce, and prohibitions, at their pleasure; and in that fertile country may set up all sorts of manufactures, particularly the woollen, by inviting the disobliged manufacturers in Ireland, and the French refugees who are scattered all over Germany. And as this manufacture increases abroad the clothing-people of England will be necessitated, for want of employment, to follow, and in few years, by the help of the low interest of money in Holland, Flanders may recover that beneficial trade which we got from them. The landed men of England will then be forced to re-establish the staples of wool abroad, and the Dutch, instead of being only the carriers, will become the original possessors of those commodities with which the greatest part of the trade of the world is now carried on. And as they increase their trade, it is obvious they will enlarge their strength at sea, and that ours must lessen in proportion.

All the ports in Flanders are to be subject to the like duties that the Dutch shall lay upon the Schelde, which is to be closed on the side of the States; thus all other nations are in effect shut out from trading with Flanders. Yet in the very same article it is said that the States shall be favoured in all the Spanish dominions as much as Great Britain, or as the people most favoured. We have conquered Flanders for them, and are in a worse condition, as to our trade there, than before the war began. We have been the great support of the king of Spain, to whom the Dutch have hardly contributed anything at all, and yet they are to be equally favoured with us in all his dominions. Of all this the queen is under the unreasonable obligation of being guarantee, and that they shall possess their barrier and their four hundred thousand crowns a year, even before a peace.

It is to be observed that this treaty was only signed by one of our plenipotentiaries,[1] and I have been told that the other[2] was heard to say he would rather lose his right hand than set it to such a treaty. Had he spoke those words in due season, and loud enough to be heard on this side the water, considering the credit he had then at court, he might have saved much of his country's honour, and got as much to himself; therefore if the report be true I am inclined to think he only said it. I have been likewise told that some very necessary circumstances were wanting in the entrance upon this treaty, but the ministers here rather chose to sacrifice the honour of the crown and the safety of their country than not ratify what one of their favourites had transacted.

Let me now consider in what manner our allies have observed those treaties they made with us, and the several stipulations and agreements pursuant to them.

By the grand alliance between the empire, England, and Holland, we were to assist the other two *totis viribus* by sea and land. By a convention subsequent to this treaty, the proportions which the several parties should contribute toward the war were adjusted in the following manner: The emperor was obliged to furnish ninety thousand men against France, either in Italy or upon the Rhine; Holland to bring sixty thousand into the field in Flanders, exclusive of garrisons; and we forty thousand. In winter 1702, which was the next year, the duke of Marlborough proposed raising ten thousand men more by way of augmentation, and to carry on the war with greater vigour, to which the parliament agreed; and the Dutch were to raise the same number. This was upon a par, directly contrary to the former stipulation, whereby our part was to be a third less than theirs; and therefore it was granted with a condition that Holland should break off all trade and commerce with France. But this condition was never executed; the Dutch only amusing us with a specious declaration till our session of parliament was ended; and the following year it was taken off by concert between our general and the States, without any reason assigned for the satisfaction of the kingdom. The next, and some ensuing campaigns, farther additional forces were allowed by parliament for the war in Flanders; and in every new supply the Dutch gradually lessened their proportions, although the parliament addressed the queen that the States might be desired to observe them according to agreement, which had no other effect than to teach them to elude it by making their troops nominal corps, as they

[1] Lord Townshend. [2] The Duke of Marlborough.

did by keeping up the number of regiments but sinking a fifth part of the men and money; so that now things are just inverted. And in all new levies we contributed a third more than the Dutch, who at first were obliged to the same proportion more than we.

Besides, the more towns we conquer for the States, the worse condition we are in toward reducing the common enemy, and consequently of putting an end to the war. For they make no scruple of employing the troops of their quota towards garrisoning every town as fast as it is taken, directly contrary to the agreement between us, by which all garrisons are particularly excluded. This is at length arrived, by several steps, to such a height, that there are at present in the field not so many forces under the duke of Marlborough's command in Flanders as Britain alone maintains for that service, nor have been for some years past.

The duke of Marlborough having entered the enemy's lines and taken Bouchain, formed the design of keeping so great a number of troops, and particularly of cavalry, in Lisle, Tournay, Douay, and the country between, as should be able to harass all the neighbouring provinces of France during the winter, prevent the enemy from erecting their magazines and by consequence from subsisting their forces next spring, and render it impossible for them to assemble their army another year without going back behind the Soam to do it. In order to effect this project it was necessary to be at an expense extraordinary of forage for the troops, for building stables, finding fire and candle for the soldiers, and other incident charges. The queen readily agreed to furnish her share of the first article, that of the forage, which only belonged to her. But the States insisting that her majesty should likewise come into a proportion of the other articles, which in justice belonged totally to them, she agreed even to that rather than a design of this importance should fail. And yet we know it has failed, and that the Dutch refused their consent till the time was past for putting it in execution, even in the opinion of those who proposed it. Perhaps a certain article in the treaties of contribution submitted to by such of the French dominions as pay them to the States, was the principal cause of defeating this project, since one great advantage to have been gained by it was, as before is mentioned, to have hindered the enemy from erecting their magazines; and one article in those treaties of contribution is, that the product of those countries shall pass free and unmolested. So that the question was reduced to this short issue: whether the Dutch should lose this paltry benefit, or the common cause an advantage of such mighty importance?

The sea being the element where we might most probably carry on the war with any advantage to ourselves, it was agreed that we should bear five-eighths of the charge in that service, and the Dutch the other three; and by the grand alliance, whatever we or Holland should conquer in the Spanish West Indies was to accrue to the conquerors. It might therefore have been hoped that this maritime ally of ours would have made up in their fleet what they fell short in their army: but quite otherwise; they never once furnished their quota either of ships or men; or if some few of their fleet now and then appeared, it was no more than appearing, for they immediately separated to look to their merchants and protect their trade. And we may remember very well when these guarantees of our succession, after having not one ship for many months together in the Mediterranean, sent that part of their quota thither, and furnished nothing to us, at the same time that they alarmed us with the rumour of an invasion. And last year, when sir James Wishart was despatched into Holland to expostulate with the States, and to desire they would make good their agreements in so important a part of the service, he met with such a reception as ill became a republic to give that were under so many great obligations to us; in short, such a one as those only deserve who are content to take it.

It has likewise been no small inconvenience to us, that the Dutch are always slow in paying their subsidies; by which means the weight and pressure of the payment lies upon the queen, as well as the blame if her majesty be not very exact. Nor will this always content our allies: for in July, 1711, the king of Spain was paid all his subsidies to the first of January next: nevertheless he has since complained for want of money; and his secretary threatened that, if we would not farther supply his majesty, he could not answer for what might happen; although king Charles had not at that time one-third of the troops for which he was paid, and even those he had were neither paid nor clothed.

I cannot forbear mentioning here another passage concerning subsidies, to show what opinion foreigners have of our easiness, and how much they reckon themselves masters of our money whenever they think fit to call for it. The queen was by agreement to pay two hundred thousand crowns a year to the Prussian troops; the States one hundred thousand; and the emperor only thirty thousand for recruiting, which his imperial majesty never paid. Prince Eugene happening to pass by Berlin, the ministers of that court applied to him for redress in this particular; and his highness very frankly promised them that, in consideration of this deficiency, Britain and the States should increase their subsidies to seventy thousand crowns more between them, and that the emperor should be punctual for the time to come. This was done by that prince without any orders or power whatsoever. The Dutch very reasonably refused consenting to it; but the Prussian minister here, making his applications at our court, prevailed on us to agree to our proportion before we could hear what resolution would be taken in Holland. It is therefore to be hoped that his Prussian majesty, at the end of this war,

will not have the same cause of complaint which he had at the close of the last; that his military chest was emptier by twenty thousand crowns than at the time that war began.

The emperor, as we have already said, was by stipulation to furnish ninety thousand men against the common enemy, as having no fleets to maintain, and in right of his family being most concerned in the war. However, this agreement has been so ill observed, that from the beginning of the war to this day neither of the two last emperors had ever twenty thousand men on their own account in the common cause, excepting once in Italy, when the imperial court exerted itself in a point they have much more at heart than that of gaining Spain or the Indies to their family. When they had succeeded in their attempts on the side of Italy, and observed our blind zeal for pushing on the war at all adventures, they soon found out the most effectual expedient to excuse themselves. They computed easily that it would cost them less to make large presents to one single person than to pay an army, and turn to as good account. They thought they could not put their affairs into better hands; and therefore wisely left us to fight their battles.

Besides, it appeared by several instances how little the emperor regarded his allies, or the cause they were engaged in, when once he thought the empire itself was secure. It is known enough that he might several times have made a peace with his discontented subjects in Hungary, upon terms not at all unbefitting either his dignity or interest; but he rather chose to sacrifice the whole alliance to his private passion, by entirely subduing and enslaving a miserable people, who had but too much provocation to take up arms to free themselves from the oppressions under which they were groaning; yet this must serve as an excuse for breaking his agreement, and diverting so great a body of troops, which might have been employed against France.

Another instance of the emperor's indifference, or rather dislike, to the common cause of the allies, is the business of Toulon. This design was indeed discovered here at home by a person whom everybody knows to be the creature of a certain great man, at least as much noted for his skill in gaming as in politics, upon the base mercenary end of getting money by wagers; which was then so common a practice, that I remember a gentleman in business, who, having the curiosity to inquire how wagers went upon the exchange, found some people deep in the secret to have been concerned in that kind of traffic; as appeared by premiums named for towns which nobody but those behind the curtain could suspect. However, although this project had gotten wind by so scandalous a proceeding, yet Toulon might probably have been taken, if the emperor had not thought fit in that very juncture to detach twelve or fifteen thousand men to seize Naples, as an enterprise that was more his private and immediate interest. But it was manifest that his imperial majesty had no mind to see Toulon in possession of the allies; for even with these discouragements the attempt might yet have succeeded, if prince Eugene had not thought fit to oppose it, which cannot be imputed to his own judgment, but to some politic reasons of his court. The duke of Savoy was for attacking the enemy as soon as our army arrived; but when the mareschal de Thesse's troops were all come up, to pretend to besiege the place in the condition we were at that time was a farce and a jest. Had Toulon fallen then into our hands, the maritime power of France would in a great measure have been destroyed.

But a much greater instance than either of the foregoing, how little the emperor regarded us or our quarrel, after all we had done to save his imperial crown and to assert the title of his brother to the monarchy of Spain, may be brought from the proceedings of that court not many months ago. It was judged that a war carried on upon the side of Italy would cause a great diversion of the French forces, wound them in a very tender part, and facilitate the progress of our arms in Spain as well as Flanders. It was proposed to the duke of Savoy to make this diversion, and not only a diversion during the summer, but the winter too, by taking quarters on this side of the hills. Only, in order to make him willing and able to perform this work, two points were to be settled: first, it was necessary to end the dispute between the imperial court and his royal highness, which had no other foundation than the emperor's refusing to make good some articles of that treaty on the faith of which the duke engaged in the present war, and for the execution whereof Britain and Holland became guarantees at the request of the late emperor Leopold. To remove this difficulty, the earl of Peterborow was despatched to Vienna, got over some part of those disputes to the satisfaction of the duke of Savoy, and had put the rest in a fair way of being accommodated at the time the emperor Joseph died. Upon which great event the duke of Savoy took the resolution of putting himself immediately at the head of the army, although the whole matter was not finished, since the common cause required his assistance, and that, until a new emperor were elected, it was impossible to make good the treaty to him. In order to enable him, the only thing he asked was that he should be reinforced by the imperial court with eight thousand men before the end of the campaign. Mr Whitworth was sent to Vienna to make this proposal; and it is credibly reported that he was empowered, rather than fail, to offer forty thousand pounds for the march of those eight thousand men, if he found it was want of ability and not inclination that hindered the sending of them. But he was so far from succeeding, that it was said the ministers of that court did not so much as give him an opportunity to tempt them with any particular sums, but cut off all his hopes at

once by alleging the impossibility of complying with the queen's demands upon any consideration whatsoever. They could not plead their old excuse of the war in Hungary, which was then brought to an end. They had nothing to offer but some general speculative reasons, which it would expose them to repeat; and so, after much delay and many trifling pretences, they utterly refused so small and seasonable an assistance, to the ruin of a project that would have more terrified France, and caused a greater diversion of their forces, than a much more numerous army in any other part. Thus, for want of eight thousand men, for whose winter campaign the queen was willing to give forty thousand pounds, and for want of executing the design I lately mentioned of hindering the enemy from erecting magazines, towards which her majesty was ready not only to bear her own proportion but a share of that which the States were obliged to, our hopes of taking winter quarters in the north and south parts of France are eluded, and the war left in that method which is likely to continue it longest. Can there an example be given, in the whole course of this war, where we have treated the pettiest prince with whom we had to deal in so contemptuous a manner? Did we ever once consider what we could afford, or what we were obliged to, when our assistance was desired, even while we lay under immediate apprehensions of being invaded?

When Portugal came as a confederate into the grand alliance, it was stipulated that the empire, England, and Holland, should each maintain four thousand men of their own troops in that kingdom, and pay between them a million of patacoons to the king of Portugal, for the support of twenty-eight thousand Portuguese; which number of forty thousand was to be the confederate army against Spain on the Portugal side. This treaty was ratified by all the three powers. But in a short time after, the emperor declared himself unable to comply with this part of the agreement, and so left the two-thirds upon us, who very generously undertook that burden and at the same time two-thirds of the subsidies for maintenance of the Portuguese troops. But neither is this the worst part of the story; for although the Dutch did indeed send their own particular quota of four thousand men to Portugal (which, however, they would not agree to but upon condition that the other two-thirds should be supplied by us), yet they never took care to recruit them; for, in the year 1706, the Portuguese, British, and Dutch forces, having marched with the earl of Galway into Castile, and by the noble conduct of that general being forced to retire into Valencia, it was found necessary to raise a new army on the Portugal side, where the queen has, at several times, increased her establishment to ten thousand five hundred men; and the Dutch never replaced one single man, nor paid one penny of their subsidies to Portugal, in six years.

The Spanish army on the side of Catalonia is, or ought to be, about fifty thousand men, exclusive of Portugal. And here the war has been carried on almost entirely at our cost. For this whole army is paid by the queen, excepting only seven battalions and fourteen squadrons of Dutch and Palatines; and even fifteen hundred of these are likewise in our pay; besides the sums given to king Charles for subsidies and the maintenance of his court. Neither are our troops at Gibraltar included within this number. And farther, we alone have been at all the charge of transporting the forces first sent from Genoa to Barcelona, and of all the imperial recruits from time to time; and have likewise paid vast sums, as levy-money, for every individual man and horse so furnished to recruit, although the horses were scarce worth the price of transportation. But this has been almost the constant misfortune of our fleet during the present war; instead of being employed on some enterprise for the good of the nation, or even for the protection of our trade, to be wholly taken up in transporting soldiers.

We have actually conquered all Bavaria, Ulm, Augsburg, Landau, and great part of Alsace, for the emperor; and by the troops we have furnished, the armies we have paid, and the diversions we have given to the enemies' forces, have chiefly contributed to the conquests of Milan, Mantua, and Mirandola, and to the recovery of the duchy of Modena. The last emperor drained the wealth of those countries into his own coffers, without increasing his troops against France by such mighty acquisitions, or yielding to the most reasonable requests we have made.

Of the many towns we have taken for the Dutch, we have consented by the barrier treaty that all those which were not in the possession of Spain upon the death of the late Catholic king shall be part of the States' dominions, and that they shall have the military power in the most considerable of the rest; which is, in effect, to be the absolute sovereigns of the whole. And the Hollanders have already made such good use of their time, that, in conjunction with our general, the oppressions of Flanders are much greater than ever.

And this treatment which we have received from our two principal allies, has been pretty well copied by most other princes in the confederacy with whom we have any dealings. For instance, seven Portuguese regiments after the battle of Almanza went off with the rest of that broken army to Catalonia; the king of Portugal said he was not able to pay them while they were out of his country; the queen consented therefore to do it herself, provided the king would raise as many more to supply their place. This he engaged to do, but he never performed. Notwithstanding which, his subsidies were constantly paid him by my lord Godolphin for almost four years, without any deduction upon account of those seven regiments, directly con-

trary to the seventh article of our offensive alliance with that crown, where it is agreed that a deduction shall be made out of those subsidies in proportion to the number of men wanting in that complement which the king is to maintain. But, whatever might have been the reasons for this proceeding, it seems they are above the understanding of the present lord treasurer,[1] who, not entering into those refinements of paying the public money upon private considerations, has been so uncourtly as to stop it. This disappointment, I suppose, has put the court of Lisbon upon other expedients: of raising the price of forage, so as to force us either to lessen our number of troops or to be at double expense in maintaining them; and this at a time when their own product, as well as the import of corn, was never greater; and of demanding a duty upon the soldiers' clothes we carried over for those troops which have been their sole defence against an inveterate enemy; whose example might have infused courage, as well as taught them discipline, if their spirits had been capable of receiving either.

In order to augment our forces every year in the same proportion as those for whom we fight diminish theirs, we have been obliged to hire troops from several princes of the empire, whose ministers and residents here have perpetually importuned the court with unreasonable demands, under which our late ministers thought fit to be passive. For those demands were always backed with a threat to recal their soldiers, which was a thing not to be heard of, because it might discontent the Dutch. In the mean time, those princes never sent their contingent to the emperor, as by the laws of the empire they are obliged to do, but gave for their excuse that we had already hired all they could possibly spare.

But if all this be true; if, according to what I have affirmed, we began this war contrary to reason; if, as the other party themselves upon all occasions acknowledge, the success we have had was more than we could reasonably expect; if, after all our success, we have not made that use of it which in reason we ought to have done; if we have made weak and foolish bargains with our allies, suffered them tamely to break every article even in those bargains to our disadvantage, and allowed them to treat us with insolence and contempt at the very instant when we were gaining towns, provinces, and kingdoms for them, at the price of our ruin and without any prospect of interest to ourselves; if we have consumed all our strength in attacking the enemy on the strongest side, where (as the old duke of Schomberg expressed it) to engage with France was to take a bull by the horns, and left wholly unattempted that part of the war which could only enable us to continue or to end it; if all this, I say, be our case, it is a very obvious question to ask, by what motives or what management we are thus become the dupes and bubbles of Europe? Surely it cannot be owing to the stupidity arising from the coldness of our climate, since those among our allies who have given us most reason to complain are as far removed from the sun as ourselves.

If, in laying open the real causes of our present misery, I am forced to speak with some freedom, I think it will require no apology. Reputation is the smallest sacrifice those can make us who have been the instruments of our ruin, because it is that for which, in all probability, they have the least value. So that, in exposing the actions of such persons, I cannot be said, properly speaking, to do them an injury. But as it will be some satisfaction to our people to know by whom they have been so long abused, so it may be of great use to us and our posterity not to trust the safety of their country in the hands of those who act by such principles and from such motives.

I have already observed that, when the counsels of this war were debated in the late king's time, a certain great man was then so averse from entering into it, that he rather chose to give up his employment and tell the king he could serve him no longer. Upon that prince's death, although the grounds of our quarrel with France had received no manner of addition, yet this lord thought fit to alter his sentiments; for the scene was quite changed: his lordship, and the family with whom he was engaged by so complicated an alliance, were in the highest credit possible with the queen. The treasurer's staff was ready for his lordship; the duke was to command the army, and the duchess, by her employments and the favour she was possessed of, to be always nearest her majesty's person; by which the whole power at home and abroad would be devolved upon that family. This was a prospect so very inviting that, to confess the truth, it could not be easily withstood by any who have so keen an appetite for wealth or power. By an agreement subsequent to the grand alliance, we were to assist the Dutch with forty thousand men, all to be commanded by the duke of Marlborough. So that, whether this war was prudently begun or not, it is plain that the true spring or motive of it was the aggrandizing of a particular family; and, in short, a war of the general and the ministry, and not of the prince or people; since those very persons were against it, when they knew the power, and consequently the profit, would be in other hands.

With these measures fell in all that set of people who are called the moneyed men; such as had raised vast sums by trading with stocks and funds, and lending upon great interest and premiums; whose perpetual harvest is war, and whose beneficial way of traffic must very much decline by a peace.

In that whole chain of encroachments made upon us by the Dutch, which I have above deduced, and under these several gross impositions from other princes, if any one should ask why our general continued so easy to the last, I

[1] The Earl of Oxford.

know no other way so probable, or indeed so charitable, to account for it, as by that unmeasurable love of wealth which his best friends allow to be his predominant passion. However, I shall waive anything that is personal upon this subject. I shall say nothing of those great presents made by several princes which the soldiers used to call winter foraging, and said it was better than that of the summer; of 2½ per cent. subtracted out of all the subsidies we pay in those parts, which amounts to no inconsiderable sum; and lastly, of the grand perquisites in a long successful war which are so amicably adjusted between him and the States.

But when the war was thus begun, there soon fell in other incidents here at home which made the continuance of it necessary for those who were the chief advisers. The Whigs were at that time out of all credit or consideration. The reigning favourites had always carried what were called the Tory principles at least as high as our constitution could bear; and most others in great employments were wholly in the Church interest. These last, among whom were several persons of the greatest merit, quality, and consequence, were not able to endure the many instances of pride, insolence, avarice, and ambition, which those favourites began so early to discover, nor to see them presuming to be sole dispensers of the royal favour. However, their opposition was to no purpose; they wrestled with too great a power and were soon crushed under it. For those in possession, finding they could never be quiet in their usurpations while others had any credit who were at least upon an equal foot of merit, began to make overtures to the discarded Whigs, who would be content with any terms of accommodation. Thus commenced this solemn league and covenant, which has ever since been cultivated with so much application. The great traders in money were wholly devoted to the Whigs, who had first raised them. The army, the court, and the treasury, continued under the old despotic administration: the Whigs were received into employment, left to manage the parliament, cry down the landed interest, and worry the Church. Meantime, our allies, who were not ignorant that all this artificial structure had no true foundation in the hearts of the people, resolved to make the best use of it as long as it should last. And the general's credit being raised to a great height at home by our success in Flanders, the Dutch began their gradual impositions; lessening their quotas, breaking their stipulations, garrisoning the towns we took for them without supplying their troops; with many other infringements; all which were we forced to submit to, because the general was made easy; because the moneyed men at home were fond of the war; because the Whigs were not yet firmly settled; and because that exorbitant degree of power which was built upon a supposed necessity of employing particular persons would go off in a peace. It is needless to add that the emperor and other princes followed the example of the Dutch, and succeeded as well, for the same reasons.

I have here imputed the continuance of the war to the mutual indulgence between our general and allies, wherein they both so well found their accounts; to the fears of the money-changers lest their tables should be overthrown; to the designs of the Whigs, who apprehended the loss of their credit and employments in a peace; and to those at home, who held their immoderate engrossments of power and favour by no other tenure than their own presumption upon the necessity of affairs. The truth of this will appear indisputable, by considering with what unanimity and concert these several parties acted towards that great end.

When the vote passed in the house of lords against any peace without Spain being restored to the Austrian family, the earl of Wharton told the house that it was indeed impossible and impracticable to recover Spain; but, however, there were certain reasons why such a vote should be made at that time. Which reasons wanted no explanation; for the general and the ministry, having refused to accept very advantageous offers of a peace after the battle of Ramilies, were forced to take in a set of men with a previous bargain to screen them from the consequences of that miscarriage. And accordingly, upon the first succeeding opportunity that fell, which was that of the prince of Denmark's[1] death, the chief leaders of the party were brought into several great employments.

Thus, when the queen was no longer able to bear the tyranny and insolence of those ungrateful servants, who as they waxed the fatter did but kick the more, our two great allies abroad and our stock-jobbers at home took immediate alarm; applied the nearest way to the throne, by memorials and messages jointly, directing her majesty not to change her secretary or treasurer, who, for the true reasons that these officious intermeddlers demanded their continuance, ought never to have been admitted into the least degree of trust; since what they did was nothing less than betraying the interest of their native country to those princes, who, in their turns, were to do what they could to support them in power at home.

Thus it plainly appears that there was a conspiracy on all sides to go on with those measures which must perpetuate the war; and a conspiracy founded upon the interest and ambition of each party; which begat so firm a union that, instead of wondering why it lasted so long, I am astonished to think how it came to be broken. The prudence, courage, and firmness of her majesty, in all the steps of that great change, would, if the particulars were truly related, make a very shining part in her story; nor is her judgment less to be admired, which directed her in the choice of perhaps the only persons who had skill, credit, and resolution enough to be her instruments in overthrowing so many difficulties.

[1] Prince George, the husband of Queen Anne.

Some would pretend to lessen the merit of this by telling us that the rudeness, the tyranny, the oppression, the ingratitude of the late favourites towards their mistress, were no longer to be borne. They produce instances to show her majesty was pursued through all her retreats, particularly at Windsor, where, after the enemy had possessed themselves of every inch of ground, they at last attacked and stormed the castle, forcing the queen to fly to an adjoining cottage, pursuant to the advice of Solomon, who tells us "It is better to live on the house top than with a scolding woman in a large house." They would have it that such continued ill usage was enough to inflame the meekest spirit. They blame the favourites in point of policy, and think it nothing extraordinary that the queen should be at the end of her patience, and resolve to discard them. But I am of another opinion, and think their proceedings were right. For nothing is so apt to break even the bravest spirits as a continual chain of oppressions; one injury is best defended by a second, and this by a third. By these steps the old masters of the palace in France became masters of that kingdom;[1] and by these steps a general during pleasure might have grown into a general for life, and a general for life into a king. So that I still insist upon it as a wonder how her majesty, thus besieged on all sides, was able to extricate herself.

Having thus mentioned the real causes, although disguised under specious pretences, which have so long continued the war, I must beg leave to reason a little with those persons who are against any peace but what they call a good one, and explain themselves that no peace can be good without an entire restoration of Spain to the house of Austria. It is to be supposed that what I am to say upon this part of the subject will have little influence on those whose particular ends or designs of any sort lead them to wish the continuance of the war: I mean the general and our allies abroad, the knot of late favourites at home, the body of such as traffic in stocks, and lastly that set of factious politicians who were so violently bent at least upon clipping our constitution in Church and state. Therefore I shall not apply myself to any of those, but to all others indifferently, whether Whigs or Tories, whose private interest is best answered by the welfare of their country. And if among these there be any who think we ought to fight on till king Charles be quietly settled in the monarchy of Spain, I believe there are several points which they have not thoroughly considered.

For, first, it is to be observed that this resolution against any peace without Spain is a new incident, grafted upon the original quarrel by the intrigues of a faction among us, who prevailed to give it the sanction of a vote in both houses of parliament, to justify those whose interest lay in perpetuating the war. And as this proceeding was against the practice of all princes and states whose intentions were fair and honourable, so is it contrary to common prudence, as well as justice; I might add that it was impious too, by presuming to control events which are only in the hands of God. Ours and the States' complaint against France and Spain are deduced in each of our declarations of war, and our pretensions specified in the eighth article of the grand alliance; but there is not in any of these the least mention of demanding Spain for the house of Austria, or of refusing any peace without that condition. Having already made an extract from both declarations of war, I shall here give a translation of the eighth article in the grand alliance, which will put this matter out of dispute:

"*The Eighth Article of the Grand Alliance.*

"When the war is once undertaken, none of the parties shall have the liberty to enter upon a treaty of peace with the enemy but jointly and in concert with the other. Nor is peace to be made without having first obtained a just and reasonable satisfaction for his Cæsarean majesty, and for his royal majesty of Great Britain, and a particular security to the lords of the States-General of their dominions, provinces, titles, navigation, and commerce; and a sufficient provision that the kingdoms of France and Spain be never united, or come under the government of the same person, or that the same man may never be king of both kingdoms: and particularly that the French may never be in possession of the Spanish West Indies; and that they may not have the liberty of navigation, for conveniency of trade, under any pretence whatsoever, neither directly nor indirectly, except it is agreed that the subjects of Great Britain and Holland may have full power to use and enjoy all the same privileges, rights, immunities, and liberties of commerce, by land and sea, in Spain, in the Mediterranean, and in all the places and countries which the late king of Spain at the time of his death was in possession of, as well in Europe as elsewhere, as they did then use and enjoy; or which the subjects of both or each nation could use and enjoy by virtue of any right obtained before the death of the said king of Spain, either by treaties, conventions, custom, or any other way whatsoever."

Here we see the demands intended to be insisted on by the allies upon any treaty of peace, are a just and reasonable satisfaction for the emperor and king of Great Britain, a security to the States-General for their dominions, &c., and a sufficient provision that France and Spain be never united under the same man as king of both kingdoms. The rest relates to the liberty of trade and commerce for us and the Dutch, but not a syllable of engaging to dispossess the duke of Anjou.

But to know how this new language, of no peace without Spain, was first introduced, and at last prevailed among us, we must begin a great deal higher.

[1] See the "Tale of a Tub," *ante*, page 50.

It was the partition treaty which begot the will in favour of the duke of Anjou; for this naturally led the Spaniards to receive a prince supported by a great power, whose interest as well as affection engaged them to preserve that monarchy entire, rather than to oppose him in favour of another family, who must expect assistance from a number of confederates whose principal members had already disposed of what did not belong to them, and by a previous treaty parcelled out the monarchy of Spain.

Thus the duke of Anjou got into the full possession of all the kingdoms and states belonging to that monarchy, as well in the old world as the new. And whatever the house of Austria pretended from their memorials to us and the States, it was at that time but too apparent that the inclinations of the Spaniards were on the duke's side.

However, a war was resolved on; and, in order to carry it on with great vigour, a grand alliance formed, wherein the ends proposed to be obtained are plainly and distinctly laid down as I have already quoted them. It pleased God, in the course of this war, to bless the arms of the allies with remarkable successes; by which we were soon put into a condition of demanding and expecting such terms of a peace as we proposed to ourselves when we began the war. But instead of this, our victories only served to lead us on to farther visionary prospects; advantage was taken of the sanguine temper which so many successes had wrought the nation up to; new romantic views were proposed, and the old, reasonable, sober design was forgot.

This was the artifice of those here who were sure to grow richer as the public became poorer, and who, after the resolutions which the two houses were prevailed upon to make, might have carried on the war with safety to themselves till malt and land were mortgaged, till a general excise was established, and the dixième denier raised by collectors in red coats. And this was just the circumstance which it suited their interests to be in.

The house of Austria approved this scheme with reason, since whatever would be obtained by the blood and treasure of others was to accrue to that family, while they only lent their name to the cause.

The Dutch might, perhaps, have grown resty under their burden; but care was likewise taken of that, by a barrier treaty made with the States, which deserves such epithets as I care not to bestow, but may perhaps consider it, at a proper occasion, in a discourse by itself.

By this treaty the condition of the war with respect to the Dutch was widely altered; they fought no longer for security but for grandeur, and we, instead of labouring to make them safe, must beggar ourselves to make them formidable.

Will any one contend that if, at the treaty of Gertruydenberg, we could have been satisfied with such terms of a peace as we proposed to ourselves by the grand alliance, the French would not have allowed them? It is plain they offered many more, and much greater, than ever we thought to insist on when the war began; and they had reason to grant as well as we to demand them, since conditions of peace do certainly turn upon events of war. But surely there is some measure to be observed in this; those who have defended the proceedings of our negotiators at the treaty of Gertruydenberg dwell very much upon their zeal and patience in endeavouring to work the French up to their demands, but say nothing to justify those demands, or the probability that France would ever accept them. Some of the articles in that treaty were so extravagant that, in all human probability, we could not have obtained them by a successful war of forty years. One of them was inconsistent with common reason; wherein the confederates reserved to themselves full liberty of demanding what farther conditions they should think fit; and, in the mean time, France was to deliver up several of their strongest towns in a month. These articles were very gravely signed by our plenipotentiaries and those of Holland; but not by the French, although it ought to have been done interchangeably; nay, they were brought over by the secretary of the embassy, and the ministers here prevailed on the queen to execute a ratification of articles which only one part had signed. This was an absurdity in form as well as in reason; because the usual form of a ratification is with a preamble, showing that, whereas our ministers and those of the allies and of the enemy have signed, &c., we ratify, &c. The person[1] who brought over the articles said in all companies (and perhaps believed) that it was a pity we had not demanded more, for the French were in a disposition to refuse us nothing we would ask. One of our plenipotentiaries affected to have the same concern, and particularly that we had not obtained some farther security for the empire on the Upper Rhine.

What could be the design of all this grimace but to amuse the people, and to raise stocks for their friends in the secret to sell to advantage? I have too great a respect for the abilities of those who acted in this negotiation, to believe they hoped for any other issue from it than what we found by the event. Give me leave to suppose the continuance of the war was the thing at heart among those in power both abroad and at home, and then I can easily show the consistency of their proceedings; otherwise they are wholly unaccountable and absurd. Did those who insisted on such wild demands ever intend a peace? Did they really think that going on with the war was more eligible for their country than the least abatement of those conditions? Was the smallest of them worth six millions a year and a hundred thousand men's lives? Was there no way to provide for the safety of Britain or the security of its trade, but by the French king turning his arms to beat his grandson out of Spain? If these able states-

[1] Horace Walpole, Secretary to the Embassy.

men were so truly concerned for our trade, which they made the pretence of the war's beginning as well as continuance, why did they so neglect it in those very preliminaries where the enemy made so many concessions, and where all that related to the advantage of Holland, or the other confederates, was expressly settled? But whatever concerned us was to be left to a general treaty; no tariff agreed on with France or the Low Countries, only the Schelde was to remain shut, which must have ruined our commerce with Antwerp. Our trade with Spain was referred the same way; but this they will pretend to be of no consequence, because that kingdom was to be under the house of Austria, and we had already made a treaty with king Charles. I have indeed heard of a treaty made by Mr Stanhope with that prince for settling our commerce with Spain; but, whatever it were, there was another between us and Holland, which went hand in hand with it,—I mean that of barrier, wherein a clause was inserted by which all advantages proposed for Britain are to be in common with Holland.

Another point, which I doubt those have not considered who are against any peace without Spain, is that the face of affairs in Christendom, since the emperor's death, has been very much changed. By this accident the views and interests of several princes and states in the alliance have taken a new turn, and I believe it will be found that ours ought to do so too. We have sufficiently blundered once already, by changing our measures with regard to a peace while our affairs continued in the same posture; and it will be too much in conscience to blunder again, by not changing the first, when the others are so much altered.

To have a prince of the Austrian family on the throne of Spain is undoubtedly more desirable than one of the house of Bourbon; but to have the empire and Spanish monarchy united in the same person is a dreadful consideration, and directly opposite to that wise principle on which the eighth article of the alliance is founded.

To this perhaps it will be objected that the indolent character of the Austrian princes, the wretched economy of that government, the want of a naval force, the remote distances of their several territories from each other, would never suffer an emperor, although at the same time king of Spain, to become formidable: on the contrary, that his dependence must continually be on Great Britain, and the advantages of trade, by a peace founded upon that condition, would soon make us amends for all the expenses of the war.

In answer to this, let us consider the circumstances we must be in before such a peace could be obtained, if it were at all practicable. We must become not only poor for the present, but reduced by farther mortgages to a state of beggary for endless years to come. Compare such a weak condition as this with so great an accession of strength to Austria, and then determine how much an emperor in such a state of affairs would either fear or need Britain.

Consider that the comparison is not formed between a prince of the house of Austria, emperor and king of Spain, and with a prince of the Bourbon family, king of France and Spain; but between a prince of the latter, only king of Spain, and one of the former, uniting both crowns in his own person.

What returns of gratitude can we expect when we are no longer wanted? Has all that we have hitherto done for the imperial family been taken as a favour, or only received as the due of the *augustissima casa?*

Will the house of Austria yield the least acre of land, the least article of strained and even usurped prerogative, to resettle the minds of those princes in the alliance who are alarmed at the consequences of this turn of affairs occasioned by the emperor's death? We are assured it never will. Do we then imagine that those princes who dread the overgrown power of the Austrian as much as that of the Bourbon family will continue in our alliance upon a system contrary to that which they engage with us upon? For instance, what can the duke of Savoy expect in such a case? Will he have any choice left him but that of being a slave and a frontier to France, or a vassal, in the utmost extent of the word, to the imperial court? Will he not therefore of the two evils choose the least, by submitting to a master who has no immediate claim upon him, and to whose family he is nearly allied, rather than to another who has already revived several claims upon him and threatens to revive more?

Nor are the Dutch more inclined than the rest of Europe that the empire and Spain should be united in king Charles, whatever they may now pretend. On the contrary, it is known to several persons that upon the death of the late emperor Joseph the States resolved that those two powers should not be joined in the same person, and this they determined as a fundamental maxim by which they intended to proceed. So that Spain was first given up by them; and since they maintain no troops in that kingdom, it should seem that they understand the duke of Anjou to be lawful monarch.

Thirdly, Those who are against any peace without Spain, if they be such as no way find their private account by the war, may perhaps change their sentiments if they will reflect a little upon our present condition.

I had two reasons for not sooner publishing this discourse; the first was, because I would give way to others, who might argue very well upon the same subject from general topics and reason, although they might be ignorant of several facts which I had the opportunity to know. The second was, because I found it would be necessary, in the course of this argument, to say something of the state to which the war has reduced us; at the same time I knew that such a discovery ought to be made as late as possible, and at another juncture would not only be

very indiscreet, but might perhaps be dangerous.

It is the folly of too many to mistake the echo of a London coffeehouse for the voice of the kingdom. The city coffeehouses have been for some years filled with people whose fortunes depend upon the Bank, East India, or some other stock. Every new fund to these is like a new mortgage to a usurer, whose compassion for a young heir is exactly the same with that of a stock-jobber to the landed gentry. At the court end of the town, the like places of resort are frequented either by men out of place, and consequently enemies to the present ministry, or by officers of the army: no wonder, then, if the general cry in all such meetings be against any peace, either with Spain or without, which in other words is no more than this, that discontented men desire another change of ministry; that soldiers would be glad to keep their commissions; and that the creditors have money still, and would have the debtors borrow on at the old extorting rate while they have any security to give.

Now, to give the most ignorant reader some idea of our present circumstances, without troubling him or myself with computations in form; everybody knows that our land and malt tax amount annually to about two millions and a half. All other branches of the revenue are mortgaged to pay interest for what we have already borrowed. The yearly charge of the war is usually about six millions, to make up which sum we are forced to take up on the credit of new funds about three millions and a half. This last year the computed charge of the war came to above a million more than all the funds the parliament could contrive were sufficient to pay interest for, and so we have been forced to divide a deficiency of twelve hundred thousand pounds among the several branches of our expense. This is a demonstration that, if the war be to last another campaign, it will be impossible to find funds for supplying it without mortgaging the malt tax, or by some other method equally desperate.

If the peace be made this winter, we are then to consider what circumstances we shall be in towards paying a debt of about fifty millions, which is a fourth part of the purchase of the whole island if it were to be sold.

Towards clearing ourselves of this monstrous incumbrance, some of these annuities will expire or pay off the principal in thirty, forty, or a hundred years; the bulk of the debt must be lessened gradually by the best management we can, out of what will remain of the land and malt taxes, after paying guards and garrisons, and maintaining and supplying our fleet in the time of peace. I have not skill enough to compute what will be left, after these necessary charges, towards annually clearing so vast a debt, but believe it must be very little; however, it is plain that both these taxes must be continued, as well for supporting the government, as because we have no other means for paying off the principal. And so likewise must all the other funds remain for paying the interest. How long a time this must require, how steady an administration, and how undisturbed a state of affairs both at home and abroad, let others determine.

However, some people think all this very reasonable, and that, since the struggle has been for peace and safety, posterity, which is to partake of the benefit, ought to share in the expense; as if at the breaking out of this war there had been such a conjuncture of affairs as never happened before, nor would ever happen again. It is wonderful that our ancestors, in all their wars, should never fall under such a necessity; that we meet no examples of it in Greece and Rome; that no other nation in Europe ever knew anything like it except Spain, about a hundred and twenty years ago, when they drew it upon themselves by their own folly and have suffered for it ever since; no doubt we shall teach posterity wisdom, but they will be apt to think the purchase too dear, and I wish they may stand to the bargain we have made in their names.

It is easy to entail debts on succeeding ages, and to hope they will be able and willing to pay them; but how to ensure peace for any term of years is difficult enough to apprehend. Will human nature ever cease to have the same passions, princes to entertain designs of interest or ambition, and occasions of quarrel to arise? May not we ourselves, by the variety of events and incidents which happen in the world, be under a necessity of recovering towns out of the very hands of those for whom we are now ruining our country to take them? Neither can it be said that those states with whom we may probably differ will be in as bad a condition as ourselves; for by the circumstances of our situation, and the impositions of our allies, we are more exhausted than either they or the enemy: and by the nature of our government, the corruption of our manners, and the opposition of factions, we shall be more slow in recovering.

It will no doubt be a mighty comfort to our grandchildren, when they see a few rags hung up in Westminster Hall which cost a hundred millions, whereof they are paying the arrears, to boast as beggars do that their grandfathers were rich and great.

I have often reflected on that mistaken notion of credit so boasted of by the advocates of the late ministry: was not all that credit built upon funds raised by the landed men whom they now so much hate and despise? Is not the greatest part of those funds raised from the growth and product of land? Must not the whole debt be entirely paid, and our fleets and garrisons be maintained, by the land and malt tax after a peace? If they call it credit to run ten millions in debt without parliamentary security, by which the public is defrauded of almost half, I must think such credit to be dangerous, illegal, and perhaps treasonable. Neither has anything

gone farther to ruin the nation than their boasted credit. For my own part, when I saw this false credit sink upon the change of the ministry, I was singular enough to conceive it a good omen. It seemed as if the young extravagant heir had got a new steward, and was resolved to look into his estate before things grew desperate, which made the usurers forbear feeding him with money as they used to do.

Since the moneyed men are so fond of war, I should be glad they would furnish out one campaign at their own charge; it is not above six or seven millions; and I dare engage to make it out that when they have done this, instead of contributing equal to the landed men, they will have their full principal and interest at six per cent. remaining of all the money they ever lent to the government.

Without this resource, or some other equally miraculous, it is impossible for us to continue the war upon the same foot. I have already observed that the last funds of interest fell short above a million, although the persons most conversant in ways and means employed their utmost invention; so that of necessity we must be still more defective next campaign. But perhaps our allies will make up this deficiency on our side by great efforts on their own? Quite the contrary; both the emperor and Holland failed this year in several articles, and signified to us some time ago that they cannot keep up to the same proportions in the next. We have gained a noble barrier for the latter, and they have nothing more to demand or desire. The emperor, however sanguine he may now affect to appear, will I suppose be satisfied with Naples, Sicily, Milan, and his other acquisitions, rather than engage in a long, hopeless war for the recovery of Spain, to which his allies the Dutch will neither give their assistance nor consent. So that, since we have done their business, since they have no farther service for our arms, and we have no more money to give them, and lastly, since we neither desire any recompense nor expect any thanks, we ought in pity to be dismissed and have leave to shift for ourselves. They are ripe for a peace to enjoy and cultivate what we have conquered for them; and so are we to recover, if possible, the effects of their hardships upon us. The first overtures from France are made to England upon safe and honourable terms; we, who bore the burden of the war, ought in reason to have the greatest share in making the peace. If we do not hearken to a peace, others certainly will, and get the advantage of us there, as they have done in the war. We know the Dutch have perpetually threatened us that they would enter into separate measures of a peace; and by the strength of that argument, as well as by other powerful motives, prevailed on those who were then at the helm to comply with them on any terms, rather than put an end to a war which every year brought them such great accessions to their wealth and power. Whoever falls off, a peace will follow, and then we must be content with such conditions as our allies, out of their concern for our safety and interest, will please to choose. They have no farther occasion for fighting, they have gained their point, and they now tell us it is our war; so that in common justice it ought to be our peace.

All we can propose by the desperate steps of pawning our land or malt tax, or erecting a general excise, is only to raise a fund of interest for running us annually four millions farther in debt, without any prospect of ending the war so well as we can do at present. And when we have sunk the only unengaged revenues we had left, our encumbrances must of necessity remain perpetual.

We have hitherto lived upon expedients which in time will certainly destroy any constitution, whether civil or natural; and there was no country in Christendom had less occasion for them than ours. We have dieted a healthy body into a consumption, by plying it with physic instead of food. Art will help us no longer, and if we cannot recover by letting the remains of nature work, we must inevitably die.

What arts have been used to possess the people with a strong delusion that Britain must infallibly be ruined without the recovery of Spain to the house of Austria! making the safety of a great and powerful kingdom, as ours was then, to depend upon an event which, after a war of miraculous successes, proves impracticable. As if princes and great ministers could find no way of settling the public tranquillity, without changing the possessions of kingdoms, and forcing sovereigns upon a people against their inclinations. Is there no security for the island of Britain unless a king of Spain be dethroned by the hands of his grandfather? Has the enemy no cautionary towns and seaports to give us for securing trade? Can he not deliver us possession of such places as would put him in a worse condition whenever he should perfidiously renew the war? The present king of France has but few years to live by the course of nature, and doubtless would desire to end his days in peace. Grandfathers, in private families, are not observed to have great influence on their grandsons, and I believe they have much less among princes; however, when the authority of a parent is gone, is it likely that Philip will be directed by a brother against his own interest and that of his subjects? Have not those two realms their separate maxims of policy, which must operate in the times of peace? These at least are probabilities, and cheaper by six millions a year than recovering Spain or continuing the war, both which seem absolutely impossible.

But the common question is, if we must now surrender Spain, what have we been fighting for all this while? The answer is ready: we have been fighting for the ruin of the public interest and the advancement of a private. We have been fighting to raise the wealth and grandeur of a particular family, to enrich usurers and stock-jobbers, and to cultivate the perni-

cious designs of a faction by destroying the landed interest. The nation begins now to think these blessings are not worth fighting for any longer, and therefore desires a peace.

But the advocates on the other side cry out that we might have had a better peace than is now in agitation, above two years ago. Supposing this to be true, I do assert that, by parity of reason, we must expect one just so much the worse about two years hence. If those in power could then have given us a better peace, more is their infamy and guilt that they did it not. Why did they insist upon conditions which they were certain would never be granted? We allow it was in their power to have put a good end to the war, and left the nation in some hope of recovering itself. And this is what we charge them with, as answerable to God, their country, and posterity,—that the bleeding condition of their fellow subjects was a feather in the balance with their private ends.

When we offer to lament the heavy debts and poverty of the nation, it is pleasant to hear some men answer all that can be said by crying up the power of England, the courage of England, the inexhaustible riches of England. I have heard a man[1] very sanguine upon this subject, with a good employment for life, and a hundred thousand pounds in the funds, bidding us take courage, and warranting that all would go well. This is the style of men at ease, who lay heavy burdens upon others, which they would not touch with one of their fingers. I have known some people such ill computers as to imagine the many millions in stocks and annuities are so much real wealth in the nation; whereas every farthing of it is entirely lost to us, scattered in Holland, Germany, and Spain; and the landed men who now pay the interest must at last pay the principal.

Fourthly, Those who are against any peace without Spain have, I doubt, been ill informed as to the low condition of France, and the mighty consequences of our successes. As to the first, it must be confessed that after the battle of Ramilies the French were so discouraged with their frequent losses, and so impatient for a peace, that their king was resolved to comply upon any reasonable terms. But when his subjects were informed of our exorbitant demands, they grew jealous of his honour, and were unanimous to assist him in continuing the war at any hazard rather than submit. This fully restored his authority; and the supplies he has received from the Spanish West Indies, which in all are computed since the war to amount to four hundred millions of livres, and all in specie, have enabled him to pay his troops. Besides, the money is spent in his own country; and he has since waged war in the most thrifty manner by acting on the defensive; compounding with us every campaign for a town, which costs us fifty times more than it is worth, either as to the value or the consequences. Then he is at no charge for a fleet farther than providing privateers, wherewith his subjects carry on a piratical war at their own expense, and he shares in the profit, which has been very considerable to France and of infinite disadvantage to us, not only by the perpetual losses we have suffered, to an immense value, but by the general discouragement of trade, on which we so much depend. All this, considered with the circumstances of that government, where the prince is master of the lives and fortunes of so mighty a kingdom, shows that monarch not to be so sunk in his affairs as we have imagined and have long flattered ourselves with the hopes of.

Those who are against any peace without Spain seem likewise to have been mistaken in judging our victories and other successes to have been of greater consequence than they really were.

When our armies take a town in Flanders, the Dutch are immediately put into possession, and we at home make bonfires. I have sometimes pitied the deluded people to see them squandering away their fuel to so little purpose. For example: what is it to us that Bouchain is taken, about which the warlike politicians of the coffeehouse make such a clutter? What though the garrison surrendered prisoners of war and in sight of the enemy? We are not now in a condition to be fed with points of honour. What advantage have we but that of spending three or four millions more to get another town for the States, which may open them a new country for contributions, and increase the perquisites of the general?

In that war of ten years under the late king, when our commanders and soldiers were raw and unexperienced in comparison of what they are at present, we lost battles and towns as well as we gained them of late since those gentlemen have better learned their trade; yet we bore up then, as the French do now; nor was there anything decisive in their successes: they grew weary as well as we, and at last consented to a peace, under which we might have been happy enough if it had not been followed by that wise treaty of partition, which revived the flame that has lasted ever since. I see nothing else in the modern way of making war but that the side which can hold out longest will end it with most advantage. In such a close country as Flanders, where it is carried on by sieges, the army that acts offensively is at a much greater expense of men and money, and there is hardly a town taken in the common forms where the besiegers have not the worst of the bargain. I never yet knew a soldier who would not affirm that any town might be taken if you were content to be at the charge. If you will count upon sacrificing so much blood and treasure, the rest is all a regular established method which cannot fail. When the king of France, in the times of his grandeur, sat down before a town, his generals and engineers would often fix the day when it should surrender: the enemy, sensible of all this, has for some years past avoided a battle where he has so ill succeeded, and taken a surer

[1] Lord Halifax, one of Swift's former Whig friends.

way to consume us by letting our courage evaporate against stones and rubbish, and sacrificing a single town to a campaign, which he can so much better afford to lose than we to take.

Lastly, Those who are so violently against any peace without Spain's being restored to the house of Austria, have not, I believe, cast their eye upon a cloud gathering in the north, which we have helped to raise, and may quickly break in a storm upon our heads.

The northern war has been on foot almost ever since our breach with France. The success of it is various; but one effect to be apprehended was always the same, that sooner or later it would involve us in its consequences, and that whenever this happened, let our success be ever so great against France, from that moment France would have the advantage.

By our guaranty of the treaty of Travendall, we were obliged to hinder the king of Denmark from engaging in a war with Sweden. It was at that time understood by all parties, and so declared even by the British ministers, that this engagement specially regarded Denmark's not assisting king Augustus. But however, if this had not been so, yet our obligation to Sweden stood in force by virtue of former treaties with that crown, which were all revived and confirmed by a subsequent one concluded at the Hague by sir Joseph Williamson and Monsieur Lilienroot, about the latter end of the king's reign.

However, the war in the north proceeded; and our not assisting Sweden was at least as well excused by the war which we were entangled in, as his not contributing his contingent to the empire, whereof he is a member, was excused by the pressures he lay under, having a confederacy to deal with.

In this war the king of Sweden was victorious; and what dangers were we not then exposed to? what fears were we not in? He marched into Saxony, and, if he had really been in the French interest, might at once have put us under the greatest difficulties. But the torrent turned another way, and he contented himself with imposing on his enemy the treaty of Alt-Ranstadt; by which king Augustus makes an absolute cession of the crown of Poland, renounces any title to it, acknowledges Stanislaus, and then both he and the king of Sweden join in desiring the guaranty of England and Holland. The queen did not, indeed, give this guaranty in form; but as a step towards it, the title of king was given to Stanislaus by a letter from her majesty, and the strongest assurances were given to the Swedish minister in her majesty's name, and in a committee of council, that the guaranty should speedily be granted, and that, in the mean while, it was the same thing as if the forms were passed.

In 1708 king Augustus made the campaign in Flanders: what measures he might at that time take, or of what nature the arguments might be that he made use of, is not known; but immediately after he breaks through all he had done, marches into Poland, and reassumes the crown.

After this we apprehended that the peace of the empire might be endangered; and therefore entered into an act of guaranty for the neutrality of it. The king of Sweden refused, upon several accounts, to submit to the terms of this treaty, particularly because we went out of the empire to cover Poland and Jutland, but did not go out of it to cover the territories of Sweden.

Let us therefore consider what is our case at present. If the king of Sweden return, and get the better, he will think himself under no obligation of having any regard to the interests of the allies, but will naturally pursue, according to his own expression, his enemy wherever he finds him. In this case, the corps of the neutrality is obliged to oppose him, and so we are engaged in a second war before the first is ended.

If the northern confederates succeed against Sweden, how shall we be able to preserve the balance of power in the north, so essential to our trade, as well as in many other respects? What will become of that great support of the Protestant interest in Germany, which is the footing that the Swedes now have in the empire? Or who shall answer that these princes, after they have settled the north to their minds, may not take a fancy to look southward, and make our peace with France according to their own schemes?

And lastly, if the king of Prussia, the elector of Hanover, and other princes whose dominions lie contiguous, are forced to draw from those armies which act against France, we must live in hourly expectation of having those troops recalled which they now leave with us; and this recall may happen in the midst of a siege, or on the eve of a battle. Is it therefore our interest to toil on in a ruinous war, for an impracticable end, till one of these cases shall happen, or get under shelter before the storm?

There is no doubt but the present ministry (provided they could get over the obligations of honour and conscience) might find their advantage in advising the continuance of the war, as well as the last did; although not in the same degree, after the kingdom has been so much exhausted. They might prolong it till the parliament desire a peace, and in the mean time leave them in full possession of power. Therefore it is plain that their proceedings at present are meant to serve their country, directly against their private interest; whatever clamour may be raised by those who, for the vilest ends, would move heaven and earth to oppose their measures. But they think it infinitely better to accept such terms as will secure our trade, find a sufficient barrier for the States, give reasonable satisfaction to the emperor, and restore the tranquillity of Europe, although without adding Spain to the empire; rather than go on in a languishing way, upon the vain expectation of some improbable turn for the recovery of that monarchy out of the Bourbon

family, and at last be forced to a worse peace, by some of the allies falling off, upon our utter inability to continue the war.

POSTSCRIPT.

I have in this edition explained three or four lines which mention the succession, to take off, if possible, all manner of cavil; though, at the same time, I cannot but observe how ready the adverse party is to make use of any objections, even such as destroy their own principles. I put a distant case of the possibility that our succession, through extreme necessity, might be changed by the legislature in future ages; and it is pleasant to hear those people quarrelling at this, who profess themselves for changing it as often as they please, and that even without the consent of the entire legislature.

THE SENTIMENTS

OF

A CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND MAN

WITH RESPECT TO RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1708.)[1]

SECTION THE FIRST.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND MAN WITH RESPECT TO RELIGION.

WHOEVER has examined the conduct and proceedings of both parties for some years past, whether in or out of power, cannot well conceive it possible to go far towards the extremes of either, without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding. A wise and a good man may indeed be sometimes induced to comply with a number whose opinion he generally approves, though it be perhaps against his own. But this liberty should be made use of upon very few occasions, and those of small importance; and then only with a view of bringing over his own side another time to something of greater and more public moment. But to sacrifice the innocency of a friend, the good of our country, or our own conscience, to the humour, or passion, or interest of a party, plainly shows that either our heads or our hearts are not as they should be: yet this very practice is the fundamental law of each faction among us, as may be obvious to any who will impartially and without engagement be at the pains to examine their actions, which, however, is not so easy a task: for it seems a principle in human nature to incline one way more than another, even in matters where we are wholly unconcerned. And it is a common observation that in reading a history of facts done a thousand years ago, or standing-by at play among those who are perfect strangers to us, we are apt to find our hopes and wishes engaged on a sudden in favour of one side more than another. No wonder, then, that we are all so ready to interest ourselves in the course of public affairs, where the most inconsiderable have some real share, and, by the

[1] "Swift has at this period recorded himself, in the conclusion of his verses to Ardelia, as 'a Whig, and one who wears a gown;' a memorable line, expressive that the principles which then ruled his mind were an attachment to the liberties of his country in State politics, and to the rights of his order in those of the Church. These points, however reconcilable in themselves, were, in general estimation, usually regarded as in opposition to each other; a high-church Whig was a political character of which all parties refused to recognise the existence. Swift saw and felt the difficulty of preserving consistency in the eyes of the public, and busied himself, according to his own account, with projects for the uniting of parties, which he perfected over night, and destroyed in the morning. One tract, however, the 'Sentiments of a Church-of-England Man with respect to Religion and Government,' escaped this condemnation, and was published in 1708. It contains a statement concerning the national religious establishment, fair, temperate, and manly, unless where it may be thought too strongly to favour the penal laws against non-conformity. In civil politics, the Revolution principles are strongly advocated; and the final conclusion is, that, 'in order to preserve the constitution entire in Church and State, whoever has a true value for both would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig, for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory, on account of the latter.' But moderation in politics, however reasonable in itself, and though recommended by the powers of Swift, has always been too cold for the temper of the English nation. All that they could or would understand from the sentiment above expressed, was, that the author was disposed to leave the political party with which he had hitherto acted, and was anticipating an apology for uniting with the Tories. And these suspicions were confirmed in the eyes of the party that entertained them, when he published, in 1708–9, the 'Letter upon the Sacramental Test,' opposing, by every argument of reason and ridicule which his prompt imagination could supply, any relaxation of this important legal disability."—SCOTT, Life of Swift.

wonderful importance which every man is of to himself, a very great imaginary one.

And, indeed, when the two parties that divide the whole commonwealth come once to a rupture, without any hopes left of forming a third, with better principles, to balance the others, it seems every man's duty to choose one of the two sides, though he cannot entirely approve of either; and all pretences to neutrality are justly exploded by both, being too stale and obvious, only intending the safety and ease of a few individuals, while the public is embroiled. This was the opinion and practice of the latter Cato, whom I esteem to have been the wisest and best of all the Romans. But before things proceed to open violence, the truest service a private man may hope to do his country is by unbiassing his mind as much as possible, and then endeavouring to moderate between the rival powers; which must needs be owned a fair proceeding with the world, because it is, of all others, the least consistent with the common design of making a fortune by the merits of an opinion.

I have gone as far as I am able in qualifying myself to be such a moderator: I believe I am no bigot in religion, and I am sure I am none in government. I converse in full freedom with many considerable men of both parties; and if not in equal number, it is purely accidental and personal, as happening to be near the court, and to have made acquaintance there, more under one ministry than another. Then, I am not under the necessity of declaring myself, by the prospect of an employment. And lastly, if all this be not sufficient, I industriously conceal my name, which wholly exempts me from any hopes and fears in delivering my opinion.

In consequence of this free use of my reason, I cannot possibly think so well or so ill of either party as they would endeavour to persuade the world of each other and of themselves. For instance; I do not charge it upon the body of the Whigs or the Tories that their several principles lead them to introduce Presbytery and the religion of the Church of Rome, or a commonwealth and arbitrary power. For why should any party be accused of a principle which they solemnly disown and protest against? But to this they have a mutual answer ready: they both assure us that their adversaries are not to be believed; that they disown their principles out of fear, which are manifest enough when we examine their practices. To prove this, they will produce instances, on one side, either of avowed Presbyterians, or persons of libertine and atheistical tenets; and on the other, of professed Papists, or such as are openly in the interest of the abdicated family. Now, it is very natural for all subordinate sects and denominations in a state to side with some general party, and to choose that which they find to agree with themselves in some general principle. Thus, at the Restoration, the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Independents, and other sects, did all with very good reason unite and solder up their several schisms to join against the Church; who, without regard to their distinctions, treated them all as equal adversaries. Thus our present dissenters do very naturally close in with the Whigs, who profess moderation, declare they abhor all thoughts of persecution, and think it hard that those who differ only in a few ceremonies and speculations should be denied the privilege and profit of serving their country in the highest employments of state. Thus, the atheists, libertines, despisers of religion and revelation in general, that is to say, all those who usually pass under the name of freethinkers, do properly join with the same body: because they likewise preach up moderation, and are not so overnice as to distinguish between an unlimited liberty of conscience and an unlimited freedom of opinion. Then, on the other side, the professed firmness of the Tories for episcopacy, as an apostolical institution; their aversion to those sects who lie under the reproach of having once destroyed their constitution, and who, they imagine, by too indiscreet a zeal for reformation, have defaced the primitive model of the Church; next, their veneration for monarchical government in the common course of succession, and their hatred to republican schemes: these, I say, are principles which not only the nonjuring zealots profess, but even Papists themselves fall readily in with. And every extreme here mentioned flings a general scandal upon the whole body it pretends to adhere to.

But surely no man whatsoever ought, in justice or good manners, to be charged with principles he actually disowns, unless his practices do openly, and without the least room for doubt, contradict his profession; not upon small surmises, or because he has the misfortune to have ill men sometimes agree with him in a few general sentiments. However, though the extremes of Whig and Tory seem, with little justice, to have drawn religion into their controversies, wherein they have small concern, yet they both have borrowed one leading principle from the abuse of it: which is, to have built their several systems of political faith, not upon inquiries after truth, but upon opposition to each other, upon injurious appellations, charging their adversaries with horrid opinions, and then reproaching them for the want of charity; *et neuter falso.*

In order to remove these prejudices, I have thought nothing could be more effectual than to describe the sentiments of a Church-of-England man with respect to religion and government. This I shall endeavour to do in such a manner as may not be liable to the least objection from either party, and which I am confident would be assented to by great numbers in both, if they were not misled to those mutual misrepresentations by such motives as they would be ashamed to own.

I shall begin with religion.

And here, though it makes an odd sound, yet

it is necessary to say that whoever professes himself a member of the Church of England ought to believe a God and his providence, together with revealed religion and the divinity of Christ. For, besides those many thousands who (to speak in the phrase of divines) do practically deny all this by the immorality of their lives, there is no small number who in their conversation and writings directly or by consequence endeavour to overthrow it; yet all these place themselves in the list of the national Church, though at the same time (as it is highly reasonable) they are great sticklers for liberty of conscience.

To enter upon particulars: a Church-of-England man has a true veneration for the scheme established among us of ecclesiastic government; and though he will not determine whether episcopacy be of divine right, he is sure it is most agreeable to primitive institution, fittest of all others for preserving order and purity, and, under its present regulations, best calculated for our civil state: he should therefore think the abolishment of that order among us would prove a mighty scandal and corruption to our faith, and manifestly dangerous to our monarchy; nay, he would defend it by arms against all the powers on earth, except our own legislature; in which case he would submit, as to a general calamity, a dearth, or a pestilence.

As to rites and ceremonies and forms of prayer, he allows there might be some useful alterations, and more which in the prospect of uniting Christians might be very supportable, as things declared in their own nature indifferent; to which he therefore would readily comply, if the clergy, or (though this be not so fair a method) if the legislature, should direct: yet, at the same time, he cannot altogether blame the former for their unwillingness to consent to any alteration; which besides the trouble, and perhaps disgrace, would certainly never produce the good effects intended by it. The only condition that could make it prudent and just for the clergy to comply in altering the ceremonial, or any other indifferent part, would be a firm resolution in the legislature to interpose, by some strict and effectual laws, to prevent the rising and spreading of new sects, how plausible soever, for the future; else there must never be an end: and it would be to act like a man who should pull down and change the ornaments of his house, in compliance to every one who was disposed to find fault as he passed by; which, besides the perpetual trouble and expense, would very much damage, and perhaps in time destroy, the building. Sects in a state seem only tolerated with any reason because they are already spread; and because it would not be agreeable with so mild a government, or so pure a religion, as ours, to use violent methods against great numbers of mistaken people, while they do not manifestly endanger the constitution of either. But the greatest advocates for general liberty of conscience will allow that they ought to be checked in their beginnings, if they will allow them to be an evil at all; or, which is the same thing, if they will only grant it were better for the peace of the state that there should be none. But while the clergy consider the natural temper of mankind in general, or of our own country in particular, what assurances can they have that any compliances they shall make will remove the evil of dissension, while the liberty still continues of professing whatever new opinion we please? Or how can it be imagined that the body of dissenting teachers, who must be all undone by such a revolution, will not cast about for some new objections to withhold their flocks, and draw in fresh proselytes, by some farther innovations or refinements?

Upon these reasons, he is for tolerating such different forms in religious worship as are already admitted, but by no means for leaving it in the power of those who are tolerated to advance their own models upon the ruin of what is already established; which it is natural for all sects to desire, and which they cannot be justified by any consistent principles if they do not endeavour; and yet which they cannot succeed in without the utmost danger to the public peace.

To prevent these inconveniences, he thinks it highly just that all rewards of trust, profit, or dignity, which the state leaves in the disposal of the administration, should be given only to those whose principles direct them to preserve the constitution in all its parts. In the late affair of occasional conformity, the general argument of those who were against it was, not to deny it an evil in itself, but that the remedy proposed was violent, untimely, and improper; which is the bishop of Salisbury's opinion in the speech he made and published against the bill: but however just their fears or complaints might have been upon that score, he thinks it a little too gross and precipitate to employ their writers already in arguments for repealing the sacramental test, upon no wiser maxim than that no man should on the account of conscience be deprived the liberty of serving his country; a topic which may be equally applied to admit Papists, atheists, Mahometans, heathens, and Jews. If the Church wants members of its own to employ in the service of the public, or be so unhappily contrived as to exclude from its communion such persons who are likeliest to have great abilities, it is time it should be altered, and reduced into some more perfect or at least more popular form: but in the meanwhile it is not altogether improbable that when those who dislike the constitution are so very zealous in their offers for the service of their country, they are not wholly unmindful of their party or of themselves.

The Dutch, whose practice is so often quoted to prove and celebrate the great advantages of a general liberty of conscience, have yet a national religion professed by all who bear office among them: but why should they be a precedent for us either in religion or government?

Our country differs from theirs as well in situation, soil, and productions of nature, as in the genius and complexion of inhabitants. They are a commonwealth founded on a sudden, by a desperate attempt in a desperate condition, not formed or digested into a regular system by mature thought and reason, but huddled up under the pressure of sudden exigencies; calculated for no long duration, and hitherto subsisting by accident, in the midst of contending powers, who cannot yet agree about sharing it among them. These difficulties do indeed preserve them from any great corruptions, which their crazy constitution would extremely subject them to in a long peace. That confluence of people, in a persecuting age, to a place of refuge nearest at hand, put them upon the necessity of trade, to which they wisely gave all ease and encouragement: and if we could think fit to imitate them in this last particular, there would need no more to invite foreigners among us; who seem to think no farther than how to secure their property and conscience, without projecting any share in that government which gives them protection, or calling it persecution if it be denied them. But, I speak it for the honour of our administration, although our sects are not so numerous as those in Holland, which I presume is not our fault and I hope is not our misfortune, we much excel them, and all Christendom besides, in our indulgence to tender consciences. One single compliance with the national form of receiving the sacrament is all we require to qualify any sectary among us for the greatest employments in the state; after which he is at liberty to rejoin his own assemblies for the rest of his life. Besides, I will suppose any of the numerous sects in Holland to have so far prevailed as to have raised a civil war, destroyed their government and religion, and put their administrators to death; after which I will suppose the people to have recovered all again, and to have settled on their old foundation. Then I would put a query, whether that sect which was the unhappy instrument of all this confusion, could reasonably expect to be entrusted for the future with the greatest employments, or indeed to be hardly tolerated among them?

To go on with the sentiments of a Church-of-England man: he does not see how that mighty passion for the Church, which some men pretend, can well consist with those indignities and that contempt they bestow on the persons of the clergy. It is a strange mark whereby to distinguish High Churchmen, that they are such who imagine the clergy can never be too low. He thinks the maxim these gentlemen are so fond of, that they are for a humble clergy, is a very good one: and so is he, and for a humble laity too, since humility is a virtue that perhaps equally befits and adorns every station of life.

But then, if the scribblers on the other side freely speak the sentiments of their party, a divine of the Church of England cannot look for much better quarter thence. You shall observe nothing more frequent in their weekly papers than a way of affecting to confound the terms of clergy and High Church, of applying both indifferently, and then loading the latter with all the calumny they can invent. They will tell you they honour a clergyman; but talk at the same time as if there were not three in the kingdom who could fall in with their definition. After the like manner they insult the universities, as poisoned fountains and corrupters of youth.

Now, it seems clear to me that the Whigs might easily have procured and maintained a majority among the clergy, and perhaps in the universities, if they had not too much encouraged or connived at this intemperance of speech and virulence of pen in the worst and most prostitute of their party; among whom there has been for some years past such a perpetual clamour against the ambition, the implacable temper, and the covetousness, of the priesthood; such a cant of High Church, and persecution, and being priest-ridden; so many reproaches about narrow principles or terms of communion; then such scandalous reflections on the universities for infecting the youth of the nation with arbitrary and Jacobite principles; that it was natural for those who had the care of religion and education to apprehend some general design of altering the constitution of both. And all this was the more extraordinary, because it could not easily be forgot that whatever opposition was made to the usurpations of king James proceeded altogether from the Church of England, and chiefly from the clergy and one of the universities. For, if it were of any use to recall matters of fact, what is more notorious than that prince's applying himself first to the Church of England? and, upon their refusal to fall in with his measures, making the like advances to the dissenters of all kinds? Who readily and almost universally complied with him, affecting, in their numerous addresses and pamphlets, the style of our brethren the Roman Catholics; whose interests they put on the same foot with their own, and some of Cromwell's officers took posts in the army raised against the prince of Orange. These proceedings of theirs they can only extenuate by urging the provocations they had met from the Church in king Charles's reign; which, though perhaps excusable upon the score of human infirmity, are not by any means a plea of merit equal to the constancy and sufferings of the bishops and clergy, or of the head and fellows of Magdalen College, that furnished the prince of Orange's declaration with such powerful arguments to justify and promote the Revolution.

Therefore a Church-of-England man abhors the humour of the age, in delighting to fling scandals upon the clergy in general; which, besides the disgrace to the Reformation and to religion itself, casts an ignominy upon the kingdom that it does not deserve. We have no better materials to compound the priesthood of,

than the mass of mankind, which, corrupted as it is, those who receive orders must have some vices to leave behind them when they enter into the Church; and if a few do still adhere, it is no wonder, but rather a great one that they are no worse. Therefore he cannot think ambition or love of power more justly laid to their charge than to other men's; because that would be to make religion itself, or at least the best constitution of Church government, answerable for the errors and depravity of human nature.

Within these last two hundred years, all sorts of temporal power have been wrested from the clergy, and much of their ecclesiastic, the reason or justice of which proceeding I shall not examine; but that the remedies were a little too violent, with respect to their possessions, the legislature has lately confessed, by the remission of their first-fruits. Neither do the common libellers deny this, who in their invectives only tax the Church with an insatiable desire of power and wealth (equally common to all bodies of men as well as individuals), but thank God that the laws have deprived them of both. However, it is worth observing the justice of parties; the sects among us are apt to complain and think it hard usage to be reproached now, after fifty years, for overturning the state, for the murder of a king, and the indignity of a usurpation; yet these very men and their partisans are continually reproaching the clergy, and laying to their charge the pride, the avarice, the luxury, the ignorance and superstition, of Popish times for a thousand years past.

He thinks it a scandal to government that such an unlimited liberty should be allowed of publishing books against those doctrines in religion wherein all Christians have agreed; much more to connive at such tracts as reject all revelation, and by their consequences often deny the very being of a God. Surely it is not a sufficient atonement for the writers that they profess much loyalty to the present government, and sprinkle up and down some arguments in favour of the dissenters; that they dispute as strenuously as they can for liberty of conscience, and inveigh largely against all ecclesiastics under the name of High Church; and, in short, under the shelter of some popular principles in politics and religion, undermine the foundations of all piety and virtue.

As he does not reckon every schism of that damnable nature which some would represent, so he is very far from closing with the new opinion of those who would make it no crime at all, and argue at a wild rate that God Almighty is delighted with the variety of faith and worship, as he is with the varieties of nature. To such absurdities are men carried by the affectation of freethinking and removing the prejudices of education; under which head they have for some time begun to list morality and religion. It is certain that before the Rebellion in 1642, though the number of Puritans (as they were then called) was as great as it is with us, and though they affected to follow pastors of that denomination, yet those pastors had episcopal ordination, possessed preferments in the Church, and were sometimes promoted to bishoprics themselves. But a breach in the general form of worship was in those days reckoned so dangerous and sinful in itself, and so offensive to Roman Catholics at home and abroad, that it was too unpopular to be attempted; neither, I believe, was the expedient then found out of maintaining separate pastors out of private purses.

When a schism is once spread in a nation, there grows at length a dispute which are the schismatics. Without entering on the arguments used by both sides among us to fix the guilt on each other, it is certain that, in the sense of the law, the schism lies on that side which opposes itself to the religion of the state. I leave it among the divines to dilate upon the danger of schism as a spiritual evil; but I would consider it only as a temporal one. And I think it clear that any great separation from the established worship, though to a new one that is more pure and perfect, may be an occasion of endangering the public peace; because it will compose a body always in reserve, prepared to follow any discontented heads, upon the plausible pretext of advancing true religion and opposing error, superstition, or idolatry. For this reason Plato lays it down as a maxim that men ought to worship the gods according to the laws of the country; and he introduces Socrates, in his last discourse, utterly disowning the crime laid to his charge, of teaching new divinities or methods of worship. Thus the poor Huguenots of France were engaged in a civil war by the specious pretences of some who, under the guise of religion, sacrificed so many thousand lives to their own ambition and revenge. Thus was the whole body of Puritans in England drawn to be instruments or abettors of all manner of villany, by the artifices of a few men, whose designs from the first were levelled to destroy the constitution both of religion and government. And thus, even in Holland itself, where it is pretended that the variety of sects live so amicably together and in such perfect obedience to the magistrate, it is notorious how a turbulent party, joining with the Arminians, did in the memory of our fathers attempt to destroy the liberty of that republic. So that, upon the whole, where sects are tolerated in a state, it is fit they should enjoy a full liberty of conscience, and every other privilege of free-born subjects to which no power is annexed. And, to preserve their obedience upon all emergencies, a government cannot give them too much ease, nor trust them with too little power.

The clergy are usually charged with a persecuting spirit, which they are said to discover by an implacable hatred to all dissenters: and this appears to be more unreasonable, because they suffer less in their interests by a toleration than any of the conforming laity: for while the Church remains in its present form, no dis-

senter can possibly have any share in its dignities, revenues, or power; whereas, by once receiving the sacrament, he is rendered capable of the highest employments in the state. And it is very possible that a narrow education, together with a mixture of human infirmity, may help to beget among some of the clergy in possession such an aversion and contempt for all innovators, as physicians are apt to have for empirics, or lawyers for pettifoggers, or merchants for pedlars; but since the number of sectaries does not concern the clergy, either in point of interest or conscience, (it being an evil not in their power to remedy,) it is more fair and reasonable to suppose their dislike proceeds from the dangers they apprehend to the peace of the commonwealth, in the ruin whereof they must expect to be the first and greatest sufferers.

To conclude this section: it must be observed that there is a very good word which has of late suffered much by both parties, I mean moderation; which the one side very justly disowns, and the other as unjustly pretends to. Besides what passes every day in conversation, any man who reads the papers published by Mr Lesley, and others of his stamp, must needs conclude that, if this author could make the nation see his adversaries under the colours he paints them in, we have nothing else to do but rise as one man and destroy such wretches from the face of the earth. On the other side, how shall we excuse the advocates for moderation? among whom I could appeal to a hundred papers of universal approbation by the cause they were writ for, which lay such principles to the whole body of the Tories as, if they were true and believed, our next business should in prudence be to erect gibbets in every parish and hang them out of the way. But I suppose it is presumed the common people understand raillery, or at least rhetoric, and will not take hyperboles in too literal a sense; which, however, in some junctures, might prove a desperate experiment. And this is moderation in the modern sense of the word; to which, speaking impartially, the bigots of both parties are equally entitled.

SECTION THE SECOND.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A CHURCH-OF-ENGLAND MAN WITH RESPECT TO GOVERNMENT.

We look upon it as a very just reproach, though we cannot agree where to fix it, that there should be so much violence and hatred in religious matters among men who agree in all fundamentals, and only differ in some ceremonies, or, at most, mere speculative points. Yet is not this frequently the case between contending parties in a state? For instance: do not the generality of Whigs and Tories among us profess to agree in the same fundamentals, their loyalty to the queen, their abjuration of the Pretender, the settlement of the crown in the Protestant line, and a Revolution principle? their affection to the Church established, with toleration of dissenters? nay, sometimes they go farther, and pass over into each others' principles; the Whigs become great assertors of the prerogative, and the Tories of the people's liberty; these crying down almost the whole set of bishops, and those defending them; so that the differences, fairly stated, would be much of a sort with those in religion among us, and amount to little more than who should take place, or go in and out first, or kiss the queen's hand; and what are these but a few court ceremonies? or who should be in the ministry; and what is that to the body of the nation but a mere speculative point? Yet I think it must be allowed that no religious sects ever carried their mutual aversions to greater heights than our state parties have done; who, the more to inflame their passions, have mixed religious and civil animosities together; borrowing one of their appellations from the Church, with the addition of high and low, how little soever their disputes relate to the term as it is generally understood.

I now proceed to deliver the sentiments of a Church-of-England man with respect to government.

He does not think the Church of England so narrowly calculated that it cannot fall in with any regular species of government; nor does he think any one regular species of government more acceptable to God than another. The three generally received in the schools have all of them their several perfections, and are subject to their several depravations. However, few states are ruined by any defect in their institution, but generally by the corruption of manners; against which the best institution is no longer a security, and without which a very ill one may subsist and flourish: whereof there are two pregnant instances now in Europe. The first is the aristocracy of Venice, which, founded upon the wisest maxims and digested by a great length of time, has in our age admitted so many abuses, through the degeneracy of the nobles, that the period of its duration seems to approach. The other is, the united republics of the States-General, where a vein of temperance, industry, parsimony, and a public spirit, running through the whole body of the people, has preserved an infant commonwealth, of an untimely birth and sickly constitution, for above a hundred years, through so many dangers and difficulties as a much more healthy one could never have struggled against without those advantages.

Where security of person and property are preserved by laws which none but the whole can repeal, there the great ends of government are provided for, whether the administration be in the hands of one or of many. Where any one person or body of men, who do not represent the whole, seize into their hands the

power in the last resort, there is properly no longer a government, but what Aristotle and his followers call the abuse and corruption of one. This distinction excludes arbitrary power, in whatever numbers; which, notwithstanding all that Hobbes, Filmer, and others have said to its advantage, I look upon as a greater evil than anarchy itself, as much as a savage is in a happier state of life than a slave at the oar.

It is reckoned ill manners, as well as unreasonable, for men to quarrel upon difference in opinion; because that is usually supposed to be a thing which no man can help in himself: but this I do not conceive to be a universal infallible maxim, except in those cases where the question is pretty equally disputed among the learned and the wise: where it is otherwise, a man of tolerable reason, some experience, and willing to be instructed, may apprehend he is got into a wrong opinion, though the whole course of his mind and inclination would persuade him to believe it true; he may be convinced that he is in an error, though he does not see where it lies, by the bad effects of it in the common conduct of his life, and by observing those persons for whose wisdom and goodness he has the greatest deference to be of a contrary sentiment. According to Hobbes's comparison of reasoning with casting up accounts, whoever finds a mistake in the sum total must allow himself out, though, after repeated trials, he may not see in which article he has miscckoned. I will instance one opinion which I look upon every man obliged in conscience to quit, or in prudence to conceal: I mean, that whoever argues in defence of absolute power in a single person, though he offers the old plausible plea that it is his opinion, which he cannot help unless he be convinced, ought in all free states to be treated as the common enemy of mankind. Yet this is laid as a heavy charge upon the clergy of the two reigns before the Revolution, who, under the terms of passive obedience and non-resistance, are said to have preached up the unlimited power of the prince, because they found it a doctrine that pleased the court and made way for their preferment. And I believe there may be truth enough in this accusation to convince us that human frailty will too often interpose itself among persons of the holiest function. However, it may be offered in excuse for the clergy, that in the best societies there are some ill members which a corrupted court and ministry will industriously find out and introduce. Besides, it is manifest that the greater number of those who held and preached this doctrine were misguided by equivocal terms, and by perfect ignorance in the principles of government, which they had not made any part of their study. The question originally put, and as I remember to have heard it disputed in public schools, was this: Whether, under any pretence whatsoever, it may be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate? which was held in the negative; and this is certainly the right opinion. But many of the clergy and other learned men, deceived by dubious expression, mistook the object to which passive obedience was due. By the supreme magistrate, is properly understood the legislative power, which in all governments must be absolute and unlimited. But the word magistrate seeming to denote a single person, and to express the executive power, it came to pass that the obedience due to the legislature was, for want of knowing or considering this easy distinction, misapplied to the administration. Neither is it any wonder that the clergy or other well meaning people should fall into this error, which deceived Hobbes himself so far as to be the foundation of all the political mistakes in his books; where he perpetually confounds the executive with the legislative power, though all well instituted states have ever placed them in different hands, as may be obvious to those who know anything of Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and other republics of Greece, as well as the greater ones of Carthage and Rome.

Besides, it is to be considered that, when these doctrines began to be preached among us, the kingdom had not quite worn out the memory of that horrid Rebellion under the consequences of which it had groaned almost twenty years. And a weak prince, in conjunction with a succession of the most prostitute ministers, began again to dispose the people to new attempts, which it was no doubt the clergy's duty to endeavour to prevent; though some of them for want of knowledge in temporal affairs, and others perhaps from a worse principle, proceeded upon a topic that, strictly followed, would enslave all mankind.

Among other theological arguments made use of in those times, in praise of monarchy and justification of absolute obedience to a prince, there seemed to be one of a singular nature: it was urged that Heaven was governed by a monarch who had none to control his power, but was absolutely obeyed: then it followed, that earthly governments were the more perfect, the nearer they imitated the government in Heaven. All which I look upon as the strongest argument against despotic power that ever was offered; since no reason can possibly be assigned why it is best for the world that God Almighty has such a power, which does not directly prove that no mortal man should ever have the like.

But though a Church-of-England man thinks every species of government equally lawful, he does not think them equally expedient, or for every country indifferently. There may be something in the climate naturally disposing men toward one sort of obedience; as is manifest all over Asia, where we never read of any commonwealth, except some small ones on the western coast, established by the Greeks. There may be a great deal in the situation of a country and in the present genius of the people. It has been observed that the temperate climates usually run into moderate governments, and the extremes into despotic power. It is a re-

mark of Hobbes, that the youth of England are corrupted in their principles of government by reading the authors of Greece and Rome, who writ under commonwealths. But it might have been more fairly offered, for the honour of liberty, that while the rest of the known world was overrun with the arbitrary government of single persons, arts and sciences took their rise and flourished only in those few small territories where the people were free. And though learning may continue after liberty is lost, as it did in Rome for a while upon the foundations laid under the commonwealth and the particular patronage of some emperors, yet it hardly ever began under a tyranny in any nation; because slavery is of all things the greatest clog and obstacle to speculation. And indeed arbitrary power is but the first natural step from anarchy or the savage life; the adjusting of power and freedom being an effect and consequence of maturer thinking: and this is nowhere so duly regulated as in a limited monarchy: because I believe it may pass for a maxim in state that the administration cannot be placed in too few hands, nor the legislature in too many. Now in this material point the constitution of the English government far exceeds all others at this time on the earth; to which the present establishment of the Church does so happily agree, that I think whoever is an enemy to either, must of necessity be so to both.

He thinks, as our monarchy is constituted, a hereditary right is much to be preferred before election; because the government here, especially by some late amendments, is so regularly disposed in all its parts, that it almost executes itself. And therefore, upon the death of a prince among us, the administration goes on without any rub or interruption. For the same reasons, we have less to apprehend from the weakness or fury of our monarchs, who have such wise councils to guide the first and laws to restrain the other. And therefore this hereditary right should be kept so sacred as never to break the succession, unless where the preserving of it may endanger the constitution; which is not from any intrinsic merit or unalienable right in a particular family, but to avoid the consequences that usually attend the ambition of competitors to which elective kingdoms are exposed; and which is the only obstacle to hinder them from arriving at the greatest perfection that government can possibly reach. Hence appears the absurdity of that distinction between a king *de facto* and one *de jure*, with respect to us. For every limited monarch is a king *de jure*, because he governs by the consent of the whole, which is authority sufficient to abolish all precedent right. If a king come in by conquest, he is no longer a limited monarch; if he afterwards consent to limitations, he becomes immediately king *de jure* for the same reason.

The great advocates for succession, who affirm it ought not to be violated upon any regard or consideration whatsoever, do insist much upon one argument that seems to carry little weight. They would have it that a crown is a prince's birthright, and ought at least to be as well secured to him and his posterity as the inheritance of any private man; in short, that he has the same title to his kingdom which every individual has to his property: now, the consequence of this doctrine must be, that, as a man may find several ways to waste, misspend, or abuse his patrimony, without being answerable to the laws, so a king may in like manner do what he will with his own; that is, he may squander and misapply his revenues, and even alienate the crown, without being called to an account by his subjects. They allow such a prince to be guilty, indeed, of much folly and wickedness; but for these he is answerable to God, as every private man must be that is guilty of mismanagement in his own concerns. Now, the folly of this reasoning will best appear by applying it in a parallel case. Should any man argue that a physician is supposed to understand his own art best; that the law protects and encourages his profession; and therefore, although he should manifestly prescribe poison to all his patients, whereof they should immediately die, he cannot be justly punished, but is answerable only to God: or should the same be offered in behalf of a divine who would preach against religion and moral duties; in either of these two cases, everybody would find out the sophistry, and presently answer that, although common men are not exactly skilled in the composition or application of medicines, or in prescribing the limits of duty, yet the difference between poisons and remedies is easily known by their effects; and common reason soon distinguishes between virtue and vice; and it must be necessary to forbid both these the farther practice of their professions, because their crimes are not purely personal to the physician or the divine, but destructive to the public. All which is infinitely stronger in respect to a prince, in whose good or ill conduct the happiness or misery of a whole nation is included: whereas it is of small consequence to the public, farther than example, how any private person manages his property.

But granting that the right of a lineal successor to a crown were upon the same foot with the property of a subject, still it may at any time be transferred by the legislative power, as other properties frequently are. The supreme power in a state can do no wrong, because whatever that does is the action of all: and when the lawyers apply this maxim to the king, they must understand it only in that sense as he is administrator of the supreme power; otherwise it is not universally true, but may be controlled in several instances easy to produce.

And these are the topics we must proceed upon to justify our exclusion of the young Pretender in France; that of his suspected birth being merely popular, and therefore not made use of, as I remember, since the Revolution, in any speech, vote, or proclamation, where there was an occasion to mention him.

As to the abdication of king James, which the advocates on that side look upon to have been forcible and unjust, and consequently void in itself, I think a man may observe every article of the English Church without being in much pain about it. It is not unlikely that all doors were laid open for his departure, and perhaps not without the privity of the prince of Orange, as reasonably concluding that the kingdom might be better settled in his absence; but to affirm he had any cause to apprehend the same treatment with his father, is an improbable scandal flung upon the nation by a few bigoted French scribblers, or the invidious assertion of a ruined party at home in the bitterness of their souls; not one material circumstance agreeing with those in 1648, and the greatest part of the nation having preserved the utmost horror for that ignominious murder. But whether his removal were caused by his own fears or other men's artifices, it is manifest to me that, supposing the throne to be vacant, which was the foot the nation went upon, the body of the people were thereupon left at liberty to choose what forms of government they pleased, by themselves or their representatives.

The only difficulty of any weight against the proceedings at the Revolution, is an obvious objection to which the writers upon that subject have not yet given a direct or sufficient answer, as if they were in pain at some consequences which they apprehend those of the contrary opinion might draw from it. I will repeat this objection as it was offered me some time ago, with all its advantages, by a very pious, learned, and worthy gentleman of the nonjuring party.

The force of his argument turned upon this; that the laws made by the supreme power cannot otherwise than by the supreme power be annulled: that this consisting in England of a king, lords, and commons, whereof each have a negative voice, no two of them can repeal or enact a law without consent of the third; much less may any one of them be entirely excluded from its part of the legislature by a vote of the other two. That all these maxims were openly violated at the Revolution; where an assembly of the nobles and people, not summoned by the king's writ (which was an essential part of the constitution), and consequently no lawful meeting, did, merely upon their own authority, declare the king to have abdicated, the throne vacant, and gave the crown by a vote to a nephew, when there were three children to inherit; though by the fundamental laws of the realm the next heir is immediately to succeed. Neither does it appear how a prince's abdication can make any other sort of vacancy in the throne than would be caused by his death; since he cannot abdicate for his children (who claim their right of succession by act of parliament) otherwise than by his own consent in form to a bill from the two houses.

And this is the difficulty that seems chiefly to stick with the most reasonable of those who, from a mere scruple of conscience, refuse to join with us upon the Revolution principle; but, for the rest, are, I believe, as far from loving arbitrary government as any others can be who are born under a free constitution, and are allowed to have the least share of common good sense.

In this objection there are two questions included: first, Whether, upon the foot of our constitution as it stood in the reign of the late king James, a king of England may be deposed? The second is, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority after the king had withdrawn himself in the manner he did, had power to alter the succession?

As for the first, it is a point I shall not presume to determine; and shall therefore only say, that to any man who holds the negative I would demand the liberty of putting the case as strongly as I please. I will suppose a prince limited by laws like ours, yet running into a thousand caprices of cruelty, like Nero or Caligula; I will suppose him to murder his mother and his wife; to commit incest, to ravish matrons, to blow up the senate, and burn his metropolis; openly to renounce God and Christ, and worship the devil: these and the like exorbitances are in the power of a single person to commit, without the advice of a ministry or assistance of an army. And if such a king as I have described cannot be deposed but by his own consent in parliament, I do not well see how he can be resisted, or what can be meant by a limited monarchy; or what signifies the people's consent in making and repealing laws, if the person who administers has no tie but conscience, and is answerable to none but God. I desire no stronger proof that an opinion must be false, than to find very great absurdities annexed to it, and there cannot be greater than in the present case; for it is not a bare speculation that kings may run into such enormities as are above mentioned: the practice may be proved by examples, not only drawn from the first Cæsars or later emperors, but many modern princes of Europe; such as Peter the Cruel, Philip II. of Spain, John Basilovitz of Muscovy, and, in our own nation, king John, Richard III., and Henry VIII. But there cannot be equal absurdities supposed in maintaining the contrary opinion; because it is certain that princes have it in their power to keep a majority on their side, by any tolerable administration, till provoked by continual oppressions; no man, indeed, can then answer where the madness of the people will stop.

As to the second part of the objection, Whether the people of England, convened by their own authority upon king James's precipitate departure, had power to alter the succession?

In answer to this, I think it is manifest, from the practice of the wisest nations and who seem to have had the truest notions of freedom, that, when a prince was laid aside for maladministration, the nobles and people, if they thought it

necessary for the public weal, did resume the administration of the supreme power (the power itself having been always in them), and did not only alter the succession, but often the very form of government too; because they believed there was no natural right in one man to govern another, but that all was by institution, force, or consent. Thus the cities of Greece, when they drove out their tyrannical kings, either chose others from a new family, or abolished the kingly government and became free states. Thus the Romans, upon the expulsion of Tarquin, found it inconvenient for them to be subject any longer to the pride, the lust, the cruelty, and arbitrary will, of single persons; and therefore, by general consent, entirely altered the whole frame of their government. Nor do I find the proceedings of either, in this point, to have been condemned by any historian of the succeeding ages.

But a great deal has been already said by other writers upon this invidious and beaten subject; therefore I shall let it fall, though the point is commonly mistaken, especially by the lawyers, who of all others seem least to understand the nature of government in general; like under workmen, who are expert enough at making a single wheel in a clock, but are utterly ignorant how to adjust the several parts, or regulate the movements.

To return, therefore, from this digression: It is a Church-of-England man's opinion that the freedom of a nation consists in an absolute unlimited legislative power wherein the whole body of the people are fairly represented, and in an executive duly limited; because on this side likewise there may be dangerous degrees and a very ill extreme. For, when two parties in a state are pretty equal in power, pretensions, merit, and virtue (for these two last are, with relation to parties and a court, quite different things), it has been the opinion of the best writers upon government that a prince ought not in any sort to be under the guidance or influence of either; because he declines by this means from his office of presiding over the whole, to be the head of a party; which, besides the indignity, renders him answerable for all public mismanagements and the consequences of them; and in whatever state this happens, there must either be a weakness in the prince or ministry, or else the former is too much restrained by the nobles or those who represent the people.

To conclude: a Church-of-England man may, with prudence and a good conscience, approve the professed principles of one party more than the other, according as he thinks they best promote the good of Church and state; but he will never be swayed by passion or interest to advance an opinion merely because it is that of the party he most approves: which one single principle he looks upon as the root of all our civil animosities. To enter into a party, as into an order of friars, with so resigned an obedience to superiors, is very unsuitable both with the civil and religious liberties we so zealously assert. Thus the understandings of a whole senate are often enslaved by three or four leaders on each side, who, instead of intending the public weal, have their hearts wholly set upon ways and means how to get or to keep employments. But, to speak more at large, how has this spirit of faction mingled itself with the mass of the people, changed their nature and manners, and the very genius of the nation; broke all the laws of charity, neighbourhood, alliance, and hospitality; destroyed all ties of friendship; and divided families against themselves! And no wonder it should be so, when, in order to find out the character of a person, instead of inquiring whether he be a man of virtue, honour, piety, wit, good sense, or learning, the modern question is only whether he be a Whig or a Tory; under which terms all good and ill qualities are included.

Now, because it is a point of difficulty to choose an exact middle between two ill extremes, it may be worth inquiring in the present case which of these a wise and good man would rather seem to avoid; taking, therefore, their own good and ill characters, with due abatements and allowances for partiality and passion, I should think that, in order to preserve the constitution entire in Church and state, whoever has a true value for both would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory on account of the latter.

I have now said all that I could think convenient upon so nice a subject, and find I have the ambition common with other reasoners, to wish at least that both parties may think me in the right; which would be of some use to those who have any virtue left, but are blindly drawn into the extravagancies of either, upon false representations, to serve the ambition or malice of designing men, without any prospect of their own. But if that is not to be hoped for, my next wish should be that both might think me in the wrong; which I would understand as an ample justification of myself, and a sure ground to believe that I have proceeded at least with impartiality, and perhaps with truth.

VARIOUS PAPERS, ON RELIGION, MORALS, LITERATURE, &c.

AN ARGUMENT

TO PROVE THAT THE

ABOLISHING OF CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND

MAY, AS THINGS NOW STAND, BE ATTENDED WITH SOME INCONVENIENCES, AND PERHAPS NOT PRODUCE THOSE MANY GOOD EFFECTS PROPOSED THEREBY.[1]

I AM very sensible what a weakness and presumption it is to reason against the general humour and disposition of the world. I remember it was, with great justice, and due regard to the freedom both of the public and the press, forbidden upon several penalties to write, or discourse, or lay wagers, against the Union, even before it was confirmed by parliament; because that was looked upon as a design to oppose the current of the people, which, besides the folly of it, is a manifest breach of the fundamental law, that makes this majority of opinion the voice of God. In like manner, and for the very same reasons, it may perhaps be neither safe nor prudent to argue against the abolishing of Christianity, at a juncture when all parties appear so unanimously determined upon the point, as we cannot but allow from their actions, their discourses, and their writings. However, I know not how, whether from the affectation of singularity, or the perverseness of human nature, but so it unhappily falls out, that I cannot be entirely of this opinion. Nay, though I were sure an order were issued for my immediate prosecution by the attorney general, I should still confess that, in the present posture of our affairs at home or abroad, I do not yet see the absolute necessity of extirpating the Christian religion from among us.

This perhaps may appear too great a paradox even for our wise and paradoxical age to endure; therefore I shall handle it with all tenderness, and with the utmost deference to that great and profound majority which is of another sentiment.

And yet the curious may please to observe how much the genius of a nation is liable to alter in half an age. I have heard it affirmed for certain, by some very old people, that the contrary opinion was, even in their memories, as much in vogue as the other is now; and that a project for the abolishing of Christianity would then have appeared as singular, and been thought as absurd, as it would be at this time to write or discourse in its defence.

Therefore I freely own that all appearances are against me. The system of the gospel, after the fate of other systems, is generally antiquated and exploded: and the mass or body of the common people, among whom it seems to have had its latest credit, are now grown as much ashamed of it as their betters; opinions, like fashions, always descending from those of quality to the middle sort, and thence to the vulgar, where at length they are dropped and vanish.

But here I would not be mistaken, and must therefore be so bold as to borrow a distinction from the writers on the other side, when they make a difference between nominal and real Trinitarians. I hope no reader imagines me so weak as to stand up in the defence of real Christianity, such as used in primitive times, (if we may believe the authors of those ages,) to have an influence upon men's belief and actions: to offer at the restoring of that would indeed be a wild project; it would be to dig up foundations; to destroy at one blow all the wit and half the learning of the kingdom; to break the entire frame and constitution of things; to ruin trade, extinguish arts and sciences, with the professors of them; in short, to turn our courts, exchanges, and shops into deserts; and would be full as absurd as the proposal of Horace, where he advises the Romans all in a body to leave their city, and seek a new seat in some remote part of the world, by way of cure for the corruption of their manners.

Therefore I think this caution was in itself altogether unnecessary, (which I have inserted only to prevent all possibility of cavilling,) since every candid reader will easily understand my discourse to be intended only in defence of nominal Christianity; the other having been for some time wholly laid aside by general con-

[1] This vigorous and amusing tract, the idea of which is praised by Johnson as "very happy and judicious," was written in 1708.

sent, as utterly inconsistent with our present schemes of wealth and power.

But why we should therefore cast off the name and title of Christians, although the general opinion and resolution be so violent for it, I confess I cannot (with submission) apprehend, nor is the consequence necessary. However, since the undertakers propose such wonderful advantages to the nation by this project, and advance many plausible objections against the system of Christianity, I shall briefly consider the strength of both, fairly allow them their greatest weight, and offer such answers as I think most reasonable. After which, I will beg leave to show what inconveniences may possibly happen by such an innovation, in the present posture of our affairs.

First, one great advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is, that it would very much enlarge and establish liberty of conscience, that great bulwark of our nation, and of the Protestant religion; which is still too much limited by priestcraft, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the legislature, as we have lately found by a severe instance. For it is confidently reported that two young gentlemen of real hopes, bright wit, and profound judgment, who, upon a thorough examination of causes and effects, and by the mere force of natural abilities, without the least tincture of learning, having made a discovery that there was no God, generously communicated their thoughts for the good of the public, were some time ago, by an unparalleled severity, and upon I know not what obsolete law, broke for blasphemy. And as it has been wisely observed, if persecution once begins, no man alive knows how far it may reach or where it will end.

In answer to all which, with deference to wiser judgments, I think this rather shows the necessity of a nominal religion among us. Great wits love to be free with the highest objects; and if they cannot be allowed a God to revile or renounce, they will speak evil of dignities, abuse the government, and reflect upon the ministry; which I am sure few will deny to be of much more pernicious consequence, according to the saying of Tiberius, *deorum offensa diis curæ*. As to the particular fact related, I think it is not fair to argue from one instance, perhaps another cannot be produced: yet (to the comfort of all those who may be apprehensive of persecution) blasphemy, we know, is freely spoken a million of times in every coffeehouse and tavern, or wherever else good company meet. It must be allowed, indeed, that to break an English freeborn officer only for blasphemy was, to speak the gentlest of such an action, a very high strain of absolute power. Little can be said in excuse for the general: perhaps he was afraid it might give offence to the allies, among whom, for aught we know, it may be the custom of the country to believe a God. But if he argued, as some have done, upon a mistaken principle that an officer who is guilty of speaking blasphemy may some time or other proceed so far as to raise a mutiny, the consequence is by no means to be admitted; for surely the commander of an English army is likely to be but ill obeyed, whose soldiers fear and reverence him as little as they do a Deity.

It is farther objected against the gospel system, that it obliges men to the belief of things too difficult for freethinkers, and such who have shaken off the prejudices that usually cling to a confined education. To which I answer, that men should be cautious how they raise objections which reflect upon the wisdom of the nation. Is not everybody freely allowed to believe whatever he pleases, and to publish his belief to the world whenever he thinks fit, especially if it serves to strengthen the party which is in the right? Would any indifferent foreigner, who should read the trumpery lately written by Asgil, Tindal, Toland, Coward, and forty more, imagine the gospel to be our rule of faith, and confirmed by parliaments? Does any man either believe, or say he believes, or desire to have it thought that he says he believes, one syllable of the matter? And is any man worse received upon that score, or does he find his want of nominal faith a disadvantage to him in the pursuit of any civil or military employment! What if there be an old dormant statute or two against him, are they not now obsolete, to a degree that Empson and Dudley themselves, if they were now alive, would find it impossible to put them in execution?

It is likewise urged that there are, by computation, in this kingdom above ten thousand parsons, whose revenues, added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and freethinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices, who might be an ornament to the court and town: and then, again, so great a number of able [bodied] divines might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This indeed appears to be a consideration of some weight; but then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: as, first, whether it may not be thought necessary that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there shall be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the Church throughout this island would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living; that is, to allow each of them such a rent as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. But still there is in this project a greater mischief behind; and we ought to beware of the woman's folly, who killed the hen that every morning laid her a golden egg. For pray what would become of the race of men in the next age, if we had nothing to trust to besides the scrofulous, consumptive productions furnished by our men of wit and pleasure, when, having squandered

away their vigour, health, and estates, they are forced, by some disagreeable marriage, to piece up their broken fortunes, and entail rottenness and politeness on their posterity? Now, here are ten thousand persons reduced, by the wise regulations of Henry VIII., to the necessity of a low diet and moderate exercise; who are the only great restorers of our breed, without which the nation would in an age or two become one great hospital.

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; besides the loss to the public of so many stately structures, now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into playhouses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there has been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-houses? are not the taverns and coffeehouses open? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? are fewer claps got upon Sundays than other days? is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? Where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniences or incitements to sleep?

There is one advantage greater than any of the foregoing proposed by the abolishing of Christianity; that it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of High and Low Church, of Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Church of England, which are now so many grievous clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to dispose men to prefer the gratifying of themselves, or depressing of their adversaries, before the most important interests of the state.

I confess, if it were certain that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit and be silent; but will any man say that, if the words *whoring*, *drinking*, *cheating*, *lying*, *stealing*, were, by act of parliament, ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest, and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words *pox*, *gout*, *rheumatism*, and *stone*, would that expedient serve, like so many talismans, to destroy the diseases themselves? Are party and faction rooted in men's hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upon no firmer principles? and is our language so poor that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are envy, pride, avarice, and ambition, such ill nomenclators that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not *heydukes* and *mamalukes*, *mandarins* and *patshaws*, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry from others who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech, and instead of the word Church make it a question in politics whether the Monument be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren we can find no other? Suppose, for argument sake, that the Tories favoured Margarita, the Whigs Mrs Tofts, and the trimmers Valentini; would not *Margaritians*, *Toftians*, and *Valentinians* be very tolerable marks of distinction? The Prasini and Veniti, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbons; and we might contend with as good a grace about the dignity of the *blue* and the *green*, which would serve as properly to divide the court, the parliament, and the kingdom between them, as any terms of art whatsoever borrowed from religion. And therefore I think there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd, ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use towards the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive on the other six. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy of so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly: I appeal to the breast of any polite freethinker, whether, in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he has not always felt a wonderful incitement by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation has taken special care that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished that some other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which, for want of such expedients, begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

It is likewise proposed as a great advantage to the public, that if we once discard the system of the gospel, all religion will of course be banished for ever; and consequently along

with it those grievous prejudices of education which, under the names of *virtue, conscience, honour, justice*, and the like, are so apt to disturb the peace of human minds, and the notions whereof are so hard to be eradicated by right reason or freethinking, sometimes during the whole course of our lives.

Here, first, I observe, how difficult it is to get rid of a phrase which the world is once grown fond of, though the occasion that first produced it be entirely taken away. For several years past, if a man had but an ill-favoured nose, the deep thinkers of the age would some way or other contrive to impute the cause to the prejudice of his education. From this fountain were said to be derived all our foolish notions of justice, piety, love of our country; all our opinions of God or a future state, heaven, hell, and the like; and there might formerly perhaps have been some pretence for this charge. But so effectual care has been taken to remove those prejudices by an entire change in the methods of education, that (with honour I mention it to our polite innovators) the young gentlemen who are now on the scene seem to have not the least tincture of those infusions, or string of those weeds; and, by consequence, the reason for abolishing nominal Christianity upon that pretext is wholly ceased.

For the rest, it may perhaps admit a controversy whether the banishing of all notions of religion whatsoever would be convenient for the vulgar. Not that I am in the least of opinion with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians to keep the lower part of the world in awe, by the fear of invisible powers; unless mankind were then very different to what it is now: for I look upon the mass or body of our people here in England to be as free thinkers, that is to say, as stanch unbelievers, as any of the highest rank. But I conceive some scattered notions about a superior power to be of singular use for the common people, as furnishing excellent materials to keep children quiet when they grow peevish, and providing topics of amusement in a tedious winter night.

Lastly, it is proposed as a singular advantage, that the abolishing of Christianity will very much contribute to the uniting of Protestants, by enlarging the terms of communion, so as to take in all sorts of dissenters, who are now shut out of the pale upon account of a few ceremonies which all sides confess to be things indifferent; that this alone will effectually answer the great ends of a scheme for comprehension, by opening a large noble gate at which all bodies may enter; whereas the chaffering with dissenters, and dodging about this or the other ceremony, is but like opening a few wickets, and leaving them at jar, by which no more than one can get in at a time, and that not without stooping, and sidling, and squeezing his body.

To all this I answer, that there is one darling inclination of mankind which usually affects to be a retainer to religion, though she be neither its parent, its godmother, or its friend; I mean the spirit of opposition, that lived long before Christianity, and can easily subsist without it. Let us, for instance, examine wherein the opposition of sectaries among us consists; we shall find Christianity to have no share in it at all. Does the gospel anywhere prescribe a starched, squeezed countenance, a stiff formal gait, a singularity of manners and habit, or any affected modes of speech different from the reasonable part of mankind? Yet, if Christianity did not lend its name to stand in the gap, and to employ or divert these humours, they must of necessity be spent in contraventions to the laws of the land, and disturbance of the public peace. There is a portion of enthusiasm assigned to every nation, which, if it has not proper objects to work on, will burst out and set all in a flame. If the quiet of a state can be bought by only flinging men a few ceremonies to devour, it is a purchase no wise man would refuse. Let the mastiffs amuse themselves about a sheep's skin stuffed with hay, provided it will keep them from worrying the flock. The institution of convents abroad seems in one point a strain of great wisdom; there being few irregularities in human passions that may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those orders, which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic, and the morose, to spend themselves and evaporate the noxious particles; for each of whom we in this island are forced to provide a several sect of religion, to keep them quiet; and whenever Christianity shall be abolished, the legislature must find some other expedient to employ and entertain them. For what imports it how large a gate you open, if there will be always left a number who place a pride and a merit in refusing to enter?

Having thus considered the most important objections against Christianity, and the chief advantages proposed by the abolishing thereof, I shall now, with equal deference and submission to wiser judgments as before, proceed to mention a few inconveniences that may happen, if the gospel should be repealed, which perhaps the projectors may not have sufficiently considered.

And, first, I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be choked at the sight of so many daggled-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way and offend their eyes; but, at the same time, these wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons.

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points

whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, has been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and who would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only, topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgil for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? what other subject, through all art or nature, could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? it is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing Christianity may perhaps bring the Church into danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be mistaken; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the Church is in danger at present, or as things now stand; but we know not how soon it may be so when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may be a dangerous design lurking under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, socinians, anti-trinitarians, and other subdivisions of freethinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment; their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies, nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of episcopacy; therefore this may be intended as one politic step toward altering the constitution of the Church established, and setting up Presbytery in the stead, which I leave to be farther considered by those at the helm.

In the last place, I think nothing can be more plain than that, by this expedient, we shall run into the evil we chiefly pretend to avoid; and that the abolishment of the Christian religion will be the readiest course we can take to introduce Popery. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, because we know it has been the constant practice of the Jesuits to send over emissaries with instructions to personate themselves members of the several prevailing sects among us. So it is recorded that they have at sundry times appeared in the disguise of presbyterians, anabaptists, independents, and quakers, according as any of these were most in credit; so, since the fashion has been taken up of exploding religion, the Popish missionaries have not been wanting to mix with the freethinkers; among whom Toland, the great oracle of the anti-Christians, is an Irish priest, the son of an Irish priest, and the most learned and ingenious author of a book called The Rights of the Christian Church, and was in a proper juncture reconciled to the Romish faith, whose true son, as appears by a hundred passages in his treatise, he still continues. Perhaps I could add some others to the number, but the fact is beyond dispute, and the reasoning they proceed by is right; for, supposing Christianity to be extinguished, the people will never be at ease till they find out some other method of worship; which will as infallibly produce superstition, as superstition will end in Popery.

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that instead of the word Christianity may be put religion in general; which, I conceive, will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For, as long as we leave in being a God and his providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, though we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the gospel: for of what use is freedom of thought if it will not produce freedom of action? which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity; and therefore the freethinkers consider it as a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground. This was happily expressed by him, who had heard of a text brought for proof of the Trinity, which in an ancient manuscript was differently read; he thereupon immediately took the hint, and by a sudden deduction of a long *sorites* most logically concluded: "Why, if it be as you say, I may safely whore and drink on, and defy the parson." From which, and many the like instances easy to be produced, I think nothing can be more manifest than that the quarrel is not against any particular points of hard digestion in the Christian system, but against religion in general; which, by laying restraints on human nature, is supposed the great enemy to the freedom of thought and action.

Upon the whole, if it shall still be thought for the benefit of Church and state that Christianity be abolished, I conceive, however, it may be more convenient to defer the execution to a time of peace, and not venture, in this conjuncture, to disoblige our allies; who, as it falls out, are all Christians, and many of them, by the prejudices of their education, so bigoted as to place a sort of pride in the appellation. If, upon being rejected by them, we are to trust to an alliance with the Turk, we shall find ourselves much deceived: for as he is too remote, and generally engaged in war with the Persian emperor, so his people would be more scandalised at our infidelity than our Christian neighbours. For the Turks are not only strict observers of religious worship, but, what is worse, believe a

God; which is more than is required of us, even while we preserve the name of Christians.

To conclude: whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend that, in six months time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the gospel, the Bank and East-India stock may fall at least one *per cent.* And since that is fifty times more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss merely for the sake of destroying it.

A PROJECT FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION,

AND

THE REFORMATION OF MANNERS.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1709.)

O siquis volet impias
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civicam:
Si quæret pater urbium
Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat
Refrænare licentiam.[1]

HOR. Lib. iii. Od. 24.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BERKELEY.[2]

MADAM,—

MY intention of prefixing your ladyship's name is not, after the common form, to desire your protection of the following papers; which I take to be a very unreasonable request; since, by being inscribed to your ladyship, though without your knowledge, and from a concealed hand, you cannot recommend them without some suspicion of partiality. My real design is, I confess, the very same I have often detested in most dedications; that of publishing your praises to the world. Not upon the subject of your noble birth, for I know others as noble; or of the greatness of your fortune, for I know others far greater; or of that beautiful race (the images of their parents) which call you mother, for even this may perhaps have been equalled in some other age or country. Besides, none of these advantages do derive any accomplishments to the owners, but serve at best only to adorn what they really possess. What I intend is, your piety, truth, good sense, and good nature, affability, and charity; wherein I wish your ladyship had many equals, or any superiors; and I wish I could say I knew them too, for then your ladyship might have had a chance to escape this address. In the mean time, I think it highly necessary, for the interest of virtue and religion, that the whole kingdom should be informed in some parts of your character: for instance, that the easiest and politest conversation, joined with the truest piety, may be observed in your ladyship, in as great perfection as they were ever seen apart in any other persons. That by your prudence and management under several disadvantages, you have preserved the lustre of that most noble family into which you are grafted, and which the unmeasurable profusion of ancestors, for many generations, had too much eclipsed. Then, how happily you perform every office of life to which Providence has called you: in the education of those two incomparable daughters whose conduct is so universally admired; in every duty of a prudent, complying, affectionate wife; in that care which descends to the meanest of your domestics; and lastly, in that endless bounty to the poor, and discretion where to distribute it. I insist on my opinion, that it is of importance for the public to know this and a great deal more of your ladyship; yet whoever goes about to inform them shall, instead of finding credit, perhaps be censured for a flatterer. To avoid so usual a reproach, I declare this to be no dedication, but merely an introduction to a proposal for the advancement of religion and morals, by tracing, however imperfectly, some few lineaments in the character of a lady who has spent all her life in the practice and promotion of both.

1 "Oh! that some patriot wise and good
Would stop this impious thirst of blood,
And joy on statues to behold
His name, the father of the state, enroll'd."
FRANCIS.

2 Elizabeth, daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Camden, and sister to Edward Earl of Gainsborough.

A PROJECT, &c.

AMONG all the schemes offered to the public in this projecting age, I have observed with some displeasure that there have never been any for the improvement of religion and morals; which, besides the piety of the design from the consequence of such a reformation in a future life, would be the best natural means for advancing the public felicity of the state as well as the present happiness of every individual. For, as much as faith and morality are declined among us, I am altogether confident they might in a short time, and with no very great trouble, be raised to as high a perfection as numbers are capable of receiving. Indeed, the method is so easy and obvious, and some present opportunities so good, that, in order to have this project reduced to practice, there seems to want nothing more than to put those in mind who by their honour, duty, and interest, are chiefly concerned.

But because it is idle to propose remedies before we are assured of the disease, or to be in fear till we are convinced of the danger, I shall first show in general that the nation is extremely corrupted in religion and morals; and then I will offer a short scheme for the reformation of both.

As to the first, I know it is reckoned but a form of speech when divines complain of the wickedness of the age: however, I believe, upon a fair comparison with other times and countries, it would be found an undoubted truth.

For, first, to deliver nothing but plain matter of fact, without exaggeration or satire, I suppose it will be granted that hardly one in a hundred among our people of quality or gentry appears to act by any principle of religion; that great numbers of them do entirely discard it, and are ready to own their disbelief of all revelation in ordinary discourse. Nor is the case much better among the vulgar, especially in great towns, where the profaneness and ignorance of handicraftsmen, small traders, servants, and the like, are to a degree very hard to be imagined greater. Then it is observed abroad that no race of mortals have so little sense of religion as the English soldiers; to confirm which, I have been often told by great officers of the army that in the whole compass of their acquaintance they could not recollect three of their profession who seemed to regard or believe one syllable of the gospel: and the same at least may be affirmed of the fleet. The consequences of all which upon the actions of men are equally manifest. They never go about as in former times to hide or palliate their vices, but expose them freely to view like any other common occurrences of life, without the least reproach from the world or themselves. For instance, any man will tell you he intends to be drunk this evening, or was so last night, with as little ceremony or scruple as he would tell you the time of the day. He will let you know he is going to a wench, or that he has got the venereal disease, with as much indifferency as he would a piece of public news. He will swear, curse, or blaspheme, without the least passion or provocation. And though all regard for reputation is not quite laid aside in the other sex, it is, however, at so low an ebb that very few among them seem to think virtue and conduct of absolute necessity for preserving it. If this be not so, how comes it to pass that women of tainted reputations find the same countenance and reception in all public places with those of the nicest virtue, who pay and receive visits from them without any manner of scruple? Which proceeding, as it is not very old among us, so I take it to be of most pernicious consequence: it looks like a sort of compounding between virtue and vice, as if a woman were allowed to be vicious provided she be not a profligate; as if there were a certain point where gallantry ends and infamy begins; or that a hundred criminal amours were not as pardonable as half a score.

Besides those corruptions already mentioned, it would be endless to enumerate such as arise from the excess of play or gaming: the cheats, the quarrels, the oaths and blasphemies among the men; among the women the neglect of household affairs, the unlimited freedoms, the indecent passion, and, lastly, the known inlet to all lewdness, when, after an ill run, the person must answer the defects of the purse; the rule on such occasions holding true in play as it does in law, *quod non habet in crumena luat in corpore.*

But all these are trifles in comparison, if we step into other scenes, and consider the fraud and cozenage of trading men and shopkeepers; that insatiable gulf of injustice and oppression, the law; the open traffic for all civil and military employments (I wish it rested there), without the least regard to merit or qualifications; the corrupt management of men in office; the many detestable abuses in choosing those who represent the people, with the management of interest and factions among the representatives: to which I must be bold to add, the ignorance of some of the lower clergy, the mean servile temper of others; the pert, pragmatical demeanour of several young stagers in divinity upon their first producing themselves into the world; with many other circumstances needless, or rather invidious, to mention; which, falling in with the corruptions already related, have, however unjustly, almost rendered the whole order contemptible.

This is a short view of the general depravities among us, without entering into particulars, which would be an endless labour. Now, as universal and deep-rooted as these appear to be, I am utterly deceived if an effectual remedy might not be applied to most of them: neither am I at present upon a wild speculative project, but such a one as may be easily put in execution.

For while the prerogative of giving all employments continues in the crown, either immediately or by subordination, it is in the power of the prince to make piety and virtue become the fashion of the age, if at the same time he would make them necessary qualifications for favour and preferment.

It is clear, from present experience, that the bare example of the best prince will not have any mighty influence where the age is very corrupt. For when was there ever a better prince on the throne than the present queen? I do not talk of her talent for government, her love of the people, or any other qualities that are purely regal; but her piety, charity, temperance, conjugal love, and whatever other virtues do best adorn a private life; wherein, without question or flattery, she has no superior: yet neither will it be satire nor peevish invective to affirm that infidelity and vice are not much diminished since her coming to the crown, nor will, in all probability, till more effectual remedies be provided.

Thus human nature seems to lie under the disadvantage, that the example alone of a vicious prince will in time corrupt an age; but the example of a good one will not be sufficient to reform it, without farther endeavours. Princes must therefore supply this defect by a vigorous exercise of that authority which the law has left them, by making it every man's interest and honour to cultivate religion and virtue; by rendering vice a disgrace and the certain ruin to preferment or pretensions: all which they should

first attempt in their own courts and families. For instance, might not the queen's domestics of the middle and lower sort be obliged, upon penalty of suspension or loss of their employments, to a constant weekly attendance at least on the service of the church; to a decent behaviour in it; to receive the sacrament four times in the year; to avoid swearing and irreligious profane discourses; and to the appearance, at least, of temperance and chastity? Might not the care of all this be committed to the strict inspection of proper officers? Might not those of higher rank and nearer access to her majesty's person receive her own commands to the same purpose, and be countenanced or disfavoured according as they obey? Might not the queen lay her injunctions on the bishops, and other great men of undoubted piety, to make diligent inquiry and give her notice if any person about her should happen to be of libertine principles or morals? Might not all those who enter upon any office in her majesty's family be obliged to take an oath parallel with that against simony which is administered to the clergy? It is not to be doubted but that, if these or the like proceedings were duly observed, morality and religion would soon become fashionable court virtues, and be taken up as the only methods to get or keep employments there; which alone would have mighty influence upon many of the nobility and principal gentry.

But if the like methods were pursued, as far as possible, with regard to those who are in the great employments of state, it is hard to conceive how general a reformation they might in time produce among us. For if piety and virtue were once reckoned qualifications necessary to preferment, every man thus endowed, when put into great stations, would readily imitate the queen's example in the distribution of all offices in his disposal: especially if any apparent transgression through favour or partiality would be imputed to him for a misdemeanour by which he must certainly forfeit his favour and station; and there being such great numbers in employment, scattered through every town and county in this kingdom, if all these were exemplary in the conduct of their lives, things would soon take a new face, and religion receive a mighty encouragement; nor would the public weal be less advanced, since, of nine offices in ten that are ill executed, the defect is not in capacity or understanding, but in common honesty. I know no employment for which piety disqualifies any man; and if it did, I doubt the objection would not be very seasonably offered at present; because it is perhaps too just a reflection, that in the disposal of places the question whether a person be fit for what he is recommended to, is generally the last that is thought on or regarded.

I have often imagined that something parallel to the office of censors anciently in Rome would be of mighty use among us, and could be easily limited from running into any exorbitances. The Romans understood liberty at least as well as we, were as jealous of it, and upon every occasion as bold assertors. Yet I do not remember to have read any great complaint of the abuses in that office among them, but many admirable effects of it are left upon record. There are several pernicious vices, frequent and notorious among us, that escape or elude the punishment of any law we have yet invented, or have had no law at all against them; such as atheism, drunkenness, fraud, avarice, and several others; which by this institution, wisely regulated, might be much reformed. Suppose, for instance, that itinerary commissioners were appointed to inspect everywhere throughout the kingdom into the conduct at least of men in office, with respect to their morals and religion as well as their abilities; to receive the complaints and informations that should be offered against them, and make their report here upon oath to the court or the ministry, who should reward or punish accordingly. I avoid entering into the particulars of this or any other scheme, which, coming from a private hand, might be liable to many defects, but would soon be digested by the wisdom of the nation; and surely £6000 a-year would not be ill laid out among as many commissioners duly qualified, who, in three divisions, should be personally obliged to take their yearly circuits for that purpose.

But this is beside my present design, which was only to show what degree of reformation is in the power of the queen without the interposition of the legislature, and which her majesty is without question obliged in conscience to endeavour by her authority, as much as she does by her practice.

It will be easily granted that the example of this great town has a mighty influence over the whole kingdom; and it is as manifest that the town is equally influenced by the court, the ministry, and those who, by their employments or their hopes, depend upon them. Now if, under so excellent a princess as the present queen, we would suppose a family strictly regulated, as I have above proposed; a ministry where every single person was of distinguished piety; if we should suppose all great offices of state and law filled after the same manner, and with such as were equally diligent in choosing persons who, in their several subordinations, would be obliged to follow the examples of their superiors, under the penalty of loss of favour and place; will not everybody grant that the empire of vice and irreligion would be soon destroyed in this great metropolis, and receive a terrible blow through the whole island, which has so great an intercourse with it, and so much affects to follow its fashions?

For if religion were once understood to be the necessary step to favour and preferment, can it be imagined that any man would openly offend against it who had the least regard for his reputation or his fortune? There is no quality so contrary to nature which men cannot affect and put on, upon occasion, in order to serve an interest or gratify a prevailing passion. The proudest

man will personate humility, the morosest learn to flatter, the laziest will be sedulous and active, where he is in pursuit of what he has much at heart: how ready, therefore, would most men be to step into the paths of virtue and piety, if they infallibly led to favour and fortune!

If swearing and profaneness, scandalous and avowed lewdness, excessive gaming, and intemperance, were a little discountenanced in the army, I cannot readily see what ill consequences could be apprehended. If gentlemen of that profession were at least obliged to some external decorum in their conduct, or even if a profligate life and character were not a means of advancement, and the appearance of piety a most infallible hindrance, it is impossible the corruptions there should be so universal and exorbitant. I have been assured by several great officers that no troops abroad are so ill disciplined as the English; which cannot well be otherwise while the common soldiers have perpetually before their eyes the vicious example of their leaders; and it is hardly possible for those to commit any crime, whereof these are not infinitely more guilty, and with less temptation.

It is commonly charged upon the gentlemen of the army, that the beastly vice of drinking to excess has been lately, from their example, restored among us; which for some years before was almost dropped in England. But, whoever the introducers were, they have succeeded to a miracle; many of the young nobility and gentry are already become great proficients, and are under no manner of concern to hide their talent, but are got beyond all sense of shame or fear of reproach.

This might soon be remedied, if the queen would think fit to declare that no young person of quality whatsoever who was notoriously addicted to that or any other vice should be capable of her favour, or even admitted into her presence; with positive command to her ministers, and others in great office, to treat them in the same manner; after which all men who had any regard for their reputation, or any prospect of preferment, would avoid their commerce. This would quickly make that vice so scandalous, that those who could not subdue would at least endeavour to disguise it.

By the like methods, a stop might be put to that ruinous practice of deep gaming; and the reason why it prevails so much is, because a treatment directly opposite in every point is made use of to promote it; by which means the laws enacted against this abuse are wholly eluded.

It cannot be denied that the want of strict discipline in the universities has been of pernicious consequence to the youth of this nation, who are there almost left entirely to their own management, especially those among them of better quality and fortune; who, because they are not under a necessity of making learning their maintenance, are easily allowed to pass their time, and take their degrees with little or no improvement; than which there cannot well be a greater absurdity: for if no advancement of knowledge can be had from those places, the time there spent is at best utterly lost, because every ornamental part of education is better taught elsewhere: and as for keeping youths out of harm's way, I doubt, where so many of them are got together, at full liberty of doing what they please, it will not answer the end. But whatever abuses, corruptions, or deviations from statutes, have crept into the universities through neglect or length of time, they might in a great degree be reformed by strict injunctions from court (upon each particular) to the visitors and heads of houses; besides the peculiar authority the queen may have in several colleges whereof her predecessors were the founders. And among other regulations it would be very convenient to prevent the excess of drinking; with that scurvy custom among the lads, and parent of the former vice, the taking of tobacco where it is not absolutely necessary in point of health.

From the universities, the young nobility, and others of great fortunes, are sent for early up to town, for fear of contracting any airs of pedantry by a college education. Many of the younger gentry retire to the inns of court, where they are wholly left to their own discretion. And the consequence of this remissness in education appears, by observing that nine in ten of those who rise in the Church, or the court, the law, or the army, are younger brothers, or new men, whose narrow fortunes have forced them upon industry and application.

As for the inns of court, unless we suppose them to be much degenerated, they must needs be the worst instituted seminaries in any Christian country; but whether they may be corrected without interposition of the legislature, I have not skill enough to determine. However, it is certain that all wise nations have agreed in the necessity of a strict education, which consisted, among other things, in the observance of moral duties, especially justice, temperance, and chastity, as well as the knowledge of arts, and bodily exercises; but all these among us are laughed out of doors.

Without the least intention to offend the clergy, I cannot but think that, through a mistaken notion and practice, they prevent themselves from doing much service, which otherwise might lie in their power, to religion and virtue: I mean, by affecting so much to converse with each other, and caring so little to mingle with the laity. They have their particular clubs, and particular coffeehouses, where they generally appear in clusters: a single divine dares hardly show his person among numbers of fine gentlemen; or, if he happens to fall into such company, he is silent and suspicious, in continual apprehension that some pert man of pleasure should break an unmannerly jest and render him ridiculous. Now, I take this behaviour of the clergy to be just as reasonable as

if the physicians should agree to spend their time in visiting one another, or their several apothecaries, and leave their patients to shift for themselves. In my humble opinion, the clergy's business lies entirely among the laity; neither is there, perhaps, a more effectual way to forward the salvation of men's souls, than for spiritual persons to make themselves as agreeable as they can in the conversations of the world, for which a learned education gives them great advantage, if they would please to improve and apply it. It so happens that the men of pleasure, who never go to church, nor use themselves to read books of devotion, form their ideas of the clergy from a few poor strollers they often observe in the streets, or sneaking out of some person of quality's house, where they are hired by the lady at ten shillings a month: while those of better figure and parts do seldom appear, to correct these notions. And, let some reasoners think what they please, it is certain that men must be brought to esteem and love the clergy, before they can be persuaded to be in love with religion. No man values the best medicine, if administered by a physician whose person he hates or despises. If the clergy were as forward to appear in all companies as other gentlemen, and would a little study the arts of conversation to make themselves agreeable, they might be welcome at every party where there was the least regard for politeness or good sense, and consequently prevent a thousand vicious or profane discourses as well as actions: neither would men of understanding complain that a clergyman was a constraint upon the company because they could not speak blasphemy or obscene jests before him. While the people are so jealous of the clergy's ambition as to abhor all thoughts of the return of ecclesiastical discipline among them, I do not see any other method left for men of that function to take, in order to reform the world, than by using all honest arts to make themselves acceptable to the laity. This, no doubt, is part of that wisdom of the serpent which the author of Christianity directs; and is the very method used by St Paul, who became all things to all men, to the Jews a Jew, and a Greek to the Greeks.

How to remedy these inconveniences may be a matter of some difficulty, since the clergy seem to be of an opinion that this humour of sequestering themselves is a part of their duty; nay, as I remember, they have been told so by some of their bishops in their pastoral letters, particularly by one[1] among them of great merit and distinction, who yet in his own practice has all his lifetime taken a course directly contrary. But I am deceived if an awkward shame and fear of ill usage from the laity have not a greater share in this mistaken conduct than their own inclinations: however, if the outward profession of religion and virtue were once in practice and countenance at court, as well as among all men in office or who have any hopes or dependence for preferment, a good treatment of the clergy would be the necessary consequence of such a reformation; and they would soon be wise enough to see their own duty and interest in qualifying themselves for lay conversation, when once they were out of fear of being choked by ribaldry or profaneness.

There is one farther circumstance, upon this occasion, which I know not whether it will be very orthodox to mention: the clergy are the only set of men among us who constantly wear a distinct habit from others; the consequence of which (not in reason but in fact) is this, that as long as any scandalous persons appear in that dress, it will continue in some degree a general mark of contempt. Whoever happens to see a scoundrel in a gown reeling home at midnight (a sight neither frequent nor miraculous), is apt to entertain an ill idea of the whole order, and at the same time to be extremely comforted in his own vices. Some remedy might be put to this, if those straggling gentlemen who come up to town to seek their fortunes were fairly dismissed to the West Indies, where there is work enough, and where some better provision should be made for them than I doubt there is at present. Or what if no person were allowed to wear the habit who had not some preferment in the Church, or at least some temporal fortune sufficient to keep him out of contempt? though in my opinion it were infinitely better if all the clergy (except the bishops) were permitted to appear like other men of the graver sort, unless at those seasons when they are doing the business of their function.

There is one abuse in this town which wonderfully contributes to the promotion of vice; that such men are often put into the commission of the peace, whose interest it is that virtue should be utterly banished from among us; who maintain or at least enrich themselves by encouraging the grossest immoralities; to whom all the bawds of the ward pay contribution for shelter and protection from the laws. Thus these worthy magistrates, instead of lessening enormities, are the occasion of just twice as much debauchery as there would be without them. For those infamous women are forced upon doubling their work and industry to answer the double charges of paying the justice and supporting themselves; like thieves who escape the gallows, and are let out to steal in order to discharge the gaoler's fees.

It is not to be questioned but the queen and ministry might easily redress this abominable grievance, by enlarging the number of justices of the peace; by endeavouring to choose men of virtuous principles; by admitting none who have not considerable fortunes; perhaps by receiving into the number some of the most eminent clergy: then by forcing all of them, upon severe penalties, to act when there is occasion, and not permitting any who are offered to refuse the commission; but in these two last cases, which are very material, I doubt there will be need of the legislature.

[1] Dr Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury.

The reformation of the stage is entirely in the power of the queen; and, in the consequences it has upon the minds of the younger people, does very well deserve the strictest care. Besides the indecent and profane passages, besides the perpetual turning into ridicule the very function of the priesthood, with other irregularities, in most modern comedies, which have been often objected to them; it is worth observing the distributive justice of the authors, which is constantly applied to the punishment of virtue and the reward of vice; directly opposite to the rules of their best critics, as well as to the practice of dramatic poets in all other ages and countries. For example, a country squire, who is represented with no other vice but that of being a clown and having the provincial accent upon his tongue, which is neither a fault nor in his power to remedy, must be condemned to marry a cast wench or a cracked chambermaid. On the other side, a rakehell of the town, whose character is set off with no other accomplishment but excessive prodigality, profaneness, intemperance, and lust, is rewarded with a lady of great fortune to repair his own, which his vices had almost ruined. And as in a tragedy the hero is represented to have obtained many victories, in order to raise his character in the minds of the spectators; so the hero of a comedy is represented to have been victorious in all his intrigues, for the same reason. I do not remember that our English poets ever suffered a criminal amour to succeed upon the stage till the reign of king Charles II. Ever since that time the alderman is made a cuckold, the deluded virgin is debauched, and adultery and fornication are supposed to be committed behind the scenes, as part of the action. These and many more corruptions of the theatre, peculiar to our age and nation, need continue no longer than while the court is content to connive at or neglect them. Surely a pension would not be ill employed on some men of wit, learning, and virtue, who might have power to strike out every offensive or unbecoming passage from plays already written, as well as those that may be offered to the stage for the future. By which and other wise regulations the theatre might become a very innocent and useful diversion, instead of being a scandal and reproach to our religion and country.

The proposals I have hitherto made for the advancement of religion and morality, are such as come within reach of the administration; such as a pious active prince, with a steady resolution, might soon bring to effect. Neither am I aware of any objections to be raised against what I have advanced; unless it should be thought that making religion a necessary step to interest and favour might increase hypocrisy among us; and I readily believe it would. But if one in twenty should be brought over to true piety by this or the like methods, and the other nineteen be only hypocrites, the advantage would still be great. Besides, hypocrisy is much more eligible than open infidelity and vice; it wears the livery of religion; it acknowledges her authority, and is cautious of giving scandal. Nay, a long continued disguise is too great a constraint upon human nature, especially an English disposition: men would leave off their vices out of mere weariness, rather than undergo the toil and hazard, and perhaps the expense, of practising them perpetually in private. And I believe it is often with religion as it is with love; which, by much dissembling, at last grows real.

All other projects to this great end have proved hitherto ineffectual. Laws against immorality have not been executed, and proclamations occasionally issued out to enforce them are wholly unregarded, as things of form. Religious societies, though begun with excellent intentions, and by persons of true piety, are said, I know not whether truly or not, to have dwindled into factious clubs, and grown a trade to enrich little knavish informers of the meanest rank, such as common constables and broken shopkeepers.

And that some effectual attempt should be made toward such a reformation, is perhaps more necessary than people commonly apprehend; because the ruin of a state is generally preceded by a universal degeneracy of manners and contempt of religion; which is entirely our case at present.

Diis te minorem, quod geris, imperas.[1]—HORACE.

Neither is this a matter to be deferred till a more convenient time of peace and leisure; because a reformation in men's faith and morals is the best natural as well as religious means to bring the war to a good conclusion. For if men in trust performed their duty for conscience sake, affairs would not suffer through fraud, falsehood, and neglect, as they now perpetually do. And if they believed a God and his providence, and acted accordingly, they might reasonably hope for his divine assistance in so just a cause as ours.

Nor could the majesty of the English crown appear, upon any occasion, in a greater lustre, either to foreigners or subjects, than by an administration which, producing such great effects, would discover so much power. And power being the natural appetite of princes, a limited monarch cannot so well gratify it in anything as in a strict execution of the laws.

Besides, all parties would be obliged to close with so good a work as this, for their own reputation: neither is any expedient more likely to unite them. For the most violent party men I have ever observed are such as, in the conduct of their lives, have discovered least sense of religion or morality; and when all such are laid aside, at least those among them who shall be found incorrigible, it will be a matter perhaps of no great difficulty to reconcile the rest.

The many corruptions at present in every branch of business are almost inconceivable. I have heard it computed by skilful persons, that

[1] "That you the power Divine obey,
Boundless on earth extend your sway."—FRANCIS.

of £6,000,000 raised every year for the service of the public, one third at least is sunk and intercepted through the several classes and subordinations of artful men in office, before the remainder is applied to the proper uses. This is an accidental ill effect of our freedom. And while such men are in trust, who have no check from within, nor any views but toward their interest, there is no other fence against them but the certainty of being hanged upon the first discovery, by the arbitrary will of an unlimited monarch or his vizier. Among us, the only danger to be apprehended is the loss of an employment; and that danger is to be eluded a thousand ways. Besides, when fraud is great, it furnishes weapons to defend itself: and at worst, if the crimes be so flagrant that a man is laid aside out of perfect shame (which rarely happens), he retires loaded with the spoils of the nation; *et fruitur diis iratis.* I could name a commission where several persons, out of a salary of £500, without other visible revenues, have always lived at the rate of £2000, and laid out £40,000 or £50,000 upon purchases of lands or annuities. A hundred other instances of the same kind might easily be produced. What remedy, therefore, can be found against such grievances in a constitution like ours, but to bring religion into countenance, and encourage those who, from the hope of future reward and dread of future punishment, will be moved to act with justice and integrity?

This is not to be accomplished any other way than by introducing religion as much as possible to be the turn and fashion of the age, which only lies in the power of the administration; the prince with utmost strictness regulating the court, the ministry, and other persons in great employment; and these, by their example and authority, reforming all who have dependence on them.

It is certain that a reformation, successfully carried on in this great town, would in time spread itself over the whole kingdom; since most of the considerable youth pass here that season of their lives wherein the strongest impressions are made, in order to improve their education or advance their fortunes, and those among them who return into their several counties are sure to be followed and imitated as the greatest patterns of wit and good breeding.

And if things were once in this train, that is, if virtue and religion were established as the necessary titles to reputation and preferment; and if vice and infidelity were not only laden with infamy, but made the infallible ruin of all men's pretensions; our duty, by becoming our interest, would take root in our natures, and mix with the very genius of our people, so that it would not be easy for the example of one wicked prince to bring us back to our former corruptions.

I have confined myself (as it is before observed) to those methods for the advancement of piety which are in the power of a prince limited, like ours, by a strict execution of the laws already in force. And this is enough for a project that comes without any name or recommendation; I doubt, a great deal more than will suddenly be reduced into practice. Though, if any disposition should appear toward so good a work, it is certain that the assistance of the legislative power would be necessary to make it more complete. I will instance only a few particulars:

In order to reform the vices of this town, which, as we have said, has so mighty an influence on the whole kingdom, it would be very instrumental to have a law made that all taverns and alehouses should be obliged to dismiss their company by twelve at night, and shut up their doors; and that no woman should be suffered to enter any tavern or alehouse upon any pretence whatsoever. It is easy to conceive what a number of ill consequences such a law would prevent; the mischiefs of quarrels, and lewdness, and thefts, and midnight brawls, the diseases of intemperance and venery, and a thousand other evils needless to mention. Nor would it be amiss if the masters of those public houses were obliged, upon the severest penalties, to give only a proportioned quantity of drink to every company; and, when he found his guests disordered with excess, to refuse them any more.

I believe there is hardly a nation in Christendom where all kind of fraud is practised in so unmeasurable a degree as with us. The lawyer, the tradesman, the mechanic, have found so many arts to deceive in their several callings, that they far outgrow the common prudence of mankind, which is in no sort able to fence against them. Neither could the legislature in anything more consult the public good, than by providing some effectual remedy against this evil, which, in several cases, deserves greater punishment than many crimes that are capital among us. The vintner who, by mixing poison with his wines, destroys more lives than any one disease in the bill of mortality; the lawyer who persuades you to a purchase which he knows is mortgaged for more than the worth, to the ruin of you and your family; the goldsmith or scrivener who takes all your fortune to dispose of, when he has beforehand resolved to break the following day; do surely deserve the gallows much better than the wretch who is carried thither for stealing a horse.

It cannot easily be answered to God or man why a law is not made for limiting the press; at least so far as to prevent the publishing of such pernicious books as, under pretence of freethinking, endeavour to overthrow those tenets in religion which have been held inviolable, almost in all ages, by every sect that pretend to be Christian; and cannot therefore with any colour of reason be called points in controversy, or matters of speculation, as some would pretend. The doctrine of the Trinity, the divinity of Christ, the immortality of the soul, and even the truth of all revelation, are daily exploded and denied in books openly

printed; though it is to be supposed neither party will avow such principles, or own the supporting of them to be any way necessary to their service.

It would be endless to set down every corruption or defect which requires a remedy from the legislative power. Senates are likely to have little regard for any proposals that come from without doors; though, under a due sense of my own inabilities, I am fully convinced that the unbiassed thoughts of an honest and wise man, employed on the good of his country, may be better digested than the results of a multitude, where faction and interest too often prevail; as a single guide may direct the way better than five hundred who have contrary views, or look asquint, or shut their eyes.

I shall therefore mention but one more particular, which I think the parliament ought to take under consideration; whether it be not a shame to our country, and a scandal to Christianity, that in many towns, where there is a prodigious increase in the number of houses and inhabitants, so little care should be taken for the building of churches, that five parts in six of the people are absolutely hindered from hearing divine service? Particularly here in London, where a single minister, with one or two sorry curates, has the care sometimes of above twenty thousand souls incumbent on him; a neglect of religion so ignominious, in my opinion, that it can hardly be equalled in any civilised age or country.

But, to leave these airy imaginations of introducing new laws for the amendment of mankind, what I principally insist on is a due execution of the old; which lies wholly in the crown, and in the authority thence derived. I return, therefore, to my former assertion, that if stations of power, trust, profit, and honour, were constantly made the rewards of virtue and picty, such an administration must needs have a mighty influence on the faith and morals of the whole kingdom: and men of great abilities would then endeavour to excel in the duties of a religious life, in order to qualify themselves for public service. I may possibly be wrong in some of the means I prescribe towards this end; but that is no material objection against the design itself. Let those who are at the helm contrive it better, which, perhaps, they may easily do. Everybody will agree that the disease is manifest, as well as dangerous; that some remedy is necessary, and that none yet applied has been effectual; which is a sufficient excuse for any man who wishes well to his country to offer his thoughts, when he can have no other end in view but the public good. The present queen is a princess of as many and great virtues as ever filled a throne: how would it brighten her character to the present and after ages, if she would exert her utmost authority to instil some share of those virtues into her people, which they are too degenerate to learn only from her example! and, be it spoke with all the veneration possible for so excellent a sovereign, her best endeavours in this weighty affair are a most important part of her duty, as well as of her interest and her honour.

But it must be confessed that, as things are now, every man thinks he has laid in a sufficient stock of merit, and may pretend to any employment, provided he has been loud and frequent in declaring himself hearty for the government. It is true, he is a man of pleasure and a freethinker; that is, in other words, he is profligate in his morals and a despiser of religion; but, in point of party, he is one to be confided in; he is an assertor of liberty and property; he rattles it out against Popery and arbitrary power, and priestcraft and High Church. It is enough: he is a person fully qualified for any employment, in the court or the navy, the law or the revenue; where he will be sure to leave no arts untried, of bribery, fraud, injustice, oppression, that he can practise with any hope of impunity. No wonder such men are true to a government where liberty runs high, where property, however attained, is so well secured, and where the administration is at least so gentle: it is impossible they could choose any other constitution without changing to their loss.

Fidelity to a present establishment is indeed the principal means to defend it from a foreign enemy, but, without other qualifications, will not prevent corruptions from within; and states are more often ruined by these than the other.

To conclude: whether the proposals I have offered towards a reformation be such as are most prudent and convenient, may probably be a question, but it is none at all whether some reformation be absolutely necessary; because the nature of things is such that, if abuses be not remedied, they will certainly increase, nor ever stop till they end in the subversion of a commonwealth. As there must always of necessity be some corruptions, so, in a well instituted state, the executive power will be always contending against them, by reducing things (as Machiavel speaks) to their first principles, never letting abuses grow inveterate, or multiply so far that it will be hard to find remedies, and perhaps impossible to apply them. As he that would keep his house in repair must attend every little breach or flaw, and supply it immediately, else time alone will bring all to ruin,—how much more the common accidents of storms and rain? He must live in perpetual danger of his house falling about his ears, and find it cheaper to throw it quite down and build it again from the ground, perhaps upon a new foundation, or at least in a new form which may neither be so safe nor so convenient as the old.

A LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN,

LATELY ENTERED INTO HOLY ORDERS.

SIR,— *Dublin, Jan.* 9, 1719-20.

ALTHOUGH it was against my knowledge or advice that you entered into holy orders, under the present dispositions of mankind towards the Church, yet since it is now supposed too late to recede (at least according to the general practice and opinion), I cannot forbear offering my thoughts to you upon this new condition of life you are engaged in.

I could heartily wish that the circumtances of your fortune had enabled you to have continued some years longer in the university, at least till you were ten years' standing; to have laid in a competent stock of human learning, and some knowledge in divinity, before you attempted to appear in the world; for I cannot but lament the common course which at least nine in ten of those who enter into the ministry are obliged to run. When they have taken a degree, and are consequently grown a burden to their friends, who now think themselves fully discharged, they get into orders as soon as they can, (upon which I shall make no remarks,) first solicit a readership, and if they be very fortunate, arrive in time to a curacy here in town, or else are sent to be assistants in the country, where they probably continue several years, (many of them their whole lives,) with £30 or £40 a year for their support; till some bishop, who happens to be not overstocked with relations or attached to favourites, or is content to supply his diocese without colonies from England, bestows upon them some inconsiderable benefice, when it is odds they are already encumbered with a numerous family. I should be glad to know, what intervals of life such persons can possibly set apart for the improvement of their minds; or which way they could be furnished with books, the library they brought with them from the college being usually not the most numerous, or judiciously chosen. If such gentlemen arrive to be great scholars, it must, I think, be either by means supernatural, or by a method altogether out of any road yet known to the learned. But I conceive the fact directly otherwise, and that many of them lose the greatest part of the small pittance they receive at the university.

I take it for granted that you intend to pursue the beaten track, and are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit: only I hope you will think it proper to pass your quarantine among some of the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to read and to speak before you venture to expose your parts in a city congregation: not that these are better judges, but because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well if you can prevail upon some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and allow him with the utmost freedom to give you notice of whatever he shall find amiss, either in your voice or gesture; for want of which early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungracious manner, or an unhappy tone of voice, which they never have been able to shake off.

I should likewise have been glad if you had applied yourself a little more to the study of the English language, than I fear you have done; the neglect whereof is one of the most general defects among the scholars of this kingdom, who seem not to have the least conception of a style, but run on in a flat kind of phraseology, often mingled with barbarous terms and expressions peculiar to the nation; neither do I perceive that any person either finds or acknowledges his wants upon this head, or in the least desires to have them supplied. Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style. But this would require too ample a disquisition to be now dwelt on: however, I shall venture to name one or two faults, which are easy to be remedied with a very small portion of abilities.

The first is the frequent use of obscure terms, which by the women are called hard words, and by the better sort of vulgar, fine language; than which I do not know a more universal, inexcusable, and unnecessary mistake, among the clergy of all distinctions, but especially the younger practitioners. I have been curious enough to take a list of several hundred words, in a sermon of a new beginner, which not one of his hearers among a hundred could possibly understand; neither can I easily call to mind any clergyman of my own acquaintance who is wholly exempt from this error, although many of them agree with me in the dislike of the thing. But I am apt to put myself in the place of the vulgar, and think many words difficult or obscure, which the preacher will not allow to be so because those words are obvious to scholars. I believe the method observed by the famous lord Falkland,[1] in some of his writings, would not be an ill one for young divines: I was assured by an old person of quality, who knew him well, that when he doubted whether a word was perfectly intelligible or not, he used to consult one of his lady's chamber maids (not the waiting woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances), and by her judgment was guided whether to receive or reject it. And if that great person thought such a caution necessary in treatises offered to the learned world, it will be sure at least as proper in sermons, where the meanest hearer is supposed to be concerned, and where very often a lady's chamber maid may be allowed to equal half the congregation, both as to quality and understanding. But I know not how it comes to pass, that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified

1 Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, who fell in the Great Civil War.

to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribe: a common farmer shall make you understand in three words that his foot is out of joint, or his collar-bone broken; wherein a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a scholar, shall leave you to seek. It is frequently the same case in law, physic, and even many of the meaner arts.

And upon this account it is, that among hard words I number likewise those which are peculiar to divinity, as it is a science; because I have observed several clergymen, otherwise little fond of obscure terms, yet in their sermons very liberal of those which they find in ecclesiastical writers, as if it were our duty to understand them; which I am sure it is not. And I defy the greatest divine to produce any law, either of God or man, which obliges me to comprehend the meaning of *omniscience*, *omnipresence*, *ubiquity*, *attribute*, *beatific vision*, with a thousand others so frequent in pulpits, any more than that of *eccentric*, *idiosyncracy*, *entity*, and the like. I believe I may venture to insist farther, that many terms used in holy writ, particularly by St Paul, might with more discretion be changed into plainer speech except when they are introduced as part of a quotation.

I am the more earnest in this matter, because it is a general complaint, and the justest in the world. For a divine has nothing to say to the wisest congregation of any parish in this kingdom, which he may not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest among them. And this assertion must be true, or else God requires from us more than we are able to perform. However, not to contend whether a logician might possibly put a case that would serve for an exception, I will appeal to any man of letters, whether at least nineteen in twenty of those perplexing words might not be changed into easy ones, such as naturally first occur to ordinary men, and probably did so at first to those very gentlemen who are so fond of the former.

We are often reproved by divines, from the pulpits, on account of our ignorance in things sacred, and perhaps with justice enough; however, it is not very reasonable for them to expect that common men should understand expressions which are never made use of in common life. No gentleman thinks it safe or prudent to send a servant with a message, without repeating it more than once, and endeavouring to put it into terms brought down to the capacity of the bearer; yet, after all this care, it is frequent for servants to mistake, and sometimes occasion misunderstandings among friends; although the common domestics in some gentlemen's families have more opportunities of improving their minds than the ordinary sort of tradesmen.

It is usual for clergymen who are taxed with this learned defect, to quote Dr Tillotson, and other famous divines, in their defence; without considering the difference between elaborate discourses upon important occasions, delivered to princes or parliaments, written with a view of being made public, and a plain sermon intended for the middle or lower size of people. Neither do they seem to remember the many alterations, additions, and expungings, made by great authors in those treatises which they prepare for the public. Besides, that excellent prelate above mentioned was known to preach after a much more popular manner in the city congregations; and if in those parts of his works he be anywhere too obscure for the understandings of many who may be supposed to have been his hearers, it ought to be numbered among his omissions.

The fear of being thought pedants has been of pernicious consequence to young divines. This has wholly taken many of them off from their severer studies in the university; which they have exchanged for plays, poems, and pamphlets, in order to qualify them for tea-tables and coffeehouses. This they usually call "polite conversation," "knowing the world," and "reading men instead of books." These accomplishments, when applied to the pulpit, appear by a quaint, terse, florid style, rounded into periods and cadences commonly without either propriety or meaning. I have listened with my utmost attention for half an hour to an orator of this species, without being able to understand, much less to carry away, one single sentence out of a whole sermon. Others, to show that their studies have not been confined to sciences or ancient authors, will talk in the style of a gaming ordinary, and White Friars; when I suppose the hearers can be little edified by the terms of *palming*, *shuffling*, *biting*, *bamboozling*, and the like, if they have not been sometimes conversant among pickpockets and sharpers. And truly, as they say a man is known by his company, so it should seem that a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself, either in public assemblies or private conversation.

It would be endless to run over the several defects of style among us: I shall therefore say nothing of the mean and paltry, (which are usually attended by the fustian,) much less of the slovenly or indecent. Two things I will just warn you against: the first is, the frequency of flat unnecessary epithets; and the other is, the folly of using old threadbare phrases, which will often make you go out of your way to find and apply them, are nauseous to rational hearers, and will seldom express your meaning as well as your own natural words.

Although, as I have already observed, our English tongue is too little cultivated in this kingdom, yet the faults are nine in ten owing to affectation, and not to the want of understanding. When a man's thoughts are clear, the properest words will generally offer themselves first, and his own judgment will direct him in what order to place them, so as they may be best understood. Where men err against this method, it is usually on purpose, and to show their knowledge of the world. In

short, that simplicity, without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection, is nowhere more eminently useful than in this.

I have been considering that part of oratory which relates to the moving of the passions; this I observe is in esteem and practice among some Church divines, as well as among all the preachers and hearers of the fanatic or enthusiastic strain. I will here deliver to you (perhaps with more freedom than prudence) my opinion upon the point.

The two great orators of Greece and Rome, Demosthenes and Cicero, though each of them a leader (or, as the Greeks called it, a demagogue) in a popular state, yet seem to differ in their practice upon this branch of their art: the former, who had to deal with a people of much more politeness, learning, and wit, laid the greatest weight of his oratory upon the strength of his arguments, offered to their understanding and reason: whereas Tully considered the dispositions of a sincere, more ignorant, and less mercurial nation, by dwelling almost entirely on the pathetic part.

But the principal thing to be remembered is, that the constant design of both these orators, in all their speeches, was, to drive some one particular point; either the condemnation or acquittal of an accused person, a persuasive to war, the enforcing of a law, and the like: which was determined upon the spot, according as the orators on either side prevailed. And here it was often found of absolute necessity to inflame or cool the passions of the audience; especially at Rome, where Tully spoke, and with whose writings young divines (I mean those among them who read old authors) are more conversant than with those of Demosthenes; who by many degrees excelled the other, at least as an orator. But I do not see how this talent of moving the passions can be of any great use towards directing Christian men in the conduct of their lives; at least in these northern climates, where I am confident the strongest eloquence of that kind will leave few impressions upon any of our spirits deep enough to last till the next morning, or rather to the next meal.

But what has chiefly put me out of conceit with this moving manner of preaching, is the frequent disappointment it meets with. I know a gentleman who made it a rule, in reading, to skip over all sentences where he spied a note of admiration at the end. I believe those preachers who abound in *epiphonemas*, if they look about them, would find one part of their congregation out of countenance, and the other asleep; except perhaps an old female beggar or two in the aisles, who (if they be sincere) may probably groan at the sound.

Nor is it a wonder that this expedient should so often miscarry, which requires so much art and genius to arrive at any perfection in it; as every man will find, much sooner than learn, by consulting Cicero himself.

I therefore entreat you to make use of this faculty (if you ever be so unfortunate as to think you have it) as seldom and with as much caution as you can, else I may probably have occasion to say of you as a great person said of another upon this very subject. A lady asked him, coming out of church, whether it were not a very moving discourse? "Yes," says he, "I was extremely sorry, for the man is my friend."

If in company you offer something for a jest, and nobody seconds you in your own laughter, or seems to relish what you said, you may condemn their taste if you please, and appeal to better judgments; but, in the mean time, it must be agreed, you make a very indifferent figure: and it is at least equally ridiculous to be disappointed in endeavouring to make other folks grieve, as to make them laugh.

A plain convincing reason may possibly operate upon the mind both of a learned and ignorant hearer, as long as they live, and will edify a thousand times more than the art of wetting the handkerchiefs of a whole congregation, if you were sure to attain it.

If your arguments be strong, in God's name offer them in as moving a manner as the nature of the subject will properly admit, wherein reason and good advice will be your safest guides; but beware of letting the pathetic part swallow up the rational: for I suppose philosophers have long agreed that passion should never prevail over reason.

As I take it, the two principal branches of preaching are, first, to tell the people what is their duty, and then to convince them that it is so. The topics for both these, we know, are brought from Scripture and reason. Upon the former, I wish it were often practised to instruct the hearers in the limits, extent, and compass of every duty, which requires a good deal of skill and judgment; the other branch is, I think, not so difficult. But what I would offer upon both is this, that it seems to be in the power of a reasonable clergyman, if he will be at the pains, to make the most ignorant man comprehend what is his duty, and to convince him, by arguments drawn to the level of his understanding, that he ought to perform it.

But I must remember that my design in this paper was not so much to instruct you in your business, either as a clergyman or a preacher, as to warn you against some mistakes which are obvious to the generality of mankind as well as to me: and we who are hearers may be allowed to have some opportunities in the quality of being standers by. Only perhaps I may now again trangress, by desiring you to express the heads of your divisions in as few and clear words as you possibly can; otherwise I, and many thousand others, will never be able to retain them, and consequently to carry away a syllable of the sermon.

I shall now mention a particular wherein your whole body will be certainly against me, and the laity, almost to a man, on my side. However it came about, I cannot get over the prejudice of taking some little offence at the clergy

for perpetually reading their sermons; perhaps my frequent hearing of foreigners, who never made use of notes, may have added to my disgust. And I cannot but think that whatever is read differs as much from what is repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same time, I am highly sensible what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this method; and that in such a case your sermons would be much less valuable than they are, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter. I knew a clergyman of some distinction, who appeared to deliver his sermon without looking into his notes, which when I complimented him upon, he assured me he could not repeat six lines; but his method was to write the whole sermon in a large plain hand, with all the forms of margin, paragraph, marked page, and the like; then on Sunday morning he took care to run it over five or six times, which he could do in an hour; and when he delivered it, by pretending to turn his face from one side to the other, he would (in his own expression) pick up the lines, and cheat his people, by making them believe he had it all by heart. He farther added, that whenever he happened by neglect to omit any of these circumstances, the vogue of the parish was, "Our doctor gave us but an indifferent sermon to-day." Now, among us, many clergymen act so directly contrary to this method, that from a habit of saving time and paper, which they acquired at the university, they write in so diminutive a manner, with such frequent blots and interlineations, that they are hardly able to go on without perpetual hesitations, or extemporary expletives: and I desire to know what can be more inexcusable than to see a divine and a scholar at a loss in reading his own compositions, which it is supposed he has been preparing with much pains and thought for the instruction of his people? The want of a little more care in this article is the cause of much ungraceful behaviour. You will observe some clergymen with their heads held down from the beginning to the end, within an inch of the cushion, to read what is hardly legible; which, besides the untoward manner, hinders them from making the best advantage of their voice: others again have a trick of popping up and down every moment from their paper to the audience, like an idle schoolboy on a repetition day.

Let me entreat you, therefore, to add one half-crown a year to the article of paper; to transcribe your sermons in as large and plain a manner as you can; and either make no interlineations, or change the whole leaf; for we, your hearers, would rather you should be less correct than perpetually stammering, which I take to be one of the worst solecisms in rhetoric. And, lastly, read your sermon once or twice a day, for a few days before you preach it: to which you will probably answer some years hence, that it was but just finished when the last bell rang to church; and I shall readily believe, but not excuse you.

I cannot forbear warning you, in the most earnest manner, against endeavouring at wit in your sermons: because, by the strictest computation, it is very near a million to one that you have none; and because too many of your calling have consequently made themselves everlastingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember several young men in this town, who could never leave the pulpit under half a dozen conceits; and this faculty adhered to those gentlemen a longer or shorter time, exactly in proportion to their several degrees of dulness: accordingly, I am told that some of them retain it to this day. I heartily wish the brood were at an end.

Before you enter into the common insufferable cant of taking all occasions to disparage the heathen philosophers, I hope you will differ from some of your brethren, by first inquiring what those philosophers can say for themselves. The system of morality to be gathered out of the writings or sayings of those ancient sages falls undoubtedly very short of that delivered in the gospel, and wants, besides, the divine sanction which our Saviour gave his. Whatever is farther related by the evangelists contains chiefly matters of fact, and consequently of faith; such as the birth of Christ, his being the Messiah, his miracles, his death, resurrection, and ascension: none of which can properly come under the appellation of human wisdom, being intended only to make us wise unto salvation. And therefore, in this point, nothing can be justly laid to the charge of the philosophers, farther than that they were ignorant of certain facts that happened long after their death. But I am deceived if a better comment could be anywhere collected upon the moral part of the gospel, than from the writings of those excellent men; even that divine precept of loving our enemies is at large insisted on by Plato, who puts it, as I remember, into the mouth of Socrates. And as to the reproach of heathenism, I doubt they had less of it than the corrupted Jews in whose time they lived. For it is a gross piece of ignorance among us to conceive that, in those polite and learned ages, even persons of any tolerable education, much less the wisest philosophers, did acknowledge or worship any more than one almighty power, under several denominations, to whom they allowed all those attributes we ascribe to the Divinity; and, as I take it, human comprehension reaches no farther; neither did our Saviour think it necessary to explain to us the nature of God, because, as I suppose, it would be impossible, without bestowing on us other faculties than we possess at present. But the true misery of the heathen world appears to be, what I before mentioned, the want of a divine sanction, without which the dictates of the philosophers failed in the point of authority: and consequently the bulk of mankind lay indeed under a great load of ignorance, even in

the article of morality; but the philosophers themselves did not. Take the matter in this light, it will afford field enough for a divine to enlarge on, by showing the advantages which the Christian world has over the heathen, and the absolute necessity of divine revelation to make the knowledge of the true God, and the practice of virtue, more universal in the world.

I am not ignorant how much I differ in this opinion from some ancient fathers in the Church, who, arguing against the heathens, made it a principal topic to decry their philosophy as much as they could: which, I hope, is not altogether our present case. Besides, it is to be considered that those fathers lived in the decline of literature; and in my judgment (who should be unwilling to give the least offence) appear to be rather most excellent holy persons, than of transcendent genius and learning. Their genuine writings (for many of them have extremely suffered by spurious editions) are of admirable use for confirming the truth of ancient doctrines and discipline, by showing the state and practice of the primitive Church. But among such of them as have fallen in my way, I do not remember any whose manner of arguing or exhorting I could heartily recommend to the imitation of a young divine, when he is to speak from the pulpit. Perhaps I judge too hastily, there being several of them in whose writings I have made very little progress, and in others none at all. For I perused only such as were recommended to me, at a time when I had more leisure and a better disposition to read than have since fallen to my share.

To return, then, to the heathen philosophers: I hope you will not only give them quarter, but make their works a considerable part of your study. To these I will venture to add the principal orators and historians, and perhaps a few of the poets; by the reading of which, you will soon discover your mind and thoughts to be enlarged, your imagination extended and refined, your judgment directed, your admiration lessened, and your fortitude increased; all which advantages must needs be of excellent use to a divine, whose duty it is to preach and practise the contempt of human things.

I would say something concerning quotations, wherein I think you cannot be too sparing, except from Scripture and the primitive writers of the Church. As to the former, when you offer a text as a proof of an illustration, we your hearers expect to be fairly used, and sometimes think we have reason to complain, especially of you younger divines; which makes us fear that some of you conceive you have no more to do than to turn over a concordance, and there, having found the principal word, introduce as much of the verse as will serve your turn, though in reality it makes nothing for you. I do not altogether disapprove the manner of interweaving texts of Scripture through the style of your sermons; wherein, however, I have sometimes observed great instances of indiscretion and impropriety, against which I therefore venture to give you a caution.

As to quotations from ancient fathers, I think they are best brought in to confirm some opinion controverted by those who differ from us: in other cases we give you full power to adopt the sentence for your own, rather than tell us, "as St Austin excellently observes." But to mention modern writers by name, or use the phrase of "a late excellent prelate of our Church," and the like, is altogether intolerable, and, for what reason I know not, makes every rational hearer ashamed. Of no better a stamp is your "heathen philosopher," and "famous poet," and "Roman historian;" at least in common congregations, who will rather believe you on your own word than on that of Plato or Homer.

I have lived to see Greek and Latin almost entirely driven out of the pulpit, for which I am heartily glad. The frequent use of the latter was certainly a remnant of Popery, which never admitted Scripture in the vulgar language; and I wonder that practice was never accordingly objected to us by the fanatics.

The mention of quotations puts me in mind of commonplace books, which have been long in use by industrious young divines, and, I hear, do still continue so: I know they are very beneficial to lawyers and physicians, because they are collections of facts or cases, whereupon a great part of their several faculties depend: of these I have seen several, but never yet any written by a clergyman; only, from what I am informed, they generally are extracts of theological and moral sentences, drawn from ecclesiastical and other authors, reduced under proper heads, usually begun, and perhaps finished, while the collectors were young in the Church, as being intended for materials or nurseries to stock future sermons. You will observe the wise editors of ancient authors, when they meet a sentence worthy of being distinguished, take special care to have the first word printed in capital letters, that you may not overlook it: such, for example, as the inconstancy of fortune, the goodness of peace, the excellency of wisdom, the certainty of death: that prosperity makes men insolent, and adversity humble; and the like eternal truths, which every ploughman knows well enough, though he never heard of Aristotle or Plato. If theological commonplace books be no better filled, I think they had better be laid aside; and I could wish that men of tolerable intellectuals would rather trust their own natural reason, improved by a general conversation with books, to enlarge on a point which they are supposed already to understand. If a rational man reads an excellent author with just application, he shall find himself extremely improved, and, perhaps, insensibly led to imitate that author's perfections, although in a little time he should not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled; for books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning that good and ill company do to our

behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching, that no men succeed better than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overlaid, by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials which he has been at the pains to gather: and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patchwork.

Some gentlemen, abounding in their university erudition, are apt to fill their sermons with philosophical terms and notions of the metaphysical or abstracted kind; which generally have one advantage, to be equally understood by the wise, the vulgar, and the preacher himself. I have been better entertained, and more informed, by a few pages in the Pilgrim's Progress, than by a long discourse upon the will and the intellect, and simple or complex ideas. Others again are fond of dilating on matter and motion, talk of the fortuitous concourse of atoms, of theories, and phenomena, directly against the advice of St Paul, who yet appears to have been conversant enough in those kinds of studies.

I do not find that you are anywhere directed, in the canons or articles, to attempt explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion. And indeed, since Providence intended there should be mysteries, I do not see how it can be agreeable to piety, orthodoxy, or good sense, to go about such a work. For to me there seems to be a manifest dilemma in the case; if you explain them, they are mysteries no longer; if you fail, you have laboured to no purpose. What I should think most reasonable and safe for you to do upon this occasion, is, upon solemn days to deliver the doctrine as the Church holds it, and confirm it by Scripture. For my part, having considered the matter impartially, I can see no great reason which those gentlemen you call the freethinkers can have for their clamour against religious mysteries; since it is plain they were not invented by the clergy, to whom they bring no profit nor acquire any honour. For every clergyman is ready either to tell us the utmost he knows, or to confess that he does not understand them: neither is it strange that there should be mysteries in divinity, as well as in the commonest operations of nature.

And here I am at a loss what to say upon the frequent custom of preaching against atheism, deism, freethinking, and the like, as young divines are particularly fond of doing, especially when they exercise their talent in churches frequented by persons of quality; which as it is but an ill compliment to the audience, so I am under some doubt whether it answers the end: because persons under those imputations are generally no great frequenters of churches, and so the congregation is but little edified, for the sake of three or four fools who are past grace: neither do I think it any part of prudence to perplex the minds of well-disposed people with doubts which probably would never have otherwise come into their heads. But I am of opinion, and dare be positive in it, that not one in a hundred of those who pretend to be freethinkers are really so in their hearts. For there is one observation which I never knew to fail, and I desire you will examine it in the course of your life; that no gentleman of liberal education, and regular in his morals, did ever profess himself a freethinker. Where then are these kind of people to be found? Among the worst part of the soldiery, made up of pages, younger brothers of obscure families, and others of desperate fortunes; or else among idle town fops, and now and then a drunken squire of the country. Therefore nothing can be plainer than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of those you generally call freethinkers, who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all. And since I am in the way of it, pray consider one thing farther: as young as you are, you cannot but have already observed what a violent run there is among too many weak people against university education: be firmly assured that the whole cry is made up by those who were either never sent to college, or, through their irregularities and stupidity, never made the least improvement while they were there. I have above forty of the latter sort now in my eye; several of them in this town, whose learning, manners, temperance, probity, good nature, and politics, are all of a piece; others of them in the country, oppressing their tenants, tyrannizing over the neighbourhood, cheating the vicar, talking nonsense, and getting drunk at the sessions. It is from such seminaries as these that the world is provided with the several tribes and denominations of freethinkers; who, in my judgment, are not to be reformed by arguments offered to prove the truth of the Christian religion, because reasoning will never make a man correct an ill opinion, which by reasoning he never acquired: for in the course of things men always grow vicious before they become unbelievers: but if you would once convince the town or country profligate by topics drawn from the view of their own quiet, reputation, health, and advantage, their infidelity would soon drop off: this, I confess, is no easy task, because it is almost, in a literal sense, to fight with beasts. Now, to make it clear that we are to look for no other original of this infidelity, whereof divines so much complain, it is allowed on all hands that the people of England are more corrupt in their morals than any other nation at this day under the sun: and this corruption is manifestly owing to other causes, both numerous and obvious, much more than to the publication

of irreligious books, which indeed are but the consequence of the former. For all the writers against Christianity, since the Revolution, have been of the lowest rank among men, in regard to literature, wit, and good sense, and upon that account wholly unqualified to propagate heresies unless among a people already abandoned.

In an age where everything disliked by those who think with the majority is called disaffection, it may perhaps be ill interpreted, when I venture to tell you that this universal depravation of manners is owing to the perpetual bandying of factions among us for thirty years past, when, without weighing the motives of justice, law, conscience, or honour, every man adjusts his principles to those of the party he has chosen, and among whom he may best find his own account; but, by reason of our frequent vicissitudes, men who were impatient of being out of play have been forced to recant, or at least to reconcile their former tenets with every new system of administration. Add to this, that the old fundamental custom of annual parliaments being wholly laid aside, and elections growing chargeable, since gentlemen found that their country seats brought them in less than a seat in the house; the voters, that is to say, the bulk of the common people, have been universally seduced into bribery, perjury, drunkenness, malice, and slander.

Not to be farther tedious, or rather invidious, these are a few among other causes which have contributed to the ruin of our morals, and consequently to the contempt of religion: for imagine to yourself, if you please, a landed youth, whom his mother would never suffer to look into a book for fear of spoiling his eyes, got into parliament, and observing all enemies to the clergy heard with the utmost applause; what notions he must imbibe, how readily he will join in the cry, what an esteem he will conceive of himself, and what a contempt he must entertain, not only for his vicar at home, but for the whole order!

I therefore again conclude, that the trade of infidelity has been taken up only for an expedient to keep in countenance that universal corruption of morals which many other causes first contributed to introduce and to cultivate. And thus Mr Hobbes's saying upon reason may be much more properly applied to religion—that if religion will be against a man, a man will be against religion. Though, after all, I have heard a profligate offer much stronger arguments against paying his debts than ever he was known to do against Christianity; indeed, the reason was, because in that juncture he happened to be closer pressed by the bailiff than the parson.

Ignorance may perhaps be the mother of superstition, but experience has not proved it to be so of devotion; for Christianity always made the most easy and quickest progress in civilized countries. I mention this, because it is affirmed that the clergy are in most credit where ignorance prevails, (and surely this kingdom would be called the paradise of clergymen if that opinion were true;) for which they instance England in the times of Popery. But whoever knows anything of three or four centuries before the Reformation, will find the little learning then stirring was more equally divided between the English clergy and laity than it is at present. There were several famous lawyers in that period, whose writings are still in the highest repute, and some historians and poets, who were not of the Church. Whereas, now-a-days, our education is so corrupted, that you will hardly find a young person of quality with the least tincture of knowledge, at the same time that many of the clergy were never more learned nor so scurvily treated. Here among us at least, a man of letters out of the three professions is almost a prodigy. And those few who have preserved any rudiments of learning are (except perhaps one or two smatterers) the clergy's friends to a man; and I dare appeal to any clergyman in this kingdom, whether the greatest dunce in the parish be not always the most proud, wicked, fraudulent, and intractable of his flock.

I think the clergy have almost given over perplexing themselves and their hearers with abstruse points of predestination, election, and the like; at least it is time they should; and therefore I shall not trouble you farther upon this head.

I have now said all I could think convenient with relation to your conduct in the pulpit: your behaviour in the world is another scene, upon which I shall readily offer you my thoughts, if you appear to desire them from me by your approbation of what I have here written; if not, I have already troubled you too much.—I am, sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

A LETTER TO A VERY YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

MADAM,—

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex is subject. I have always borne an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband has been, for some years past, my particular favourite. I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped that, from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world, whereby you avoided many wrong steps which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed; but they failed, as it is generally

the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover, and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices; wherein I will not fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions, whereon will depend, not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must therefore desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the modest behaviour of a virgin. It is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look and manner of talking, as if they intended to signify in all companies that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanour, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature: whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies who, after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of fondness to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or the very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgustful to all who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it; the one is gross hypocrisy, and the other has too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company either at home or abroad, and every gentleman present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours; which are so many in the four-and-twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a French romance.

Upon this head I should likewise advise you to differ in practice from those ladies who affect abundance of uneasiness while their husbands are abroad; start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper if the husband happens to stay out; and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a shrew from Billingsgate would be a more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives who, when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post, upon pain of fits and hysterics: and a day must be fixed for their return home, without the least allowance for business, or sickness, or accidents, or weather; upon which I can only say that, in my observation, those ladies who are apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing them news that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for fine clothes so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to assure you, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of care in the cleanliness and sweetness of their persons. For the satirical part of mankind will needs believe that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating cleanliness and finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality; that nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head: for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of company, which, however, is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies who are your equals or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the style of the world, will pass for good company. Whereas, I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town from whom you will not be in manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them is, by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do; and this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For instance, in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands; their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions how to come off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts by which you may discover and practise upon his weak side: when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage him with a high hand: in these and a thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of visiting: half

a dozen fools are, in all conscience, as many as you should require; and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year, for I think the fashion does not exact that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise that your company at home should consist of men, rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good will; which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if those be the worst.

Let your men acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any she companions; because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will cost you some time and pains before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a favourite waiting maid into your cabinet council, to entertain you with histories of those ladies whom she has formerly served, of their diversions and their dresses; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgment, because you are sure it will be always for you; to receive and discard servants by her approbation or dislike; to engage you by her insinuations in misunderstandings with your best friends; to represent all things in false colours; and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your husband. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding and an exact taste. It is true, and it is happy for you, that these qualities in him are adorned with great modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue: but neither good nature nor virtue will suffer him to esteem you against his judgment; and although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent, and perhaps contemptible, unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world, and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband who is not a fool; for I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will, put a sudden end to. Besides, yours was a match of prudence and common good liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion which has no being but in playbooks and romances.

You must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself. You must improve your mind by closely pursuing such a method of study as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a collection of history and travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them if your memory be weak. You must invite persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have a regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it has sometimes moved me with pity to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim, that women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in what passes, but in a separate club entertain each other with the price and choice of lace and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or the playhouse. And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each other's lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas; as if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut or colour of your dress. As divines say that some people take more pains to be damned, than it would cost them to be saved; so your sex employ more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a certain sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey; who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly; which all great ladies did whom I have ever known: I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford; and in your own heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions which a finer petti-

coat can give you; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better natured, more virtuous or wise, than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex; but if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of Europe, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of your own country, or of the great men and actions of Greece and Rome; if they give their judgment upon English and French writers either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice; it is a shame for an English lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour by reading and information to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman who sits next her about a new cargo of fans.

It is a little hard that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or to be judge of the easiest books that are written in it; as any one may find who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or novel, where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them; and it is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you, therefore, to read aloud, more or less, every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right; and as for spelling, you may compass it in time, by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider, that after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive in point of learning to the perfection of a schoolboy. The reading I would advise you to is only for improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong method and ill choice of books that makes those learned ladies just so much the worse for what they have read; and therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill qualified; because I have spent more time and have had more opportunities than many others to observe and discover from what source the various follies of women are derived.

Pray observe, how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex; and have no relief, but in passing their afternoons in visits where they are never acceptable, and their evenings at cards among each other; while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addresses, without any farther view than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man which is not equally so in a woman: I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both. There is, indeed, one infirmity which is generally allowed you, I mean that of cowardice; yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful and becoming quality in themselves to be afraid of their own shadows; to scream in a barge when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at a ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, an earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted,) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness; which, however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For, as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberties before you; so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour; their excellency lies in rude, shocking expressions, and what they call running a man down. If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemish in his birth or person, if any misfortune has befallen his family or himself for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you to the acquaintance of a common prostitute rather than to that of such termagants as these. I have often thought that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but to treat them like insolent rascals disguised in female habits, who ought to be stripped and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it be a little out of place; which is, to desire that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities which he really possesses,

and not to fancy others in him which he certainly has not. For although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no great danger of erring on this side; but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom yet she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of expense; only I think you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer as to keep within it in that part of the management which falls to your share; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point when they have teazed their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long score remained unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it; and so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband and your parent.

I am, with great truth and affection, Madam, your most faithful friend, and humble servant.

A MODEST PROPOSAL

FOR PREVENTING

THE CHILDREN OF POOR PEOPLE IN IRELAND

FROM BEING A BURDEN TO THEIR PARENTS OR COUNTRY, AND FOR MAKING THEM BENEFICIAL TO THE PUBLIC.[1] 1729.

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town,[2] or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors, crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags, and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants; who, as they grow up, either turn thieves for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the Pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbadoes.

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels, of their mothers and frequently of their fathers, is in the present deplorable state of the kingdom a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound useful members of the commonwealth, would deserve so well of the public, as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation.

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars; it is of a much greater extent, and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets.

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject, and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment; at most not above the value of 2s., which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner as, instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall on the contrary contribute to the feeding, and partly to the clothing, of many thousands.

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme; that it will prevent those voluntary abortions, and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas, too frequent among us! sacrificing the poor innocent babes, I doubt, more to avoid the expense than the shame; which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast.

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about 200,000 couple whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract 30,000 couple who are able to maintain their own children, (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom;) but this being granted, there will remain 170,000 breeders. I again subtract 50,000 for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain 120,000 children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft nor agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land; they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts; although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time they can, however, be properly looked upon only as pro-

[1] A foreign author is said actually to have considered the "Proposal" as serious, and to have quoted it as an instance of the extremity under which Ireland laboured.

[2] Dublin.

bationers; as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art.

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no saleable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above £3, or £3, 2s. 6d. at most, on the Exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value.

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection.

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the 120,000 children already computed, 20,000 may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining 100,000 may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and, seasoned with a little pepper or salt, will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter.

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children.

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, and a little before and after: for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of Popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of Papists among us.

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, labourers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about 2s. per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give 10s. for the carcase of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he has only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord, and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have 8s. net profit, and be fit for work till she produces another child.

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcase; the skin of which, artificially dressed, will make admirable gloves for ladies, and summer boots for fine gentlemen.

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers, we may be assured, will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive, than dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs.

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased, in discoursing on this matter, to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of vension might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding 14 years of age, nor under 12; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But, with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me, from frequent experience, that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think with humble submission, be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves: and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice, (although indeed very unjustly,) as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess, has always been with me the strongest objection against any project, how well soever intended.

But, in order to justify my friend, he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came thence to London above twenty years ago; and in conversation told my friend that in his country, when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcase to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of 15, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the

emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at 400 crowns. Neither, indeed, can I deny that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who, without one single groat to their fortunes, cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse.

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people who are aged, diseased, or maimed; and I have been desired to employ my thoughts what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an encumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young labourers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition; they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment, to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labour, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evil to come.

I have too long digressed, and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages by the proposal which I have made are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance.

For, first, as I have already observed, It would greatly lessen the number of Papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation, as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose to deliver the kingdom to the Pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good Protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate.

Secondly, The poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress, and help to pay their landlord's rent; their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown.

Thirdly, Whereas the maintenance of 100,000 children, from two years old and upwards, cannot be computed at less than 10s. a-piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased £50,000 per annum, besides the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom who have any refinement in taste. And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture.

Fourthly, The constant breeders, besides the gain of 8s. sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year.

Fifthly, This food would likewise bring great custom to taverns; where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please.

Sixthly, This would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards, or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers towards their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit or expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy, as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, their sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage.

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcases in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our table; which are in no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well grown, fat, yearling child, which, roasted whole, will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity.

Supposing that 1000 families in this city would be constant customers for infant's flesh, beside others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly at weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about 20,000 carcases; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining 80,000.

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and it was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe, that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland, and for no other that ever was, is, or I think ever can be, upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at 5s. a pound; of using neither clothes nor household furniture except what is of our own growth and manufacture; of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury; of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idleness, and gaming, in our women; of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance; of learning to love our country, in the want of which we differ even

from LAPLANDERS and the inhabitants of TOPINAMBOO; of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken; of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing; of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants; lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shopkeepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it.

Therefore I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he has at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice.

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it has something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging ENGLAND. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt; although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it.

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion, as to reject any offer, proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for 100,000 useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt £2,000,000 sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and labourers, with the wives and children, who are beggars in effect: I desire those politicians who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever.

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavouring to promote this necessary work; having no other motive than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing.

A SERIOUS AND USEFUL SCHEME

TO MAKE

AN HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES;

OF UNIVERSAL BENEFIT TO ALL HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS.[1]

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD ——, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ——, AND THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ——.

Fœcunda culpæ secula.—HORACE.

THERE is not anything which contributes more to the reputation of particular persons, or to the honour of a nation in general, than erecting and endowing proper edifices for the reception of those who labour under different kinds of distress. The diseased and unfortunate are thereby delivered from the misery of wanting assistance, and others are delivered from the misery of beholding them.

It is certain that the genius of the people of England is strongly turned to public charities, and to so noble a degree, that almost in every part of this great and opulent city,[2] and also in many of the adjacent villages, we meet with a great variety of hospitals, supported by the generous contributions of private families, as well as by the liberality of the public. Some for seamen worn out in the service of their country, and others for infirm disabled soldiers; some for the maintenance of tradesmen decayed, and others for their widows and orphans; some for the service of those who linger under tedious distempers, and others for such as are deprived of their reason.

But I find, upon nice inspection, that there is one kind of charity almost totally disregarded, which, nevertheless, appears to me of so excellent a nature, as to be at present more wanted and better calculated for the ease, quietness, and felicity of this whole kingdom, than any other can possibly be: I mean an hospital for incurables.

I must indeed confess, that an endowment of

[1] This tract, published by Faulkner of Dublin in 1733, was afterwards suppressed—it is supposed, through fear of its being interpreted as casting a slur on an hospital for incurables actually erected near Dublin.

[2] London.

this nature would prove a very large and perpetual expense. However, I have not the least diffidence that I shall be able effectually to convince the world that my present scheme for such an hospital is very practicable, and must be very desirable by every one who has the interest of his country, or his fellow creatures, really at heart.

It is observable that, although the bodies of human creatures be affected with an infinite variety of disorders, which elude the power of medicine, and are often found to be incurable, yet their minds are also overrun with an equal variety, which no skill, no power, no medicine, can alter or amend. And I think that, out of regard to the public peace and emolument, as well as the repose of many pious and valuable families, this latter species of incurables ought principally to engage our attention and beneficence.

I believe an hospital for such incurables will be universally allowed necessary, if we only consider what numbers of absolute incurables every profession, rank, and degree, would perpetually produce; which at present are only national grievances, and of which we can have no other effectual method to purge the kingdom.

For instance, let any man seriously consider what numbers there are of incurable fools, incurable knaves, incurable scolds, incurable scribblers (besides myself), incurable coxcombs, incurable infidels, incurable liars, incurable whores, in all places of public resort;—not to mention the incurably vain, incurably envious, incurably proud, incurably affected, incurably impertinent, and ten thousand other incurables which I must of necessity pass over in silence, lest I should swell this essay into a volume. And, without doubt, every unprejudiced person will agree that, out of mere Christian charity, the public ought to be eased as much as possible of this troublesome and intolerable variety of incurables.

And, first, under the denomination of incurable fools, we may reasonably expect that such an hospital would be furnished with considerable numbers of the growth of our own universities, who at present appear in various professions in the world, under the venerable titles of physicians, barristers, and ecclesiastics.

And as those ancient seminaries have been for some years past accounted little better than nurseries of such sort of incurables, it should seem highly commendable to make some kind of provision for them, because it is more than probable that, if they are to be supported by their own particular merit in their several callings, they must necessarily acquire but a very indifferent maintenance.

I would not willingly be here suspected to cast reflections on any order of men, as if I thought that small gains from the profession of any art or science were always an undoubted sign of an equally small degree of understanding; for I profess myself to be somewhat inclined to a very opposite opinion, having frequently observed that at the bar, the pulse, and the pulpit, those who have the least learning or sense to plead meet generally with the largest share of promotions and profit: of which many instances might be produced; but the public seems to want no conviction in this particular.

Under the same denominations we may farther expect a large and ridiculous quantity of old rich widows, whose eager and impatient appetites inflame them with extravagant passions for fellows of a very different age and complexion from themselves, who purchase contempt and aversion with good jointures, and being loaded with years, infirmities, and probably ill humour, are forced to bribe into their embraces such whose fortunes and characters are equally desperate.

Besides, our collection of incurable fools would receive an incredible addition from every one of the following articles:—

From young extravagant heirs, who are just of a competent age to become the bubbles of jockeys, sportsmen, gamesters, bullies, sharpers, courtezans, and such sort of honourable pickpockets.

From misers, who half starve themselves to feed the prodigality of their heirs, and who proclaim to the world how unworthy they are of possessing estates, by the wretched and ridiculous methods they take to enjoy them.

From contentious people of all conditions, who are content to waste the greatest part of their own fortunes at law, to be the instruments of impoverishing others.

From those who have any confidence in profession of friendship, before trial, or any dependence on the fidelity of a mistress.

From young illiterate squires, who travel abroad to import lewdness, conceit, arrogance, vanity, and foppery, of which commodities there seems to be so great an abundance at home.

From young clergymen who contrive, by matrimony, to acquire a family before they have obtained the necessary means to maintain one.

From those who have considerable estates in different kingdoms, and yet are so incurably stupid as to spend their whole incomes in this.

These and several other articles which might be mentioned, would afford us a perpetual opportunity of easing the public, by having an hospital for the accommodation of such incurables; who at present, either by the over fondness of near relations, or the indolence of the magistrates, are permitted to walk abroad, and appear in the most crowded places of this city, as if they were indeed reasonable creatures.

I had almost forgot to hint, that, under this article, there is a modest probability that many of the clergy would be found properly qualified for admittance into the hospital, who might serve in the capacity of chaplains, and save the unnecessary expense of salaries.

To these fools, in order, succeed such as may justly be included under the extensive denomination of incurable knaves; of which our

several inns of court would constantly afford us abundant supplies.

I think, indeed, that, of this species of incurables, there ought to be a certain limited number annually admitted, which number neither any regard to the quiet or benefit of the nation, nor any other charitable or public-spirited reason, should tempt us to exceed; because, if all were to be admitted on such a foundation who might be reputed incurable of this distemper; and if it were possible for the public to find any place large enough for their reception; I have not the least doubt that all our inns, which are at this day so crowded, would in a short time be emptied of their inhabitants, and the law, that beneficial craft, want hands to conduct it.

I tremble to think what herds of attorneys, solicitors, pettifoggers, scriveners, usurers, hackney-clerks, pickpockets, pawnbrokers, jailors, and justices of the peace, would hourly be driven to such an hospital; and what disturbance it might also create in several noble and wealthy families.

What unexpected distress might it prove to several men of fortune and quality to be suddenly deprived of their rich stewards, in whom they had for many years reposed the utmost confidence, and to find them irrecoverably lodged among such a collection of incurables!

How many orphans might then expect to see their guardians hurried away to the hospital; and how many greedy executors find reason to lament the want of opportunity to pillage!

Would not Exchange Alley have cause to mourn for the loss of its stock-jobbers and brokers; and the Charitable Corporation for the confinement of many of its directors?

Might not Westminster Hall, as well as all the gaming-houses in this great city, be entirely unpeopled; and the professors of art in each of those assemblies become useless in their vocations, by being deprived of all future opportunity to be dishonest?

In short, it might put the whole kingdom into confusion and disorder; and we should find that the entire revenues of this nation would be scarce able to support so great a number of incurables, in this way, as would appear qualified for admission into our hospital.

For if we only consider how this kingdom swarms with quadrille-tables, and gaming-houses, both public and private; and also how each of those houses, as well as Westminster-hall aforesaid, swarms with knaves who are anxious to win, or fools who have anything to lose; we may be soon convinced how necessary it will be to limit the number of incurables, comprehended under these titles, lest the foundation should prove insufficient to maintain any others besides them.

However, if by this scheme of mine the nation can be eased of 20,000 or 30,000 such incurables, I think it ought to be esteemed somewhat beneficial, and worthy of the attention of the public.

The next sort for whom I would gladly provide, and who for several generations have proved insupportable plagues and grievances to the good people of England, are those who may properly be admitted under the character of incurable scolds.

I own this to be a temper of so desperate a nature, that few females can be found willing to own themselves any way addicted to it; and yet it is thought that there is scarce a single parson, prentice, alderman, squire, or husband, who would not solemnly avouch the very reverse.

I could wish, indeed, that the word scold might be changed for some more gentle term, of equal signification; because I am convinced that the very name is as offensive to female ears, as the effects of that incurable distemper are to the ears of the men; which, to be sure, is inexpressible.

And that it has been always customary to honour the very same kind of actions with different appellations, only to avoid giving offence, is evident to common observation.

For instance: How many lawyers, attorneys, solicitors, under-sheriffs, intriguing, chamber maids, and counter-officers, are continually guilty of extortion, bribery, oppression, and many other profitable knaveries, to drain the purses of those with whom they are any way concerned? And yet all these different expedients to raise a fortune pass generally under the milder names of fees, perquisites, vales, presents, gratuities, and such like; although, in strictness of speech, they should be called robbery, and consequently be rewarded with a gibbet.

Nay, how many honourable gentlemen might be enumerated who keep open shop to make a trade of iniquity; who teach the law to wink whenever power or profit appears in her way: and contrive to grow rich by the vice, the contention, or the follies of mankind; and who, nevertheless, instead of being branded with the harsh-sounding names of knaves, pilferers, or public oppressors, (as they justly merit,) are only distinguished by the title of justices of the peace; in which single term, all those several appellations are generally thought to be implied.

But to proceed. When first I determined to prepare this scheme for the use and inspection of the public, I intended to examine one whole ward in this city, that my computation of the number of incurable scolds might be more perfect and exact. But I found it impossible to finish my progress through more than one street.

I made my first application to a wealthy citizen in Cornhill, common councilman for his ward, to whom I hinted, that if he knew e'er an incurable scold in the neighbourhood, I had some hope to provide for her in such a manner as to hinder her from being farther troublesome. He referred me with great delight to his next-door friend; yet whispered me, that, with much greater ease and pleasure, he could

furnish me out of his own family ——, and begged the preference.

His next-door friend owned readily that his wife's qualifications were not misrepresented, and that he would cheerfully contribute to promote so useful a scheme; but positively asserted that it would be of small service to rid the neighbourhood of one woman, while such multitudes would remain, all equally insupportable.

By which circumstance I conjectured that the quantity of these incurables in London, Westminster, and Southwark, would be very considerable, and that a generous contribution might reasonably be expected for such an hospital as I am recommending.

Besides, the number of these female incurables would probably be very much increased by additional quantities of old maids, who, being wearied with concealing their ill humour for one half of their lives, are impatient to give it full vent in the other. For old maids, like old thin-bodied wines, instead of growing more agreeable by years, are observed, for the most part, to become intolerably sharp, sour, and useless.

Under this denomination also we may expect to be furnished with as large a collection of old bachelors, especially those who have estates, and but a moderate degree of understanding. For an old wealthy bachelor, being perpetually surrounded with a set of flatterers, cousins, poor dependents, and would-be heirs, who, for their own views, submit to his perverseness and caprice, becomes insensibly infected with this scolding malady, which generally proves incurable, and renders him disagreeable to his friends, and a fit subject for ridicule to his enemies.

As to the incurable scribblers, (of which society I have the honour to be a member,) they probably are innumerable; and, of consequence, it will be absolutely impossible to provide for one-tenth part of their fraternity. However, as this set of incurables are generally more plagued with poverty than any other, it will be a double charity to admit them on the foundation; a charity to the world, to whom they are a common pest and nuisance; and a charity to themselves, to relieve them from want, contempt, kicking, and several other accidents of that nature, to which they are continually liable.

Grub street itself would then have reason to rejoice to see so many of its half starved manufacturers amply provided for; and the whole tribe of meagre incurables would probably shout for joy at being delivered from the tyranny and garrets of printers, publishers, and booksellers.

What a mixed multitude of ballad-writers, ode-makers, translators, farce-compounders, opera-mongers, biographers, pamphleteers, and journalists, would appear crowding to the hospital; not unlike the brutes resorting to the ark before the deluge! And what a universal satisfaction would such a sight afford to all, except pastrycooks, grocers, chandlers, and tobacco-retailers, to whom alone the writings of those incurables were any way profitable!

I have often been amazed to observe what a variety of incurable coxcombs are to be met with between St James's and Limehouse, at every hour of the day; as numerous as Welsh parsons, and equally contemptible. How they swarm in all coffeehouses, theatres, public walks, and private assemblies; how they are incessantly employed in cultivating intrigues, and every kind of irrational pleasure; how industrious they seem to mimic the appearance of monkeys, as monkeys are emulous to imitate the gestures of men: and from such observations I concluded, that to confine the greatest part of those incurables, who are so many living burlesques of human nature, would be of eminent service to this nation; and I am persuaded that I am far from being singular in that opinion.

As for the incurable infidels and liars, I shall range them under the same article, and would willingly appoint them the same apartment in the hospital; because there is a much nearer resemblance between them than is generally imagined.

Have they not an equal delight in imposing falsities on the public, and seem they not equally desirous to be thought of more sagacity and importance than others? Do they not both report what both know to be false; and both confidently assert what they are conscious is most liable to contradiction?

The parallel might easily be carried on much farther, if the intended shortness of this essay would admit it. However, I cannot forbear taking notice with what immense quantities of incurable liars his majesty's kingdoms are overrun; what offence and prejudice they are to the public; what inconceivable injury to private persons; and what a necessity there is for an hospital, to relieve the nation from the curse of so many incurables.

This distemper appears almost in as many different shapes as there are persons afflicted with it; and, in every individual is always beyond the power of medicine.

Some lie for their interest, such as fishmongers, flatterers, pimps, lawyers, fortune-hunters, and fortune-tellers; and others lie for their entertainment, as maids, wives, widows, and all other tea-table attendants.

Some lie out of vanity, as poets, painters, players, fops, military officers, and all those who frequent the levees of the great: and others lie out of ill nature, as old maids, &c.

Some lie out of custom, as lovers, coxcombs, footmen, sailors, mechanics, merchants, and chamber maids; and others lie out of complaisance or necessity, as courtiers, chaplains, &c. In short, it were endless to enumerate them all, but this sketch may be sufficient to give us some small imperfect idea of their numbers.

As to the remaining incurables, we may reasonably conclude that they bear at least an equal proportion to those already mentioned; but with regard to the incurable whores in this kingdom, I must particularly observe that such of them as are public, and make it their profession, have

proper hospitals for their reception already, if we could find magistrates without passions, or officers without an incurable itch to a bribe. And such of them as are private, and make it their amusement, I should be unwilling to disturb, for two reasons:

First, because it might probably afflict many noble, wealthy, contented, and unsuspecting husbands, by convincing them of their own dishonour, and the unpardonable disloyalty of their wives: and, secondly, because it will be for ever impossible to confine a woman from being guilty of any kind of misconduct, when once she is firmly resolved to attempt it.

From all which observations, every reasonable man must infallibly be convinced that an hospital for the support of these different kinds of incurables would be extremely beneficial to these kingdoms. I think, therefore, that nothing farther is wanting but to demonstrate to the public that such a scheme is very practicable, both by having an undoubted method to raise an annual income at least sufficient to make the experiment, (which is the way of founding all hospitals,) and by having also a strong probability that such an hospital would be supported by perpetual benefactions; which, in very few years, might enable us to increase the number of incurables to nine-tenths more than we can reasonably venture on at first.

A Computation of the Daily and Annual Expenses of an Hospital to be erected for Incurables.

Per day.

INCURABLE fools are almost infinite; however, at first I would have only twenty thousand admitted; and, allowing to each person but one shilling per day for maintenance, which is as low as possible, the daily expense for this article will be £1000

Incurable knaves are, if possible, more numerous, including foreigners, especially Irishmen. Yet I would limit the number of these to about thirty thousand; which would amount to 1500

Incurable scolds would be plentifully supplied from almost every family in the kingdom. And indeed, to make this hospital of any real benefit, we cannot admit fewer, even at first, than thirty thousand, including the ladies of Billingsgate and Leadenhall market, which is . . . 1500

The incurable scribblers are undoubtedly a very considerable society, and of that denomination I would admit at least forty thousand; because it is to be supposed that such incurables will be found in greatest distress for a daily maintenance. And if we had not great encouragement to hope that many of that class would properly be admitted among the incurable fools, I should strenuously intercede to have ten or twenty thousand more added. But their allowed number will amount to 2000

Incurable coxcombs are very numerous; and, considering what numbers are annually imported from France and Italy, we cannot admit fewer than ten thousand, which will be £500

Incurable infidels (as they affect to be called) should be received into the hospital to the number of ten thousand. However, if it should accidentally happen to grow into a fashion to be believers, it is probable that the great part of them would, in a very short time, be dismissed from the hospital as perfectly cured. Their expense would be 500

Incurable liars are infinite in all parts of the kingdom; and, making allowance for citizens' wives, mercers, prentices, news-writers, old maids, and flatterers, we cannot possibly allow a smaller number than thirty thousand, which will amount to 1500

The incurably envious are in vast quantities throughout this whole nation. Nor can it reasonably be expected that their numbers should lessen while fame and honours are heaped upon some particular persons as the public reward of their superior accomplishments, while others, who are equally excellent in their own opinions, are constrained to live unnoticed and contemned. And as it would be impossible to provide for all those who are possessed with this distemper, I should consent to admit only twenty thousand at first, by way of experiment, amounting to 1000

Of the incurably vain, affected, and impertinent, I should at least admit ten thousand; which number I am confident will appear very inconsiderable, if we include all degrees of females, from the duchess to the chambermaid; all poets who have had a little success, especially in the dramatic way; and all players who have met with a small degree of approbation. Amounting only to 500

By which plain computation it is evident that two hundred thousand persons will be daily provided for, and the allowance for maintaining this collection of incurables may be seen in the following account:—

	For the Incurable		*Per day.*
Fools, being	20,000	at one shilling each	£1,000
Knaves	30,000	ditto	1,500
Scolds	30,000	ditto	1,500
Scribblers	40,000	ditto	2,000
Coxcombs	10,000	ditto	500
Infidels	10,000	ditto	500
Liars	30,000	ditto	1,500
	For the Incurably		
Envious	20,000	ditto	1,000
Vain	10,000	ditto	500
Total maintained,	200,000	Total expense,	£10,000

Whence it appears that the daily expense will amount to such a sum as, in 365 days, comes to . . £3,650,000

And I am fully satisfied that a sum much greater than this may easily be raised, with all possible satisfaction to the subject, and without interfering in the least with the revenues of the crown.

In the first place, a large proportion of this sum might be raised by the voluntary contribution of the inhabitants.

The computed number of people in Great Britain is very little less than eight millions; of which, upon a most moderate computation, we may account one half to be incurables. And as all those different incurables, whether acting in the capacity of friends, acquaintances, wives, husbands, daughters, counsellors, parents, old maids, or old bachelors, are inconceivable plagues to all those with whom they happen to be concerned; and, as there is no hope of being eased of such plagues, except by such an hospital, which by degrees might be enlarged to contain them all; I think it cannot be doubted, that at least three millions and a half of people, out of the remaining proportion, would be found both able and desirous to contribute so small a sum as 20s. per annum for the quiet of the kingdom, the peace of private families, and the credit of the nation in general. And this contribution would amount to very near our requisite sum.

Nor can this by any means be esteemed a wild conjecture; for where is there a man of common sense, honesty, or good nature, who would not gladly propose even a much greater sum to be freed from a scold, a knave, a fool, a liar, a coxcomb conceitedly repeating the compositions of others, or a vain impertinent poet repeating his own?

In the next place, it may justly be supposed that many young noblemen, knights, squires, and extravagant heirs, with very large estates, would be confined in our hospital. And I would propose that the annual income of every particular incurable's estate should be appropriated to the use of the house. But, besides these, there will undoubtedly be many old misers, aldermen, justices, directors of companies, templars, and merchants of all kinds, whose personal fortunes are immense, and who should proportionably pay to the hospital.

Yet lest by being here misunderstood I should seem to propose an unjust or oppressive scheme, I shall farther explain my design:—

Suppose, for instance, a young nobleman possessed of £10,000 or £20,000 per annum should accidentally be confined there as an incurable, I would have only such a proportion of his estate applied to the support of the hospital as he himself would spend if he were at liberty. And, after his death, the profits of the estate should regularly devolve to the next lawful heir, whether male or female.

And my reason for this proposal is, because considerable estates, which probably would be squandered away among hounds, horses, whores, sharpers, surgeons, tailors, pimps, masquerades, or architects, if left to the management of such incurables, would, by this means, become of some real use, both to the public and themselves. And perhaps this may be the only method which can be found to make such young spendthrifts of any real benefit to their country.

And although the estates of deceased incurables might be permitted to descend to the next heirs, the hospital would probably sustain no great disadvantage; because it is very likely that most of these heirs would also gradually be admitted under some denomination or other, and consequently their estates would again devolve to the use of the hospital.

As to the wealthy misers, &c., I would have their private fortunes nicely examined and calculated; because if they were old bachelors, (as it would frequently happen,) their whole fortunes should be appropriated to the endowment: but, if married, I would leave two thirds of their fortunes for the support of their families; which families would cheerfully consent to give away the remaining third, if not more, to be freed from such peevish and disagreeable governors.

So that, deducting from the 200,000 incurables the 40,000 scribblers, who to be sure would be found in very bad circumstances, I believe, among the remaining 160,000 fools, knaves, and coxcombs, so many would be found of large estates and easy fortunes, as would at least produce £200,000 per annum.

As a farther addition to our endowment, I would have a tax upon all inscriptions and tombstones, monuments and obelisks, erected to the honour of the dead; or on porticoes and trophies to the honour of the living; because these will naturally and properly come under the article of lies, pride, vanity, &c.

And if all inscriptions throughout this kingdom were impartially examined, in order to tax those which should appear demonstrably false or flattering, I am convinced that not one fifth part of the number would, after such a scrutiny, escape exempted.

Many an ambitious turbulent spirit would then be found belied with the opposite title of lover of his country; and many a Middlesex justice as improperly described sleeping in hope of salvation.

Many an usurer discredited by the appellations of honest and frugal; and many a lawyer with the character of conscientious and equitable.

Many a British statesman and general decaying with more honour than they lived; and their dusts distinguished with a better reputation than when they were animated.

Many dull parsons improperly styled eloquent; and as many stupid physicians improperly styled learned.

Yet, notwithstanding the extensiveness of a tax upon such monumental impositions, I will

count only upon 20,000 at £5 per annum each, which will amount to £100,000 annually.

To these annuities I would also request the parliament of this nation to allow the benefit of two lotteries yearly, by which the hospital would gain £200,000 clear. Nor can such a request seem any way extraordinary, since it would be appropriated to the benefit of fools and knaves, which is the sole cause of granting one for this present year.

In the last place, I would add the estate of Richard Norton, Esq.; and, to do his memory all possible honour, I would have his statue erected in the very first apartment of the hospital, or in any other which might seem more apt. And on his monument I would permit a long inscription, composed by his dearest friends, which should remain tax-free for ever.

From these several articles, therefore, would annually arise the following sums:—

	M. Th. H. *Per Ann.*
From the voluntary contribution	£3,500,000
From the estates of the incurables	200,000
By the tax upon tombstones, monuments, &c. (that of Richard Norton, Esq., always excepted) . .	100,000
By two annual lotteries, . .	200,000
By the estate of Richard Norton, Esq.	60,000
Total .	£4,600,000
And the necessary sum for the hospital being	£3,650,000
There will remain annually over and above	356,000

Which sum of £356,000 should be applied towards erecting the building, and answering accidental expenses, in such a manner as should seem most proper to promote the design of the hospital. But the whole management of it should be left to the skill and discretion of those who are to be constituted governors.

It may indeed prove a work of some small difficulty to fix upon a commodious place, large enough for a building of this nature. I should have thoughts of attempting to enclose all Yorkshire, if I were not apprehensive that it would be crowded with so many incurable knaves of its own growth, that there would not be the least room left for the reception of any others; by which accident our whole project might be retarded for some time.

Thus have I set this matter in the plainest light I could, that every one may judge of the necessity, usefulness, and practicableness of this scheme: and I shall only add a few scattered hints, which, to me, seem not altogether unprofitable.

I think the prime minister for the time being ought largely to contribute to such a foundation; because his high station and merits must of necessity infect a great number with envy, hatred, lying, and such sort of distempers; and, of consequence, furnish the hospital annually with many incurables.

I would desire that the governors appointed to direct this hospital should have (if such a thing were possible) some appearance of religion and belief in God; because those who are to be admitted as incurable infidels, atheists, deists, and freethinkers, most of which tribe are only so out of pride, conceit, and affectation, might perhaps grew gradually into believers, if they perceived it to be the custom of the place where they lived.

Although it be not customary for the natives of Ireland to meet with any manner of promotion in this kingdom, I would in this respect have that national prejudice entirely laid aside, and request that, for the reputation of both kingdoms, a large apartment in the hospital may be fitted up for Irishmen particularly, who, either by knavery, lewdness, or fortune-hunting, should appear qualified for admittance; because their numbers would certainly be very considerable.

I would farther request that a father who seems delighted at seeing his son metamorphosed into a fop or a coxcomb, because he has travelled from London to Paris, may be sent along with the young gentleman to the hospital, as an old fool, absolutely incurable.

If a poet have luckily produced any thing, especially in a dramatic way, which is tolerably well received by the public, he should be sent immediately to the hospital; because incurable vanity is always the consequence of a little success. And if his compositions be ill received, let him be admitted as a scribbler.

And I hope, in regard to the great pains I have taken about this scheme, that I shall be admitted upon the foundation as one of the scribbling incurables. But, as an additional favour, I entreat that I may not be placed in an apartment with a poet who has employed his genius for the stage; because he will kill me with repeating his own compositions: and I need not acquaint the world that it is extremely painful to bear any nonsense—except our own.

My private reason for soliciting so early to be admitted is, because it is observed that schemers and projectors are generally reduced to beggary; but, by my being provided for in the hospital, either as an incurable fool or a scribbler, that discouraging observation will for once be publicly disproved, and my brethren in that way will be secure of a public reward for their labours.

It gives me, I own, a great degree of happiness to reflect that although, in this short treatise, the characters of many thousands are contained among the vast variety of incurables, yet not any one person is likely to be offended; because it is natural to apply ridiculous characters to all the world except ourselves. And I dare be bold to say that the most incurable fool, knave, scold, coxcomb, scribbler, or liar, in this whole nation, will

sooner enumerate the circle of their acquaintance as addicted to those distempers, than once imagine themselves any way qualified for such an hospital.

I hope indeed that our wise legislature will take this project into their serious consideration, and promote an endowment which will be of such eminent service to multitudes of his majesty's unprofitable subjects, and may in time be of use to themselves and their posterity.

From my Garret in Moorfields, Aug. 20, 1733.

AN ESSAY ON MODERN EDUCATION.

FROM frequently reflecting upon the course and method of educating youth in this and a neighbouring kingdom, with the general success and consequence thereof, I am come to this determination: that education is always the worse in proportion to the wealth and grandeur of the parents; nor do I doubt in the least, that if the whole world were now under the dominion of one monarch, (provided I might be allowed to choose where he should fix the seat of his empire,) the only son and heir of that monarch would be the worst educated mortal that ever was born since the creation; and I doubt the same proportion will hold through all degrees and titles, from an emperor downwards to the common gentry.

I do not say that this has been always the case; for in better times it was directly otherwise, and a scholar may fill half his Greek and Roman shelves with authors of the noblest birth as well as highest virtue: nor do I tax all nations at present with this defect, for I know there are some to be excepted, and particularly Scotland, under all the disadvantages of its climate and soil, if that happiness be not rather owing even to those very disadvantages. What is then to be done, if this reflection must fix on two countries which will be most ready to take offence, and which, of all others, it will be least prudent or safe to offend?

But there is one circumstance yet more dangerous and lamentable: for if, according to the *postulatum* already laid down, the higher quality any youth is of he is in greater likelihood to be worse educated, it behoves me to dread and keep far from the verge of *scandalum magnatum*.

Retracting therefore that hazardous *postulatum*, I shall venture no farther at present than to say, that perhaps some additional care in educating the sons of nobility, and principal gentry, might not be ill employed. If this be not delivered with softness enough, I must for the future be silent.

In the mean time, let me ask only two questions, which relate to England. I ask, first, how it comes about that, for above sixty years past, the chief conduct of affairs has been generally placed in the hands of new men, with very few exceptions? The noblest blood of England having been shed in the grand Rebellion, many great families became extinct, or were supported only by minors. When the king was restored, very few of those lords remained who began, or at least had improved, their education under the reigns of king James or king Charles I.; of which lords the two principal were the marquis of Ormond and the earl of Southampton. The minors had, during the rebellion and usurpation, either received too much tincture of bad principles from those fanatic times; or, coming to age at the Restoration, fell into the vices of that dissolute reign.

I date from this era the corrupt method of education among us, and, in consequence thereof, the necessity the crown lay under of introducing new men into the chief conduct of public affairs, or to the office of what we now call prime ministers; men of art, knowledge, application, and insinuation; merely for want of a supply among the nobility. They were generally (though not always) of good birth; sometimes younger brothers, at other times such who, although inheriting good estates, yet happened to be well educated and provided with learning. Such, under that king, were Hyde, Bridgeman, Clifford, Osborn, Godolphin, Ashley, Cooper: few or none under the short reign of king James II.: under king William, Somers, Montague, Churchill, Vernon, Boyle, and many others: under the queen, Harley, St John, Harcourt, Trevor: who, indeed, were persons of the best private families, but unadorned with titles. So in the following reign, Mr Robert Walpole was for many years prime minister, in which post he still happily continues: his brother Horace is ambassador extraordinary to France. Mr Addison and Mr Craggs, without the least alliance to support them, have been secretaries of state.

If the facts have been thus for above sixty years past, (whereof I could, with a little farther recollection, produce many more instances,) I would ask again, how it has happened that, in a nation plentifully abounding with nobility, so great share in the most competent parts of public management has been for so long a period chiefly intrusted to commoners; unless some omissions or defects of the highest import may be charged upon those to whom the care of educating our noble youth had been committed? For if there be any difference between human creatures in the point of natural parts, as we usually call them, it should seem that the advantage lies on the side of children born from noble and wealthy parents: the same traditional sloth and luxury which render their body weak and effeminate, perhaps refining and giving a freer motion to the spirits, beyond what can be expected from the gross, robust issue of meaner mortals. Add to this the peculiar advantages which all young noblemen possess by the privileges of their birth; such as a free access to courts, and a universal deference paid to their persons.

But as my lord Bacon charges it for a fault on princes, that they are impatient to compass ends without giving themselves the trouble of consulting or executing the means; so, perhaps, it may be the disposition of young nobles, either from the indulgence of parents, tutors, and governors, or their own inactivity, that they expect the accomplishments of a good education, without the least expense of time or study to acquire them.

What I said last I am ready to retract, for the case is infinitely worse; and the very maxims set up to direct modern education are enough to destroy all the seeds of knowledge, honour, wisdom, and virtue among us. The current opinion prevails, that the study of Greek and Latin is loss of time; that public schools, by mingling the sons of noblemen with those of the vulgar, engage the former in bad company; that whipping breaks the spirits of lads well born; that universities make young men pedants; that to dance, fence, speak French, and know how to behave yourself among great persons of both sexes, comprehends the whole duty of a gentleman.

I cannot but think this wise system of education has been much cultivated among us by those worthies of the army who, during the last war, returned from Flanders at the close of each campaign, became the dictators of behaviour, dress, and politeness, to all those youngsters who frequent chocolate- coffee- gaming- houses, drawing-rooms, operas, levees, and assemblies: where a colonel, by his pay, perquisites, and plunder, was qualified to outshine many peers of the realm; and, by the influence of an exotic habit and demeanour, added to other foreign accomplishments, gave the law to the whole town, and was copied as the standard pattern of whatever was refined in dress, equipage, conversation, or diversions.

I remember, in those times, an admired original of that vocation sitting in a coffeehouse near two gentlemen, whereof one was of the clergy, who were engaged in some discourse that savoured of learning. This officer thought fit to interpose, and, professing to deliver the sentiments of his fraternity, as well as his own, (and probably he did so of too many among them,) turned to the clergyman, and spoke in the following manner: "D—n me, doctor, say what you will, the army is the only school for gentlemen. Do you think my lord Marlborough beat the French with Greek and Latin? D—n me, a scholar, when he comes into good company, what is he but an ass? D—n me, I would be glad, by G—d, to see any of your scholars, with his nouns and his verbs, and his philosophy and trigonometry, what a figure he would make at a siege, or blockade, or rencountering ——D—n me!" &c. After which he proceeded with a volley of military terms, less significant, sounding worse, and harder to be understood, than any that were ever coined by the commentators upon Aristotle. I would not here be thought to charge the soldiery with ignorance and contempt of learning, without allowing exceptions, of which I have known many; but, however, the worst example, especially in a great majority, will certainly prevail.

I have heard that the late earl of Oxford, in the time of his ministry, never passed by White's chocolate-house (the common rendezvous of infamous sharpers and noble cullies) without bestowing a curse upon that famous academy as the bane of half the English nobility. I have likewise been told another passage concerning that great minister, which, because it gives a humorous idea of one principal ingredient in modern education, take as follows: Le Sack, the famous French dancing master, in great admiration, asked a friend whether it were true that Mr Harley was made an earl and lord treasurer; and, finding it confirmed, said: "Well; I wonder what the devil the queen could see in him; for I attended him two years, and he was the greatest dunce that ever I taught."

Another hindrance to good education, and I think the greatest of any, is that pernicious custom, in rich and noble families, of entertaining French tutors in their houses. These wretched pedagogues are enjoined by the father to take special care that the boy shall be perfect in his French; by the mother, that master must not walk till he is hot, nor be suffered to play with other boys, nor be wet in his feet, nor daub his clothes, and to see the dancing master attends constantly and does his duty; she farther insists that he be not kept too long poring on his book, because he is subject to sore eyes, and of a weakly constitution.

By these methods the young gentleman is, in every article, as fully accomplished at eight years old as at eight-and-twenty, age adding only to the growth of his person and his vice; so that, if you should look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of a perspective, and in his manhood through the other, it would be impossible to spy any difference; the same airs, the same strut, the same cock of his hat, and posture of his sword, (as far as the change of fashions will allow,) the same understanding, the same compass of knowledge, with the very same absurdity, impudence, and impertinence of tongue.

He is taught from the nursery that he must inherit a great estate, and has no need to mind his book, which is a lesson he never forgets to the end of his life. His chief solace is to steal down and play at spanfarthing with the page, or young blackamoor, or little favourite footboy, one of which is his principal confidant and bosom friend.

There is one young lord[1] in this town, who, by an unexampled piece of good fortune, was miraculously snatched out of the gulph of ignorance, confined to a public school for a due term of years, well whipped when he deserved it, clad no better than his comrades, and always their playfellow on the same foot; had no precedence in the school but what was given him

[1] Lord Mountcashel, bred at Dr Sheridan's school.

by his merit, and lost it whenever he was negligent. It is well known how many mutinies were bred at this unprecedented treatment, what complaints among his relations and other great ones of both sexes; that his stockings with silver clocks were ravished from him; that he wore his own hair; that his dress was undistinguished; that he was not fit to appear at a ball or assembly, nor suffered to go to either: and it was with the utmost difficulty he became qualified for his present removal, where he may probably be farther persecuted, and possibly with success, if the firmness of a very worthy governor, and his own good dispositions, will not preserve him. I confess I cannot but wish he may go on in the way he began; because I have a curiosity to know, by so singular an experiment, whether truth, honour, justice, temperance, courage, and good sense, acquired by a school and college education, may not produce a very tolerable lad, although he should happen to fail in one or two of those accomplishments which in the general vogue are held so important to the finishing of a gentleman.

It is true, I have known an academical education to have been exploded in public assemblies; and have heard more than one or two persons of high rank declare, they could learn nothing more at Oxford and Cambridge than to drink ale and smoke tobacco; wherein I firmly believed them, and could have added some hundred examples from my own observation in one of those universities. But they all were of young heirs sent thither only for form; either from schools where they were not suffered by their careful parents to stay above three months in the year; or from under the management of French family tutors, who yet often attended them to their college, to prevent all possibility of their improvement; but I never yet knew any one person of quality, who followed his studies at the university and carried away his just proportion of learning, that was not ready upon all occasions to celebrate and defend that course of education, and to prove a patron of learned men.

There is one circumstance in a learned education which ought to have much weight, even with those who have no learning at all. The books read at school and college are full of incitements to virtue and discouragements from vice, drawn from the wisest reasons, the strongest motives, and the most influencing examples. Thus young minds are filled early with an inclination to good, and an abhorrence of evil, both which increase in them according to the advances they make in literature; and although they may be, and too often are, drawn by the temptations of youth, and the opportunities of a large fortune, into some irregularities when they come forward into the great world, yet it is ever with reluctance and compunction of mind, because their bias to virtue still continues. They may stray sometimes, out of infirmity or compliance; but they will soon return to the right road, and keep it always in view. I speak only of those excesses which are too much the attendants of youth and warmer blood; for as to the points of honour, truth, justice, and other noble gifts of the mind, wherein the temperature of the body has no concern, they are seldom or ever known to be wild.

I have engaged myself very unwarily in too copious a subject for so short a paper. The present scope I would aim at is, to prove that some proportion of human knowledge appears requisite to those who by their birth or fortune are called to the making of laws, and, in a subordinate way, to the execution of them; and that such knowledge is not to be obtained, without a miracle, under the frequent corrupt and sottish methods of educating those who are born to wealth or titles. For I would have it remembered, that I do by no means confine these remarks to young persons of noble birth; the same errors running through all families where there is wealth enough to afford that their sons (at least the eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my son be a scholar, when it is not intended that he should live by his learning? By this rule, if what is commonly said be true, that "money answers all things," why should my son be honest, temperate, just, or charitable, since he has no intention to depend upon any of these qualities for a maintenance?

When all is done, perhaps, upon the whole, the matter is not so bad as I would make it; and God, who works good out of evil, acting only by the ordinary course and rule of nature, permits this continual circulation of human things, for His own unsearchable ends. The father grows rich by avarice, injustice, oppression; he is a tyrant in the neighbourhood over slaves and beggars, whom he calls his tenants. Why should he desire to have qualities infused into his son which himself never possessed, or knew, or found the want of, in the acquisition of his wealth? The son, bred in sloth and idleness, becomes a spendthrift, a cully, a profligate, and goes out of the world a beggar, as his father came in: thus the former is punished for his own sins, as well as for those of the latter. The dunghill, having raised a huge mushroom of short duration, is now spread to enrich other men's lands. It is indeed of worse consequence where noble families are gone to decay; because their titles and privileges outlive their estates: and politicians tell us that nothing is more dangerous to the public than a numerous nobility without merit or fortune. But even here God has likewise prescribed some remedy in the order of nature; so many great families coming to an end by the sloth, luxury, and abandoned lusts, which enervated their breed through every succession, producing gradually a more effeminate race wholly unfit for propagation.

A TREATISE ON GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD BREEDING.

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

As the best law is founded upon reason, so are the best manners. And as some lawyers have introduced unreasonable things into common law, so likewise many teachers have introduced absurd things into common good manners.

One principal good point of this art is, to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men: our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

For instance, to press either of the two former to eat or drink is a breach of manners; but a tradesman or a farmer must be thus treated, or else it will be difficult to persuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill manners: without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or of what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

I defy any one to assign an incident wherein reason will not direct us what to say or do in company, if we are not misled by pride or ill nature.

Therefore I insist that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; but because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules upon common behaviour best suited to their general customs or fancies, as a kind of artificial good sense, to supply the defects of reason. Without which the gentlemanly part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happens a duel in a year which may not be imputed to one of these three motives. Upon which account, I should be exceedingly sorry to find the legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling; because the methods are easy and many for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honour, or engage in it with innocence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law has not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understandings; so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them, and insupportable to every body else: insomuch that wise men are often more uneasy at the over civility of these refiners, than they could possibly be in the conversation of peasants or mechanics.

The impertinencies of this ceremonial behaviour are nowhere better seen than at those tables where the ladies preside who value themselves upon account of their good breeding; where a man must reckon upon passing an hour without doing any one thing he has a mind to do, unless he will be so hardy as to break through all the settled decorum of the family. She determines what he loves best, and how much he shall eat; and if the master of the house happens to be of the same disposition, he proceeds in the same tyrannical manner to prescribe in the drinking part: at the same time, you are under the necessity of answering a thousand apologies for your entertainment. And although a good deal of this humour is pretty well worn off among many people of the best fashion, yet too much of it still remains, especially in the country; where an honest gentleman assured me, that, having been kept four days against his will at a friend's house, with all the circumstances of hiding his boots, locking up the stable, and other contrivances of the like nature, he could not remember, from the moment he came into the house to the moment he left it, any one thing wherein his inclination was not directly contradicted; as if the whole family had entered into a combination to torment him.

But, besides all this, it would be endless to recount the many foolish and ridiculous accidents I have observed among these unfortunate proselytes to ceremony. I have seen a duchess fairly knocked down, by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb running to save her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birthday at court, a great lady was rendered utterly disconsolate by a dish of sauce let fall by a page directly upon her head-dress and brocade, while she gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some point of ceremony with the person who sat next to her. Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, whose politics and manners were much of a size, brought a son with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates, they first offered round in order to every person in company; so that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces, and stained half the company with wet sweetmeats and cream.

There is a pedantry in manners, as in all arts and sciences, and sometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the overrating of any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason I look upon fiddlers, dancing masters, heralds, masters of the ceremony, &c., to be greater pedants than Lipsius or the elder Scaliger. With this kind of pedants, the court, while I knew it, was always plenti-

fully stocked; I mean from the gentleman usher (at least) inclusive, downwards to the gentleman porter: who are, generally speaking, the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good manners; which is the only trade they profess. For, being wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices: and, as they are below the notice of ministers, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of credit or favour, and with rudeness and insolence to everybody else. Whence I have long concluded, that good manners are not a plant of the court growth: for if they were, those people, who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For as to the great officers who attend the prince's person or councils, or preside in his family, they are a transient body, who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbours, nor will probably have recourse to gentlemen ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learned at court upon this head, except in the material circumstance of dress; wherein the authority of the maids of honour must indeed be allowed to be almost equal to that of a favourite actress.

I remember a passage my lord Bolingbroke told me; that going to receive prince Eugene of Savoy at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the queen, the prince said he was much concerned that he could not see her majesty that night; for Monsieur Hoffman (who was then by) had assured his highness that he could not be admitted into her presence with a tied-up periwig; that his equipage was not arrived; and that he had endeavoured in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter into a jest, and brought the prince to her majesty; for which he was highly censured by the whole tribe of gentlemen ushers; among whom Monsieur Hoffman, an old dull resident of the Emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony; and which I believe was the best lesson he had learned in five-and-twenty years' residence.

I make a difference between good manners and good breeding; although, in order to vary my expression, I am sometimes forced to confound them. By the first, I only understand the art of remembering and applying certain settled forms of general behaviour. But good breeding is of a much larger extent; for, beside an uncommon degree of literature sufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, it takes in a great compass of knowledge; no less than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse, and speaking French; not to mention some other secondary or subaltern accomplishments, which are more easily acquired. So that the difference between good breeding and good manners lies in this, that the former cannot be attained to by the best understandings without study and labour; whereas a tolerable degree of reason will instruct us in every part of good manners, without other assistance.

I can think of nothing more useful upon this subject than to point out some particulars wherein the very essentials of good manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting of which does very much disturb the good commerce of the world, by introducing a traffic of mutual uneasiness in most companies.

First, A necessary part of good manners is a punctual observance of time at our own dwellings, or those of others, or at third places, whether upon matter of civility, business, or diversion: which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reason, yet the greatest minister I ever knew was the greatest trespasser against it; by which all his business doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear. Upon which I often used to rally him, as deficient in point of good manners. I have known more than one ambassador and secretary of state, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good success and applause, by the mere force of exactness and regularity. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly, as well as ingratitude, to neglect it; if both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you, to his own disadvantage, is pride and injustice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be styled ill manners, because forms are subject to frequent changes, and consequently, being not founded upon reason, are beneath a wise man's regard. Besides, they vary in every country; and, after a short period of time, very frequently in the same; so that a man who travels must needs be at first a stranger to them in every court through which he passes; and perhaps at his return as much a stranger in his own; and, after all, they are easier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinencies that superficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal, and more predominant than the rest; who look upon them not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance; and are therefore zealous on all occasions to introduce and propagate the new forms and fashions they have brought back with them; so that, usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.

A PROPOSAL

FOR CORRECTING, IMPROVING, AND ASCERTAINING

THE ENGLISH TONGUE,

IN A LETTER TO THE MOST HONOURABLE ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD AND MORTIMER, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN.[1]

(*First printed in May* 1712.)

London, Feb. 22, 1711-12.

My Lord,—

What I had the honour of mentioning to your lordship some time ago in conversation, was not a new thought just then started by accident or occasion, but the result of long reflection; and I have been confirmed in my sentiments by the opinion of some very judicious persons with whom I consulted. They all agreed that nothing would be of greater use towards the improvement of knowledge and politeness, than some effectual method for correcting, enlarging, and ascertaining our language; and they think it a work very possible to be compassed under the protection of a prince, the countenance and encouragement of a ministry, and the care of proper persons chosen for such an undertaking. I was glad to find your lordship's answer in so different a style from what has been commonly made use of on the like occasions for some years past, that all such thoughts must be deferred to a time of peace: a topic which some have carried so far, that they would not have us by any means think of preserving our civil or religious constitution, because we are engaged in a war abroad. It will be among the distinguishing marks of your ministry, my lord, that you have a genius above all such regards, and that no reasonable proposal for the honour, the advantage, or the ornament of your country, however foreign to your more immediate office, was ever neglected by you. I confess the merit of this candour and condescension is very much lessened, because your lordship hardly leaves us room to offer our good wishes; removing all our difficulties, and supplying our wants, faster than the most visionary projector can adjust his schemes. And therefore, my lord, the design of this paper is not so much to offer you ways and means, as to complain of a grievance, the redressing of which is to be your own work as much as that of paying the nation's debts, or opening a trade into the South Sea; and though not of such immediate benefit as either of these, or any other of your glorious actions, yet perhaps, in future ages, not less to your honour.

My lord, I do here, in the name of all the learned and polite persons of the nation, complain to your lordship, as first minister, that our language is extremely imperfect; that its daily improvements are by no means in proportion to its daily corruptions; that the pretenders to polish and refine it have chiefly multiplied abuses and absurdities; and that in many instances it offends against every part of grammar. But lest your lordship should think my censure too severe, I shall take leave to be more particular.

I believe your lordship will agree with me in the reason why our language is less refined than those of Italy, Spain, or France. 'Tis plain that the Latin tongue, in its purity, was never in this island, towards the conquest of which few or no attempts were made till the time of Claudius; neither was that language ever so vulgar in Britain as it is known to have been in Gaul and Spain. Farther, we find that the Roman legions here were at length all recalled, to help their country against the Goths and other barbarous invaders. Mean time the Britons, left to shift for themselves, and daily harassed by cruel inroads from the Picts, were forced to call in the Saxons for their defence; who consequently reduced the greatest part of the island to their own power, drove the Britons into the most remote and mountainous parts, and the rest of the country, in customs, religion, and language, became wholly Saxon. This I take to be the reason why there are more Latin words remaining in the British tongue, than in the old Saxon; which, excepting some few variations in the orthography, is the same in most original words with our present English, as well as with German and other northern dialects.

Edward the Confessor, having lived long in France, appears to be the first who introduced any mixture of the French tongue with the Saxon; the court affecting what the prince was fond of, and others taking it up for a fashion, as it is now with us. William the Conqueror proceeded much farther; bringing over with him vast numbers of that nation, scattering them in every monastery, giving them great quantities of land, directing all pleadings to be in that language, and endeavouring to make it universal in the kingdom. This at least is the opinion generally received; but your lordship has fully convinced me that the French tongue made yet a greater progress here under Harry II., who had large territories on that continent both from his father and his wife, made frequent journeys and expeditions thither, and was always attended with a number of his countrymen, retainers at his court. For some centuries after, there was a constant intercourse between France and England, by the dominions we possessed there and the conquests we made; so that our language, between two and three hundred years ago, seems to have had a greater mixture with French than at present, many words having been afterward rejected, and some since the time of Spenser; although we have still retained not a few which have been long antiquated in France. I could produce several instances of both kinds, if it were of any use or entertainment.

[1] See the "Journal to Stella," February 21, 22, March 11, May 10, 31, 1711-12.

To examine into the several circumstances by which the language of a country may be altered, would force me to enter into a wide field. I shall only observe that the Latin, the French, and the English, seem to have undergone the same fortune. The first, from the days of Romulus to those of Julius Cæsar, suffered perpetual changes; and by what we meet in those authors who occasionally speak on that subject, as well as from certain fragments of old laws, it is manifest that the Latin, 300 years before Tully, was as unintelligible in his time as the English and French of the same period are now; and these two have changed as much since William the Conqueror (which is but little less than 700 years) as the Latin appears to have done in the like term. Whether our language or the French will decline as fast as the Roman did, is a question that would perhaps admit more debate than it is worth. There were many reasons for the corruptions of the last; as, the change of their government to a tyranny, which ruined the study of eloquence, there being no farther use or encouragement for popular orators; their giving not only the freedom of the city, but capacity for employments, to several towns in Gaul, Spain, and Germany, and other distant parts, as far as Asia, which brought a great number of foreign pretenders into Rome; the slavish disposition of the senate and people, by which the wit and eloquence of the age were wholly turned into panegyric, the most barren of all subjects; the great corruption of manners, and introduction of foreign luxury, with foreign terms to express it; with several others that might be assigned: not to mention those invasions from the Goths and Vandals which are too obvious to insist on.

The Roman language arrived at great perfection before it began to decay; and the French, for these last fifty years, has been polishing as much as it will bear, and appears to be declining by the natural inconsistency of that people, and the affectation of some late authors to introduce and multiply cant words, which is the most ruinous corruption in any language. La Bruyère, a late celebrated writer among them, makes use of many new terms, which are not to be found in any of the common dictionaries before his time. But the English tongue is not arrived to such a degree of perfection as to make us apprehend any thoughts of its decay; and if it were once refined to a certain standard, perhaps there might be ways found out to fix it for ever, or at least till we are invaded and made a conquest by some other state; and even then our best writings might probably be preserved with care, and grow into esteem, and the authors have a chance for immortality.

But without such great revolutions as these (to which we are, I think, less subject than kingdoms upon the continent) I see no absolute necessity why any language should be perpetually changing; for we find many examples to the contrary. From Homer to Plutarch are above a thousand years; so long at least the purity of the Greek tongue may be allowed to last, and we know not how far before. The Grecians spread their colonies round all the coast of Asia Minor, even to the northern parts lying towards the Euxine, in every island of the Ægean sea, and several others in the Mediterranean; where the language was preserved entire for many ages after they themselves became colonies to Rome, and till they were overrun by the barbarous nations upon the fall of that empire. The Chinese have books in their language above two thousand years old, neither have the frequent conquests of the Tartars been able to alter it. The German, Spanish, and Italian, have admitted few or no changes for some ages past. The other languages of Europe I know nothing of; neither is there any occasion to consider them.

Having taken this compass, I return to those considerations upon our own language which I would humbly offer your lordship. The period wherein the English tongue received most improvement I take to commence with the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, and to conclude with the great Rebellion in forty-two. It is true, there was a very ill taste, both of style and wit, which prevailed under king James I.; but that seems to have been corrected in the first years of his successor, who, among many other qualifications of an excellent prince, was a great patron of learning. From the civil war to this present time, I am apt to doubt whether the corruptions in our language have not at least equalled the refinements of it; and these corruptions very few of the best authors in our age have wholly escaped. During the usurpation, such an infusion of enthusiastic jargon prevailed in every writing, as was not shaken off in many years after. To this succeeded that licentiousness which entered with the Restoration, and, from infecting our religion and morals, fell to corrupt our language; which last was not likely to be much improved by those who at that time made up the court of king Charles II.; either such who had followed him in his banishment, or who had been altogether conversant in the dialect of those fanatic times; or young men who had been educated in the same country: so that the court, which used to be the standard of propriety and correctness of speech, was then, and I think has ever since continued, the worst school in England for that accomplishment; and so will remain till better care be taken in the education of our young nobility, that they may set out into the world with some foundation of literature, in order to qualify them for patterns of politeness. The consequence of this defect upon our language may appear from the plays and other compositions written for entertainment within fifty years past; filled with a succession of affected phrases, and new conceited words, either borrowed from the current style of the court, or from those who, under the character of men of wit and pleasure, pretended to give the law. Many of these refinements have already been

long antiquated, and are now hardly intelligible; which is no wonder, when they were the product only of ignorance and caprice.

I have never known this great town without one or two more dunces of figure, who had credit enough to give rise to some new word, and propagate it in most conversations, though it had neither humour nor significancy. If it struck the present taste, it was soon transferred into the plays and current scribbles of the week, and became an addition to our language; while the men of wit and learning, instead of early obviating such corruptions, were too often seduced to imitate and comply with them.

There is another set of men who have contributed very much to the spoiling of the English tongue; I mean the poets from the time of the Restoration. These gentlemen, although they could not be insensible how much our language was already overstocked with monosyllables, yet, to save time and pains, introduced that barbarous custom of abbreviating words to fit them to the measure of their verses; and this they have frequently done so very injudiciously, as to form such harsh unharmonious sounds, that none but a northern ear could endure. They have joined the most obdurate consonants with one intervening vowel, only to shorten a syllable; and their taste in time became so depraved, that what was at first a poetical license not to be justified, they made their choice, alleging that the words pronounced at length sounded faint and languid. This was a pretence to take up the same custom in prose; so that most of the books we see now-a-days are full of those manglings and abbreviations. Instances of this abuse are innumerable: what does your lordship think of the words *drudg'd*, *disturb'd*, *rebuk'd*, *fledg'd*, and a thousand others everywhere to be met with in prose as well as verse? where, by leaving out a vowel to save a syllable, we form so jarring a sound, and so difficult to utter, that I have often wondered how it could ever obtain.

Another cause (and perhaps borrowed from the former) which has contributed not a little to the maiming of our language, is a foolish opinion, advanced of late years, that we ought to spell exactly as we speak; which, besides the obvious inconvenience of utterly destroying our etymology, would be a thing we should never see an end of. Not only the several towns and counties of England have a different way of pronouncing, but even here in London they clip their words after one manner about the court, another in the city, and a third in the suburbs; and, in a few years, it is probable, will all differ from themselves, as fancy or fashion shall direct; all which, reduced to writing, would entirely confound orthography. Yet many people are so fond of this conceit, that it is sometimes a difficult matter to read modern books and pamphlets; where the words are so curtailed, and varied from their original spelling, that whoever has been used to plain English will hardly know them by sight.

Several young men at the universities, terribly possessed with the fear of pedantry, run into a worse extreme, and think all politeness to consist in reading the daily trash sent down to them from hence; this they call knowing the world, and reading men and manners. Thus furnished, they come up to town, reckon all their errors for accomplishments, borrow the newest set of phrases; and if they take a pen into their hands, all the odd words they have picked up in a coffeehouse, or a gaming ordinary, are produced as flowers of style, and the orthography refined to the utmost. To this we owe those monstrous productions which, under the name of Trips, Spies, Amusements, and other conceited appellations, have overrun us for some years past. To this we owe that strange race of wits who tell us they write to the humour of the age. And I wish I could say these quaint fopperies were wholly absent from graver subjects. In short, I would undertake to show your lordship several pieces where the beauties of this kind are so predominant, that, with all your skill in languages, you could never be able to read or understand them.

But I am very much mistaken if many of these false refinements among us do not arise from a principle which would quite destroy their credit, if it were well understood and considered. For I am afraid, my lord, that, with all the real good qualities of our country, we are naturally not very polite. This perpetual disposition to shorten our words by retrenching the vowels, is nothing else but a tendency to lapse into the barbarity of those northern nations from whom we are descended, and whose languages labour all under the same defect. For it is worthy our observation, that the Spaniards, the French, and the Italians, although derived from the same northern ancestors with ourselves, are with the utmost difficulty taught to pronounce our words; which the Swedes and Danes, as well as the Germans and the Dutch, attain to with ease, because our syllables resemble theirs in the roughness and frequency of consonants. Now, as we struggle with an ill climate to improve the nobler kinds of fruits, are at the expense of walls to receive and reverberate the faint rays of the sun, and fence against the northern blast; we sometimes, by the help of a good soil, equal the production of warmer countries, who have no need to be at so much cost and care. It is the same thing with respect to the politer arts among us; and the same defect of heat which gives a fierceness to our natures, may contribute to that roughness of our language, which bears some analogy to the harsh fruit of colder countries. For I do not reckon that we want a genius more than the rest of our neighbours: but your lordship will be of my opinion, that we ought to struggle with these natural disadvantages as much as we can, and be careful whom we employ whenever we design to correct them; which is a work that has hitherto been assumed by the least qualified hands. So that, if the choice had been left to

me, I would rather have trusted the refinement of our language, as far as it relates to sound, to the judgment of the women, than of illiterate court fops, half-witted poets, and university boys. For it is plain that women, in their manner of corrupting words, do naturally discard the consonants as we do the vowels. What I am going to tell your lordship appears very trifling: that more than once, where some of both sexes were in company, I have persuaded two or three of each to take a pen, and write down a number of letters joined together, just as it came into their heads; and upon reading this gibberish we have found that which the men had wrote, by the frequent encountering of rough consonants, to sound like High Dutch; and the other, by the women, like Italian, abounding in vowels and liquids. Now, though I would by no means give ladies the trouble of advising us in the reformation of our language, yet I cannot help thinking that, since they have been left out of all meetings, except parties at play or where worse designs are carried on, our conversation has very much degenerated.

In order to reform our language, I conceive, my lord, that a free judicious choice should be made of such persons as are generally allowed to be best qualified for such a work, without any regard to quality, party, or profession. These, to a certain number at least, should assemble at some appointed time and place, and fix on rules by which they design to proceed. What methods they will take is not for me to prescribe. Your lordship, and other persons in great employments, might please to be of the number: and I am afraid such a society would want your instruction and example as much as your protection; for I have, not without a little envy, observed of late the style of some great ministers very much to exceed that of any other productions.

The persons who are to undertake this work will have the example of the French before them, to imitate where these have proceeded right, and to avoid their mistakes. Besides the grammar part, wherein we are allowed to be very defective, they will observe many gross improprieties, which, however authorized by practice, and grown familiar, ought to be discarded. They will find many words that deserve to be utterly thrown out of our language; many more to be corrected; and perhaps not a few, long since antiquated, which ought to be restored on account of their energy and sound.

But what I have most at heart is, that some method should be thought on for ascertaining and fixing our language for ever, after such alterations are made in it as shall be thought requisite. For I am of opinion it is better a language should not be wholly perfect, than that it should be perpetually changing; and we must give over at one time, or at length infallibly change for the worse; as the Romans did, when they began to quit their simplicity of style for affected refinements, such as we meet in Tacitus and other authors; which ended by degrees in many barbarities, even before the Goths had invaded Italy.

The fame of our writers is usually confined to these two islands; and it is hard it should be limited in time, as much as place, by the perpetual variations of our speech. It is your lordship's observation, that if it were not for the Bible and Common Prayer Book in the vulgar tongue, we should hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us a hundred years ago; which is certainly true: for those books, being perpetually read in churches, have proved a kind of standard for language, especially to the common people. And I doubt whether the alterations since introduced have added much to the beauty or strength of the English tongue, though they have taken off a great deal from that simplicity which is one of the greatest perfections in any language. You, my lord, who are so conversant in the sacred writings, and so great a judge of them in their originals, will agree, that no translation our country ever yet produced, has come up to that of the Old and New Testament: and by the many beautiful passages which I have often had the honour to hear your lordship cite from thence, I am persuaded that the translators of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work than any we see in our present writings; which I take to be owing to the simplicity that runs through the whole. Then, as to the greatest part of our liturgy, compiled long before the translation of the Bible now in use, and little altered since, there seem to be in it as great strains of true sublime eloquence as are anywhere to be found in our language; which every man of good taste will observe in the communion service, that of burial, and other parts.

But when I say that I would have our language, after it is duly correct, always to last, I do not mean that it should never be enlarged. Provided that no word, which a society shall give a sanction to, be afterwards antiquated and exploded, they may have liberty to receive whatever new ones they shall find occasion for; because then the old books will yet be always valuable according to their intrinsic worth, and not thrown aside on account of unintelligible words and phrases, which appear harsh and uncouth only because they are out of fashion. Had the Roman tongue continued vulgar in that city till this time, it would have been absolutely necessary, from the mighty changes that have been made in law and religion, from the many terms of art required in trade and in war, from the new inventions that have happened in the world, from the vast spreading of navigation and commerce, with many other obvious circumstances, to have made great additions to that language; yet the ancients would still have been read and understood with pleasure and ease. The Greek tongue received many enlargements between the time of Homer and that of Plutarch, yet the former author was probably as well understood in Trajan's time as

the latter. What Horace says of words going off and perishing like leaves, the new ones coming in their place, is a misfortune he laments, rather than a thing he approves; but I cannot see why this should be absolutely necessary, or, if it were, what would have become of his *monumentum ære perennius?*

Writing by memory only, as I do at present, I would gladly keep within my depth; and therefore shall not enter into farther particulars. Neither do I pretend more than to show the usefulness of this design, and to make some general observations, leaving the rest to that society which I hope will owe its institution and patronage to your lordship. Besides, I would willingly avoid repetition, having about a year ago communicated to the public much of what I had to offer upon this subject, by the hands of an ingenious gentleman, who for a long time did thrice a week divert or instruct the kingdom by his papers, and is supposed to pursue the same design at present under the title of Spectator. This author, who has tried the force and compass of our language with so much success, agrees entirely with me in most of my sentiments relating to it; so do the greatest part of the men of wit and learning whom I have had the happiness to converse with; and therefore I imagine that such a society would be pretty unanimous in the main points.

Your lordship must allow that such a work as this, brought to perfection, would very much contribute to the glory of her majesty's reign; which ought to be recorded in words more durable than brass, and such as our posterity may read a thousand years hence with pleasure as well as admiration. I always disapproved that false compliment to princes, that the most lasting monument they can have is the hearts of their subjects. It is indeed their greatest present felicity to reign in their subjects' hearts; but these are too perishable to preserve their memories, which can only be done by the pens of able and faithful historians. And I take it to be your lordship's duty, as prime minister, to give order for inspecting our language, and rendering it fit to record the history of so great and good a princess. Besides, my lord, as disinterested as you appear to the world, I am convinced that no man is more in the power of a prevailing favourite passion than yourself; I mean that desire of true and lasting honour which you have borne along with you through every stage of your life. To this you have often sacrificed your interest, your ease, and your health; for preserving and increasing this, you have exposed your person to secret treachery and open violence. There is not, perhaps, an example in history of any minister who, in so short a time, has performed so many great things, and overcome so many difficulties. Now, though I am fully convinced that you fear God, honour your queen, and love your country as much as any of your fellow-subjects; yet I must believe that the desire of fame has been no inconsiderable motive to quicken you in the pursuit of those actions which will best deserve it. But, at the same time, I must be so plain as to tell your lordship that if you will not take some care to settle our language, and put it into a state of continuance, I cannot promise that your memory shall be preserved above a hundred years, farther than by imperfect tradition.

As barbarous and ignorant as we were in former centuries, there was more effectual care taken by our ancestors to preserve the memory of times and persons, than we find in this age of learning and politeness, as we are pleased to call it. The rude Latin of the monks is still very intelligible; whereas, had their records been delivered down only in the vulgar tongue, so barren and so barbarous, so subject to continual succeeding changes, they could not now be understood unless by antiquaries who make it their study to expound them. And we must at this day have been content with such poor abstracts of our English story, as laborious men of low genius would think fit to give us; and even these, in the next age, would be likewise swallowed up in succeeding collections. If things go on at this rate, all I can promise your lordship is, that about two hundred years hence some painful compiler, who will be at the trouble of studying old language, may inform the world that, in the reign of queen Anne, Robert earl of Oxford, a very wise and excellent man, was made high treasurer, and saved his country, which in those days was almost ruined by a foreign war and a domestic faction. Thus much he may be able to pick out, and willing to transfer into his new history; but the rest of your character, which I or any other writer may now value ourselves by drawing, and the particular account of the great things done under your ministry, for which you are already so celebrated in most parts of Europe, will probably be dropped, on account of the antiquated style and manner they are delivered in.

How, then, shall any man who has a genius for history equal to the best of the ancients, be able to undertake such a work with spirit and cheerfulness, when he considers that he will be read with pleasure but a very few years, and in an age or two shall hardly be understood without an interpreter? This is like employing an excellent statuary to work upon mouldering stone. Those who apply their studies to preserve the memory of others, will always have some concern for their own; and I believe it is for this reason that so few writers among us, of any distinction, have turned their thoughts to such a discouraging employment; for the best English historian must lie under this mortification, that, when his style grows antiquated, he will be only considered as a tedious relater of facts, and perhaps consulted in his turn, among other neglected authors, to furnish materials for some future collector.

I doubt your lordship is but ill entertained with a few scattered thoughts upon a subject that deserves to be treated with ability and

care. However, I must beg leave to add a few words more, perhaps not altogether foreign to the same matter. I know not whether that which I am going to say may pass for caution, advice, or reproach; any of which will be justly thought very improper from one in my station to one in yours. However, I must venture to affirm, that if genius and learning be not encouraged under your lordship's administration, you are the most inexcusable person alive. All your other virtues, my lord, will be defective without this; your affability, candour, and good nature; that perpetual agreeableness of conversation, so disengaged in the midst of such a weight of business and opposition; even your justice, prudence, and magnanimity, will shine less bright without it. Your lordship is universally allowed to possess a very large portion in most parts of literature; and to this you owe the cultivating of those many virtues which otherwise would have been less adorned, or in lower perfection. Neither can you acquit yourself of these obligations without letting the arts, in their turn, share your influence and protection: besides, who knows but some true genius may happen to arise under your ministry, *exortus ut ætherius sol*. Every age might perhaps produce one or two of these to adorn it, if they were not sunk under the censure and obloquy of plodding, servile, imitating pedants. I do not mean, by a true genius, any bold writer who breaks through the rules of decency to distinguish himself by the singularity of his opinions; but one who, upon a deserving subject, is able to open new scenes, and discover a vein of true and noble thinking, which never entered into any imagination before; every stroke of whose pen is worth all the paper blotted by hundreds of others in the compass of their lives. I know, my lord, your friends will offer in your defence that in your private capacity you never refused your purse and credit to the service and support of learned or ingenious men; and that, ever since you have been in public employment, you have constantly bestowed your favours to the most deserving persons. But I desire your lordship not to be deceived; we never will admit of these excuses, nor will allow your private liberality, as great as it is, to atone for your excessive public thrift. But here again, I am afraid, most good subjects will interpose in your defence, by alleging the desperate condition you found the nation in, and the necessity there was for so able and faithful a steward to retrieve it, if possible, by the utmost frugality. We grant all this, my lord; but then it ought likewise to be considered that you have already saved several millions to the public, and that what we ask is too inconsiderable to break into any rules of the strictest good husbandry. The French king bestows about half-a-dozen pensions to learned men in several parts of Europe, and perhaps a dozen in his own kingdom; which in the whole do probably not amount to half the income of many a private commoner in England, yet have more contributed to the glory of that prince than any million he has otherwise employed. For learning, like all true merit, is easily satisfied; while the false and counterfeit is perpetually craving, and never thinks it has enough. The smallest favour given by a great prince as a mark of esteem to reward the endowments of the mind, never fails to be returned with praise and gratitude, and loudly celebrated to the world. I have known, some years ago, several pensions given to particular persons, (how deservedly I shall not inquire,) any one of which, if divided into several parcels, and distributed by the crown to those who might upon occasion distinguish themselves by some extraordinary production of wit or learning, would be amply sufficient to answer the end. Or if any such persons were above money, (as every great genius certainly is, with very moderate conveniencies of life,) a medal or some mark of distinction would do full as well.

But I forget my province, and find myself turning projector before I am aware; although it be one of the last characters under which I should desire to appear before your lordship, especially when I have the ambition of aspiring to that of being, with the greatest respect and truth, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most obliged, and most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

I HAVE observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this; and indeed I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seems so much to be said.

Most things pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection. But in conversation it is, or might be, otherwise; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remains as mere an idea as the other. Therefore it seems to me, that the truest way to understand conversation, is to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated; because it requires few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire without any great genius or study. For nature has left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining in company; and there are a hundred

men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few hints that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by mere indignation to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition in life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are grossest, as well as those which are seldomest observed, since there are few so obvious, or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance: nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking on one's self, yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together where some one among them has not been performing in that kind, to the great contempt and disgust of all the rest. One among such is full in particulars of words, none are compared to the sober fellowcreature who proceeds with caution, thought and caution, makes his prefaces, breathes out true several impressions, feels a hint that goes him in mind of another story, which he promises to tell you when this is done, comes back regularly to his subject, never rashly out to mind some person's name, holding his head, complains of his memory; the whole company all this while in suspense, at length sups, it is no matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proves at last a story the company has heard fifty times before, or, at best, some insipid circumstance of the relation.

Another general fault in conversation is that of those who affect to talk of themselves: some, we have any occasion, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more universal, and with great art will be on the watch to bring in their own praise: they will tell a witness to remember they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning and told him the consequences just as they happened, but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it: there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint, with many other insufferable topics of the same chronicle.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and really methinks he is so to others: whoever once making this easy and obvious reflection, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than theirs have with him; and how little that is, he is sensible enough.

Where a company has met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university; after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking; at length, of a sudden, demanding audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some limits in conversation which men are so subject to as the men of wit, nor even so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost: it is a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must be something extraordinary in order to acquit themselves and answer their character, else the standers by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expense.

I know a man of wit who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside: he neither expects to be informed or entertained, but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore he chooses to frequent those who are content to listen and profess themselves his admirers. And indeed the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Will's coffeehouse, where the wits, as they were called used formerly to assemble; that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling compositions, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or else the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with a humble audience of young students from the inns of court or the universities; who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy, their heads filled with trash under the name of politeness, criticism, and belles lettres.

By these means the poets, for many years past, were all overrun with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable disturbing our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it; by which definition, men of the court or the

army may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine; and it is the same vice in women, when they are over copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take; because, besides the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

The great town is usually provided with some player, mimic, or buffoon, who has a general reception at the good tables; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet show; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he has undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel when, in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation; besides the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as, when an expensive fashion comes up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passes for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous; sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions, he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dexterous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, whence we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but, by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprising, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid: nor can there any thing be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blamable: I mean, an impatience to interrupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of these two errors: because, when any man speaks in company, it is to be supposed he does it for his hearers' sake, and not his own; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people whose good manners will not suffer them to interrupt you; but, what is almost as bad, they will discover abundance of impatience, and lie upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts which they long to be delivered of. Mean time, they are so far from regarding what passes, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory; and thus they confine their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour; which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus. It seems to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and, considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious: although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how low conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects, frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that whoever values this gift in himself, has need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund; for those who are thus endued have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springs from a barren-

ness of invention and of words; by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, they swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion; therefore men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice has inured and emboldened them; because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions and of words, which they cannot readily choose, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice; which is no disadvantage in private conversation; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is, of all others, most insupportable.

Nothing has spoiled men more for conversation, than the character of being wits; to support which they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts on both sides by pleasing their mutual vanity. This has given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, so that they are never present in mind at what passes in discourse; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a madman in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding; such as lewd or profane talk; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty which is held the great distinction between men and brutes: and how little advantage we make of that which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent as well as useful pleasure of life: in default of which we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours; whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted, both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friendship, generosity: which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, has been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen for some time past of excluding women from any share in our society, farther than in parties at play, or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceable part of king Charles I.'s reign; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours: several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime Platonic notions they had, or personated, in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of the romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into everything that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topics of immodesty and indecencies into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And therefore it is observable in those so sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that in the company of ladies of virtue and honour they are silent and disconcerted and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves, and entertain their company, with relating facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much; but to continue it long is certainly one; for if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects (provided he does not dwell upon them) that leave room for answers and replies.

A LETTER OF ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

TOGETHER WITH A PROPOSAL FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF POETRY IN IRELAND.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit.[1]

HORACE, *De Art. Poet.* 400.

SIR,— *December* 1, 1720.

As I have always professed a friendship for you, and have therefore been more inquisitive into your conduct and studies than is usually agree-

[1] "So verse became divine, and poets gained applause," —FRANCIS.

able to young men, so I must own I am not a little pleased to find, by your last account, that you have entirely bent your thoughts to English poetry with design to make it your profession and business. Two reasons incline me to encourage you in this study; one the narrowness of your present circumstances; the other, the great use of poetry to mankind and society, and in every employment of life. Upon these views I cannot but commend your wise resolution to withdraw so early from other unprofitable and severe studies, and betake yourself to that which, if you have good luck, will advance your fortune and make you an ornament to your friends and your country. It may be your justification, and farther encouragement, to consider, that history, ancient or modern, cannot furnish you an instance of one person, eminent in any station, who was not in some measure versed in poetry, or at least a well-wisher to the professors of it; neither would I despair to prove, if legally called thereto, that it is impossible to be a good soldier, divine, or lawyer, or even so much as an eminent bellman or ballad-singer, without some taste of poetry, and a competent skill in versification; but I say the less of this, because the renowned sir P. Sidney has exhausted the subject before me in his Defence of Poesie, on which I shall make no other remark but this, that he argues there as if he really believed himself.

For my own part, having never made one verse since I was at school, where I suffered too much for my blunders in poetry to have any love to it ever since, I am not able, from any experience of my own, to give you those instructions you desire; neither will I declare (for I love to conceal my passions) how much I lament my neglect of poetry in those periods of my life which were properest for improvements in that ornamental part of learning; besides, my age and infirmities might well excuse me to you, as being unqualified to be your writing master, with spectacles on and a shaking hand. However, that I may not be altogether wanting to you in an affair of so much importance to your credit and happiness, I shall here give you some scattered thoughts upon the subject, such as I have gathered by reading and observation.

There is a certain little instrument, the first of those in use with scholars, and the meanest, considering the materials of it, whether it be a joint of wheaten straw (the old Arcadian pipe) or just three inches of slender wire, or a stripped feather, or a corking-pin. Farthermore, this same diminutive tool, for the posture of it, usually reclines its head on the thumb of the right hand, sustains the foremost finger upon its breast, and is itself supported by the second. This is commonly known by the name of a fescue; I shall here, therefore, condescend to be this little elementary guide, and point out some particulars which may be of use to you in your hornbook of poetry.

In the first place, I am not yet convinced that it is at all necessary for a modern poet to believe in God, or have any serious sense of religion; and in this article you must give me leave to suspect your capacity; because religion being what your mother taught you, you will hardly find it possible, at least not easy, all at once to get over those early prejudices, so far as to think it better to be a great wit than a good Christian, though herein the general practice is against you; so that if, upon inquiry, you find in yourself any such softnesses, owing to the nature of your education, my advice is, that you forthwith lay down your pen, as having no farther business with it in the way of poetry; unless you will be content to pass for an insipid, or will submit to be hooted at by your fraternity, or can disguise your religion, as well bred men do their learning, in complaisance to company.

For poetry, as it has been managed for some years past by such as make a business of it, (and of such only I speak here, for I do not call him a poet that writes for his diversion, any more than that gentleman a fiddler who amuses himself with a violin,) I say, our poetry of late has been altogether disengaged from the narrow notions of virtue and piety, because it has been found, by experience of our professors, that the smallest quantity of religion, like a single drop of malt liquor in claret, will muddy and discompose the brightest poetical genius.

Religion supposes heaven and hell, the word of God, and sacraments, and twenty other circumstances which, taken seriously, are a wonderful check to wit and humour, and such as a true poet cannot possibly give in to with a saving to his poetical licence; but yet it is necessary for him that others should believe those things seriously, that his wit may be exercised on their wisdom for so doing; for though a wit need not have religion, religion is necessary to a wit, as an instrument is to the hand that plays upon it; and for this the moderns plead the example of their great idol Lucretius, who had not been by half so eminent a poet (as he truly was) but that he stood tiptoe on religion, *religio pedibus subjecta*, and, by that rising ground, had the advantage of all the poets of his own or following times, who were not mounted on the same pedestal.

Besides, it is farther to be observed, that Petronius, another of their favourites, speaking of the qualifications of a good poet, insists chiefly on the *liber spiritus;* by which I have been ignorant enough heretofore to suppose he meant a good invention, or great compass of thought, or a sprightly imagination: but I have learned a better construction, from the opinion and practice of the moderns; and, taking it literally for a free spirit, *i. e.* a spirit, or mind, free or disengaged from all prejudices concerning God, religion, and another world, it is to me a plain account why our present set of poets are, and hold themselves obliged to be, freethinkers.

But although I cannot recommend religion upon the practice of some of our most eminent English poets, yet I can justly advise you, from their example, to be conversant in the Scrip-

tures, and, if possible, to make yourself entirely master of them; in which, however, I intend nothing less than imposing upon you a task of piety. Far be it from me to desire you to believe them, or lay any great stress upon their authority; in that you may do as you think fit; but to read them as a piece of necessary furniture for a wit and a poet; which is a very different view from that of a Christian. For I have made it my observation, that the greatest wits have been the best textuaries: our modern poets are all, to a man, almost as well read in the Scriptures as some of our divines, and often abound more with the phrase. They have read them historically, critically, musically, comically, poetically, and every other way except religiously, and have found their account in doing so. For the Scriptures are undoubtedly a fund of wit, and a subject for wit. You may, according to the modern practice, be witty upon them, or out of them; and, to speak the truth, but for them, I know not what our playwrights would do for images, allusions, similitudes, examples, or even language itself. Shut up the sacred books, and I would be bound our wit would run down like an alarum, or fall as the stocks did, and ruin half the poets in these kingdoms. And if that were the case, how would most of that tribe, (all, I think, but the immortal Addison, who made a better use of his Bible, and a few more,) who dealt so freely in that fund, rejoice that they had drawn out in time, and left the present generation of poets to be the bubbles!

But here I must enter one caution, and desire you to take notice, that in this advice of reading the Scriptures I had not the least thought concerning your qualification that way for poetical orders; which I mention, because I find a notion of that kind advanced by one of our English poets; and [it] is, I suppose, maintained by the rest. He says to Spenser, in a pretended vision,

> "—— With hands laid on, ordain me fit
> For the great cure and ministry of wit."

Which passage is, in my opinion, a notable allusion to the Scriptures; and, making but reasonable allowances for the small circumstance of profaneness, bordering close upon blasphemy, is inimitably fine; beside some useful discoveries made in it, as, that there are bishops in poetry, that these bishops must ordain young poets, and with laying on hands; and that poetry is a cure of souls; and, consequently speaking, those who have such cures ought to be poets, and too often are so: and indeed, as of old poets and priests were one and the same function, the alliance of those ministerial offices is to this day happily maintained in the same persons; and this I take to be the only justifiable reason for that appellation which they so much affect, I mean the modest title of divine poets. However, having never been present at the ceremony of ordaining to the priesthood of poetry, I own I have no notion of the thing, and shall say the less of it here.

The Scriptures, then, being generally both the fountain and subject of modern wit, I could do no less than give them the preference in your reading. After a thorough acquaintance with them, I would advise you to turn your thoughts to human literature; which yet I say more in compliance with vulgar opinions, than according to my own sentiments.

For indeed nothing has surprised me more than to see the prejudices of mankind as to this matter of human learning, who have generally thought it necessary to be a good scholar in order to be a good poet; than which nothing is falser in fact, or more contrary to practice and experience. Neither will I dispute the matter, if any man will undertake to show me one professed poet now in being who is anything of what may be justly called a scholar, or is the worse poet for that, but perhaps the better for being so little encumbered with the pedantry of learning: it is true the contrary was the opinion of our forefathers, which we of this age have devotion enough to receive from them on their own terms and unexamined, but not sense enough to perceive it was a gross mistake in them. So Horace has told us:—

> *Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons,*
> *Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ.*[1]

But to see the different casts of men's heads; some, not inferior to that poet in understanding, (if you will take their own word for it,) do see no consequence in this rule, and are not ashamed to declare themselves of a contrary opinion. Do not many men write well in common account, who have nothing of that principle? Many are too wise to be poets, and others too much poets to be wise. Must a man, forsooth, be no less than a philosopher to be a poet, when it is plain that some of the greatest idiots of the age are our prettiest performers that way? And for this I appeal to the judgment and observation of mankind. Sir P. Sidney's notable remark upon this nation may not be improper to mention here. He says, "In our neighbour country, Ireland, where true learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in devout reverence;" which shows that learning is no way necessary either to the making of a poet, or the judging of him. And farther, to see the fate of things; notwithstanding our learning here is as bare as ever, yet are our poets not held, as formerly, in devout reverence; but are perhaps the most contemptible race of mortals now in this kingdom, which is no less to be wondered at than lamented.

Some of the old philosophers were poets, as, according to the forementioned author, Socrates and Plato were: which, however, is what I did not know before; but that does not say that all poets are, or that any need be, philosophers, otherwise than as those are so called who are a little out at the elbows. In which sense the great Shakespeare might have been a philo-

[1] HORACE, *De Arte Poeticâ*, 309:—
"Good sense, that fountain of the Muses' art,
Let the strong page of Socrates impart."

sopher; but was no scholar, yet was an excellent poet. Neither do I think a late most judicious critic so much mistaken, as others do, in advancing this opinion, that "Shakespeare had been a worse poet, had he been a better scholar:" and sir W. Davenant is another instance in the same kind. Nor must it be forgotten that Plato was an avowed enemy to poets: which is, perhaps, the reason why poets have been always at enmity with his profession, and have rejected all learning and philosophy, for the sake of that one philosopher. As I take the matter, neither philosophy, nor any part of learning, is more necessary to poetry (which, if you will believe the same author, is "the sum of all learning"), than to know the theory of light, and the several proportions and diversifications of it in particular colours, is to a good painter.

Whereas, therefore, a certain author called Petronius Arbiter, going upon the same mistake, has confidently declared that one ingredient of a good poet is *mens ingenti literarum flumine inundata;* I do on the contrary declare that this his assertion (to speak of it in the softest terms) is no better than an invidious and unhandsome reflection on all the gentlemen poets of these times: for, with his good leave, much less than a flood or inundation will serve the turn; and, to my certain knowledge, some of our greatest wits in your poetical way have not as much real learning as would cover a sixpence in the bottom of a basin; nor do I think the worse of them; for, to speak my private opinion, I am for every man's working upon his own materials, and producing only what he can find within himself, which is commonly a better stock than the owner knows it to be. I think flowers of wit ought to spring, as those in a garden do, from their own root and stem, without foreign assistance. I would have a man's wit rather like a fountain, that feeds itself invisibly, than a river, that is supplied by several streams from abroad.

Or if it be necessary, as the case is with some barren wits, to take in the thoughts of others in order to draw forth their own, as dry pumps will not play till water is thrown into them; in that necessity, I would recommend some of the approved standard authors of antiquity for your perusal as a poet and a wit, because maggots being what you look for, as monkeys do for vermin in their keepers' heads, you will find they abound in good old authors, as in rich old cheese, not in the new; and for that reason you must have the classics, especially the most worm-eaten of them, often in your hands.

But with this caution, that you are not to use those ancients as unlucky lads do their old fathers, and make no conscience of picking their pockets and pillaging them. Your business is not to steal from them, but to improve upon them, and make their sentiments your own; which is an effect of great judgment; and, though difficult, yet very possible without the scurvy imputation of filching; for I humbly conceive, though I light my candle at my neighbour's fire, that does not alter the property, or make the wick, the wax, or the flame, or the whole candle, less my own.

Possibly you may think it a very severe task to arrive at a competent knowledge of so many of the ancients as excel in their way; and it would indeed be really so, but for the short and easy method lately found out, of abstracts, abridgments, summaries, &c., which are admirable expedients for being very learned with little or no reading; and have the same use with burning glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination. And to this is nearly related that other modern device of consulting indexes, which is to read books Hebraically, and begin where others usually end. And this is a compendious way of coming to an acquaintance with authors; for authors are to be used like lobsters, you must look for the best meat in the tails, and lay the bodies back again in the dish. Your cunningest thieves (and what else are readers, who only read to borrow, *i.e.* to steal,) use to cut off the portmantua from behind, without staying to dive into the pockets of the owner. Lastly, you are taught thus much in the very elements of philosophy; for one of the finest rules in logic is, *Finis est primus in intentione.*

The learned world is therefore most highly indebted to a late painful and judicious editor of the classics, who has laboured in that new way with exceeding felicity. Every author, by his management, sweats under himself, being overloaded with his own index, and carries, like a north country pedlar, all his substance and furniture upon his back, and with as great variety of trifles. To him let all young students make their compliments for so much time and pains saved in the pursuit of useful knowledge; for whoever shortens a road, is a benefactor to the public, and to every particular person who has occasion to travel that way.

But to proceed: I have lamented nothing more in my time than the disuse of some ingenious little plays in fashion with young folks when I was a boy, and to which the great facility of that age above ours, in composing, was certainly owing: and if anything has brought a damp upon the versification of these times, we have no farther than this to go for the cause of it. Now, could these sports be happily revived, I am of opinion your wisest course would be to apply your thoughts to them, and never fail to make a party, when you can, in those profitable diversions. For example, crambo is of extraordinary use to good rhyming, and rhyming is what I have ever accounted the very essential of a good poet; and in that notion I am not singular; for the aforesaid sir P. Sidney has declared "that the chief life of modern versifying consists in the like sounding of words, which we call rhyme;" which is an authority either without exception, or above any reply. Where-

fore you are ever to try a good poem as you would sound a pipkin; and if it rings well upon the knuckle, be sure there is no flaw in it. Verse without rhyme, is a body without a soul, (for the "chief life consisteth in the rhyme,") or a bell without a clapper; which in strictness is no bell, as being neither of use nor delight. And the same ever honoured knight with so musical an ear, had that veneration for the tunableness and chiming of verse, that he speaks of a poet as one that has "the reverend title of a rhymer." Our celebrated Milton has done these nations great prejudice in this particular, having spoiled as many reverend rhymers by his example, as he has made real poets.

For which reason I am overjoyed to hear that a very ingenious youth of this town is now upon the useful design (for which he is never enough to be commended,) of bestowing rhyme upon Milton's Paradise Lost, which will make the poem, in that only defective, more heroic and sonorous than it hitherto has been. I wish the gentleman success in the performance; and, as it is a work in which a young man could not be more happily employed, or appear in with greater advantage to his character, so I am concerned that it did not fall out to be your province.

With much the same view, I would recommend to you the witty play of pictures and mottoes, which will furnish your imagination with great store of images and suitable devices. We of these kingdoms have found our account in this diversion, as little as we consider or acknowledge it; for to this we owe our eminent felicity in posies of rings, mottoes of snuff-boxes, the humours of sign-posts, with their elegant inscriptions, &c.; in which kind of productions not any nation in the world, no, not the Dutch themselves, will presume to rival us.

For much the same reason, it may be proper for you to have some insight into the play called "What is it like?" as of great use in common practice to quicken slow capacities and improve the quickest; but the chief end of it is to supply the fancy with varieties of similes for all subjects. It will teach you to bring things to a likeness which have not the least imaginable conformity in nature; which is properly creation, and the very business of a poet, as his name implies: and let me tell you, a good poet can no more be without a stock of similes by him, than a shoemaker without his lasts. He should have them sized, and ranged, and hung up in order in his shop, ready for all customers, and shaped to the feet of all sorts of verse: and here I could more fully (and I long to do it) insist upon the wonderful harmony and resemblance between a poet and a shoemaker in many circumstances common to both; such as the binding of their temples, the stuff they work upon, and the paring knife they use, &c.; but that I would not digress, nor seem to trifle in so serious a matter.

Now, I say, if you apply yourself to these diminutive sports (not to mention others of equal ingenuity, such as draw gloves, cross purposes, questions and commands, and the rest), it is not to be conceived what benefit (of nature) you will find by them, and how they will open the body of your invention. To these devote your spare hours, or rather spare all your hours to them, and then you will act as becomes a wise man, and make even diversions an improvement; like the inimitable management of the bee, which does the whole business of life at once, and at the same time both feeds, and works, and diverts itself.

Your own prudence will, I doubt not, direct you to take a place every evening among the ingenious, in the corner of a certain coffeehouse in this town, where you will receive a turn equally right as to wit, religion, and politics; as likewise to be as frequent at the playhouse as you can afford without selling your books. For in our chaste theatre even Cato himself might sit to the falling of the curtain: besides, you will meet sometimes with tolerable conversation among the players: they are such a kind of men as may pass, upon the same sort of capacities, for wits off the stage, as they do for fine gentlemen upon it. Besides that, I have known a factor deal in as good ware, and sell as cheap, as the merchant himself that employs him.

Add to this the expediency of furnishing out your shelves with a choice collection of modern miscellanies in the gayest edition; and of reading all sorts of plays, especially the new, and above all those of our own growth, printed by subscription; in which article of Irish manufacture, I readily agree to the late proposal, and am altogether for "rejecting and renouncing everything that comes from England." To what purpose should we go thither for coals or poetry, when we have a vein within ourselves equally good and more convenient? Lastly,

A commonplace book is what a provident poet cannot subsist without, for this proverbial reason, that "great wits have short memories;" and whereas, on the other hand, poets, being liars by profession, ought to have good memories; to reconcile these, a book of this sort is in the nature of a supplemental memory, or a record of what occurs remarkable in every day's reading or conversation. There you enter not only your own original thoughts (which, a hundred to one, are few and insignificant), but such of other men's as you think fit to make your own, by entering them there. For, take this for a rule, when an author is in your books, you have the same demand upon him for his wit, as a merchant has for your money when you are in his.

By these few and easy prescriptions (with the help of a good genius), it is possible you may in a short time arrive at the accomplishments of a poet, and shine in that character. As for your manner of composing, and choice of subjects, I cannot take upon me to be your director; but I will venture to give you some short hints, which you may enlarge upon at your leisure.

Let me entreat you, then, by no means to lay aside that notion peculiar to our modern refiners in poetry, which is, that a poet must never write or discourse as the ordinary part of mankind do, but in number and verse, as an oracle; which I mention the rather, because, upon this principle, I have known heroes brought into the pulpit, and a whole sermon composed and delivered in blank verse, to the vast credit of the preacher, no less than the real entertainment and great edification of the audience; the secret of which I take to be this: when the matter of such discourses is but mere clay, or, as we usually call it, sad stuff, the preacher, who can afford no better, wisely moulds, and polishes, and dries, and washes this piece of earthenware, and then bakes it with poetic fire; after which it will ring like any pancrock, and is a good dish to set before common guests, as every congregation is that comes so often for entertainment to one place.

There was a good old custom in use, which our ancestors had, of invoking the Muses at the entrance of their poems; I suppose by way of craving a blessing: this the graceless moderns have in a great measure laid aside, but are not to be followed in that poetical impiety; for although to nice ears such invocations may sound harsh and disagreeable (as tuning instruments is before a concert), they are equally necessary. Again, you must not fail to dress your Muse in a forehead cloth of Greek or Latin; I mean, you are always to make use of a quaint motto to all your compositions; for besides that this artifice bespeaks the reader's opinion of the writer's learning, it is otherwise useful and commendable. A bright passage in the front of a poem is a good mark, like a star in a horse's face; and the piece will certainly go off the better for it. The *os magna sonaturum*, which, if I remember right, Horace makes one qualification of a good poet, may teach you not to gag your muse, or stint yourself in words and epithets which cost you nothing; contrary to the practice of some few out-of-the-way writers, who use a natural and concise expression, and affect a style like unto a Shrewsbury cake, short and sweet upon the palate: they will not afford you a word more than is necessary to make them intelligible, which is as poor and niggardly as it would be to set down no more meat than your company will be sure to eat up. Words are but lackeys to sense, and will dance attendance without wages or compulsion; *Verba non invita sequentur.*

Farthermore, when you set about composing, it may be necessary for your ease, and better distillation of wit, to put on your worst clothes, and the worse the better; for an author, like a limbec, will yield the better for having a rag about him: besides that I have observed a gardener cut the outward rind of a tree (which is the surtout of it) to make it bear well; and this is a natural account of the usual poverty of poets, and is an argument why wits, of all men living, ought to be ill clad. I have always a sacred veneration for any one I observe to be a little out of repair in his person, as supposing him either a poet or a philosopher; because the richest minerals are ever found under the most ragged and withered surface of the earth.

As for your choice of subjects, I have only to give you this caution: that as a handsome way of praising is certainly the most difficult point in writing or speaking, I would by no means advise any young man to make his first essay in panegyric, besides the danger of it: for a particular encomium is ever attended with more ill will than any general invective, for which I need give no reasons; wherefore my counsel is, that you use the point of your pen, not the feather: let your first attempt be a *coup d'éclat* in the way of a libel, lampoon, or satire. Knock down half a score reputations, and you will infallibly raise your own; and so it be with wit, no matter with how little justice: for fiction is your trade.

Every great genius seems to ride upon mankind, like Pyrrhus on his elephant; and the way to have the absolute ascendant of your resty nag, and to keep your seat, is at your first mounting to afford him the whip and spurs plentifully; after which, you may travel the rest of the day with great alacrity. Once kick the world, and the world and you will live together at a reasonable good understanding. You cannot but know that those of your profession have been called *genus irritabile vatum;* and you will find it necessary to qualify yourself for that waspish society, by exerting your talent of satire upon the first occasion, and to abandon good nature only to prove yourself a true poet, which you will allow to be a valuable consideration: in a word, a young robber is usually entered by a murder; a young hound is blooded when he comes first into the field; a young bully begins with killing his man; and a young poet must show his wit, as the other his courage, by cutting, and slashing, and laying about him, and banging mankind.

Lastly, it will be your wisdom to look out betimes for a good service for your Muse, according to her skill and qualifications, whether in the nature of a dairymaid, a cook, or charwoman: I mean, to hire out your pen to a party, which will afford you both pay and protection; and when you have to do with the press (as you will long to be there), take care to bespeak an importunate friend, to extort your productions with an agreeable violence; and which, according to the cue between you, you must surrender *digito male pertinaci:* there is a decency in this; for it no more becomes an author, in modesty, to have a hand in publishing his own works, than a woman in labour to lay herself.

I would be very loth to give the least umbrage or offence by what I have here said, as I may do if I should be thought to insinuate that these circumstances of good writing have been unknown to, or not observed by, the poets of this kingdom: I will do my countrymen the

justice to say, they have written by the foregoing rules with great exactness, and so far as hardly to come behind those of their profession in England in perfection of low writing. The sublime, indeed, is not so common with us; but ample amends is made for that want, in great abundance of the admirable and amazing, which appears in all our compositions. Our very good friend the knight aforesaid, speaking of the force of poetry, mentions "rhyming to death, which (adds he) is said to be done in Ireland;" and, truly, to our honour be it spoken, that power in a great measure continues with us to this day.

I would now offer some poor thoughts of mine for the encouragement of poetry in this kingdom, if I could hope they would be agreeable. I have had many an aching heart for the ill plight of that noble profession here; and it has been my late and early study how to bring it into better circumstances. And, surely, considering what monstrous wits, in the poetic way, do almost daily start up and surprise us in this town; what prodigious geniuses we have here (of which I could give instances without number); and withal of what great benefit it may be to our trade to encourage that science here, for it is plain our linen manufacture is advanced by the great waste of paper made by our present set of poets, not to mention other necessary uses of the same to shopkeepers, especially grocers, apothecaries, and pastrycooks; and I might add, but for our writers, the nation would in a little time be utterly destitute of bumfodder, and must of necessity import the same from England and Holland, where they have it in great abundance by the indefatigable labour of their own wits: I say, these things considered, I am humbly of opinion it would be worth the care of our governors to cherish gentlemen of the quill, and give them all proper encouragements here. And, since I am upon the subject, I shall speak my mind very freely, and if I add saucily, it is no more than my birthright as a Briton.

Seriously, then, I have many years lamented the want of a Grub street in this our large and polite city,[1] unless the whole may be called one. And this I have accounted an unpardonable defect in our constitution, ever since I had any opinions I could call my own. Every one knows Grub street is a market for small ware in wit, and as necessary, considering the usual purgings of the human brain, as the nose is upon a man's face: and for the same reason, we have here a court, a college, a playhouse, and beautiful ladies, and fine gentlemen, and good claret, and abundance of pens, ink, and paper, clear of taxes, and every other circumstance to provoke wit; and yet those whose province it is have not thought fit to appoint a place for evacuations of it, which is a very hard case, as may be judged by comparisons.

And truly this defect has been attended with unspeakable inconveniences; for, not to mention the prejudice done to the commonwealth of letters, I am of opinion we suffer in our health by it: I believe our corrupted air and frequent thick fogs are in a great measure owing to the common exposal of our wit; and that, with good management, our poetical vapours might be carried off in a common drain, and fall into one quarter of the town without infecting the whole, as the case is at present, to the great offence of our nobility and gentry and others of nice noses. When writers of all sizes, like freemen of the city, are at liberty to throw out their filth and excrementitious productions in every street as they please, what can the consequence be, but that the town must be poisoned, and become such another jakes as, by report of great travellers, Edinburgh is at night; a thing well to be considered in these pestilential times.

I am not of the society for reformation of manners, but, without that pragmatical title, I should be glad to see some amendment in the matter before us; wherefore, I humbly bespeak the favour of the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, and common council, together with the whole circle of arts in this town, and do recommend this affair to their most political consideration; and I persuade myself they will not be wanting in their best endeavours, when they can serve two such good ends at once, as both to keep the town sweet, and encourage poetry in it. Neither do I make any exceptions as to satirical poets and lampoon writers, in consideration of their office; for though, indeed, their business is to rake into kennels, and gather up the filth of streets and families (in which respect they may be, for aught I know, as necessary to the town as scavengers or chimney sweeps), yet I have observed they too have themselves, at the same time, very foul clothes, and, like dirty persons, leave more filth and nastiness than they sweep away.

In a word, what I would be at (for I love to be plain in matters of importance to my country) is, that some private street or blind alley of this town may be fitted up, at the charge of the public, as an apartment for the Muses, (like those at Rome and Amsterdam for their female relations,) and be wholly consigned to the uses of our wits, furnished completely with all appurtenances, such as authors, supervisors, presses, printers, hawkers, shops and warehouses, abundance of garrets, and every other implement and circumstance of wit; the benefit of which would obviously be this, viz., that we should then have a safe repository for our best productions, which at present are handed about in single sheets or manuscripts, and may be altogether lost, (which were a pity,) or, at the best, are subject, in that loose dress, like handsome women, to great abuse.

Another point that has cost me some melancholy reflections, is the present state of the playhouse; the encouragement of which has an immediate influence upon the poetry of the kingdom; as a good market improves the tillage of the neighbouring country, and enriches the ploughman; neither do we of this town seem enough

[1] Dublin.

to know or consider the vast benefit of a playhouse to our city and nation: that single house is the fountain of all our love, wit, dress, and gallantry. It is the school of wisdom; for there we learn to know what's what; which, however, I cannot say is always in that place sound knowledge. There our young folks drop their childish mistakes, and come first to perceive their mothers' cheat of the parsley-bed; there, too, they get rid of natural prejudices, especially those of religion and modesty, which are great restraints to a free people. The same is a remedy for the spleen, and blushing, and several distempers occasioned by the stagnation of the blood. It is likewise a school of common swearing; my young master, who at first but minced an oath, is taught there to mouth it gracefully, and to swear, as he reads French, *ore rotundo*. Profaneness was before to him in the nature of his best suit, or holiday clothes; but, upon frequenting the playhouse, swearing, cursing, and lying, become like his every day coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Now, I say, common swearing, a produce of this country as plentiful as our corn, thus cultivated by the playhouse, might with management be of wonderful advantage to the nation, as a projector of the swearer's bank has proved at large. Lastly, the stage in great measure supports the pulpit; for I know not what our divines could have to say there against the corruptions of the age, but for the playhouse, which is the seminary of them. From which it is plain the public is a gainer by the playhouse, and consequently ought to countenance it; and were I worthy to put in my word, or prescribe to my betters, I could say in what manner.

I have heard that a certain gentleman has great design to serve the public, in the way of their diversion, with due encouragement; that is, if he can obtain some concordatum-money, or yearly salary, and handsome contribution; and well he deserves the favours of the nation: for, to do him justice, he has an uncommon skill in pastimes, having altogether applied his studies that way, and travelled full many a league, by sea and land, for this his profound knowledge. With that view alone he has visited all the courts and cities in Europe, and has been at more pains than I shall speak of to take an exact draught of the playhouse at the Hague, as a model for a new one here. But what can a private man do by himself in so public an undertaking? It is not to be doubted but, by his care and industry, vast improvements may be made, not only in our playhouse, (which is his immediate province,) but in our gaming ordinaries, groom-porters, lotteries, bowling-greens, ninepin-allies, bear-gardens, cockpits, prizes, puppets, and raree-shows, and whatever else concerns the elegant divertisements of this town. He is truly an original genius; and I felicitate this our capital city on his residence here, where I wish him long to live and flourish, for the good of the commonwealth.

Once more: if any farther application shall be made on the other side to obtain a charter for a bank here, I presume to make a request that poetry may be a sharer in that privilege, being a fund as real, and to the full as well grounded, as our stocks; but I fear our neighbours, who envy our wit as much as they do our wealth or trade, will give no encouragement to either. I believe, also, it might be proper to erect a corporation of poets in this city. I have been idle enough in my time to make a computation of wits here, and do find we have three hundred performing poets and upwards in and about this town, reckoning six score to the hundred, and allowing for demies, like pint bottles; including also the several denominations of imitators, translators, and familiar letter-writers, &c. One of these last has lately entertained the town with an original piece, and such a one as, I dare say, the late British Spectator, in his decline, would have called "an excellent specimen of the true sublime;" or "a noble poem;" or "a fine copy of verses on a subject perfectly new," the author himself; and have given it a place among his latest lucubrations.

But, as I was saying, so many poets, I am confident, are sufficient to furnish out a corporation, in point of number. Then, for the several degrees of subordinate members requisite to such a body, there can be no want; for although we have not one masterly poet, yet we abound with wardens and beadles; having a multitude of poetasters, poetitoes, parcel-poets, poet-apes, and philo-poets, and many of inferior attainments in wit but strong inclinations to it, which are, by odds, more than all the rest. Nor shall I ever be at ease till this project of mine (for which I am heartily thankful to myself) shall be reduced to practice. I long to see the day when our poets will be a regular and distinct body, and wait upon the lord mayor on public days, like other good citizens, in gowns turned up with green, instead of laurel; and when I myself, who make the proposal, shall be free of their company.

To conclude: what if our government had a poet-laureate here, as in England? what if our university had a professor of poetry here, as in England? what if our lord mayor had a city bard here, as in England? and, to refine upon England, what if every corporation, parish, and ward, in this town, had a poet in fee, as they have not in England? Lastly, what if every one so qualified were obliged to add one more than usual to the number of his domestics, and, besides a fool and a chaplain (which are often united in one person,) would retain a poet in his family? for perhaps a rhymer is as necessary among servants of a house, as a dobbin with his bells at the head of a team. But these things I leave to the wisdom of my superiors.

While I have been directing your pen, I should not forget to govern my own, which has already exceeded the bounds of a letter: I must therefore take my leave abruptly, and desire you, without farther ceremony, to believe that I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

A TRITICAL ESSAY UPON THE FACULTIES OF THE MIND.

To ————.

SIR,—

BEING so great a lover of antiquities, it was reasonable to suppose you would be very much obliged with anything that was new. I have been of late offended with many writers of essays and moral discourses, for running into stale topics and threadbare quotations, and not handling their subject fully and closely; all which errors I have carefully avoided in the following essay, which I have proposed as a pattern for young writers to imitate. The thoughts and observations being entirely new, the quotations untouched by others, the subject of mighty importance and treated with much order and perspicuity, it has cost me a great deal of time; and I desire you will accept and consider it as the utmost effort of my genius.

A TRITICAL ESSAY, &c.

PHILOSOPHERS say that man is a microcosm, or little world, resembling in miniature every part of the great; and, in my opinion, the body natural may be compared to the body politic; and if this be so, how can the Epicurean's opinion be true, that the universe was formed by a fortuitous concourse of atoms? which I will no more believe, than that the accidental jumbling of the letters of the alphabet could fall by chance into a most ingenious and learned treatise of philosophy. *Risum teneatis amici?* This false opinion must needs create many more: it is like an error in the first concoction, which cannot be corrected in the second; the foundation is weak, and whatever superstructure you raise upon it must of necessity fall to the ground. Thus men are led from one error to another, until, with Ixion, they embrace a cloud instead of Juno; or, like the dog in the fable, lose the substance in gaping at the shadow. For such opinions cannot cohere; but, like the iron and clay in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, must separate and break in pieces. I have read in a certain author, that Alexander wept because he had no more worlds to conquer: which he needed not have done, if the fortuitous concourse of atoms could create one: but this is an opinion fitter for that many-headed beast, the vulgar, to entertain, than for so wise a man as Epicurus; the corrupt part of his sect only borrowed his name, as the monkey did the cat's claw to draw the chestnut out of the fire.

However, the first step to the cure is to know the disease; and though Truth may be difficult to find, because, as the philosopher observes, she lives in the bottom of a well, yet we need not, like blind men, grope in open daylight. I hope I may be allowed, among so many far more learned men, to offer my mite, since a standerby may sometimes, perhaps, see more of the game than he that plays it. But I do not think a philosopher obliged to account for every phenomenon in nature; or to drown himself, with Aristotle, for not being able to solve the ebbing and flowing of the tide, in that fatal sentence he passed upon himself, *Quia te non capio, tu capies me.* Wherein he was at once the judge and the criminal, the accuser and executioner. Socrates, on the other hand, who said he knew nothing, was pronounced by the oracle to be the wisest man in the world.

But to return from this digression: I think it as clear as any demonstration of Euclid, that nature does nothing in vain; if we were able to dive into her secret recesses, we should find that the smallest blade of grass, or most contemptible weed, has its particular use: but she is chiefly admirable in her minutest compositions; the least and most contemptible insect most discovers the art of nature, if I may so call it, though nature, which delights in variety, will always triumph over art: and as the poet observes,

Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret.[1]

But the various opinions of philosophers have scattered through the world as many plagues of the mind as Pandora's box did those of the body; only with this difference, that they have not left hope at the bottom. And if Truth be not fled with Astrea, she is certainly as hidden as the source of Nile, and can be found only in Utopia. Not that I would reflect on those wise sages, which would be a sort of ingratitude; and he that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of;

Ingratum si dixeris, omnia dicis.

But what I blame the philosophers for (though some may think it a paradox) is chiefly their pride; nothing less than an *ipse dixit*, and you must pin your faith on their sleeve. And though Diogenes lived in a tub, there might be for aught I know as much pride under his rags as in the fine-spun garments of the divine Plato. It is reported of this Diogenes, that when Alexander came to see him, and promised to give him whatever he would ask, the cynic only answered, "Take not from me what thou canst not give me, but stand from between me and the light;" which was almost as extravagant as the philosopher that flung his money into the sea, with this remarkable saying————

How different was this man from the usurer, who, being told his son would spend all he had got, replied, "He cannot take more pleasure in spending, than I did in getting it." These men could see the faults of each other, but not their own; those they flung into the bag behind; *non videmus id manticæ quod in tergo est.* I may perhaps be censured for my free opinions by those carping Momuses whom authors worship, as the Indians do the devil, for fear. They will endeavour to give my reputation as many wounds as the man in the almanack; but I

[1] HORACE, Epist., Lib. i., 10, 24.

value it not; and perhaps, like flies, they may buzz so often about the candle, till they burn their wings. They must pardon me if I venture to give them this advice, not to rail at what they cannot understand; it does but discover that self-tormenting passion of envy, than which the greatest tyrant never invented a more cruel torment:

Invidiâ Siculi non invenere Tyranni
Tormentum majus.—[1]

I must be so bold to tell my critics and witlings, that they can no more judge of this, than a man that is born blind can have any true idea of colours. I have always observed that your empty vessels sound loudest: I value their lashes as little as the sea did those of Xerxes, when he whipped it. The utmost favour a man can expect from them, is that which Polyphemus promised Ulysses, that he would devour him the last: they think to subdue a writer, as Cæsar did his enemy, with a *Veni, vidi, vici.* I confess I value the opinion of the judicious few, a Rymer, a Dennis, or a W——k; but for the rest, to give my judgment at once, I think the long dispute among the philosophers about a *vacuum* may be determined in the affirmative, that it is to be found in a critic's head. They are at best but the drones of the learned world, who devour the honey and will not work themselves: and a writer need no more regard them, than the moon does the barking of a little senseless cur. For, in spite of their terrible roaring, you may, with half an eye, discover the ass under the lion's skin.

But to return to our discourse: Demosthenes being asked what was the first part of an orator, replied action: what was the second, action: what was the third, action: and so on *ad infinitum.* This may be true in oratory; but contemplation in other things exceeds action. And therefore a wise man is never less alone than when he is alone: *Nunquam minus solus, quam cùm solus.*

And Archimedes, the famous mathematician, was so intent upon his problems that he never minded the soldiers who came to kill him. Therefore, not to detract from the just praise which belongs to orators, they ought to consider that nature, which gave us two eyes to see and two ears to hear, has given us but one tongue to speak; wherein, however, some do so abound, that the virtuosi who have been so long in search for the perpetual motion, may infallibly find it there.

Some men admire republics, because orators flourish there most, and are the greatest enemies of tyranny; but my opinion is, that one tyrant is better than a hundred. Besides, these orators inflame the people, whose anger is really but a short fit of madness.

Ira furor brevis est.

After which, laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through. But in oratory the greatest art is to hide art. *Artis est celare artem.*

[1] HORACE, Epist., Lib. i., 2, 58.

But this must be the work of time; we must lay hold on all opportunities, and let slip no occasion; else we shall be forced to weave Penelope's web, unravel in the night what we spun in the day. And therefore I have observed that Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind; signifying thereby, that we must take Time (as we say) by the forelock, for when it is once past there is no recalling it.

The mind of man is at first (if you will pardon the expression) like a *tabula rasa*, or like wax, which while it is soft is capable of any impression, till time has hardened it. And at length Death, that grim tyrant, stops us in the midst of our career. The greatest conquerors have at last been conquered by death, which spares none, from the sceptre to the spade: *Mors omnibus communis.*

All rivers go to the sea, but none return from it. Xerxes wept when he beheld his army, to consider that in less than a hundred years they would be all dead. Anacreon was choked with a grape-stone; and violent joy kills as well as violent grief. There is nothing in this world constant, but inconstancy; yet Plato thought, that if Virtue would appear to the world in her own native dress, all men would be enamoured with her. But now, since interest governs the world, and men neglect the golden mean, Jupiter himself, if he came to the earth, would be despised, unless it were, as he did to Danae, in a golden shower: for men now-a-days worship the rising sun, and not the setting:

Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos.

Thus have I, in obedience to your commands, ventured to expose myself to censure in this critical age. Whether I have done right to my subject must be left to the judgment of my learned reader: however, I cannot but hope that my attempting of it may be encouragement for some able pen to perform it with more success.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK:[1]

ACCORDING TO THE STYLE AND MANNER OF THE HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE'S MEDITATIONS.

THIS single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest: it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs:

[1] "In the yearly visits which Swift made to London, during his stay there he passed much of his time at Lord Berkeley's, officiating as chaplain to the family, and attending her ladyship in her private devotions; after which the doctor, by her desire, used to read to her some moral or religious discourse. The Countess had at this time taken a great liking to Mr Boyle's Meditations, and was determined to go through them in that manner; but as Swift had by no means the same relish for that kind of writing which her ladyship had, he soon grew weary of the task; and, a whim coming into his head, resolved to get rid of it in a way which might occasion some sport in the family; for which they had as high a relish as himself. The next

but now, in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk: it is now, at best, but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself: at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use, of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, Surely man is a Broomstick! Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder), that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsyturvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth? And yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before; sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away: his last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn out to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

time he was employed in reading one of these Meditations, he took an opportunity of conveying away the book, and dexterously inserted a leaf, on which he had written his own Meditation on a Broomstick; after which he took care to have the book restored to its proper place, and in his next attendance on my lady, when he was desired to proceed to the next Meditation, Swift opened upon the place where the leaf had been inserted, and with great composure read the title, 'A Meditation on a Broomstick.' Lady Berkeley, a little surprised at the oddity of the title, stopped him, repeating the words, 'A Meditation on a Broomstick! What a strange subject! But there is no knowing what useful lessons of instruction this wonderful man may draw from things apparently the most trivial. Pray let us hear what he says upon it.' Swift then, with an inflexible gravity of countenance, proceeded to read the Meditation, in the same solemn tone which he had used in delivering the former. Lady Berkeley, not at all suspecting a trick, in the fulness of her prepossession, was every now and then, during the reading of it, expressing her admiration of this extraordinary man, who could draw such fine moral reflections from so contemptible a subject; with which though Swift must have been inwardly not a little tickled, yet he preserved a most perfect composure of features, so that she had not the least room to suspect any deceit. Soon after, some company coming in, Swift pretended business, and withdrew, foreseeing what was to follow. Lady Berkeley, full of the subject, soon entered upon the praises of those heavenly Meditations of Mr Boyle. 'But,' said she, 'the doctor has been just reading one to me, which has surprised me more than all the rest.' One of the company asked which of the Meditations she meant? She answered directly, in the simplicity of her heart, 'I mean, that excellent Meditation upon the Broomstick.' The company looked at each other with some surprise, and could scarce refrain from laughing. But they all agreed that they had never heard of such a Meditation before. 'Upon my word,' said my lady, 'there it is, look into that book, and convince yourselves.' One of them opened the book, and found it there indeed, but in Swift's handwriting; upon which a general burst of laughter ensued; and my lady, when the first surprise was over, enjoyed the joke as much as any of them; saying, 'What a vile trick has that rogue played me! But it is his way, he never baulks his humour in anything.' The affair ended in a great deal of harmless mirth, and Swift, you may be sure, was not asked to proceed any farther into the Meditations."—Dr Sheridan.

MEMOIRS OF P. P.,

CLERK OF THIS PARISH.[1]

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatise consisted of two large volumes in folio; which might justly be entitled "The Importance of a Man to Himself;" but, as it can be of very little use to anybody besides, I have contented myself to give only this short abstract of it, as a taste of the true spirit of memoir-writers.

In the name of the Lord. Amen. I, P. P., by the grace of God clerk of this parish, writeth this history.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a parish clerk: and to that end it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish clerks of this land; such I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass that I was born in the year of our Lord *anno Domini* 1665, the year wherein our worthy benefactor esquire Brett

[1] "It was impossible but that such a history as Burnet's, which these Memoirs are intended to ridicule, relating recent events so near the time of their transaction, should be variously represented by the violent parties that have agitated and disgraced this country; though these parties arise from the very nature of our free government. Accordingly this prelate's History of his Own Time was as much vilified and depreciated by the Tories as praised and magnified by the Whigs. As he related the actions of a Persecutor and a Benefactor, he was accused of partiality, injustice, malignity, flattery, and falsehood. As Burnet was much trusted and consulted by king William, and had a great share in bringing about the Revolution, his narrations, it must be owned, have a strong tincture of self-importance and egotism. These two qualities are chiefly exposed in these Memoirs."—Dr Warton.

did add one bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said that one and the same day did give to this our church two rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk.

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was farthermore observed that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as, "The Lady and Death," "The Children in the Wood," and "Chevy-chace;" and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy I always ventured to lead the psalm next after master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confessed to the glory of God) was a most excellent parish clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged that at the age of sixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to ringing; insomuch that in a short time I was acquainted with every set of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to absent myself from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave myself up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for a hat that was edged with silver galloon; but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins, weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins, tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administered to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dexterous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after, I had a base-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantasies; thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the justice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and to do away mine offences and make her some atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the Sabbath day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes redound to our advantage! for the minister (who had long looked on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good master William Harris.

[Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present wife; but I proceed to chapter the ninth.]

No sooner was I elected into mine office but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a shred of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me when first I took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear; and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr justice Freeman, the grave Mr justice Thomson, the good lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; nay, the great sir Thomas Truby, knight and baronet, and my young master the esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

[The next chapter contains an account how he discharged the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following:]

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog, which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dogs'-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water,) and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

[Notwithstanding these his public cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handicraftsman.]

Shoes, saith he, did I make (and, if entreated, mend) with good approbation; faces also did I

shave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery I also practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed; how that, being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes, instead of a wash-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his peruke. But these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known that great was my skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Farthermore, I was sought unto to geld the lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray; he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And thirdly, I was intrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said lady, to set a heel-piece thereon; and I received such praise therefor, that it was said all over the parish I should be recommended unto the king to mend shoes for his majesty; whom God preserve! Amen.

[The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be owned that when he speaks as a shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses pulling off his shoes, of tanning the hides of the bulls of Bashan, of Simon the tanner, &c.; and takes up four or five pages to prove that, when the apostles were instructed to travel without shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.]

[The next relates how he discovered a thief with a Bible and key, and experimented verses of the psalms that had cured agues.]

[I pass over many others, which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the succession of curates; a list of the weekly texts; what psalms he chose on proper occasions; and what children were born and buried: the last of which articles he concludes thus:]

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

[The next chapter contains what he calls a great revolution in the church, part of which I transcribe.]

Now was the long-expected time arrived, when the psalms of king David should be hymned unto the same tunes to which he played them upon his harp; so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody. Now was our overabundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his majesty's chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of worship. What though they accused me of humming through the nostril as a sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

[Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the lawsuits of the parson and his parishioners concerning tithes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the history might be completed by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended.]

[The next contains an account of the briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2s. 7¾d. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1s. 0½d. For an inundation, a king Charles' groat, given by lady Frances, &c.]

[In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from those at funerals, concluding with these words: "Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expense of a hatband, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious divine that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in Heaven."]

[In another he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins; but, after great encomiums, concludes "that notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening."]

[We find in another chapter how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience, by an Oxford scholar, who had proved to him by logic that animals might have rational, nay immortal, souls; but how he was again comforted with the reflection that, if so, they might be allowed Christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.]

[In the two following chapters he is overpowered with vanity. We are told how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the church officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; but, above all, how he gave a text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the vicar concerning the use of texts. Let a preacher (says he) consider the assembly before whom he preacheth, and unto

them adapt his text. Micah the 3d, and 11th, affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-serving men. "The heads of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof judge for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us?" Were the first minister to point out a preacher before the house of commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these words? "Give, and it shall be given unto ye." Or before the lords, "Giving no offence, that the ministry be not blamed," 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an administration, "Who maketh his ministers a flaming fire," Psal. civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts as too tedious.]

[From this period the style of the book rises extremely. Before the next chapter was pasted the effigies of Dr Sacheverell, and I found the opposite page all on a foam with politics.]

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year in which the Church of England was tried in the person of Dr Sacheverell. I had ever the interest of our High Church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of fanatics, whom I from my infancy abhorred more than the heathen or gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself that much profit might accrue unto our parish, and even unto the nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine, and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose did I institute a weekly assembly of divers worthy men at the Rose and Crown alehouse, over whom myself (though unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read to them the Postboy of Mr Roper, and the written letter of Mr Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourselves.

Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar maker; George Pilcocks, late exciseman; Thomas White, wheelwright; and myself.

First, of the first, Robert Jenkins. He was a man of bright parts and shrewd conceit, for he never shoed a horse of a Whig or a fanatic but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of speech, insomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle by the mother's side had formerly been servitor at Maudlin College, where the glorious Sacheverell was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space the minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

[After this the book is turned on a sudden from his own life to a history of all the public transactions of Europe, compiled from the newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last, to my no small astonishment, that all the measures of the four last years of the queen, together with the peace at Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the earl of Oxford, duke of Ormond, lords Harcourt and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all P.P.

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the country on purpose, but could not find the least trace of him; till by accident I met an old clergyman who said he could not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Phillips, who had been dead about twelve years. And upon inquiry, all we could learn of that person from the neighbourhood was, that he had been taken notice of for swallowing loaches, and remembered by some people by a black and white cur, with one ear, that constantly followed him.

[In the churchyard I read this epitaph, said to be written by himself:]

O reader, if that thou canst read,
Look down upon this stone;
Do all we can, Death is a man
That never spareth none.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS JOHNSON
[STELLA.]

THIS day, being Sunday, January 28, 1727-8, about eight o'clock at night, a servant brought me a note, with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with. She expired about six in the evening of this day; and as soon as I am left alone, which is about eleven at night, I resolve, for my own satisfaction, to say something of her life and character.

She was born at Richmond, in Surrey, on the 13th day of March, in the year 1681. Her father was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth. I knew her from six years old, and had some share in her education, by directing what books

she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen; but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. She lived generally in the country, with a family where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years. I was then, to my mortification, settled in Ireland; and about a year after, going to visit my friends in England, I found she was a little uneasy upon the death of a person on whom she had some dependence. Her fortune, at that time, was in all not above £1500, the interest of which was but a scanty maintenance, in so dear a country, for one of her spirit. Under this consideration, and indeed very much for my own satisfaction, who had few friends or acquaintance in Ireland, I prevailed with her and her dear friend and companion, the other lady, to draw what money they had into Ireland, a great part of their fortune being in annuities upon funds. Money was then ten per cent. in Ireland, besides the advantage of returning it, and all necessaries of life at half the price. They complied with my advice, and soon after came over; but I happening to continue some time longer in England, they were much discouraged to live in Dublin, where they were wholly strangers. She was at that time about nineteen years old, and her person was soon distinguished. But the adventure looked so like a frolic, the censure held for some time, as if there were a secret history in such a removal; which, however, soon blew off by her excellent conduct. She came over with her friend in the year 1700; and they both lived together until this day, when death removed her from us. For some years past, she had been visited with continual ill health; and several times, within these last two years, her life was despaired of. But, for this twelvemonth past, she never had a day's health; and, properly speaking, she has been dying six months, but kept alive, almost against nature, by the generous kindness of two physicians, and the care of her friends. [Thus far I writ the same night between eleven and twelve.]

Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. Yet her memory was not of the best, and was impaired in the latter years of her life. But I cannot call to mind that I ever once heard her make a wrong judgment of persons, books, or affairs. Her advice was always the best, and with the greatest freedom, mixed with the greatest decency. She had a gracefulness somewhat more than human, in every motion, word, and action. Never was so happy a conjunction of civility, freedom, easiness, and sincerity. There seemed to be a combination among all that knew her, to treat her with a dignity much beyond her rank; yet people of all sorts were never more easy than in her company. Mr. Addison, when he was in Ireland, being introduced to her, immediately found her out; and, if he had not soon after left the kingdom, assured me he would have used all endeavours to cultivate her friendship. A rude or conceited coxcomb passed his time very ill upon the least breach of respect; for, in such a case, she had no mercy, but was sure to expose him to the contempt of the standers-by, yet in such a manner as he was ashamed to complain, and durst not resent. All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously, that, in an afternoon or evening's conversation, she never failed, before we parted, of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief. She never mistook the understanding of others; nor ever said a severe word, but where a much severer was deserved.

Her servants loved and almost adored her at the same time. She would, upon occasions, treat them with freedom; yet her demeanour was so awful, that they durst not fail in the least point of respect. She chid them seldom, but it was with severity, which had an effect upon them for a long time after.

January 29. My head aches, and I can write no more.

January 30. Tuesday.

This is the night of the funeral, which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night; and I am removed into another apartment, that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber.

With all the softness of temper that became a lady, she had the personal courage of a hero. She and her friend having removed their lodgings to a new house, which stood solitary, a parcel of rogues, armed, attempted the house, where there was only one boy. She was then about four-and-twenty; and having been warned to apprehend some such attempt, she learned the management of a pistol; and the other women and servants being half dead with fear, she stole softly to her dining-room window, put on a black hood to prevent being seen, primed the pistol fresh, gently lifted up the sash, and taking her aim with the utmost presence of mind, discharged the pistol, loaden with bullets, into the body of one villain, who stood the fairest mark. The fellow, mortally wounded, was carried off by the rest, and died the next morning; but his companions could not be found. The duke of Ormond had often drunk her health to me upon that account, and had always a high esteem for her. She was, indeed, under some apprehensions of going in a boat, after some danger she had narrowly escaped by water, but she was reasoned thoroughly out of it. She was never known to cry out, or discover

any fear, in a coach or on horseback; or any uneasiness by those sudden accidents with which most of her sex, either by weakness or affectation, appear so much disordered.

She never had the least absence of mind in conversation, or was given to interruption, or appeared eager to put in her word, by waiting impatiently until another had done. She spoke in a most agreeable voice, in the plainest words, never hesitating, except out of modesty before new faces, where she was somewhat reserved; nor, among her nearest friends, ever spoke much at a time. She was but little versed in the common topics of female chat: scandal, censure, and detraction never came out of her mouth; yet among a few friends, in private conversation, she made little ceremony in discovering her contempt of a coxcomb, and describing all his follies to the life; but the follies of her own sex she was rather inclined to extenuate or to pity.

When she was once convinced, by open facts, of any breach of truth or honour in a person of high station, especially in the Church, she could not conceal her indignation, nor hear them named without showing her displeasure in her countenance; particularly one or two of the latter sort, whom she had known and esteemed, but detested above all mankind when it was manifest that they had sacrificed those two precious virtues to their ambition; and would much sooner have forgiven them the commonest immoralities of the laity.

Her frequent fits of sickness, in most parts of her life, had prevented her from making that progress in reading which she would otherwise have done. She was well versed in the Greek and Roman story, and was not unskilled in that of France and England. She spoke French perfectly, but forgot much of it by neglect and sickness. She had read carefully all the best books of travels, which serve to open and enlarge the mind. She understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy, and judged very well of the defects of the latter. She made very judicious abstracts of the best books she had read. She understood the nature of government, and could point out all the errors of Hobbes, both in that and religion. She had a good insight into physic, and knew somewhat of anatomy; in both which she was instructed in her younger days by an eminent physician, who had her long under his care, and bore the highest esteem for her person and understanding. She had a true taste of wit and good sense, both in poetry and prose, and was a perfect good critic of style; neither was it easy to find a more proper or impartial judge, whose advice an author might better rely on, if he intended to send a thing into the world, provided it was on a subject that came within the compass of her knowledge. Yet perhaps she was sometimes too severe, which is a safe and pardonable error. She preserved her wit, judgment, and vivacity, to the last, but often used to complain of her memory.

Her fortune, with some accession, could not, as I have heard say, amount to much more than £2000; whereof a great part fell with her life, having been placed upon annuities in England, and one in Ireland.

In a person so extraordinary, perhaps it may be pardonable to mention some particulars, although of little moment, farther to set forth her character. Some presents of gold pieces being often made to her while she was a girl, by her mother and other friends, on promise to keep them, she grew into such a spirit of thrift, that in about three years they amounted to above £200. She used to show them with boasting; but her mother, apprehending she would be cheated of them, prevailed in some months, and with great importunities, to have them put out to interest; when the girl, losing the pleasure of seeing and counting her gold, which she never failed of doing many times in a day, and despairing of heaping up such another treasure, her humour took quite the contrary turn; she grew careless and squandering of every new acquisition, and so continued till about two-and-twenty; when, by advice of some friends, and the fright of paying large bills of tradesmen who enticed her into their debt, she began to reflect upon her own folly, and was never at rest until she had discharged all her shop-bills, and refunded herself a considerable sum she had run out. After which, by the addition of a few years, and a superior understanding, she became, and continued all her life, a most prudent economist; yet still with a stronger bent to the liberal side, wherein she gratified herself by avoiding all expense in clothes (which she ever despised) beyond what was merely decent. And although her frequent returns of sickness were very chargeable, except fees to physicians, of which she met with several so generous that she could force nothing on them, (and indeed she must otherwise have been undone,) yet she never was without a considerable sum of ready money: insomuch that upon her death, when her nearest friends thought her very bare, her executors found in her strong box about £150 in gold. She lamented the narrowness of her fortune in nothing so much as that it did not enable her to entertain her friends so often and in so hospitable a manner as she desired. Yet they were always welcome: and, while she was in health to direct, were treated with neatness and elegance, so that the revenues of her and her companion passed for much more considerable than they really were. They lived always in lodgings; their domestics consisted of two maids and one man. She kept an account of all the family expenses from her arrival in Ireland to some months before her death; and she would often repine, when looking back upon the annals of her household bills, that everything necessary for life was double the price, while interest of money was sunk almost to one half; so that the addition made to her fortune was indeed grown absolutely necessary.

[I since writ as I found time.]

But her charity to the poor was a duty not to be diminished, and therefore became a tax upon those tradesmen who furnish the fopperies of other ladies. She bought clothes as seldom as possible, and those as plain and cheap as consisted with the situation she was in; and wore no lace for many years. Either her judgment or fortune was extraordinary in the choice of those on whom she bestowed her charity, for it went farther in doing good than double the sum from any other hand. And I have heard her say she always met with gratitude from the poor; which must be owing to her skill in distinguishing proper objects, as well as her gracious manner in relieving them.

But she had another quality that much delighted her, although it might be thought a kind of check upon her bounty; however, it was a pleasure she could not resist: I mean, that of making agreeable presents; wherein I never knew her equal, although it be an affair of as delicate a nature as most in the course of life. She used to define a present, that it was a gift to a friend of something he wanted or was fond of, and which could not be easily gotten for money. I am confident, during my acquaintance with her, she has, in these and some other kinds of liberality, disposed of to the value of several hundred pounds. As to presents made to herself, she received them with great unwillingness, but especially from those to whom she had ever given any; being, on all occasions, the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of.

From her own disposition, at least as much as from the frequent want of health, she seldom made any visits; but her own lodgings, from before twenty years old, were frequented by many persons of the graver sort, who all respected her highly upon her good sense, good manners, and conversation. Among these were the late primate Lindsay, bishop Lloyd, bishop Ashe, bishop Brown, bishop Sterne, bishop Pulleyn, with some others of later date; and indeed the greatest number of her acquaintance was among the clergy. Honour, truth, liberality, good nature, and modesty, were the virtues she chiefly possessed, and most valued in her acquaintance: and, where she found them, [she] would be ready to allow for some defects; nor valued them less although they did not shine in learning or in wit; but would never give the least allowance for any failures in the former, even to those who made the greatest figure in either of the two latter. She had no use of any person's liberality, yet her detestation of covetous people made her uneasy if such a one was in her company; upon which occasion she would say many things very entertaining and humorous.

She never interrupted any person who spoke; she laughed at no mistakes they made, but helped them out with modesty; and if a good thing were spoken, but neglected, she would not let it fall, but set it in the best light to those who were present. She listened to all that was said, and had never the least distraction or absence of thought.

It was not safe, nor prudent, in her presence, to offend in the least word against modesty; for she then gave full employment to her wit, her contempt, and resentment, under which even stupidity and brutality were forced to sink into confusion; and the guilty person, by her future avoiding him like a bear or a satyr, was never in a way to transgress a second time.

It happened one single coxcomb, of the pert kind, was in her company among several other ladies, and in his flippant way began to deliver some double meanings; the rest flapped their fans, and used the other common expedients practised in such cases, of appearing not to mind or comprehend what was said. Her behaviour was very different, and perhaps may be censured. She said thus to the man: "Sir, all these ladies and I understand your meaning very well, having, in spite of our care, too often met with those of your sex who wanted manners and good sense. But, believe me, neither virtuous nor even vicious women love such kind of conversation. However, I will leave you, and report your behaviour; and whatever visit I make, I shall first inquire at the door whether you are in the house, that I may be sure to avoid you." I know not whether a majority of ladies would approve of such a proceeding; but I believe the practice of it would soon put an end to that corrupt conversation, the worse effect of dulness, ignorance, impudence, and vulgarity; and the highest affront to the modesty and understanding of the female sex.

By returning very few visits, she had not much company of her own sex, except those whom she most loved for their easiness, or esteemed for their good sense: and those, not insisting on ceremony, came often to her. But she rather chose men for her companions, the usual topic of ladies' discourse being such as she had little knowledge of, and less relish. Yet no man was upon the rack to entertain her, for she easily descended to anything that was innocent and diverting. News, politics, censure, family management, or town-talk, she always diverted to something else; but these indeed seldom happened, for she chose her company better: and therefore many, who mistook her and themselves, having solicited her acquaintance, and finding themselves disappointed, after a few visits dropped off; and she was never known to inquire into the reason, nor ask what was become of them.

She was never positive in arguing; and she usually treated those who were so in a manner which well enough gratified that unhappy disposition; yet in such a sort as made it very contemptible, and at the same time did some hurt to the owners. Whether this proceeded from her easiness in general, or from her indifference to persons, or from her despair of mending them, or from the same practice which she much liked in Mr Addison, I cannot determine;

but when she saw any of the company very warm in a wrong opinion, she was more inclined to confirm them in it than oppose them. The excuse she commonly gave, when her friends asked the reason, was, that it prevented noise and saved time. Yet I have known her very angry with some whom she much esteemed, for sometimes falling into that infirmity.

She loved Ireland much better than the generality of those who owe both their birth and riches to it; and having brought over all the fortune she had in money, left the reversion of the best part of it, £1000, to Dr Stephen's Hospital. She detested the tyranny and injustice of England in their treatment of this kingdom. She had indeed reason to love a country where she had the esteem and friendship of all who knew her, and the universal good report of all who ever heard of her, without one exception, if I am told the truth by those who keep general conversation. Which character is the more extraordinary in falling to a person of so much knowledge, wit, and vivacity, qualities that are used to create envy, and consequently censure; and must be rather imputed to her great modesty, gentle behaviour, and inoffensiveness, than to her superior virtues.

Although her knowledge, from books and company, was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex, yet she was so far from making a parade of it, that her female visitants, on their first acquaintance, who expected to discover it by what they call hard words and deep discourse, would be sometimes disappointed, and say they found she was like other women. But wise men, through all her modesty, whatever they discoursed on, could easily observe that she understood them very well, by the judgment shown in her observations as well as in her questions.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

MORAL AND DIVERTING.[1]

(OCTOBER 1706.)

WE have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another.

Reflect on things past, as wars, negotiations, factions, &c., we enter so little into those interests that we wonder how men could possibly be so busy and concerned for things so transitory; look on the present times, we find the same humour, yet wonder not at all.

A wise man endeavours, by considering all circumstances, to make conjectures, and form conclusions; but the smallest accident intervening, (and in the course of affairs it is impossible to foresee all,) does often produce such turns and changes, that at last he is just as much in doubt of events as the most ignorant and inexperienced person.

Positiveness is a good quality for preachers and orators, because he that would obtrude his thoughts and reasons upon a multitude, will convince others the more as he appears convinced himself.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

I forget whether advice be among the lost things which Ariosto says may be found in the moon; that and time ought to have been there.

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have in vain tried to put into our heads before.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our minds run wholly on the bad ones.

In a glasshouse, the workmen often fling in a small quantity of fresh coals, which seems to disturb the fire, but very much enlivens it. This seems to allude to a gentle stirring of the passions, that the mind may not languish.

Religion seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it, as it had in its infancy.

All fits of pleasure are balanced by an equal degree of pain or languor; it is like spending this year part of the next year's revenue.

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Would a writer know how to behave himself with relation to posterity, let him consider in old books what he finds that he is glad to know, and what omissions he most laments.

Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves: it is Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Men who possess all the advantages of life are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them.

It is unwise to punish cowards with ignominy; for if they had regarded that, they would not have been cowards: death is their proper punishment, because they fear it most.

The greatest inventions were produced in the times of ignorance; as the use of the compass, gunpowder, and printing; and by the dullest nation, as the Germans.

One argument to prove that the common relations of ghosts and spectres are generally false, may be drawn from the opinion held, that spirits are never seen by more than one person at a time; that is to say, it seldom hap-

[1] Pope and Swift, being once in the country, agreed to write down the involuntary thoughts that occurred to them during the day; and these are such as belong to the Dean.

pens to above one person in a company to be possessed with any high degree of spleen or melancholy.

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment, there will be small allowance given to the wise for their want of morals, and to the ignorant for their want of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vices in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon the strength of temptation to each.

The value of several circumstances in story lessens very much by distance of time, though some minute circumstances are very valuable; and it requires great judgment in a writer to distinguish.

It is grown a word of course for writers to say, This critical age, as divines say, This sinful age.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age is in laying taxes on the next: future ages will talk of this; this shall be famous to all posterity: whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about present things, as ours are now.

The chameleon, who is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.

When a man is made a spiritual peer, he loses his surname; when a temporal, his Christian name.

It is in disputes, as in armies: where the weaker side sets up false lights, and makes a great noise, to make the enemy believe them more numerous and strong than they really are.

Some men, under the notion of weeding out prejudices, eradicate virtue, honesty, and religion.

In all well-instituted commonwealths, care has been taken to limit men's possessions; which is done for many reasons, and, among the rest, for one which, perhaps, is not often considered, that when bounds are set to men's desires, after they have acquired as much as the laws will permit them, their private interest is at an end, and they have nothing to do but to take care of the public.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world; to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it: the first of these is usually pretended, the last is almost impossible, the universal practice is for the second.

Herodotus tells us, that in cold countries beasts very seldom have horns, but in hot they have very large ones. This might bear a pleasant application.

I never heard a finer piece of satire against lawyers, than that of astrologers, when they pretend, by rules of art, to tell when a suit will end, and whether to the advantage of the plaintiff or defendant; thus making the matter depend entirely upon the influence of the stars, without the least regard to the merits of the cause.

The expression in the Apocrypha about Tobit and his dog following him, I have often heard ridiculed; yet Homer has the same words of Telemachus more than once: and Virgil says something like it of Evander. And I take the book of Tobit to be partly poetical.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

What they do in heaven we are ignorant of; what they do not we are told expressly, that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.

When a man observes the choice of ladies now-a-days in the dispensing of their favours, can he forbear paying some veneration to the memory of those mares mentioned by Xenophon, who, while their manes were on, that is, while they were in their beauty, would never admit the embraces of an ass.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

Vive quidem, pende tamen, improba, dixit.
OVID., Metam.

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

Physicians ought not to give their judgment of religion, for the same reason that butchers are not admitted to be jurors upon life and death.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

If a man will observe as he walks the streets, I believe he will find the merriest countenances in mourning coaches.

Nothing more unqualifies a man to act with prudence than a misfortune that is attended with shame and guilt.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices: so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Ill company is like a dog, who dirts those most whom he loves best.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet, perhaps, as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times: for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of dis-

tinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age: so that our judgment grows harder to please when we have fewer things to offer it: this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old, our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or not.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

When the world has once begun to use us ill, it afterwards continues the same treatment with less scruple or ceremony, as men do to a whore.

Old men view best at a distance, with the eyes of their understanding, as well as with those of nature.

Some people take more care to hide their wisdom than their folly.

Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince, as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

Anthony Henley's farmer dying of an asthma, said, "Well, if I can get this breath once out, I'll take care it shall never get in again."

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame: there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requires but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and has a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas and one set of words to clothe them in; and these are always ready at the mouth: so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. The reason, therefore, why conversation runs so low at present, is not the defect of understanding, but pride, vanity, ill nature, affectation, singularity, positiveness, or some other vice, the effect of a wrong education.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe, if they had not been told; whereas a man truly proud, thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Law, in a free country, is, or ought to be, the determination of the majority of those who have property in land.

One argument used to the disadvantage of Providence, I take to be a very strong one in its defence. It is objected, that storms and tempests, unfruitful seasons, serpents, spiders, flies, and other noxious or troublesome animals, with many other instances of the same kind, discover an imperfection in nature, because human life would be much easier without them: but the design of Providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motions of the sun and moon, in short, the whole system of the universe, as far as philosophers have been able to discover and observe, are in the utmost degree of regularity and perfection; but wherever God has left to man the power of interposing a remedy by thought or labour, there he has placed things in a state of imperfection, on purpose to stir up human industry, without which life would stagnate, or indeed rather could not subsist at all: *Curis acuuntur mortalia corda.*

Praise is the daughter of present power.

How inconsistent is man with himself!

I have known several persons of great fame for wisdom in public affairs and councils governed by foolish servants:

I have known great ministers, distinguished for wit and learning, who preferred none but dunces:

I have known men of great valour cowards to their wives:

I have known men of the greatest cunning perpetually cheated:

I knew three great ministers, who could exactly compute and settle the accompts of a kingdom, but were wholly ignorant of their own economy.

The preaching of divines helps to preserve well-inclined men in the course of virtue, but seldom or never reclaims the vicious.

Princes usually make wiser choices than the servants whom they trust for the disposal of places: I have known a prince more than once choose an able minister; but I never observed that minister to use his credit in the disposal of an employment to a person whom he thought the fittest for it. One of the greatest in this

age[1] owned and excused the matter, from the violence of parties and the unreasonableness of friends.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way: for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old.

Love of flattery, in most men, proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women, from the contrary.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

Kings are commonly said to have long hands; I wish they had as long ears.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, and so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

Politics, as the word is commonly understood, are nothing but corruptions, and consequently of no use to a good king, or a good ministry: for which reason all courts are so full of politics.

Silenus, the foster father of Bacchus, is always carried by an ass, and has horns on his head. The moral is, that drunkards are led by fools, and have a great chance to be cuckolds.

Venus, a beautiful, good-natured lady, was the goddess of love; Juno, a terrible shrew, the goddess of marriage: and they were always mortal enemies.

Those who are against religion, must needs be fools; and therefore we read that of all animals, God refused the first-born of an ass.

A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.

Apollo was held the god of physic, and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade, and still continue.

Old men and comets have been reverenced for the same reason; their long beards, and pretences to foretell events.

A person was asked at court, what he thought of an ambassador and his train, who were all embroidery and lace, full of bows, cringes, and gestures? He said it was Solomon's importation, gold and apes.

There is a story in Pausanias of a plot for betraying a city discovered by the braying of an ass; the cackling of geese saved the Capitol; and Cataline's conspiracy was discovered by a whore. These are the only three animals, as far as I remember, famous in history as evidences and informers.

Most sorts of diversion in men, children, and other animals, are in imitation of fighting.

Augustus, meeting an ass with a lucky name, foretold himself good fortune. I meet many asses, but none of them have lucky names.

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keeps his at the same time.

Who can deny that all men are violent lovers of truth, when we see them so positive in their errors, which they will maintain out of their zeal to truth, although they contradict themselves every day of their lives?

That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine. When we differ, there I pronounce him to be mistaken.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

As universal a practice as lying is, and as easy a one as it seems, I do not remember to have heard three good lies in all my conversation, even from those who were most celebrated in that faculty.

(1726.)

Laws penned with the utmost care and exactness, and in the vulgar language, are often perverted to wrong meanings; then why should we wonder that the Bible is so?

A man seeing a wasp creeping into a vial filled with honey that was hung on a fruit tree, said thus: "Why, thou sottish animal, art thou mad to go into the vial, where you see many hundred of your kind dying before you?"—"The reproach is just," answered the wasp, "but not from you men, who are so far from taking example by other people's follies that you will not take warning by your own. If after falling several times into this vial, and escaping by chance, I should fall in again, I should then but resemble you."

An old miser kept a tame jackdaw, that used to steal pieces of money and hide them in a hole; which the cat observing, asked, "Why he would hoard up those round shining things that he could make no use of?"—"Why," said the jackdaw, "my master has a whole chest full, and makes no more use of them than I."

Men are contented to be laughed at for their wit, but not for their folly.

If the men of wit and genius would resolve never to complain in their works of critics and detractors, the next age would not know that they ever had any.

After all the maxims and systems of trade and commerce, a stander-by would think the affairs of the world were most ridiculously contrived.

There are few countries which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer where one third part of the people are not extremely stinted even in the necessaries of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring

[1] Harley.

back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month, at the expense of their health and reason.

A motto for the Jesuits :—

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

A man would have but few spectators if he offered to show for threepence how he could thrust a red-hot iron into a barrel of gunpowder and it should not take fire.

Query, Whether churches are not dormitories of the living as well as of the dead?

Harry Killegrew said to lord Wharton, "You would not swear at that rate if you thought you were doing God honour."

A copy of verses kept in the cabinet, and only shown to a few friends, is like a virgin, much sought after and admired; but when printed and published, is like a common whore, whom any body may purchase for half-a-crown.

Louis XIV. of France spent his life in turning a good name into a great.

Since the union of divinity and humanity is the great article of our religion, it is odd to see some clergymen, in their writings of divinity, wholly devoid of humanity.

The Epicureans began to spread at Rome in the empire of Augustus, as the Socinians, and even the Epicureans too, did in England toward the end of king Charles II.'s reign; which is reckoned, though very absurdly, our Augustan age. They both seem to be corruptions occasioned by luxury and peace, and by politeness beginning to decline.

Sometimes I read a book with pleasure, and detest the author.

At a bookseller's shop some time ago, I saw a book with this title: "Poems by the Author of the Choice." Not enduring to read a dozen lines, I asked the company with me, whether they had ever seen the book, or heard of the poem whence the author denominated himself; they were all as ignorant as I. But I find it common with these small dealers in wit and learning, to give themselves a title from their first adventure, as Don Quixote usually did from his last. This arises from that great importance which every man supposes himself to be of.

One Dennis, commonly called "the critic," who had writ a three-penny pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, although he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends they need not wonder at his haste; for the king of France, having got intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him.

Dr Gee, prebendary of Westminster, who had writ a small paper against Popery, being obliged to travel for his health, affected to disguise his person and change his name, as he passed through Portugal, Spain, and Italy; telling all the English he met, that he was afraid of being murdered, or put into the Inquisition. He was acting the same farce at Paris, till Mr Prior (who was then secretary to the embassy) quite disconcerted the doctor by maliciously discovering the secret; and offering to engage, body for body, that not a creature would hurt him, or had ever heard of him or his pamphlet.

A chamber maid to a lady of my acquaintance, thirty miles from London, had the very same turn of thought, when, talking with one of her fellow-servants, she said, "I hear it is all over London already that I am going to leave my lady;" and so had a footman, who, being newly married, desired his comrade to tell him freely what the town said of it.

When somebody was telling a certain great minister that people were discontented, "Pho," said he, "half a dozen fools are prating in a coffeehouse, and presently think their own noise about their ears is made by the world."

The death of a private man is generally of so little importance to the world, that it cannot be a thing of great importance in itself; and yet I do not observe, from the practice of mankind, that either philosophy or nature have sufficiently armed us against the fears which attend it. Neither do I find anything able to reconcile us to it, but extreme pain, shame, or despair; for poverty, imprisonment, ill fortune, grief, sickness, and old age, do generally fail.

Whence comes the custom of bidding a woman look upon her apron-strings to find an excuse? Was it not from the apron of fig-leaves worn by Eve, when she covered herself and was the first of her sex who made a bad excuse for eating the forbidden fruit?

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.

Do not we see how easily we pardon our own actions and passions, and the very infirmities of our bodies: and why should it be wonderful to find us pardon our own dulness?

There is no vice or folly that requires so much nicety and skill to manage as vanity; nor any which, by ill management, makes so contemptible a figure.

Observation is an old man's memory.

Eloquence, smooth and cutting, is like a razor whetted with oil.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead-pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of their imagination. This I once said to my lord Bolingbroke, and desired he would observe, that the clerks in his office used a sort of ivory knife with a blunt edge to divide a sheet of paper, which never failed to cut it even, only requiring a steady hand: whereas if they should make use of a sharp penknife, the sharpness would make it go often out of the crease and disfigure the paper.

"He who does not provide for his own

house," St. Paul says, "is worse than an infidel." And, I think, he who provides only for his own house, is just equal with an infidel.

Jealousy, like fire, may shrivel up horns, but it makes them stink.

A footman's hat should fly off to every body: and therefore Mercury, who was Jupiter's footman, had wings fastened to his cap.

When a man pretends love, but courts for money, he is like a juggler, who conjures away your shilling, and conveys something very indecent under the hat.

All panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy.

I have known men happy enough at ridicule, who upon grave subjects were perfectly stupid; of which Dr Echard of Cambridge, who writ "The Contempt of the Clergy," was a great instance.

One top of Parnassus was sacred to Bacchus, the other to Apollo.

Matrimony has many children; Repentance, Discord, Poverty, Jealousy, Sickness, Spleen, Loathing, &c.

Vision is the art of seeing things invisible.

The two maxims of any great man at court are, always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

I asked a poor man how he did. He said he was like a washball, always in decay.

Hippocrates, Aph. 32, sect. 6, observes, that stuttering people are always subject to a looseness. I wish physicians had power to remove the profusion of words in many people to the inferior parts.

A man dreamed he was a cuckold; a friend told him it was a bad sign, because when a dream is true, Virgil says, it passes through the horned gate.

Love is a flame, and therefore we say beauty is attractive; because physicians observe that fire is a great drawer.

Civis, the most honourable name among the Romans; a citizen, a word of contempt among us.

A lady who had gallantries and several children, told her husband he was like the austere man, who reaped where he did not sow.

We read that an ass's head was sold for eighty pieces of silver; they have lately been sold ten thousand times dearer, and yet they were never more plentiful.

I must complain the cards are ill shuffled till I have a good hand.

When I am reading a book, whether wise or silly, it seems to me to be alive and talking to me.

Whoever live at a different end of the town from me, I look upon as persons out of the world, and only myself and the scene about me to be in it.

When I was young, I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play.

My lord Cromarty, after fourscore, went to his country house in Scotland, with a resolution to stay six years there and live thriftily, in order to save up money that he might spend in London.

Elephants are always drawn smaller than life, but a flea always larger.

When old folks tell us of many passages in their youth between them and their company, we are apt to think how much happier those times were than the present.

Why does the elder sister dance barefoot, when the younger is married before her? Is it not that she may appear shorter and consequently be thought younger than the bride?

No man will take counsel, but every man will take money: therefore money is better than counsel.

I never yet knew a wag (as the term is,) who was not a dunce.

A person reading to me a dull poem of his own making, I prevailed on him to scratch out six lines together; in turning over the leaf, the ink being wet, it marked as many lines on the other side; whereof the poet complaining, I bid him be easy, for it would be better if those were out too.

At Windsor I was observing to my lord Bolingbroke that the tower where the maids of honour lodged (who at that time were very handsome) was much frequented with crows. My lord said, it was because they smelled carrion.

MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN JOHN CREICHTON.[1]

COLLECTED FROM HIS OWN MATERIALS,

BY DEAN SWIFT.

THE PRINTER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

When Dr Swift was at sir Arthur Acheson's, at Markethill, in the county of Armagh, an old gentleman was recommended to him as being a remarkable cavalier in the reigns of Charles II., James II., and William III.; who had behaved with great loyalty and bravery in Scotland during the troubles of those reigns, but was neglected by the government, although he deserved great rewards from it. As he was reduced in his circumstances, Dr Swift made him a handsome present; but said at the same time, "Sir, this trifle cannot support you long, and your friends may grow tired of you; therefore I would have you contrive some honest means of getting a sum of money sufficient to put you into a way of life of supporting yourself with independency in your old age." To which captain Creichton (for that was the gentleman's name) answered, "I have tired all my friends, and cannot expect any such extraordinary favours." Then Dr Swift replied, "Sir, I have heard much of your adventures; that they are fresh in your memory; that you can tell them with great humour; and that you have taken memorandums of them in writing." To which the captain said, "I have; but no one can understand them but myself." Then Dr Swift rejoined, "Sir, get your manuscripts, read them to me, and tell me none but genuine stories; and then I will place them in order for you, prepare them for the press, and endeavour to get you a subscription among my friends, as you may do among your own." The captain soon after waited on the dean with his papers, and related many adventures to him, which the dean was so kind as to put in order of time, to correct the style, and make a small book of, entitled, The Memoirs of Captain John Creichton. A subscription was immediately set on foot by the dean's interest and recommendation, which raised for the captain above £200, and made the remaining part of his life very happy and easy.

[1] Sir Walter Scott, in his introductory note to these Memoirs, says: "The 'Printer's Advertisement' sufficiently explains the purpose of these Memoirs, which form an extraordinary picture of the times in which they were written. That a soldier of fortune like Creichton, bred up, as it were, to the pursuit of the unfortunate fanatics, who were the objects of persecution in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., should have felt no more sympathy for them than the hunter for the game which he destroys, we can conceive perfectly natural; nor is it to be wondered at that a man of letters, overlooking the cruelty of this booted apostle of prelacy in the wild interest of his narrations, should have listened and registered the exploits which he detailed. But what we must consider as shocking and even disgusting, is the obvious relish with which these acts are handed down to us in Swift's own narrative. The best apology is, that the reporter assumed the tone and spirit of the original hero, and that any trait of remorse, or penitence, would have utterly ruined the authenticity of the Memoirs. If, however, the generous and freeborn spirit of Swift could regard with complacence the pitiless slaughter of those ignorant and miserable enthusiasts, merely because they were enemies to the hierarchy, it is a striking instance how humanity and liberality may be hoodwinked by prejudices of education, interest, and political faction." The Memoirs were first printed in duodecimo, without publisher's name or place of publication, in 1731; and they bore on the title to be "written by himself."

TO THE READER.

The author of these memoirs, captain John Creichton, is still alive, and resides in the northern parts of this kingdom. He is a very honest and worthy man, but of the old stamp; and it is probable that some of his principles will not relish very well in the present disposition of the world. His memoirs are therefore to be received like a posthumous work, and as containing facts which very few alive except himself can remember; upon which account, none of his generous subscribers are in the least answerable for many opinions relating to the public, both in Church and state, which he seems to justify; and in the vindication of which, to the hazard of his life and the loss of his fortune, he spent the most useful part of his days. Principles, as the world goes, are little more than fashion; and the apostle tells us that "the fashion of this world passeth away." We

read with pleasure the memoirs of several authors whose party we disapprove, if they be written with nature and truth. Curious men are desirous to see what can be said on both sides; and even the virulent flat relation of Ludlow, though written in the spirit of rage, prejudice, and vanity, does not want its advocates. This inclines me to think that the memoirs of captain Creichton may not be unacceptable to the curious of every party; because, from my knowledge of the man, and the testimony of several considerable persons of different political denominations, I am confident that he has not inserted one passage or circumstance which he did not know, or, from the best intelligence he could get, believe to be true.

These memoirs are therefore offered to the world in their native simplicity. And it was not with little difficulty that the author was persuaded by his friends to recollect and put them in order, chiefly for his own justification, and partly by the importunity of several eminent gentlemen who had a mind that they should turn to some profit to the author.

The captain, having made over all his little estate to a beloved daughter upon her marriage, on the condition of being entertained in her house for the small remainder of his life, has put it out of his own power either to supply his incidental wants, to pay some long contracted debts, or to gratify his generous nature in being farther useful to his family: on which accounts he desires to return his most humble thanks to his worthy subscribers; and hopes they will consider him no farther than as an honest, well-meaning man, who by his own personal courage and conduct was able to distinguish himself under many disadvantages, to a degree that few private lives have been attended with so many singular and extraordinary events.

Besides the great simplicity in the style and manner of the author, it is a very valuable circumstance that his plain relation corrects many mistaken passages in other historians, which have too long passed for truths; and whoever impartially compares both will probably decide in the captain's favour: for the memory of old men is seldom deceived in what passed in their youth and vigour of age: and if he has at any time happened to be mistaken in circumstances of time or place (with neither of which I can charge him), it was certainly against his will. Some of his own personal distresses and actions which he has related might be almost the subject of a tragedy.

Upon the whole, comparing great things with small, I know not any memoirs that more resemble those of Philip de Comines (which have received so universal approbation) than those of captain Creichton; which are told in a manner equally natural and with equal appearance of truth, although, I confess, upon affairs in a more obscure scene and of less importance.

MEMOIRS, &c.

THE former part of my life having been attended with some passages and events not very common to men of my private and obscure condition, I have (perhaps induced by the talkativeness of old age) very freely and frequently communicated them to several worthy gentlemen who were pleased to be my friends, and some of them my benefactors. These persons professed themselves to be so well entertained with my story, that they often wished it could be digested into order and published to the world; believing that such a treatise, by the variety of incidents, written in a plain unaffected style, might be at least some amusement to indifferent readers; of some example to those who desire strictly to adhere to their duty and principles; and might serve to vindicate my reputation in Scotland, where I am well known: that kingdom having been the chief scene of my acting, and where I have been represented by a fanatic rebellious party as a persecutor of the saints and a man of blood.

Having lost the benefit of a thorough school education by a most indiscreet marriage in all worldly views, although to a very good woman; and in consequence thereof being forced to seek my fortune in Scotland as a soldier, where I forgot all the little I had learned; the reader cannot reasonably expect to be much pleased with my style or methods or manner of relating; it is enough if I never wilfully fail in point of truth, nor offend by malice or partiality. My memory, I thank God, is yet very perfect as to things long past; although, like an old man, I retain but little of what has happened since I grew into years.

I am likewise very sensible of an infirmity in many authors who write their own memoirs, and are apt to lay too much weight upon trifles, which they are vain enough to conceive the world to be as much concerned in as themselves; yet I remember that Plutarch, in his lives of great men (which I have read in the English translation), says that the nature and disposition of a man's mind may be often better discovered by a small circumstance, than by an action or event of the greatest importance. And besides, it is not improbable that gray hairs may have brought upon me a vanity to desire that posterity may know what manner of man I was.

I lie under another disadvantage, and indeed a very great one, from the wonderful change of opinions since I first made any appearance in the world. I was bred under the principles of the strictest loyalty to my prince, and in an exact conformity in discipline as well as doctrine to the Church of England; which are neither altered nor shaken to this very day, and I am now too old to mend. However, my different sentiments, since my last troubles after the Revolution, have never had the least influence either upon my actions or discourse.

I have submitted myself with entire resignation, according to St Paul's precept, "to the powers that be." I converse equally with all parties, and am equally favoured by all; and God knows it is now of little consequence what my opinions are, under such a weight of age and infirmities, with a very scanty subsistence, which, instead of comforting, will hardly support me.

But there is another point, which requires a better apology than I am able to give: a judicious reader will be apt to censure me (and I confess with reason enough) as guilty of a very foolish superstition in relating my dreams, and how I was guided by them with success in discovering one or two principal covenanters. I shall not easily allow myself to be, either by nature or education, more superstitious than other men: but I take the truth to be this: being then full of zeal against those enthusiastical rebels, and better informed of their lurking-holes than most officers in the army, this made so strong an impression on my mind that it affected my dreams, when I was directed to the most probable places almost as well as if I had been awake, being guided in the night by the same conjectures I had made in the day. There could possibly be no more in the matter; and God forbid I should pretend to a spirit of divination, which would make me resemble those very hypocritical saints whom it was both my duty and inclination to bring to justice, for their many horrid blasphemies against God, rebellions against their prince, and barbarities toward their countrymen and fellow-Christians.

My great grandfather, Alexander Creichton, of the house of Dumfries, in Scotland, in a feud between the Maxwells and the Johnstons (the chief of the Johnstons being the lord Johnston, ancestor of the present marquis of Annandale), siding with the latter and having killed some of the former, was forced to fly into Ireland, where he settled near Kinard, then a woody country and now called Calidon: but within a year or two, some friends and relations of those Maxwells who had been killed in the feud, coming over to Ireland to pursue their revenge, lay in wait for my great grandfather in the wood, and shot him dead as he was going to church. This accident happened about the time that James VI. of Scotland came to the crown of England.

Alexander, my great grandfather, left two sons and as many daughters; his eldest son John lived till a year or two after the Rebellion in 1641. His house was the first in Ulster set upon by the Irish, who took and imprisoned him at Dungannon; but fortunately making his escape, he went to sir Robert Stuart, who was then in arms for the king, and died in the service.

This John, who was my grandfather, left two sons, Alexander, my father, and a younger son, likewise named John; who, being a child but two or three years old at his father's death, was invited to Scotland by the lady Dumfries, there educated by her, and sent to sea: he made several voyages to and from Barbadoes, then settled in Scotland, where he died some time after the Restoration, leaving, besides a daughter, one son, who at my charges was bred up a physician, and proved so famous in his profession, that he was sent by her late majesty queen Anne to cure the king of Portugal of the venereal disease. He had £1000 paid him in hand before he began his journey, but when he arrived at Lisbon the Portuguese council and physicians dissuaded the king from trusting his person with a foreigner. However, his majesty of Portugal showed him several marks of his esteem, and at parting presented him with a very rich jewel, which he sold afterwards for 500 guineas. He stayed there not above six weeks, during which time he got considerable practice. After living many years in London, where he grew very rich, he died November 1726, and, as it is believed, without making a will; which is very probable, because, although he had no children, he left me no legacy, who was his cousin-german, and had been his greatest benefactor by the care and expense of his education. Upon this matter I must add one circumstance more, how little significant soever it may be to others. Mr archdeacon Maurice being at London, in order to his journey to France, on account of his health, went to visit the doctor and put him in mind of me, urging the obligations I had laid upon him. The doctor agreed to send me whatever sum of money the archdeacon should think reasonable, and deliver it to him on his return from his travels; but unfortunately the doctor died two or three days before the archdeacon came back.

Alexander, my father, was about 18 years old in 1641. The Irish rebellion then breaking out, he went to captain Gerard Irvin, his relation, who was then captain of horse and afterwards knighted by king Charles II. This gentleman, having a party for the king, soon after joined with sir Robert Stuart, in the county of Donegal; where in the course of those troubles they continued skirmishing, sometimes with the Irish rebels and sometimes with those of the English parliament, after the Rebellion in England began; till at length captain Irvin and one Mr Stuart were taken prisoners and put in gaol in Derry, which city was kept for the parliament against the king by sir Charles Coote. Here my father performed a very memorable and gallant action in rescuing his relation, captain Irvin, and Mr Stuart. I will relate this fact in all its particulars, not only because it will do some honour to my father's memory, but likewise because, for its boldness and success, it seems to me very well to deserve recording.

My father, having received information that sir Charles Coote, governor of Derry, had publicly declared that captain Irvin and his companion should be put to death within two or three days, communicated this intelligence to seven trusty friends; who all engaged to assist him with the hazard of their lives in delivering

the two gentlemen from the danger that threatened them. They all agreed that my father and three more, at the hour of six in the morning, when the west gate stood open and the drawbridge was let down for the governor's horses to go out to water, should ride in, one by one, after a manner as if they belonged to the town, and there conceal themselves in a friend's house till night; at which time my father was to acquaint captain Irvin and his fellow prisoner with their design, which was to this purpose: that after concerting measures at the prison my father should repair to a certain place on the city wall and give instructions to the four without at twelve at night. Accordingly, next morning, as soon as the gate was open, my father with his three comrades got into the town, and the same night, having settled matters with the two gentlemen that they should be ready at six next morning, at which hour he and his three friends should call upon them, he then went to the wall and directed the four who were without, that, as soon as they should see the gate open and the bridge drawn, one of them should walk up to the sentry and secure him from making any noise by holding a pistol to his breast; after which the other three should ride up and secure the room where the by-guard lay, to prevent them from coming out. Most of the garrison were in their beds, which encouraged my father and his friends and much facilitated the enterprise: therefore, precisely at six o'clock, when the by-guard and sentry at the western gate were secured by the four without, my father and the other three within, being mounted on horseback with one spare horse, and in the habit of townspeople, with cudgels in their hands, called at the gaol door on pretence to speak to captain Irvin and Mr Stuart. They were both walking in a large room in the gaol, with the gaoler and three soldiers attending them; but these not suspecting the persons on horseback before the door, whom they took to be inhabitants of the town, my father asked captain Irvin whether he had any commands to a certain place where he pretended to be going; the captain made some answer, but said they should not go before they had drunk with him: then giving a piece of money to one of the soldiers to buy a bottle of sack at a tavern a good way off, and pretending likewise some errand for another soldier, sent him also out of the way. There being now none left to guard the prisoners but the gaoler and the third soldier, captain Irvin leaped over the hatch door, and, as the gaoler leaped after, my father knocked him down with his cudgel. While this was doing, Mr Stuart tripped up the soldier's heels, and immediately leaped over the hatch. They both mounted, Stuart on the horse behind my father and Irvin on the spare one, and in a few minutes came up with their companions at the gate, before the main guard could arrive, although it were kept within twenty yards of the gaol door.

I should have observed that as soon as captain Irvin and his friend got over the hatch my father and his comrades put a couple of broadswords into their hands which they had concealed under their cloaks, and at the same time drawing their own, were all six determined to force their way against any who offered to obstruct them in their passage; but the despatch was so sudden, that they got clear out of the gate before the least opposition could be made. They were no sooner gone than the town was alarmed; Coote the governor got out of his bed and ran into the streets in his shirt to know what the hubbub meant, and was in a great rage at the accident. The adventurers met the governor's groom coming back with his master's horses from watering; they seized the horses, and got safe to sir Robert Stuart's, about four miles off, without losing one drop of blood in this hazardous enterprise.

This gallant person (if I may so presume to call my father) had above twenty children by his wife Anne Maxwell, of the family of the earl of Nithsdale, of whom I was the eldest; they all died young except myself, three other boys, and two girls, who lived to be men and women. My second brother I took care to have educated at Glasgow, but he was drowned at two-and-twenty years old in a storm on his return to Ireland. The other two died captains abroad in the service of king William.

I was born on the 8th of May, 1648, at Castle-Fin, in the county of Donegal. I made some small progress in learning at the school of Dungannon; but when I was eighteen years old I very inconsiderately married Mrs Elizabeth Delgarno, my schoolmaster's daughter, by whom I have had thirteen children, who all died young except two daughters, married to two brothers, James and Charles Young, of the county of Tyrone.

Having been so very young when I married, I could think of no other course to advance my fortune than by getting into the army. Captain Irvin, often mentioned already, had a brother who was a physician at Edinburgh, to whom he wrote in my favour, desiring he would recommend me to the marquis of Atholl and others then at the head of affairs in Scotland; this was in the year 1674. There were then but one troop of horse guards (whereof the marquis was colonel) and one regiment of foot guards, commanded by the earl of Linlithgow, in that kingdom, and they consisted chiefly of gentlemen.

Dr Irvin, physician to the horse guards, accordingly presented me to the marquis of Atholl, requesting that I might be received into his troop. His lordship, pretending there was no vacancy, was by the doctor threatened in a free jesting manner with a dose of poison instead of physic the first time he should want his skill; "Weel, weel, then," quoth the marquis, "what is your friend's name?" "Deel tak' me," answered the doctor, "gin I ken;" whereupon I was called in to write my name in the roll. I was then ordered to repair to the

troop at Stirling, with directions to lieutenant colonel Cockburn, the commanding officer, to put me into which of the four squadrons whereof the troop consisted he thought fit. He thereupon placed me in his own, and appointed me my quarters.

Soon after this, the conventicles growing numerous in the west, several parties were drawn out to suppress them, among whom I never failed to make one, in hopes thereby to be taken notice of by my commanders; for I had nothing to recommend me except my activity, diligence, and courage, being a stranger and born out of that kingdom.

My first action after having been taken into the guards was, with a dozen gentlemen more, to go in quest of Mas David Williamson, a noted covenanter, since made more famous in the book called the Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence. I had been assured that this Williamson did much frequent the house of my lady Cherrytree, within ten miles of Edinburgh; but when I arrived first with my party about the house, the lady, well knowing our errand, put Williamson to bed to her daughter, disguised in a woman's night dress. When the troopers went to search in the young lady's room, her mother pretended that she was not well; and Williamson so managed the matter, that when the daughter raised herself a little in the bed to let the troopers see her, they did not discover him, and so went off disappointed. But the young lady proved with child, and Williamson, to take off the scandal, married her in some time after. This Williamson married five or six wives successively, and was alive in the reign of queen Anne, at which time I saw him preaching in one of the kirks at Edinburgh. It is said that king Charles II., hearing of Williamson's behaviour in lady Cherrytree's house, wished to see the man that discovered so much vigour while his troopers were in search of him; and in a merry way declared that, when he was in the royal oak, he could not have kissed the bonniest lass in Christendom.

Some time after this, Thomas Dalziel, general of the forces in Scotland, an excellent soldier, who had been taken prisoner at the famous battle of Worcester and sent prisoner to the Tower, escaped from thence into Muscovy, was made general to the czar, and returning home after the Restoration was preferred by the king to be general of the forces in Scotland; in which post he continued till his death, which happened a little before the Revolution. This general commanded fifty of the foot guards, with an ensign, to accompany me and to follow my directions in the pursuit of a notorious rebel, one Adam Stobow, a farmer in Fife, near Culross. This fellow had gone through the west endeavouring to stir up sedition in the people by his great skill in canting and praying. There had been several parties sent out after him before I and my men undertook the business, but they could never discover him. We reached Culross at night, where I directed the ensign and all the men to secure three or four rebels who were in the place, while I, with two or three of the soldiers to assist me, went to Stobow's house, about a mile and a half from Culross, by break of day, for fear some of his friends might give him notice. Before I got to the house, I observed a kiln in the way, which I ordered to be searched, because I found there a heap of straw in the passage up to the kiln-pot. There I found Stobow lurking, and carried him to Culross, although his daughter offered me a hundred dollars to let him go. We returned immediately to the general at Edinburgh with Stobow and the prisoners taken by the ensign at Culross. They continued a while in confinement, but Stobow at his trial found friends enough to save his life, and was only banished; yet he returned home a year after, and proved as troublesome and seditious as ever, till at the fight of Bothwell Bridge it was thought he was killed, for he was never heard of afterwards.

During the time I was in the guards, about two years after the affair of Mas David Williamson at the lady Cherrytree's, I was quartered with a party at Bathgate, which is a small village twelve miles from Edinburgh. One Sunday morning by break of day I and my comrade, a gallant Highland gentleman of the name of Grant, went out disguised in great coats and bonnets, in search after some conventicle. We travelled on foot eight or ten miles into the wild mountains, where we spied three fellows on the top of a hill, whom we conjectured to stand there as spies to give intelligence to a conventicle when any of the king's troopers should happen to come that way. There they stood, with long poles in their hands, till I and my friend came pretty near, and then they turned to go down the hill: when we observed this we took a little compass, and came up with them on the other side, whereupon they stood still, leaning on their poles. Then I bounced forward upon one of them, and suddenly snatched the pole out of his hand, asked him why he carried such a pole on the Lord's day, and at the same time knocked him down with it. My comrade immediately seized on the second, and laid him flat by a gripe of his hair; but the third took to his heels and ran down the hill. However, having left my friend to guard the two former, I overtook the last and felled him likewise; but, the place being steep, the violence with which I ran carried me a good way down the hill before I could recover myself after the stroke I had given him; and by the time I could get up again to the place where he lay, the rogue had got on his feet, and was fumbling for a side pistol that hung at his belt under his upper coat: which as soon as I observed, I fetched him to the ground a second time with the pole, and seized on his pistol; then leading him up to the other two, I desired my friend to examine their pockets and see whether they carried any powder or ball, but we found none.

We then led our prisoners down the hill, at

the foot of which there was a bog, and on the other side a man sitting on a rock; when we advanced near him, leaving our prisoners in the keeping of my friend, I ran up towards the man, who fled down on the other side. As soon as I had reached the top of the rock, there appeared a great number of people assembled in a glen, to hear the preaching of Mas John King as I understood afterwards; whose voice was so loud that it reached the ears of those who were at the greatest distance, which could not I think be less than a quarter of a mile; they all standing before him, and the wind favouring the strength of his lungs. When my friend had brought the three prisoners to the top of the rock, where I waited for him, they all broke loose and ran down to the conventicle: but my friend, advancing within about forty yards of that rabble, commanded them in his majesty's name to depart to their own homes. Whereupon about forty of their number, with poles in their hands, drew out from the rest and advanced against us two, who had the courage or rather the temerity to face so great a company, which could not be fewer than a thousand. As this party of theirs was preparing with their long poles to attack me and my friend, it happened very luckily that a fine gelding, saddled and bridled, with a pillion likewise upon him, came up near us in search of better grass; I caught the horse and immediately mounted him, which the rest of the conventiclers observing, they broke up and followed as fast as they could, some on horseback and the rest on foot, to prevent me from going off with the horse; but I put him to the gallop, and, suffering him to choose his own way through the mountain, which was full of bogs and hags, got out of reach. My friend kept up with me as long as he could, but having run a mile through such difficult places, he was quite spent, and the conventiclers hard at his heels; whereupon he called to me for assistance, and I alighting put him upon the horse, bidding him to make the best of his way to the laird of Poddishaw's about two miles off. By this time we saw twelve covenanters on horseback, who advanced towards us by a shorter cut, and blocked up a gap through which we were of necessity to pass. I undertook to clear the gap for my friend, and running towards the rogues with my broadsword and pistol, soon forced them to open to the right and left: my comrade got through and was pursued a good way, but he so laid about him with his broadsword that the pursuers, being unarmed, durst not seize him. In the mean time I, who was left on foot, kept the covenanters who followed me at a proper distance; but they pelted me with clods, which I sometimes returned, till at last, after chasing me above a mile, they saw a party of troopers in red passing by at some distance, and then they gave over their pursuit.

The troopers, observing my friend galloping and pursued, imagined he was some fanatic preacher, till they came to an old woman on a hill, whom my friend had desired to deny his being gone that way; upon which they went off to their quarters, and he got safe to Poddishaw's, whither I soon after arrived. The laird of Poddishaw had been that day at church, whence returning with the laird of Pocammock,[1] who lived about a mile off, they both wondered how the horse got thither, for Pocammock was the owner of the horse, and his lady had rode on it that day to the conventicle, without her husband's knowledge; having been seduced thither by some fanatic neighbours, for she had never been at their meetings before. My friend and I acquainted the two lairds of the whole adventure of that day, and after dinner Pocammock requested us to let him have the horse home, thereby to stifle any reflection his lady might bring upon him or herself by going to a conventicle; he likewise invited us to dine next day at his house, where the horse should again be delivered to me, as justly forfeited by the folly of his wife. We went accordingly with the laird of Poddishaw, and dined at Pocammock's; where the horse was ordered to be led out into the court, in the same accoutrements as I found him the day before; but observing the lady in tears, I told her that, if she would give me her promise never to go to a conventicle again, I would bestow her the horse and conceal what had passed; she readily complied, and so the matter was made up. However, the laird her husband assured me that no horse in Scotland should be better paid for; and being a leading man in the country, and his lady discovering the names of those who had been at the conventicle, he sent for them, and persuaded them, as they valued their quiet, to make up a purse for me and my friend; which they accordingly did, and we both lived plentifully a twelvemonth after on the price of that horse.

This adventure, making much noise at Edinburgh, was the occasion of my being sent for up thither by the marquis of Atholl, my colonel, who in a very friendly manner expostulated with me upon my rashness, as indeed he had too much reason to do; neither was I able to say anything in my own justification. However, since what I had done discovered my loyalty for my prince, my zeal for the Church, and my detestation of all rebellious principles, his lordship ever after gave me many marks of his favour and friendship.

Accordingly, these services gave me so much credit with the general, that he promised to apply to the government in my favour for some preferment in the army upon the first opportunity, which happened about a year afterwards. For, the seditious humours in the west still increasing, it was thought proper that three independent troops of horse, and as many of dragoons, should be raised to suppress the rebels. Whereupon Mr Francis Stuart, grandson to the earl of Bothwell, a private gentleman

[1] Thomas Baillie of Polkemmet, great grandfather of William Baillie, who was a Judge of the Court of Session in Scotland by the title of Lord Polkemmet.

in the horse guards like myself, and my intimate acquaintance, was sent for in haste by the general, because the council of Scotland was then writing to the king that his majesty would please to grant commissions to those persons whose names were sent up to London that very night. Mr Stuart gave me notice of this, whereupon, although I was not sent for, I resolved to go up with him to Edinburgh and solicit for myself. When I arrived there, and attended the general, his first question was, in a humorous manner, "Wha the deel sent for you up?" I answered that I hoped his excellency would now make good his promise of preferring me, since so fair an opportunity offered at present. On this occasion the general stood my firm friend; and although the sons and brothers of lords and baronets and other persons of quality solicited to be made lieutenants and cornets in these new-raised troops, yet the general, in regard to my services, prevailed with the council that I might be appointed lieutenant to Mr Stuart, who was then made captain of dragoons.

Soon after this the archbishop of St Andrews was murdered by the laird of Hackston and Balfour, assisted by four poor weavers.[1] Hackston, before this horrid action, was reputed an honest and gallant man; but his friendship for his brother-in-law, Balfour, drew him in to commit this inhuman murder. Balfour, who had been the archbishop's chamberlain (for so in Scotland we call a great man's steward), whether by negligence or dishonesty, was short in his payments to his lord, and the fear of being called to an account was a principal motive to assassinate his master; however, he pretended likewise a great zeal to the Kirk, whereof he looked upon the archbishop as the greatest oppressor. It is certain that the lower people mortally hated the archbishop, on pretence that his grace had deserted their communion, and the weavers who were accomplices of Balfour believed they did God service in destroying an enemy of the Kirk; and accordingly all the murderers were esteemed and styled saints by that rebellious faction.

After the murder of the archbishop, several parties in the west took up arms, under the leading of Robert Hamilton, second son to sir William Hamilton of Preston, the unworthy son of a most worthy father; whereupon the council met, and sent for Graham, then laird of Clavers, afterwards created viscount Dundee by king James VII. This noble person was at that time captain of one of those independent troops of horse which, as I have already mentioned, were raised before the murder of the archbishop. The council, therefore, ordered him to march with a detachment of one hundred and twenty dragoons, and a lieutenant with his own troop, in pursuit of the rebels. Clavers was obliged not to open his commission until he came in sight of them. In his march he took Mas John King, one of their principal preachers. Clavers carried King along until he came in sight of the enemy at Drumclog, eight miles from Hamilton. There the preacher was guarded by a dragoon sentry, at a little cabin on the top of the hill; while Clavers, opening his commission, found himself compelled to fight the rebels, let their number be ever so great, with those hundred and twenty dragoons.

But before I proceed to tell the issue of this affair, I must digress a little upon the subject of Mas John King above mentioned. When I was in the guards, some time after I had missed Williamson at lady Cherrytree's house, the government, hearing that this John King was beginning to hold his conventicles not far from Stirling, where the troop of horse then lay, ordered the commanding officer there to send a party out to take him and bring him up to the council. I was pitched upon with a small detachment to perform this service. I went to my lord Cardrosse's house, to whose lady King was chaplain; there I took him and delivered him to the council. This preacher had gotten the lady's woman with child about four or five months before, and, it is supposed, had promised her marriage provided the lady would stand his friend in his present distress; whereupon she was so far his friend as to get him bailed, on her engaging he should hold no more conventicles; however, he went to the hills, and there preached the people to arms, and in several towns, as Kirkcudbright, Lanark, and Sanquhar in particular, in company with Cameron, set up declarations on the market crosses against the king, whom he excommunicated, with all his adherents. Thus he continued till Clavers took him at Drumclog, as is above mentioned, where he got off again, until I took him a third time after the battle of Bothwell Bridge, which shall be related in its proper place.

The rebels at Drumclog were eight or nine thousand strong;[1] their leader, as I have said before, was Robert Hamilton, second brother to the loyal house of Preston, but a profligate who had spent all his patrimony. There were likewise among them the lairds of Knockgray and Fruah, with many other gentlemen of fortune whose names I have forgot. Clavers's men, with the addition of some few that came in to him, did not exceed one hundred and eighty, yet pursuant to his orders he was forced to fight the enemy; but, being so vastly outnumbered, he was soon defeated, with the loss of cornet Robert Graham and about eight or ten private troopers. The rebels, finding the cornet's body, and supposing it to be that of Clavers because the name Graham was wrought in the shirtneck, treated it with the utmost inhumanity, cutting off the nose, pick-

1 "One of them fired a pistol at him, which burnt his coat and gown, but did not go into his body: upon this they fancied he had a magical secret to secure him against a shot, and they drew him out of his coach, and murdered him barbarously, repeating their strokes till they were sure he was quite dead."—BURNET.

1 A gross exaggeration; they were not over 500 or 600, ill-armed, but well-posted for defence against cavalry.

ing out the eyes, and stabbing it through in a hundred places.

Clavers, in his flight towards Hamilton and Glasgow, rode a horse that trailed his guts for two miles from the place where the engagement happened; but overtaking his groom with some led horses, he mounted one of them, and with the remains of his small army escaped to Glasgow. The rebels, pursuing as far as Hamilton, advanced that evening within a mile of Glasgow, where they encamped all night. As Clavers was marching after his men up the hill, where he had left Mas John King under the guard of a dragoon (who ran off with the first that fled), King, in a sneering way, desired him to stay and take his prisoner with him.

The rebels being thus encamped within a mile of Glasgow, Clavers commanded his men in the town to stand to their arms all night; and having barricadoed the four streets, to prevent the rebels' horse from breaking in, ordered me at sunrise to march with six dragoons and discover which way the rebels intended to come into the town. I must here observe that I, with captain Stuart's troop of dragoons and a battalion of the foot guards, remained at Glasgow while Clavers marched to Drumclog, where he was defeated. But to return: I followed the directions which were given me, and having discovered the enemy from a little eminence, I was ordered by Clavers, who came to me there, to watch at a small house where the way divided, and see which of the roads they would take, or whether they separated and each party took a different way. I staid until I saw them take two different roads; some by that whence I came from the town, which was over the Gallowgate Bridge, and the rest by the high church and college, which was more than twice as far as the first party had to come, and consequently could not both meet at the same time within the town. This was a great advantage to Clavers and his little army. That party of the rebels which took the Gallowgate Bridge road followed me close to the heels, as I returned to inform Clavers what course they took.

The broad street was immediately full of them, but advancing toward the barricade, before their fellows who followed the other road could arrive to their assistance, [they] were valiantly received by Clavers and his men, who firing on them at once, and jumping over the carts and cars that composed the barricade, chased them out of the town; but were quickly forced to return and receive the other party, which by that time was marching down by the high church and college; but when they came within pistol-shot, [these] were likewise fired upon, and driven out of the town. In this action many of the rebels fell, but the king's party lost not so much as one man.

The townsmen being too well affected to the rebels, concealed many of them in their houses; the rest, who escaped, met and drew up in a field behind the high church, where they stayed until five in the afternoon, it being in the month of May, and thence marched in a body to the same place where they were in the morning, about a mile off the town. Clavers and his men, expecting they would make a second attack, and discovering by his spies whither they were gone, marched after them, but upon sight of our forces the rebels retired with a strong rear guard of horse to Hamilton; whereupon Clavers returned and quartered that night in Glasgow.

Next morning the government sent orders to Clavers to leave Glasgow and march to Stirling, eighteen miles farther; and three days after he was commanded to bring up his party to Edinburgh. As soon as he quitted Glasgow the rebels returned, and having stayed in that town eight or ten days, encamped on Hamilton moor, within a mile of Bothwell Bridge, where it was said that their numbers were increased to fourteen thousand; although bishop Burnet, in his History of his Own Times, most falsely and partially affirms that they were not more than four thousand or thereabout.

The council, finding the rebels daily increasing in their numbers, gave information thereof to the king; whereupon his majesty sent down the duke of Monmouth with a commission to be commander in chief, and to take with him four troops of English dragoons which were quartered on the borders. But these, with the forces in Scotland, amounted not to above three thousand. Upon the duke's being made commander in chief, general Dalziel refused to serve under him, and remained at his lodgings in Edinburgh till his grace was superseded, which happened about a fortnight after.

The army was about four miles forward on the road towards Hamilton, when the duke of Monmouth came up with his English dragoons, on Saturday the 21st of June: thence the whole forces marched to the Kirk of Shotts, within four miles of the rebels, where they lay that night. The next morning he marched the army up an eminence opposite to the main body of the enemy, who were encamped on the moor.

The general officers, the earl of Linlithgow, colonel of the foot guards; the earl of Mar, colonel of a regiment of foot; Clavers, the earl of Hume, and the earl of Airlie, all captains of horse; the marquis of Montrose, colonel of the horse guards (Atholl having been discarded); Dalhousie; with many other noblemen and gentlemen volunteers, attending the duke together, desired his grace to let them know which way he designed to take to come to the enemy. The duke answered, "It must be by Bothwell Bridge." Now the bridge lay a short mile to the right of the king's army, was narrow, and guarded with three thousand of the rebels, and strongly barricadoed with great stones; but although the officers were desirous to have passed the river by easy fords directly between them and the rebels, and to march to their main body on the moor before those three thousand who guarded the bridge could come to assist them, yet the duke was obsti-

nate, and would pass no other way than that of the bridge.

Pursuant to this preposterous and absurd resolution, he commanded captain Stuart (whose lieutenant I was), with his troop of dragoons and eighty musketeers, together with four small field pieces under cover of the dragoons, to beat off the party at the bridge. The duke himself, with David Lesly and Melville, accompanied us, and ordered the field pieces to be left at the village of Bothwell, within a musket shot of the bridge: when the duke and his men came near the bridge, the rebels beat a parley, and sent over a laird accompanied with a Kirk preacher. The duke, asking what they came for, was answered, that they would have the Kirk established in the same manner as it stood at the king's Restoration, and that every subject should be obliged to take the solemn league and covenant. The duke told them their demand could not be granted; but sent them back to tell their party that if they would lay down their arms, and submit to the king's mercy, he would intercede for their pardon.

While this parley lasted, the field pieces were brought down and planted over against the bridge, without being perceived by the rebels. The messengers returned in a short time with this answer: that they would not lay down their arms unless their conditions were granted them: whereupon the dragoons and musketeers fired all at once upon those who guarded the bridge, and the field pieces played so warmly, that some hundreds of the rebels were slain, the rest flying to the main body on the moor.

The duke, as soon as he had commanded to fire, retired into a hollow from the enemies' shot (some say by the persuasion of Lesly and Melville), and continued there till the action was over. Then captain Stuart ordered the musketeers to make way for the horse to pass the bridge, by casting the stones into the river which had been placed there to obstruct the passage over it. But the army could not pass in less than five hours, and then marched up in order of battle toward the enemy, who waited for them on the moor, confiding in the great superiority of their number. Clavers commanded the horse on the right, and captain Stuart the dragoons on the left. The field pieces were carried in the centre of the foot guards, while the rest of the officers commanded at the head of their men; and the duke, after the enemy was beaten from the bridge, rode at the head of the army.

Upon the first fire, the rebels' horse turned about and fled upon the right and left; and although the duke ordered his men not to stir out of their ranks to pursue them, yet the army, not regarding his commands, followed the flying rebels, killing between seven and eight hundred, and taking fifteen hundred prisoners.

Sir John Bell, provost of Glasgow, as soon as he saw the rebels fly, rode into the town; whence in a few hours he sent all the bread he could find, together with a hogshead of drink to each troop and company in the army, out of the cellars of such townsmen as were found to be abettors or protectors of the rebels.

The cruelty and presumption of that wicked and perverse generation will appear evident from a single instance. These rebels had set up a very large gallows in the middle of their camp, and prepared a cart full of new ropes at the foot of it, in order to hang up the king's soldiers, whom they already looked upon as vanquished and at mercy; and it happened that the pursuers in the royal army, returning back with their prisoners, chose the place where the gallows stood to guard them at, without offering to hang one of them, which they justly deserved and had so much reason to expect. The pursuers were no sooner returned, and the whole action over, than general Dalziel arrived at the camp from Edinburgh, with a commission renewed to be commander in chief, which he received that very morning by an express. This commander, having learned how the duke had conducted the war, told him publicly and with great plainness that he had betrayed the king; that he heartily wished his commission had come a day sooner; "for then," said he, "these rogues should never have troubled his majesty or the kingdom any more."

Thus the duke was at the same time superseded and publicly rebuked before all the army; yet his grace forgot his dignity so far as to sneak among them at the town of Bothwell (where the forces encamped) until the Saturday following: then all the troops marched back to Glasgow, whence in two or three days they were sent to their several quarters; after which the duke of Monmouth passed by Stirling to Fife to visit the duke of Rothes.

The same evening, after the rout on the moor, the prisoners were sent with a strong guard towards Edinburgh. On Saturday morning, when the army was to march to Glasgow, I desired the general's leave to go with twelve dragoons in search of some of the rebels, who might probably pass the Clyde about Dumbarton to shelter themselves in the highlands. With these dragoons clad in grey coats and bonnets, I made haste down the side of the river; and about midnight, after travelling twenty-four miles, I came to a church, and while the soldiers staid to refresh their horses in the churchyard I spied a country fellow going by, and asked him in his own dialect, "Whither gang you this time of night?" He answered, "Wha are ye that speers?" I replied, "We are your ane fo'ke:" upon this the fellow came up, and told me there were eighteen friends with horses at an old castle waiting for a boat to pass over into the isle of Arran. I mounted the man behind one of my dragoons and went towards the place; but the rebels, not finding a boat, were gone off, and the guide dismissed. There was a great dew on the grass, which directed me and my party to follow the track of their horses for three or four miles, till the

dew was gone off: I then inquired of a cowherd on a hill whether he saw any of our "poor fo'ke" travelling that way: he answered that they had separated on that hill, and gone three several ways, six in a party; adding that in one party there was "a braw muckle kerl with a white hat on him, and a great bob of ribands on the cock o't." Whereupon I sent four of my dragoons after one party, four more after another, and myself with the remaining four went in pursuit of him with the white hat. As I went forward I met another cowherd, who told me that the fellow with the hat, and one more, (for as the rogues advanced farther into the west they still divided into smaller parties,) were just gone down the hill to his master's house. The good man of the house, returning from putting the horses to grass in the garden, was going to shut the door; whereupon myself and two of the dragoons commanded him, with our pistols at his breast, to lead us to the room where the man lay who wore a white hat. We entered the room, and before he awaked I took away his arms and commanded him to dress immediately; then, finding his companion asleep in the barn, I forced him likewise to arise, and mounting them both on their own horses, came at nine o'clock in the morning with my two prisoners to the other dragoons at the place where we appointed to meet. Thence we rode straight to Glasgow, and arrived there about eight in the evening, after a journey of fifty miles since we left the army at Bothwell the day before.

This was upon a Sunday; and although we met with many hundreds of people on the road, yet we travelled on to Glasgow without any opposition. I must here inform the reader that, although I had once before taken this very man who wore the white hat, yet I did not know him to be Mas John King already mentioned, until I was told so by the man of the house where I found him. I likewise forgot to mention that King, who knew me well enough, as soon as he was taken in the house, entreated me to show him some favour, because he had married a woman of my name. I answered, "That is true, but first you got her with bairn, and shall therefore now pay for disgracing one of my name."

When we arrived near Glasgow, I sent a dragoon to inform the general that Mas John King was coming to kiss his hand: whereupon his excellency, accompanied with all the noblemen and officers, advanced as far as the bridge to welcome me and my prisoners; where it is very observable that Graham laird of Clavers, who came among the rest, made not the least reproach to Mas John in return of his insolent behaviour when that commander fled from Drumclog. Mas John was sent to Edinburgh next morning under a guard, and hanged soon after. Hence I went to my quarters in Lanark, sixteen miles from Glasgow; and about a month after (I hope the reader will pardon my weakness) I happened to dream that I found one Wilson, a captain among the rebels at Bothwell Bridge, in a bank of wood upon the river Clyde. This accident made so strong an impression on my mind, that as soon as I awoke I took six-and-thirty dragoons and got to the place by break of day; then I caused some of them to alight and go into the wood, and set him up as hounds do a hare, while the rest were ordered to stand sentry to prevent his escape. It seems I dreamt fortunately, for Wilson was actually in the wood, with five more of his company, as we afterwards learned; who all, seeing me and my party advancing, hid themselves in a little island on the river, among the broom that grew upon it. Wilson had not the good fortune to escape; for as he was trying to get out of one copse into another, I met him, and guessing by his good clothes, and by the description I had received of him before, that he was the man I looked for, I seized and brought him to my quarters; and thence immediately conveyed him to Edinburgh, where he was hanged, but might have preserved his life if he would have condescended only to say "God save the king." This he utterly refused to do, and thereby lost not only his life, but likewise an estate worth twenty-nine thousand marks Scots.

For this service the duke of Queensberry, then high commissioner of Scotland, recommended me to the king, who rewarded me with the gift of Wilson's estate; but although the grant passed the seals, and the sheriff put me in possession, yet I could neither sell nor let it; nobody daring, for fear of the rebels who had escaped at Bothwell Bridge, either to purchase or farm it: by which means I never got a penny by the grant; and at the Revolution the land was taken from me and restored to Wilson's heirs.

The winter following, general Dalziel, with a battalion of the earl of Linlithgow's guards, the earl of Airlie's troop of horse, and captain Stuart's troop of dragoons, quartered at Kilmarnock, in the west, fifty miles from Edinburgh. Here the general one day happening to look on while I was exercising the troop of dragoons, asked me, when I had done, whether I knew any one of my men who was skilful in praying well in the style and tone of the covenanters? I immediately thought upon one James Gibb, who had been born in Ireland, and whom I made a dragoon. This man I brought to the general, assuring his excellency that if I had raked hell I could not find his match for his skill in mimicking the covenanters. Whereupon the general gave him £5 to buy him a great coat and a bonnet, and commanded him to find out the rebels, but to be sure to take care of himself among them. The dragoon went eight miles off that very night, and got admittance into the house of a notorious rebel, pretending he came from Ireland out of zeal for the cause to assist at the fight of Bothwell Bridge, and could not find an opportunity since of returning to Ireland with safety; he said he durst not be seen in the day time, and

therefore, after bewitching the family with his gifts of praying, he was conveyed in the dusk of the evening with a guide to the house of the next adjoining rebel: and thus in the same manner from one to another, till in a month's time he got through the principal of them in the west; telling the general at his return that wherever he came he made the old wives, in their devout fits, tear off their biggonets and mutches; he likewise gave the general a list of their names and places of their abodes, and into the bargain brought back a good purse of money in his pocket. The general desired to know how he prayed among them: he answered that it was his custom in his prayers to send the king, the ministers of state, the officers of the army, with all their soldiers, and the episcopal clergy, all broadside to hell; but particularly the general himself. "What," said the general, "did you send me to hell, sir?" "Yea," replied the dragoon, "you at the head of them, as their leader."

And here I do solemnly aver, upon my veracity and knowledge, that bishop Burnet, in the History of his Own Times, has in a most false and scandalous manner misrepresented the action at Bothwell Bridge, and the behaviour of the episcopal clergy in Scotland; for as to the former, I was present in that engagement, which was performed in the manner as I have related; and as to the latter, having travelled through most parts of that kingdom, particularly the north and west, I was well acquainted with them, and will take it to my death that the reverse of this character which Burnet gives of both is the truth. And because that author is so unjust to the episcopal clergy, and so partial to the covenanters and their teachers, I do affirm that I have known several among the latter sort guilty of those very vices wherewith this bishop brands the episcopal clergy. Among many others I will produce one instance, rather to divert the reader, than from any inclination to obloquy. One of those eight fanatic teachers who were permitted at the Restoration to keep their livings, came to sir John Carmichael's house, within a mile of Lanark, where I was then upon a visit to sir John. We drank hard till it was late, and all the company retired except sir John and myself. The teacher would needs give us prayers, but fell asleep before he had half done; whereupon sir John and I, setting a bottle and a glass at his nose, left him upon his knees. The poor man sneaked off early the next morning, being in all appearance ashamed of his hypocrisy.

To return from this digression. The general sent out several parties, and me with a party among the rest, where during the winter and the following spring I secured many of those whose names and abodes the canting dragoon had given a list of.

In July following, the general, by order of council, commanded me to go with a detachment of thirty horse and fifty dragoons in pursuit of about 150 rebels, who had escaped at Bothwell Bridge, and ever since kept together in a body up and down in Galloway. I followed them for five or six days from one place to another, after which, on the 22nd of July, they staid for me at Airs-moss, situate in the shire of Ayr, near the town of Cumnock.[1] The moss is four miles long from east to west, and two broad. The rebels drew up at the east end, and consisted of 30 horse and 120 foot. I faced them upon a rising ground with my 30 horse and 50 dragoons. The reason why the rebels chose this place to fight on, rather than a plain field, was for fear their horse might desert the foot, as they did on Hamilton moor, near Bothwell Bridge; and likewise that, in case they lost the day, they might save themselves by retreating into the moss.

I placed myself on the left, as judging that the best officer the rebels had would command on the right. The action began about five in the afternoon, but lasted not long; for I ordered my men first to receive the enemy's fire, then to ride down the hill upon them and use their broadswords; they did so, and, before the enemy had time to draw theirs, cut many of them down in an instant; whereupon they wheeled about, and captain Fowler, who commanded the rebels on the right, being then in the rear, advancing up to me, I gave him such a blow over the head with my broadsword as would have cleaved his skull had it not been defended by a steel cap. Fowler, turning about, aimed a blow at me, but I warded it off, and with a back stroke cut the upper part of his head clean off from the nose upward.

By this time the rebels, leaving their horses, fled to the moss; but the royalists, pursuing them, killed about sixty, and took fourteen prisoners. Here Cameron, the famous covenanter, lost his life, and Hackston was taken prisoner, infamous for imbruing his hands in the blood of the archbishop of St Andrews, as I have already mentioned; for which parricide both of his hands were afterwards cut off, and he was hanged at Edinburgh.

But this victory cost me very dear; for being then in the rear, I rode into the moss after the rebels, where I overtook a dozen of them hacking and hewing one of my men, whose horse was bogged; his name was Elliot, a stout soldier, and one of Clavers's troop. He had received several wounds and was at the point of being killed when I came to his relief. I shot one of the rogues dead with my carbine, which obliged the rest to let the poor man and his horse creep out of the hole, but at the same time drew all their fury upon myself; for Elliot made a shift to crawl out of the moss, leading his horse in his hand, but was wholly disabled from assisting his deliverer, and was not regarded by his enemies, who probably thought he was mortally wounded; or indeed rather that they had no time to mind him, for I

[1] It was really Captain Bruce of Earlshall who commanded the King's troops at Airs-moss; though Creichton was no doubt present.

laid about me so fast that they judged it best to keep off and not to venture within my reach, till it unfortunately happened that my horse slipped into the same hole out of which Elliot and his had just got. When they had me at this advantage, they began to show their courage, and manfully dealt their blows with their broadswords, from some of which the carbine that hung down my back defended me a little. As I was paddling in the hole, the horse not able to get out, one of the rebels ran me through the small of the back with his broadsword, and at the same instant two more wounded me under the ribs with their small ones. Then I threw myself over the head of my horse, taking the far pistol out of the holster in my left hand, and holding my broadsword in my right; and as one of the villains was coming hastily up to me, his foot slipped, and before he could recover himself I struck my sword into his skull; but the fellow, being big and heavy, snapped it asunder as he fell, within a span of the hilt. The rebels had me now at a great advantage; one of them made a stroke at me, which I warded off with the hilt of the sword that was left in my hand; but the force with which he struck the blow, and I kept it off, brought us both to the ground. However, I got up before him, clapped my pistol to his side, and shot him dead. As soon as this was done, another came behind me, and with some weapon or other struck me such a blow on the head as laid me flat on my back, in which posture I remained a good while insensible; the rogues, taking it for granted that I was dead, scoured off, fearing that by this time some of my men were returning back from the pursuit.

After some time I a little recovered my senses, and strove to lift myself up, which one of the rogues happening to see at some distance, immediately returned, and said in my hearing, "God, the dog is not dead yet;" then coming up to me took his sword, and, putting its hilt to his breast and guiding it with both his hands, made a thrust at my belly; but my senses were now so far recovered, that I parried the thrust with a piece of the sword which remained still in my hand. The fellow, when he missed his aim, almost fell on his face; for the sword ran up to the hilt in the moss, and as he was recovering himself I gave him a dab in the mouth with my broken sword, which very much hurt him; but he aiming a second thrust, which I had likewise the good fortune to put by, and having as before given him another dab in the mouth, he immediately went off, for fear of the pursuers, whereof many were now returning.

In this distress I made a shift, with much difficulty and pain, to get upon my feet; but my right leg being disabled by the wound I received from the broadsword, I was forced to limp by the help of the carbine, which I made use of as a staff. I had lost my horse, for one of the rogues, when I had quitted him in the hole, led him away through the moss. I recovered him about a year after, from the man to whom the rebel had sold him: and the said rebel, when he was at the gallows, confessed himself to be the same man who took away the horse at Airs-moss.

There was a Lancashire gentleman, one Mr Parker, who came a volunteer to Airs-moss, with intent, as he expressed himself, to see the sport. This gentleman, riding on my right hand at the time when we received the enemy's fire in the beginning of the action, was shot with a blunderbuss under the left shoulder; the wound was so large that a man might thrust his fist into it; yet when I desired him to fall back and take care of his wound, he answered me that he would first have his pennyworth out of the rogues, and accordingly followed us on horseback into the moss as far as the horse could go without bogging. But by that time his wound so grievously pained him, with some other cuts he got in the pursuit, that he was forced to alight and sit on a dry spot of ground which he found in the moss, whence he saw all that happened to me without being able to come to my assistance, any more than Elliot, who, having gotten to a rising ground, saw likewise all that had passed. However, Mr Parker, as I came limping toward him, could not forbear laughing, and said, "What, a plague, have you got your bones well paid too?" Then both of us made a shift to get up to Elliot on the rising ground.

The trumpeter, being by this time returned with some others from the pursuit, was ordered to sound a call, which brought all the rest back, with the fourteen prisoners, and Hackston among the rest, who was that day commander in chief among the rebels. Of the king's party but two were killed, Mr Andrew Kerr, a gentleman of Clavers's own troop, and one M'Kabe, a dragoon in captain Stuart's troop, where I was lieutenant. The wounded were about eight or nine, beside Parker and Elliot. Elliot died the next day: he, Kerr, and M'Kabe, were honourably buried by Mr Brown, a gentleman who lived hard by, to whose house their bodies were carried after the fight at the moss. An English lady living about eight miles off took care of Mr. Parker, but he died at her house a year after, of his wounds, very much lamented on account of his loyalty and valour.

When the fight was over, night coming on, I ordered all my men, except twelve dragoons whom I kept to attend myself, to march with the prisoners and those who were wounded to Douglas, fourteen miles off, and to carry along with them Cameron's head. In the mean time I and my party of dragoons went that night sixteen long miles to Lanark, where the general and all the foot quartered; as well to acquaint him with what had been done, as to have my own wounds taken care of. I sent one of my dragoons before me with my message; whereupon the general himself, although it were after midnight, accompanied with the earls of Linlithgow, Mar, Ross, Hume, and the lord Dal-

housie, came out to meet me at the gate: Dalhousie forced me to lodge in his own chamber, to which I was accordingly carried by two of my dragoons. After my wounds had been dressed in the presence of this noble company, who stood round about me, being very thirsty through the loss of blood, I drank the king's health and the company's in a large glass of wine and water, and then was laid in Dalhousie's own bed.

Next day the general, leaving Lanark with the forces under his command, ordered a troop of horse and another of dragoons to attend me, till I should be able to travel up to Edinburgh for the better conveniency of physicians and surgeons. My wounds did not confine me to my bed, and in a month's time I went to Edinburgh on horseback by easy stages, where I continued till Candlemas following, lingering of the wound I had received by the broadsword. My surgeon was the son of the same Dr Irvin who first got me into the guards; but having unfortunately neglected to tie a string to the tent of green cloth which he used for the wound, the tent slipped into my body, where it lay under my navel seven months and five days, and exceedingly pained me, not suffering me to sleep otherwise than by taking soporiferous pills. When the tent was first missing, neither the surgeon nor anybody else ever imagined that it was lodged in my body, but supposed it to have slipped out of the wound while I slept, and [been] carried away by some rat or other vermin; the tent lying thus in my body made it impossible that the wound could heal: wherefore, after lingering seven months, by the advice of a gentlewoman in the neighbourhood I got leave to go for Ireland with my surgeon, and there try whether my native air would contribute anything to my cure.

However insignificant this relation may be to the generality of readers, yet I cannot omit a lucky accident to which I owe my cure. While I continued at Edinburgh I ordered some pipes of lead to be made in a mould, through which the thin corruption which continually issued out of the wound, caused by the tent remaining in my body, might be conveyed as through a faucet. These pipes I cut shorter by degrees, in proportion as I imagined the wound was healing at the bottom; till at last, by mistaking the true cause, the tent continuing still where it did, the pipes became too short for the use intended; wherefore, when I was in Ireland, I made a coarse pipe myself, which was long enough: this pipe, after the wound was washed with brandy, always remained in my body till the next dressing; but being made without art, and somewhat jagged at the end, it happened one morning, when the pipe was drawn out as usual in order to have the wound washed, the tent followed, to the great surprise of my father, who at that time was going to dress the wound, my surgeon being then at Castle Irvin, where I had left him with his brother Dr Irvin, at sir Gerard Irvin's house; the same gentleman who was delivered out of Derry gaol by my father, as I have related in the beginning of these memoirs.

The night before the tent was drawn out of my body, having not slept a wink, I thought myself in the morning somewhat feverish, and therefore desired my father to send for Dr Lindsey, to let me blood. In the mean time, slumbering a little, I dreamed that the covenanters were coming to cut my throat; under this apprehension I awaked, and found my neighbour captain Saunderson in my chamber, who was come to visit me. I then called for my father to dress my wound, when the tent followed the pipe as I have already said, to my great joy, for then I knew I should soon be well. I therefore ordered my horse to be got ready, and rode out with captain Saunderson and my father to meet Dr Lindsey, who hearing the joyful news carried us to a gentleman's house, where we drank very heartily: then I returned home and slept almost four-and-twenty hours. Two days after, Dr Irvin, and his brother the surgeon, came to my father's house; where the doctor, being informed in the circumstances of my cure, severely chid his brother for his neglect, swearing he had a mind to shoot him, and that if I had died my blood would have been charged on his head. He then ordered me a remedy which would heal up the wound in twenty days. This fell out in the beginning of May; at which time, taking leave of my father and other friends in Ireland, I returned to Edinburgh, where before the end of that month my wound was perfectly healed up; but I was never after so able to bear fatigues as I had hitherto been.

The duke of York was arrived at Edinburgh the Michaelmas before, where the general, from the time he left Lanark in July, continued with the guards; the rest of the forces quartered up and down in other places. The general, after my arrival, coming every day to see me in his way as he went to the duke's court, did me the honour to mention me and my services to his royal highness, who was desirous to see me; I was admitted to kiss his hand, and ordered to sit down, in regard to my honourable wounds, which would not suffer me to stand without great pain. I cannot conceal this mark of favour and distinction shown me by a great prince, although I am very sensible it will be imputed to vanity. I must remember likewise that upon my return to Edinburgh, happening to overtake the general in the street, and gently touching him, his excellency, turning in a great surprise, cried out, "O God! man, are you living?" I answered that I was, and hoped to do the king and his excellency farther service.

After I had continued a month with my friends in Edinburgh, who all congratulated with me upon my recovery, I repaired to the troop at Lanark, where I often ranged with a party through the west to find out the straggling remains of the covenanting rebels; but for some time without success, till a week before Christ-

mas, after the duke of York succeeded to the crown, and a year and a half after I was cured. Having drunk hard one night, I dreamed that I had found captain David Steele, a notorious rebel, in one of the five farmers' houses on a mountain in the shire of Clydesdale and parish of Lesmahagow, within eight miles of Hamilton, a place that I was well acquainted with. This man was head of the rebels since the affair of Airs-moss, having succeeded to Hackston, who had been there taken and afterward hanged, as the reader has already heard; for as to Robert Hamilton, who was their commander in chief at Bothwell Bridge, he appeared no more among them, but fled, as it was believed, to Holland.

Steele, and his father before him, held a farm in the estate of Hamilton, within two or three miles of that town. When he betook himself to arms, the farm lay waste, and the duke could find no other person who would venture to take it; whereupon his grace sent several messages to Steele to know the reason why he kept the farm waste. The duke received no other answer than that he would keep it waste in spite of him and the king too; whereupon his grace, at whose table I had always the honour to be a welcome guest, desired I would use my endeavours to destroy that rogue, and I would oblige him for ever.

I must here take leave to inform the reader, that the duke of Hamilton's friendship for me was founded upon the many services he knew I had done the public, as well as upon the relation I bore to sir Gerard Irvin, the person whom of all the world his grace most loved and esteemed, ever since the time they had served in arms together for the king in the Highlands, with my lord Glencairn and sir Arthur Forbes (father to the present earl of Granard), after the king's defeat at Worcester, during the time of the usurpation.

To return therefore to my story: when I awaked out of my dream, as I had done before in the affair of Wilson (and I desire the same apology I made in the Introduction to these Memoirs may serve for both), I presently rose, and ordered thirty-six dragoons to be at the place appointed by break of day. When we arrived there, I sent a party to each of the five farmers' houses. This villain Steele had murdered above forty of the king's subjects in cold blood, and, as I was informed, had often laid snares to entrap me; but it happened that, although he usually kept a gang to attend him, yet at this time he had none, when he stood in the greatest need. One of my party found him in one of the farmers' houses, just as I happened to dream. The dragoons first searched all the rooms below without success, till two of them, hearing somebody stirring over their heads, went up a pair of turnpike stairs. Steele had put on his clothes while the search was making below; the chamber where he lay was called the chamber of deese,[1] which is the name given to a room where the laird lies when he comes to a tenant's house. Steele, suddenly opening the door, fired a blunderbuss down at the two dragoons as they were coming up the stairs; but the bullets, grazing against the side of the turnpike, only wounded and did not kill them. Then Steele violently threw himself down the stairs among them, and made towards the door to save his life, but lost it upon the spot; for the dragoons who guarded the house despatched him with their broadswords. I was not with the party when he was killed, being at that time employed in searching at one of the other four houses, but I soon found what had happened by hearing the noise of the shot made with the blunderbuss; hence I returned straight to Lanark, and immediately sent one of the dragoons express to general Drummond at Edinburgh.

General Dalziel died about Michaelmas this year, and was succeeded by lieutenant general Drummond, who was likewise my very good friend. But I cannot here let pass the death of so brave and loyal a commander as general Dalziel, without giving the reader some account of him, as far as my knowledge or inquiry could reach.

Thomas Dalziel, among many other officers, was taken prisoner at the unfortunate defeat at Worcester, and sent to the Tower; whence, I know not by what means, he made his escape and went to Muscovy; where the czar then reigning made him his general: but some time after the Restoration of the royal family he gave up his commission, and repairing to king Charles II., was, in consideration of his eminent services, constituted commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Scotland; in which post he continued till his death, excepting only one fortnight, when he was superseded by the duke of Monmouth some days before the action at Bothwell Bridge, as I have already related. He was bred up very hardy from his youth, both in diet and clothing. He never wore boots, nor above one coat, which was close to his body, with close sleeves like those we call jockey coats. He never wore a peruke, nor did he shave his beard since the murder of king Charles I. In my time his head was bald, which he covered only with a beaver hat, the brim of which was not above three inches broad. His beard was white and bushy, and yet reached down almost to his girdle. He usually went to London once or twice in a year, and then only to kiss the king's hand, who had a great esteem for his worth and valour. His unusual dress and figure, when he was in London, never failed to draw after him a great crowd of boys and other young people, who constantly attended at his lodgings, and followed him with huzzas as he went to court or returned from it. As he was a man of humour, he would always thank them for their civilities when he left them at the door to go in to the king, and would let them know exactly at what hour he intended to come out again and return to his lodgings. When the king walked in the Park, attended by some of his courtiers, and

[1] Or chamber of state; so called from the *dais*, or canopy and elevation of the floor, at that part of old halls which was occupied by persons of rank.

Dalziel in his company, the same crowds would always be after him, showing their admiration at his beard and dress, so that the king could hardly pass on for the crowd; upon which his majesty bid the devil take Dalziel for bringing such a rabble of boys together to have their guts squeezed out while they gaped at his long beard and antique habit; requesting him at the same time (as Dalziel used to express it) to shave and dress like other Christians, to keep the poor bairns out of danger. All this could never prevail on him to part with his beard, but yet, in compliance to his majesty, he went once to court in the very height of the fashion: but as soon as the king and those about him had laughed sufficiently at the strange figure he made, he re-assumed his usual habit, to the great joy of the boys, who had not discovered him in the fashionable dress.

When the duke of York succeeded to the crown, general Dalziel was resolved still to retain his loyalty, although at the same time he often told his friends that all things were going wrong at court; but death came very seasonably to rescue him from the difficulties he was likely to be under, between the notions he had of duty to his prince on one side, and true zeal for his religion on the other.

I must now resume a little my discourse upon captain Steele. Some time before the action in which he was killed, general Drummond, who was then newly made commander in chief, sent for me in haste to attend him in Edinburgh. My way lay through a very strong pass, hard by Airs-moss and within a mile of Cumnock: as I was going through Cumnock, a friend there told me that Steele, with a party, waited for me at the pass. I had with me only one dragoon and a drummer: I ordered the latter to gallop on straight to the pass, and when he had got thither to beat a dragoon march, while I with the dragoon should ride along the by-path on the edge of the moss. When Steele and his men heard the drum, they scoured across the by-path into the moss, apprehending that a strong party was coming in search of them: but either I or the dragoon (I forget which) shot one of the rebels dead, as he crossed us to get into the moss. To put an end to this business of Steele: When the dragoon whom I sent express had delivered his message to general Drummond, he was just setting out for his country house at Dumblane; but [he] returned to his lodgings and wrote me a letter that he would send for me up after the holidays, and recommend me to the government to reward me for my services. He faithfully kept his word, but I received nothing more than promises.

Steele was buried in the churchyard of Lesmahagow by some of his friends; who, after the Revolution, erected a fair monument on pillars over his grave, and caused an epitaph to be engraved on the stone in words to this effect:—

"Here lieth the body of captain David Steele, a saint, who was murdered by John Creichton" [*with the date underneath*].

Some of my friends burlesqued this epitaph in the following manner:—

Here lies the body of saint Steele,
Murdered by John Creichton, that de'el.

Duke Hamilton, in queen Anne's time, informed me of this honour done to that infamous rebel: and when I had said to his grace that I wished he had ordered his footman to demoljsh the monument, the duke answered he would not have done so for £500, because it would be an honour to me as long as it lasted.

The last summer, about the end of May if I remember right (and I desire to be excused for not always relating things in the order when they happened), the marquis of Argyle, after having escaped out of the castle of Edinburgh into Holland, returned to invade Scotland, to support the duke of Monmouth's pretensions to the crown, as was generally believed. He landed in his own country in the highlands, with a party of Dutch and some Scottish gentlemen who had fled for treason; among whom sir John Cochrane was of the greatest note: whereupon the government ordered the marquis of Atholl and Mr Owen Cameron, laird of Lochiel, to raise their clans and march with their party against Argyle. They did so, and in the evening pitched their camp close by him. Here in the night Cameron, patrolling with a party, met another, of his own men; and taking them for enemies, because they had lost the word in their cups, killed eight or nine, among whom two or three happened to be persons of note. The friends of those who were killed resolving if possible to have him hanged, he was obliged to ride post to the king. He went to his majesty in the dress in which he had travelled, and the king, being already informed how the accident happened, instead of suffering him to tell his story, commanded him to draw his broadsword, intending to knight him therewith: but Cameron could not draw it because the scabbard had got wet on the way. The king, observing the confusion he was in, said he knew the reason that kept the sword in the sheath: adding that he never failed to draw it in the service of his father, his brother, and himself: whereupon he was knighted with another sword, with the title of sir Owen Cameron. He returned to Edinburgh, and thence went as a volunteer to serve in the standing army, which was then moving toward the coast of Galloway, to prevent Argyle from landing. For upon the opposition he found from the marquis of Atholl and his men, with their assistance in the highlands, he shipped his forces and sailed round to the west, hoping to land there. But the army, moving along the coast always in sight of him, compelled him to return the way he came, until he landed in his own country again. Thence, after gathering what supplies of men he could, he marched and encamped in the evening within two or three miles of Glasgow. But the king's army, having sent out scouts to discover what way he took, encamped over against him the

same evening on an eminence; there being a bog between both armies.

The king's forces consisted of the earl of Linlithgow's regiment of foot guards, the earl of Mar's of foot, Clavers's of horse, Dunmore's of dragoons, Buchan's of foot, and Livingstone's of horse guards, with some gentlemen of quality, volunteers; among whom the earl of Dumbarton was of the greatest note.

Here the two armies lay in sight of each other; but before morning Argyle was gone, his Highlanders having deserted him; and then the king's army went to refresh themselves at Glasgow, waiting till it could be known which way Argyle had fled. It was soon understood that he had crossed the Clyde at Kilpatrick; and that sir John Cochrane lay with a party in a stone-dyke park about ten miles off. The lord Ross was therefore despatched with a party of horse, and captain Cleland, who was now my captain (my friend Stuart being dead), with another of dragoons, to find them out. When they came up to the park where sir John Cochrane lay with his Dutch, they fired at one another, and some of the king's soldiers fell, among whom captain Cleland was one: whereupon the troop was given to sir Adam Blair (who was likewise wounded in that rash engagement), although, upon duke Hamilton's application to the king, I had been promised to succeed Cleland. But sir Adam and secretary Melfort being brothers-in-law, that interest prevailed.

I must desire the reader's pardon for so frequently interspersing my own private affairs with those of the public; but what I chiefly proposed was to write my own memoirs, and not a history of the times farther than I was concerned in them.

Night coming on, the king's party withdrew, leaving sir John Cochrane in the park; who, notwithstanding this little success, desired his followers to shift for themselves, and left them before morning. Argyle next evening was found alone, a mile above Greenock, at the water side, endeavouring to get into a little boat, and grappling with the owner thereof, a poor weaver. It seems he wanted presence of mind to engage the man with a piece of money to set him on the other side. In the mean time sir John Shaw, riding with some gentlemen to Greenock, and seeing the struggle, seized the earl and carried him to Glasgow; whence he was sent with a strong guard to Edinburgh, and some time after beheaded.

The next day the army marched towards the borders against the duke of Monmouth; but an express arriving of his defeat, the troops were commanded to repair to their several quarters.

I shall here occasionally relate an unfortunate accident which happened this summer in Scotland.

M'Donnel laird of Cappagh,[1] in the Highlands, within eight miles of Inverlochy, was unjustly possessed, as most men believed, for many years of an estate which in right belonged to the laird of Mackintosh. Both these gentlemen were well affected to the king. The laird of Cappagh, after sowing time was over, had gone that summer, as it was his custom, to make merry with his clans on the mountains, till the time of harvest should call him home. But in his absence Mackintosh and his clans, assisted with a party of the army, by order of the government, possessed himself of Cappagh's estate: whereupon M'Donnel and his clans, returning from the mountains, set upon the enemy, killed several gentlemen among them, and took Mackintosh himself prisoner. M'Donnel had given strict orders to his men not to kill any of the army; but captain M'Kenzie, who commanded on the other side, making a shot at one of M'Donnel's men who was pursuing his adversary, the man, discharging his pistol at the captain, shot him in the knee; who, after having been carried fifty miles to Inverness, to a surgeon, died of his wound.

Soon after, the government ordered me to detach 60 dragoons, with a lieutenant, cornet, and standard, and to march with captain Streighton and 200 of the foot-guards against the M'Donnels; to destroy man, woman, and child pertaining to the laird of Cappagh, and to burn his houses and corn.[1] Upon the approach of our party, M'Donnel laird of Cappagh, dismissing his prisoners, retired farther into the mountains: whereupon we who were sent against him continued to destroy all the houses and corn, from the time of Lammas to the 10th of September; and then we advanced towards the borders to join the Scotch army, which at that time was marching towards England, against the prince of Orange, who then intended an invasion. We arrived there the first of October, after a march of 200 miles.

General Drummond being then dead, James Douglas, brother to the duke of Queensberry, succeeded him as commander in chief; and Graham laird of Clavers (about this time created lord Dundee) was major general. On the first of October the army passed the Tweed, and drew up on the banks, on the English side; where the general gave a strict charge to the officers that they should keep their men from offering the least injury in their march, adding that, if he heard any of the English complain, the officers should answer for the faults of their men; and so they arrived at Carlisle that night.

Next day general Douglas, by order from the king, marched the foot by Chester towards London; and Dundee the horse by York, at which city he arrived in four or five days. The army did not reach London till about the 25th of October, being ordered, by the contrivance of Douglas the general, to march slow, on purpose

[1] Macdonald of Keppoch.

[1] This execution seems to have taken place in virtue of an order from the Council, which passed under the royal seal, and bore the formidable and appropriate title of *Letters of fire and sword.*

that the prince of Orange might land before the king's forces should grow strong enough to oppose him.

The Scotch army at this time consisted of four regiments of foot, one of horse, one of dragoons, one troop of horse guards; and it was computed that the earl of Feversham, who was then general of all the king's forces, had under his command, of English, Scotch, and Irish, an army of near 30,000 men. Soon after the prince's landing, the king went to Salisbury with a guard of 200 horse, commanded by the old earl of Airlie, two days before the body of the army came up to him. The earl of Airlie, when he was lord Ogleby, had attended the great marquis of Montrose in all his actions for king Charles I. and II. But, at this time being old, it was reported that he was dead before the Scotch forces went into England to oppose the prince of Orange; whereupon the king, believing the report, had given his troop in Dundee's regiment to the earl of Annandale. But the earl, having overtaken the army at Cambridge in their march, went on to London, and there presenting himself before the king, his majesty was so just and gracious that he immediately restored his lordship to the troop, ordering him at the same time to command those two hundred men who attended him down to Salisbury.

When all the forces were arrived at Salisbury, the earl of Dunmore, with his regiment of dragoons (wherein I served), was ordered to pass three miles below the city, where I commanded the guard that night.

The same morning that the army arrived, the great men about the king, as the lord Churchill, &c., to the number of thirty, advised his majesty to take the air on horseback, intending, as the earl of Dunmore was informed, to give up their master to the prince; but the king, probably suspecting their design, returned in haste to the city. Next night, at a council of war called to consult what was fittest to be done in the present juncture of affairs, the very same great men swore to stand by his majesty with their lives and fortunes; and as soon as he was gone to rest, mounting on horseback, they all went over to the prince, except the earl of Feversham, Dumbarton, and a very few more: for the earl of Dumbarton, going to his majesty for orders at four of the clock in the morning, found they were all departed.

Those few who staid with the king advised his majesty to return immediately to London; and the lord Dundee was ordered to bring up the Scotch horse and dragoons, with the duke of Berwick's regiment of horse, to Reading, where he joined Dumbarton with his forces, and continued there nine or ten days. There were in all about ten thousand strong. General Douglas, with his regiment of foot guards, passing by Reading, lay at Maidenhead; whence one of his battalions revolted to the prince, under the conduct only of a corporal, whose name was Kemp. However, Douglas assured the king that this defection happened against his will; and yet, when the officers were ready to fire upon the deserters, his compassion was such that he would not permit them.

After this, the earl of Dumbarton and the lord Dundee, with all the officers who adhered to the king, were ordered to meet his majesty at Uxbridge, where he designed to fight the prince; the earl of Feversham got thither before the king and the army arrived. When the forces drew together, every party sent an officer to the earl of Feversham to receive his commands. I attended his lordship for my lord Dundee, and was ordered with the rest to wait till the king came to dinner, his majesty being expected within half an hour; but it fell out otherwise; for the earl, to his great surprise, received a letter from the king, signifying that his majesty was gone off and had no farther service for the army. When I carried this news to my lord Dundee, neither his lordship nor the lords Linlithgow and Dunmore could forbear falling into tears: after which, being at a loss what course to take, I said to my lord Dundee that, as he had brought us out of Scotland, he should convey us thither back again in a body; adding that the forces might lie that night at Watford, six miles off: my advice was followed, and I went before to get billets where to quarter the men. My lord Dundee ordered all to be ready at sound of trumpet, and to unbridle their horses no longer than while they were eating their oats. The townsmen contrived to give out a report before day that the prince of Orange was approaching, hoping to affright us away with a false alarm; whereupon we marched out, but at the same time drew up in a strong enclosure at the town's end, resolving to fight the prince if he should advance towards us. My lord Dundee despatched me immediately to discover whether the report of the prince's approach were true; but I only met a messenger with a letter from his highness to my lord Dundee, which I received and delivered to his lordship. The contents of it, as far as I am able to recollect, were as follow:—

"My Lord Dundee,—

"I understand you are now at Watford, and that you keep your men together; I desire you may stay there till farther orders; and upon my honour none in my army shall touch you.

"W. H. Prince of Orange."

Upon the receipt of this letter, our forces returned into the town, set up their horses, and refreshed themselves. About three in the afternoon there came intelligence that the king would be at Whitehall that night, having returned from Feversham, whither he had fled in disguise, and was ill treated by the rabble before they discovered him. Upon this incident the lords Dundee,[1] Dunmore, Linlithgow, and my-

1 He advised the king to three things; one was, to fight the prince; another, to go to him in person and demand his business; and the third, to make his way into Scotland. James had once resolved to pursue the last course; but the resolution was discarded, like many others arrived at in his extreme perplexity.

self, who desired leave to go with my colonel, took horse, and, arriving at Whitehall a little after the king, had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand.

The next morning, the earl of Feversham was sent by the king with some proposals to the prince of Orange, who was then at Windsor; where his lordship was put in arrest by the prince's command, who sent the marquis of Halifax, the earl of Shrewsbury, and the lord Delamere (if I rightly remember), to the king, with his highness's order that his majesty should remove from Whitehall next day before twelve o'clock. This order was given about one in the morning; at the same time a barge was brought to Whitehall, and a Dutch guard set about the king without his knowledge, but with directions to see him safe if he had a mind to go on board any ship in order to his escape. A ship, it seems, was likewise prepared, and his majesty, attended by the lords Dunmore, Arran, and Middleton, went on board; and then the three lords returned to London. The prince arrived at St James's about two hours after his majesty's departure; and the earl of Arran went, among the rest, to attend his highness, to whom being introduced, he told the prince that the king his master had commanded him upon his departure to wait upon his highness and receive his commands. The prince replied he was glad to see him, and had an esteem for him and all men of honour. Then turning aside to some other persons who were making their court, Dr Burnet, soon after made bishop of Salisbury, who had been the earl of Arran's governor, coming up to his lordship, cried "Ay, my lord Arran, you are now come in, and think to make a merit when the work is done." To this insult the earl, in the hearing of many, replied only, "Come, doctor, we ken ane another weel enough." And the earl's own father told the prince that, if this young fellow were not secured, he would perhaps give his highness some trouble. Whereupon this noble young lord was sent to the Tower, where he continued about a year, and then returned to Scotland; and soon after the young lord Forbes, now earl of Granard, was likewise imprisoned in the same place. King William had made several advances to his lordship, as he did to many other persons of quality, to engage him in his service; and sending for him one day, asked him why he did not take care of his regiment. My lord Forbes, not being provided on a sudden with a better answer, told the king that, having been born in Ireland, he had not credit enough, he believed, to raise men to fill up the places of the Papists in his regiment. King William thereupon said he would take that charge upon himself. Lord Forbes, having now recollected himself, said he had likewise another reason why he found it necessary to decline his service, but was unwilling to mention it, not having the least intention to disoblige his highness. The prince desired that he might do it freely, and it should not disoblige him; whereupon my lord said that, having sworn to retain his loyalty to king James, he could not in honour and conscience, without his master's permission, enter into the service of another prince during his majesty's life. Whereupon king William soon after thought it proper to send him to the Tower, but however was so generous as in the time of his confinement to send one of the clerks of the treasury with an order to pay him £200, as very reasonably thinking that, under the loss of his regiment, as well as his rents in Ireland, he might want money to support himself. My lord Forbes, having asked the clerk by whose direction he brought that sum, and the other answering that he was only ordered to pay the money to his lordship and to take his receipt, conjectured this present to have proceeded from king William; and therefore desired the clerk to present his most humble respects and thanks to his highness, and to let him know that, as he had never done him any service, he could not in honour receive any marks of his bounty.

Upon this subject I must add one more particular; that when my lord Forbes arrived with his regiment out of Ireland, and attended on king James, he advised his majesty to fight the prince upon the first opportunity after his landing, before his party should grow strong; but those about the king, who had already engaged in the other interest, would not suffer that advice to be followed.

I now return to my lord Dundee and my lord Dunmore. Their lordships acted no longer as colonels when they understood that the prince intended to place himself on the throne during his majesty's life; but the first, with the twenty-four troopers who followed him up from Watford, left London and repaired with the utmost expedition to his own castle; and the second some time after to Edinburgh, lying both quiet until the convention of the states of Scotland was called.

After their lordships were gone to Scotland, I went to Watford, where my lord Kilsyth, as lieutenant colonel, commanded the lord Dunmore's regiment of dragoons; the rest of the army which had been there being gone to other places. The major general M'Coy [M'Kay] ordered the lord Kilsyth to march the regiment from place to place, until they should come to Congerton, a town in Cheshire. Here they quartered when the prince and princess of Orange were proclaimed king and queen of England, &c., by the sheriff and three or four bailiffs. It happened to be a very stormy day; and when the sheriff had done his office, a crackbrained fellow at the head of a great rabble proclaimed the duke of Monmouth king, to the great diversion of the regiment, not believing he had been beheaded.

When my lord Dunmore refused to serve the prince of Orange, sir Thomas Livingstone, of my lord Kilsyth's family, got the regiment. This gentleman was born in Holland, and often used to raise recruits in Scotland, upon which account he was well known to the regiment.

He came down post to Congerton, and at supper told the officers that he was sent to know which of them would serve king William, and which would not. Now, the oath of allegiance to that prince having not been offered to that regiment, one of the company answered that we, having sworn allegiance to king James, could not in conscience and honour draw our swords against him; whereupon sir Thomas, drinking a health to king James upon his knees, answered that he wished he might be damned whenever he should command them to break that oath. And in order to ingratiate himself farther with the regiment, added that he would return to London next day for a command to march them straight to Scotland, where their wives and friends were; and likewise to procure a captain's commission for me, since sir Adam Blair, who commanded the troop in which I was lieutenant, had refused to serve king William; both which he accordingly obtained.

When he returned from London, he marched with the regiment directly through Berwick into Scotland, and as they passed by Edinburgh (the castle whereof was kept for king James by the duke of Gordon), sir Thomas and my lord Kilsyth went into the town to receive duke Hamilton's commands, who was then high commissioner; and some other officers went in at the same time to see their wives and friends.

The duke asked sir Thomas where I was, and being informed that I was gone to Stirling, desired I might be sent for. Upon my attending his grace, he was pleased to say that he had been always my friend, and that he now had it in his power to provide for me if I would be true to my trust (for he supposed I had taken the oath to king William); and upon my answer that I would be true to what I had sworn, the duke replied it was very well.

Upon this occasion, and before I proceed farther, I think it will be proper to make some apology for my future conduct, because I am conscious that many people who are in another interest may be apt to think and speak hardly of me; but I desire they would please to consider that the revolution was then an event altogether new, and had put many men much wiser than myself at a loss how to proceed. I had taken the oath of allegiance to king James, and, having been bred up in the strictest principles of loyalty, could not force my conscience to dispense with that oath during his majesty's life. All those persons of quality in Scotland to whom I had been most obliged, and on whom I chiefly depended, did still adhere to that prince. Those people whom from my youth I had been taught to abhor, whom by the commands of my superiors I had constantly treated as rebels, and who consequently conceived an irreconcilable animosity against me, were upon this great change the highest in favour and employments. And lastly, the established religion in Scotland, which was episcopal, under which I had been educated, and to which I had always borne the highest veneration, was now utterly destroyed in that kingdom (although preserved in the other two), and the Presbyterian Kirk, which had ever been my greatest aversion, exalted in its stead.

Upon all these considerations, I hope every candid reader will be so just to believe that, supposing me in an error, I acted at least sincerely and according to the dictates of my conscience, and, as it is manifest, without any worldly view; for I had then considerable offers made me, and in probability should have been greatly advanced, if I could have persuaded myself to accept them.

Having said thus much to excuse my conduct from that time forward, I shall now proceed to relate facts and passages just as they happened, and avoid as much as possible giving any offence.

My lord Dunmore being then at Edinburgh, I thought it my duty to pay my respects to his lordship, who had been also my colonel. He was pleased to invite me to dine with him that day at a tavern, where he said lieutenant general Douglas (who had left England a little before on some pretence or other), the lord Kilsyth, and captain Murray (all "his ain lads," as his lordship expressed himself), were to meet him. I objected against Douglas that he was not to be trusted. This was the same man who afterwards was lieutenant general of king William's army in Ireland against king James, and whose name will never be forgot in that kingdom on account of his many ravages and barbarities committed there: but his lordship answered that he would pawn his life for his honesty, because my lord Dundee had assured him that the lieutenant general had given him his faith and honour to be with him in five days, if he marched to the hills to declare for king James. Whereupon I submitted my scruples to my colonel's judgment, and accordingly we all met together at the tavern.

Dinner was no sooner done, than we heard the news that king James was landed in Ireland; then Douglas, taking a beer-glass and looking round him, said, "Gentlemen, we have all eat his bread, and here is his health," which he drank off on his knees, and all the company did the same: then filling another bumper, he drank damnation to all who would ever draw a sword against him.

I then returned to Stirling, and soon after the states of Scotland met. To this convention my lord Dundee went incognito, lest the rabble, who had threatened his person, should assault him in the streets. He made a speech to the house to the following purpose: that he came thither as a peer of the realm to serve his majesty, and that, if the king had no service for him, he hoped that honourable assembly would protect him, as a peaceable subject, from the rage of his enemies.

Upon receiving an answer from the states that they could not possibly do it, he slipped out of the house and privately withdrew from the town, followed by the twenty-four troopers who had attended him thither; and as he rode by

the castle, seeing the duke of Gordon, who commanded it, walking on the walls, he charged his grace to keep the place for king James till he should hear farther from him, who was then going, he said, to appear in the field for his majesty.

His lordship had no sooner left the town, than one major Bunting with a party, by order from the convention, followed with directions to seize him; whereupon my lord Dundee, commanding his attendants to march on gently, stopped to speak with the major, and understanding his errand advised him to return, or he would send him back to his masters in a pair of blankets, as he expressed himself. The major (who perhaps was no enemy to his lordship) returned accordingly, and my lord arrived at his castle, where he staid only that night, for in the morning, taking £4000 with him, he went into the Highlands to sir Owen Cameron, where he was soon joined by the laird of Cappagh, who some time before had been driven out of his estate by order of king James (as I have already related), and by many other gentlemen of quality.

Major general M'Coy, coming to Edinburgh at this juncture, was ordered to march the forces which he brought with him against my lord Dundee. These forces consisted of three or four regiments of foot and one of horse, besides sir Thomas Livingstone's of dragoons. They stopped in their march a night or two at Dundee. The first night I got privately into the castle (as it had been agreed between my lord Kilsyth and me), and there assured my lady Dundee that the regiment of dragoons in which I served should be at her lord's service whenever he pleased to command; whereof her ladyship gave notice next day to her husband, who sent me a note by a ragged Highlander, which I received as we were on our march from the town of Dundee towards the Highlands. The contents of my lord's note were, that he had written to the king to send him 2000 foot and 1000 horse out of Ireland; and that as soon as those forces were arrived he would expect me with a regiment of dragoons.

When major general M'Coy came within sight of my lord Dundee, night coming on obliged him to halt, which gave opportunity to his lordship to retreat in the morning; but M'Coy followed him all day; whereupon facing about, my lord advanced towards him, which caused the major general to retreat in his turn. Thus we spent about three weeks, sometimes pursuing and sometimes pursued; our leader M'Coy still writing every post for new supplies; till at last one regiment of dragoons and another of foot came to his assistance on the 5th of June 1689. When this reinforcement came, he got intelligence of my lord Kilsyth's intention and mine of going over with the regiment to my lord Dundee.

All people agreed that lieutenant general Douglas, who had made so many solemn professions of his loyalty to king James, and whose health he had drunk on his knees, was the very person who had given this intelligence to M'Coy; because he alone knew what had passed at the tavern where we dined, and because, instead of going with Dundee, as he had promised him upon his faith and honour, he had rid post for London.

From this period my troubles began; for I was then sent up to Edinburgh, and there imprisoned in the tolbooth, together with my lord Kilsyth, captain Livingstone, captain Murray, and lieutenant Murray, each of us in a separate dungeon, with orders that none should be permitted to speak with us, except through the keyhole: and in this miserable condition we lay for two months.

My lord Kilsyth's friends were under great apprehensions that I would betray his lordship. But my lord did me the justice to assure them that I would suffer the worst extremity rather than be guilty of so infamous an action; which, he said, they should find, upon any temptation that might offer. When we had been close confined in our dungeons for two months, we were brought before the council one by one, to be examined concerning our knowledge of my lord Kilsyth's intention to carry off the regiment. Livingstone and the two Murrays, having not been privy to that design, were able to discover nothing to his lordship's prejudice, and were likewise gentlemen of too much honour to purchase their liberty with a lie, whereupon they were remanded back to their several dungeons. It was my turn to be next examined, and I was strongly suspected; but, notwithstanding my liberty was promised me if I would discover all I knew of the matter, the lord advocate at the same time also urging I must have certainly been privy to it, I positively denied any knowledge of that affair; adding, that I believed my lord Kilsyth had never entertained such a design, or, if he had, that it was altogether improbable his lordship should impart it to me, a poor stranger born in Ireland, and yet keep it a secret from gentlemen of the kingdom, in whom he might much better confide. This I still repeated, and stood to with great firmness, even after I saw the hangman with the torturing boots standing at my back; whereupon I was likewise returned to my dungeon.

The council, although they could force no confession from me or my companions that might affect my lord Kilsyth, on whose estate their hearts were much set, yet resolved to make a sacrifice of some one among us. But the other gentlemen being of their own kindred and country, and I a stranger, as well as much hated for persecuting the covenanters (who, by the change of the times, measures, and opinions, were now grown into high favour with the government, as I have before mentioned), the lot fell on me; and they gave out a report that I should be hanged within a few days. But a gentleman then in town, one Mr Buchanan, who held a secret correspondence with my lord Dundee, sent his lordship intelligence of their resolution concerning me.

That lord was then at the castle of Blair of Atholl, and, having notice of the danger I was in, wrote a letter to duke Hamilton, president of the council, desiring his grace to inform the board that if they hanged captain Creichton, or if (to use his own homely expression) they touched a hair of his tail, he would cut the laird of Blair and the laird of Pollock joint by joint, and would send their limbs in hampers to the council.

These two gentlemen, having been taken prisoners at St Johnstown by my lord Dundee, were still kept in confinement. Whereupon the duke, though it was night, called the council, which met immediately, supposing that the business which pressed so much might relate to some express from court. But when the clerk read my lord Dundee's letter, they appeared in great confusion; whereupon the duke said, "I fear we dare not touch a hair of Creichton, for ye all know Dundee too well to doubt whether he will be punctual to his word; and the two gentlemen in his hands are too nearly allied to some here, that their lives should be endangered on this occasion." What his grace said was very true; for, if I remember right, the laird of Blair had married a daughter of a former duke of Hamilton. The issue of the matter was, that under this perplexity they all cried out, "Let the fellow live a while longer."

Not long after this happened the battle of Gillicranky (or Killikranky), near the castle of Blair of Atholl; where the forces under the lord Dundee, consisting of no more than 1700 foot (all Highlanders, except 300 sent him from Ireland, under the command of colonel Cannon, when he expected 3000 as I have mentioned), and 45 horse, routed an army of 5000 men, with major general M'Coy at their head, took 1500 prisoners, and killed a great number, among whom colonel Balfour was one. M'Coy escaped, and fled that night twenty-five miles endwise, to the castle of Drummond.

But my lord Dundee did not live to see himself victorious; for as he was wheeling about a rock, over the enemy's heads, and making down the brae to attack them (they making a running fire), he was killed by a random shot at the beginning of the action; yet his men discovered not his fall till they had obtained the victory. The next day, though victorious, they suffered their prisoners to depart, on parole that they would never take up arms against king James; colonel Fergusson only excepted, on account of his more than ordinary zeal for the new establishment.

King William having heard of this defeat, said he knew the lord Dundee so well, that he must have been either killed or mortally wounded; otherwise before that time he would have been master of Edinburgh.

I now desire leave to return to my own affairs. About four months after my examination, I was advised in plain words by the dukes of Hamilton and Queensberry, who were then going up to London, that I should bribe Melville, then secretary of Scotland, with whom their graces likewise would use their interest, to get an order from king William for my liberty. But I was so far from having money to bribe a courtier of the secretary's rank, that I had hardly enough to support myself. Whereupon my noble friend the lord Kilsyth, who thought himself indebted to my fidelity for his life and fortune, was so extremely generous as to make me a present of £500, which I immediately sent to Melville; who thereupon joining his interest with the good offices of the two dukes before mentioned, prevailed with king William to send down an order upon the receipt of which I was to be set at liberty by the council. But they would not obey it, alleging that the king was misinformed: and out of the abundance of their zeal wrote to him that if captain Creichton should obtain his liberty, he would murder all Scotland in one night.

Thus my hope of liberty vanished; for king William soon after going to Flanders, and not thinking it prudent to discredit the representation which the council had made of me as so very dangerous a person, left me in the tolbooth; though the two dukes, out of their great friendship (which I should be most ungrateful ever to forget), had both offered to answer body for body for my peaceable demeanour. But notwithstanding all this, king William, for the reason before mentioned, left me prisoner in the tolbooth, as I said; where I continued two years and a half longer, without one penny of money, though not without many friends whose charity and generosity supported me under this heavy affliction.

My wife and two boys, with as many daughters, were in town all the time of my confinement. The boys died young; but the mother and the two girls lived to endure many hardships, having been twice plundered by the rabble of the little substance they had left: however, they and myself were still providentially relieved by some friend or other; and particularly once by the lady Carnwath (mother of the present earl), who, when we had not one penny left to buy bread, sent us up a sack of meal and a basket of fowl sixty miles from Edinburgh.

My fellow prisoners and I, after the time of our examination by the council, were allowed for four or five hours every day to converse with each other and with our friends: and when we had been three years in the tolbooth, my companions, being related to the best families in the kingdom, were at last permitted, on bail, to lodge in the city, with a sentry at each of their doors. But I was not allowed the same favour till two months after, when duke Hamilton, still my friend, with much difficulty and strong application to the council, obtained it for me; and when the order was at last granted, I was at a great loss to find such a person for my bail whom the council would approve of, till the laird of Pettencrife, [Pittencrieff,] a gentleman whom I had never seen before, sent up his name (without any application from me) to the clerk, and was accordingly accepted.

I had not been two months discharged out of the tolbooth, and removed to a private lodging in the town with a sentry upon me, when the government upon some pretence or other filled the castle with a great number of persons of quality; among whom were the lords Kilsyth, Hume, and several others; and the tolbooth, again, with as many of inferior note as it could hold.

In a week after I had been permitted to live in the city with my family, I found the sentry had orders to keep me close, without allowing me to stir from my lodgings upon any pretence whatsoever: but when another regiment came to relieve that which was before upon duty, I bribed him who had been my keeper at his going off that he should tell the first who came in his place that his orders were to walk with me to any part of the town I pleased. This was accordingly done; and thenceforward I used to take my sentry along with me, and visit my old fellow prisoners the Gillycranky men, and sometimes stay with them all night; at other times my friends would do the same at my lodgings; among whom the lord William Douglas often did me that honour: nay, sometimes, in company of some gentlemen, I would leave the sentry drinking with the footmen in an alehouse at the back of the town wall, while we rambled nine or ten miles into the country to visit some acquaintance or other; still taking care to return before two in the afternoon, which was the hour of parade, to save the sentry from danger.

Thus I spent about two months, till the day the government had filled the castle and the tolbooth again, as I have mentioned already. As soon as I was told of my lord Kilsyth's imprisonment, I knew the danger I was in, and had just time to run with the sentry to a cellar, where I found twelve officers put together for shelter likewise from the storm a little before me. We staid there close till night, and then despatched my sentry with captain Mair's footman to the lady Lockhart's (who was married to the captain), four miles out of town, to let her know that her husband would be at home that night, with twelve other cavaliers (for so in those days we affected to style ourselves), to avoid being imprisoned in the tolbooth.

When the message was delivered, the lady ordered three or four of her servants to take the sentry up four pair of stairs, and to ply him well with drink. Accordingly they kept him drunk for twelve days and nights together; so that he neither saw me nor I him in all that time. Two days after we came to lady Lockhart's, I determined, against her and her friends' advice, to return privately to Edinburgh, to discourse with the laird of Pettencrife, my bail; resolving at all adventures that so generous a person should not be a sufferer on my account. I accordingly repaired in the night to the same alehouse at the back of the town wall, and thence sent the footman who attended me to bring the laird thither. He presently came, with two other gentlemen in his company; and after drinking together for half an hour, he bid me go whither I pleased, and God's blessing along with me: whereupon, thrusting me out at the door in a friendly manner, he added that he would pay the hundred pounds he was bound in to the council next morning if demanded of him; which they accordingly did, and the money was paid.

I then returned to the company at my lady Lockhart's, and thence wrote to the two dukes before mentioned for their advice what course to take. Their answer was, that, in regard to my poor family, I should make my escape to my own country, and there set potatoes till I saw better times. At the end of twelve days, captain Mair and his eleven friends got over seas to St Germains; when I likewise took my leave of them and the lady, to make the best of my way for Ireland. But I bethought me of the poor sentry (to whom the twelve days we staid there seemed no longer than two or three, so well was he plied with drink), and calling for him, asked whether he would choose to share with me and my fortunes, or go back to the regiment, perhaps to be shot for neglect of his duty? He readily answered that he would go with me whithersoever I went: and not long after we came into Ireland, I had the good luck to get him made a serjeant of grenadiers in the regiment formerly commanded by my lord Dumbarton, by a captain who was then gone thither for recruits; in which regiment he died a lieutenant some years after.

The lady at parting made me a present of a good horse, with ten dollars to bear my charges on the way; and moreover hired a tenant's horse to carry the sentry to the borders. I durst not be seen to pass through Galloway, and therefore went by Carlisle to Whitehaven. Here I found an acquaintance who was minister of the town, of the name of Marr, a gentleman of great worth and learning. Before the Revolution he had been minister of a parish in Scotland near the borders; but about the time of that event the rabble, as he told me the story, came to his house in the night to rob and murder him, having treated others of his brethren the episcopal clergy before in that inhuman manner. He was a single man, and had but one man servant, whose business was to dress his meat and make his bed; and while the villains were breaking into the house, he had just time to put on his breeches, stockings, and shoes, and no more, for by that time they were got in; when he thought it better to leap out at the window but half clothed as he was, than to expose his life to the fury of such whose very mercies might be cruel. Thus he saved his life, and made his escape to the English side, with only four dollars in his pocket; leaving his goods, house, and parish, as plunder to those saints, who doubtless looked on such as he was as no other than a usurper of what of right pertained to them; pursuant to the maxim that "dominion is founded on grace."

And here I beg leave to relate the treatment which another episcopal clergyman received from

that tribe about the same time; his name was Kirkwood, whom I likewise knew before the Revolution, minister of a parish in Galloway, in Scotland, and afterwards rector in the county of Fermanagh, in Ireland. Among other good qualities, this gentleman was a very facetious person; and by his presence of mind in making use of this talent, he had the good fortune to save both his life and goods from the fury of those godly men, who then thought all things their own. When they broke into the house he was in bed, and, sitting up in his shirt, desired leave to speak a few words before he died; which (I cannot tell how it happened) they granted, and he spoke to this effect: that he had always prayed to God he might die in his bed; adding that he had in his house as good ale and brandy as was in all Scotland; and therefore hoped the worthy gentlemen would do him the honour to drink with him before they did anything rashly.

This facetious speech, which they little expected from him in the article of so much danger as then threatened him, had the luck to divert them from their bloody purpose, and to make them comply with his request; so that, after drinking plentifully, they said he was "a hearty cheel," and left him in quiet possession of his house and goods. But he durst not trust his talent to another trial, lest the next company might not be influenced as this first had been; and therefore, as soon as it was day, made off with his family and effects in the best manner he could, and rested not until he was safe in Ireland.

I could not forbear relating these stories from the gentlemen's own mouths, as I might do others of the same kind upon my own knowledge, although they are contradictory to what the preachers of the new-established Kirk have so confidently given out. They would fain have the world believe that they showed great indulgence to the episcopal clergy at the Revolution and for several years after. But they must grant me and others leave not to believe them; nor ought they to be angry if I give the reader a farther idea of them, and of the spirit that reigned in synods, conventions, or general assemblies of their Kirk.

During my confinement in the tolbooth, a general assembly was called, to which my lord Lothian, as I was informed afterwards, was sent commissioner from king William. His lordship's instructions were to signify to them the king's desire that as many of the episcopal clergy as would take the oath of allegiance to him might keep possession of their several parishes. To this the members answered, in a disdainful manner, "What! shall we suffer any scabbed sheep among us? Na, na, nat ane;" and thereupon sent two of their brethren to king William, who was then in Flanders, to move him for more favours to the Kirk, and power farther to oppress the episcopal clergy. But that prince told them in plain terms that he had been imposed upon in granting to the Kirk the favours she had already got; and withal commanded them to let the general assembly know that it was his will and pleasure that they should live peaceably with those who were willing to live so with them; otherwise he would make them know that he was their master.

With this unwelcome answer from king William, the two spiritual envoys returned to those who sent them; and at the same time, or soon after, the prince despatched an order to the commissioner to dissolve the assembly, if he found them persisting in their severity towards the episcopal clergy.

As soon as the legates delivered the message, all in the assembly began to speak out with the greatest boldness imaginable, saying that the king durst not have sent them such an answer, if he had not an army at his back. Whereupon the commissioner dissolved the synod, and in the king's name commanded all the members to depart to their several homes.

But instead of obeying that order, they all went in a body, with that poor weak creature the lord Crawford at their head, to the market cross: and there published a protestation, declaring that the king had no authority in Church affairs, nor any right to dissolve their general assembly.

I relate this story as it was told me, not only to give the reader an idea of the spirit that reigned in that Kirk established now in Scotland, as I have said, but likewise to do justice to the memory of king William, which may be the more acceptable as coming from one who was in a contrary interest. And indeed I have so good an opinion of that prince as to believe he would have acted much better than he did, with regard to the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of Scotland, if he had been permitted to govern by his own opinions.

But now to come to the conclusion of my story. The Hollantide[1] after I arrived in Ireland, my wife and two daughters followed me; and we settled in the county of Tyrone with my father (who died two years afterwards) on a small freehold, where I made a hard shift to maintain them with industry and even manual labour for about twelve years; till my wife died, and my daughters were married, which happened not very long after I became a widower.

I am at present in the eighty-third year of my age, still hated by those people who affirm the old covenanters to have been unjustly dealt with, and therefore believe a great number of improbable stories concerning me: as, that I was a common murderer of them and their preachers, with many other false and improbable stories. But the reader, I hope, from whom I have not concealed any one transaction or adventure that happened to me among those rebellious people, or misrepresented the least circumstance, as far as my memory could serve me, will judge whether he hath reason to believe me to have been such a person as they

[1] All-Hallow-tide.

represented, and to hate me, as they do, upon that account. And my comfort is, that I can appeal from their unjust tribunal to the mercy of God; before whom, by the course of nature, I must soon appear; who knows the integrity of my heart, and that my actions (condemned by them) were, as far as my understanding could direct me, meant for the good of the Church and the service of my king and country.

And although such people hate me, because they give credit to the false reports raised concerning me, another comfort left me in my old age is, that I have constantly preserved (and still do so) the love and esteem of all honest and good men to whom I have had the happiness at any time to be known.

JOHN CREICHTON.

In the year of our Lord 1730.

THE "BICKERSTAFF" PAPERS.[1]

PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1708,

WHEREIN THE MONTH, AND THE DAY OF THE MONTH, ARE SET DOWN, THE PERSONS NAMED, AND THE GREAT ACTIONS AND EVENTS OF NEXT YEAR PARTICULARLY RELATED, AS THEY WILL COME TO PASS. WRITTEN TO PREVENT THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND FROM BEING FARTHER IMPOSED ON BY THE VULGAR ALMANACK-MAKERS. BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

I HAVE considered the gross abuse of astrology in this kingdom, and, upon debating the matter with myself, I could not possibly lay the fault upon the art, but upon those gross impostors who set up to be the artists. I know several learned men have contended that the whole is a cheat; that it is absurd and ridiculous to imagine the stars can have any influence at all upon human actions, thoughts, or inclinations; and whoever has not bent his studies that way may be excused for thinking so, when he sees in how wretched a manner that noble art is treated by a few mean, illiterate traders between us and the stars; who import a yearly stock of nonsense, lies, folly, and impertinence, which they offer to the world as genuine from the planets, though they descend from no greater a height than their own brains.

I intend, in a short time, to publish a large and rational defence of this art, and therefore shall say no more in its justification at present, than that it has been in all ages defended by many learned men, and among the rest by Socrates himself; whom I look upon as undoubtedly the wisest of uninspired mortals: to which if we add, that those who have condemned this art, though otherwise learned, have been such as either did not apply their studies this way, or at least did not succeed in their applications, their testimony will not be of much weight to its disadvantage; since they are liable to the common objection, of condemning what they did not understand.

Nor am I at all offended, or do I think it an injury to the art, when I see the common dealers in it, the students in astrology, the philomaths, and the rest of that tribe, treated by wise men with the utmost scorn and contempt; but I rather wonder when I observe gentlemen in the country, rich enough to serve the nation in parliament, poring in Partridge's Almanack to find out the events of the year, at home and abroad; not daring to propose a hunting match till Gadbury[2] or he have fixed the weather.

I will allow either of the two I have mentioned, or any other of the fraternity, to be not only astrologers but conjurers too, if I do not produce a hundred instances, in all their almanacks, to convince any reasonable man that they do not so much as understand common grammar and syntax; that they are not able to spell any word out of the usual road, nor, even in their prefaces, to write common sense or intelligible English. Then, for their observations and predictions, they are such as will equally suit any age or country in the world: "This month a certain great person will be threatened with death or sickness." This the newspapers will tell them; for there we find, at the end of the year, that no month passes without the death of some person of note; and it would be hard if it should be otherwise, when there are at least two thousand persons of note in this kingdom, many of them old, and the almanack-maker has the liberty of choosing the sickliest season of the year where he may fix his prediction. Again: "This month an eminent clergyman will be preferred;" of which there may be

1 In these papers under the name of "Bickerstaff," Swift satirized the productions of the astrologers and almanack-makers, who were in great credit at the opening of the eighteenth century. The first tract was actually burned by the Inquisition in Portugal.

2 John Gadbury, bred a tailor at Oxford, long published an almanack which vied in reputation with that of Partridge, the London cobbler.

many hundreds, half of them with one foot in the grave. Then: "Such a planet in such a house shows great machinations, plots, and conspiracies that may in time be brought to light;" after which, if we hear of any discovery, the astrologer gets the honour; if not, his predictions still stand good. And at last: "God preserve king William from all his open and secret enemies. Amen." When, if the king should happen to have died, the astrologer plainly foretold it; otherwise it passes but for the pious ejaculation of a loyal subject: though it unluckily happened in some of their almanacks that poor king William was prayed for many months after he was dead, because it fell out that he died about the beginning of the year.

To mention no more of their impertinent predictions, what have we to do with their advertisements about pills and drinks for the venereal disease? or their mutual quarrels in verse and prose of Whig and Tory, wherewith the stars have little to do?

Having long observed and lamented these and a hundred other abuses of this art, too tedious to repeat, I resolved to proceed in a new way, which I doubt not will be to the general satisfaction of the kingdom. I can this year produce but a specimen of what I design for the future; having employed most part of my time in adjusting and correcting the calculations I made for some years past, because I would offer nothing to the world of which I am not as fully satisfied as that I am now alive. For these two last years I have not failed in above one or two particulars, and those of no very great moment. I exactly foretold the miscarriage at Toulon,[1] with all its particulars; and the loss of admiral Shovel,[2] though I was mistaken as to the day, placing that article about thirty-six hours sooner than it happened; but, upon reviewing my schemes, I quickly found the cause of that error. I likewise foretold the battle of Almanza to the very day and hour, with the loss on both sides, and the consequences thereof. All which I showed to some friends many months before they happened; that is, I gave them papers sealed up, to open at such a time, after which they were at liberty to read them; and there they found my predictions true in every article, except one or two very minute.

As for the few following predictions I now offer the world, I forbore to publish them till I had perused the several almanacks for the year we are now entered upon. I found them all in the usual strain, and I beg the reader will compare their manner with mine: and here I make bold to tell the world that I lay the whole credit of my art upon the truth of these predictions; and I will be content that Partridge, and the rest of his clan, may hoot me for a cheat and impostor, if I fail in any single particular of moment. I believe any man who reads this paper will look upon me to be at least a person of as much honesty and understanding as a common maker of almanacks. I do not lurk in the dark; I am not wholly unknown in the world; I have set my name at length, to be a mark of infamy to mankind, if they shall find I deceive them.

In one thing I must desire to be forgiven, that I talk more sparingly of home affairs; as it would be imprudence to discover secrets of state, so it might be dangerous to my person; but in smaller matters, and such as are not of public consequence, I shall be very free: and the truth of my conjectures will as much appear from these as the other. As for the most signal events abroad in France, Flanders, Italy, and Spain, I shall make no scruple to predict them in plain terms: some of them are of importance, and I hope I shall seldom mistake the day they will happen; therefore I think good to inform the reader, that I shall all along make use of the old style observed in England, which I desire he will compare with that of the newspapers at the time they relate the actions I mention.

I must add one word more; I know it has been the opinion of several learned persons, who think well enough of the true art of astrology, that the stars do only incline, and not force, the actions or wills of men; and therefore, however I may proceed by right rules, yet I cannot in prudence so confidently assure the events will follow exactly as I predict them.

I hope I have maturely considered this objection, which in some cases is of no little weight. For example; a man may, by the influence of an overruling planet, be disposed or inclined to lust, rage, or avarice, and yet by the force of reason overcome that evil influence; and this was the case of Socrates: but the great events of the world usually depending upon numbers of men, it cannot be expected they should all unite to cross their inclinations for pursuing a general design wherein they unanimously agree. Besides, the influence of the stars reaches to many actions and events which are not any way in the power of reason; as sickness, death, and what we commonly call accidents, with many more needless to repeat.

But now it is time to proceed to my predictions, which I have begun to calculate from the time that the sun enters into Aries. And this I take to be properly the beginning of the natural year. I pursue them to the time that he enters Libra, or somewhat more, which is the busy period of the year. The remainder I have not yet adjusted, upon account of several impediments needless here to mention: besides, I must remind the reader again, that this is but a specimen of what I design in succeeding years to treat more at large, if I may have liberty and encouragement.

My first prediction is but a trifle, yet I will mention it to show how ignorant those sottish pretenders to astrology are in their own con-

[1] An attempt was made to besiege Toulon in 1707, by Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy, but it miscarried.

[2] Sir Cloudesly Shovel's fleet was wrecked Oct. 22, 1707.

cerns: it relates to Partridge the almanack-maker. I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever: therefore I advise him to consider of it, and settle his affairs in time.

The month of April will be observable for the death of many great persons. On the 4th will die the cardinal de Noailles, archbishop of Paris; on the 11th, the young prince of Asturias, son to the duke of Anjou; on the 14th, a great peer of this realm will die at his country-house; on the 19th, an old layman of great fame for learning; and on the 23d, an eminent goldsmith in Lombard Street. I could mention others, both at home and abroad, if I did not consider such events of very little use or instruction to the reader or to the world.

As to public affairs: on the 7th of this month there will be an insurrection in Dauphiné, occasioned by the oppressions of the people, which will not be quieted in some months.

On the 15th will be a violent storm on the south east coast of France, which will destroy many of their ships, and some in the very harbour.

The 19th will be famous for the revolt of a whole province or kingdom, excepting one city, by which the affairs of a certain prince in the alliance will take a better face.

May, against common conjectures, will be no very busy month in Europe, but very signal for the death of the Dauphin; which will happen on the 7th, after a short fit of sickness, and grievous torments with the strangury. He dies less lamented by the court than the kingdom.

On the 9th a mareschal of France will break his leg by a fall from his horse. I have not been able to discover whether he will then die or not.

On the 11th will begin a most important siege, which the eyes of all Europe will be upon: I cannot be more particular; for, in relating affairs that so nearly concern the confederates, and consequently this kingdom, I am forced to confine myself, for several reasons very obvious to the reader.

On the 15th news will arrive of a very surprising event, than which nothing can be more unexpected.

On the 19th three noble ladies of this kingdom will, against all expectation, prove with child, to the great joy of their husbands.

On the 23d a famous buffoon of the playhouse will die a ridiculous death, suitable to his vocation.

June. This month will be distinguished at home by the utter dispersing of those ridiculous deluded enthusiasts commonly called the prophets;[1] occasioned chiefly by seeing the time come when many of their prophecies should be fulfilled, and then finding themselves deceived by contrary events. It is indeed to be admired, how any deceiver can be so weak to foretell things near at hand, when a very few months must, of necessity, discover the imposture to all the world; in this point less prudent than common almanack-makers, who are so wise to wander in generals, and talk dubiously, and leave to the reader the business of interpreting.

On the 1st of this month a French general will be killed by a random shot of a cannon ball.

On the 6th a fire will break out in the suburbs of Paris, which will destroy above a thousand houses; and seems to be the foreboding of what will happen, to the surprise of all Europe, about the end of the following month.

On the 10th a great battle will be fought, which will begin at four of the clock in the afternoon, and last till nine at night, with great obstinacy, but no very decisive event. I shall not name the place, for the reasons aforesaid; but the commanders on each left wing will be killed. I see bonfires and hear the noise of guns for a victory.

On the 14th there will be a false report of the French king's death.

On the 20th cardinal Portocarero will die of a dysentery, with great suspicion of poison; but the report of his intention to revolt to king Charles will prove false.

July. The 6th of this month a certain general will, by a glorious action, recover the reputation he lost by former misfortunes.

On the 12th a great commander will die a prisoner in the hands of his enemies.

On the 14th a shameful discovery will be made of a French jesuit giving poison to a great foreign general; and when he is put to the torture, he will make wonderful discoveries.

In short, this will prove a month of great action, if I might have liberty to relate the particulars.

At home, the death of an old famous senator will happen on the 15th, at his country house, worn out with age and diseases.

But that which will make this month memorable to all posterity, is the death of the French king, Louis XIV., after a week's sickness, at Marli, which will happen on the 29th, about six o'clock in the evening. It seems to be an effect of the gout in the stomach, followed by a flux. And, in three days after, Monsieur Chamillard will follow his master, dying suddenly of an apoplexy.

In this month likewise an ambassador will die in London; but I cannot assign the day.

August. The affairs of France will seem to suffer no change for a while under the duke of Burgundy's administration; but the genius that animated the whole machine being gone, will be the cause of mighty turns and revolutions in the following year. The new king makes yet little change either in the army or the ministry; but

[1] The Protestants in Dauphiné, called Casimars, being driven mad by persecution, became enthusiasts, and mingled miracles and prophecies with their religious fervour. Some of them sought refuge in England, where they were conspicuous under the designation of "The French Prophets."

the libels against his grandfather, that fly about his very court, give him uneasiness.

I see an express in mighty haste, with joy and wonder in his looks, arriving by break of day on the 26th of this month, having travelled in three days a prodigious journey by land and sea. In the evening I hear bells and guns, and see the blazing of a thousand bonfires.

A young admiral of noble birth does likewise this month gain immortal honour by a great achievement.

The affairs of Poland are this month entirely settled: Augustus resigns his pretensions, which he had again taken up for some time; Stanislaus is peaceably possessed of the throne; and the king of Sweden declares for the Emperor.

I cannot omit one particular accident here at home; that near the end of this month much mischief will be done at Barthomolew Fair, by the fall of a booth.

September. This month begins with a very surprising fit of frosty weather, which will last near twelve days.

The pope having long languished last month, the swellings in his legs breaking, and the flesh mortifying, will die on the 11th instant: and in three weeks' time, after a mighty contest, be succeeded by a cardinal of the imperial faction, but a native of Tuscany, who is now about sixty-one years old.

The French army now acts wholly on the defensive, strongly fortified in their trenches: and the young French king sends overtures for a treaty of peace by the duke of Mantua, which, because it is a matter of state that concerns us here at home, I shall speak no farther of.

I shall add but one prediction more, and that in mystical terms, which shall be included in a verse out of Virgil—

Alter erit jam Tethys, et altera, quæ vehat, Argo,
Delectos heroas.

Upon the 25th day of this month, the fulfilling of this prediction will be manifest to everybody.

This is the farthest I have proceeded in my calculations for the present year. I do not pretend that these are all the great events which will happen in this period, but that those I have set down will infallibly come to pass. It will perhaps still be objected, why I have not spoke more particularly of affairs at home, or of the success of our armies abroad, which I might and could very largely have done; but those in power have wisely discouraged men from meddling in public concerns, and I was resolved by no means to give the least offence. This will I venture to say, that it will be a glorious campaign for the allies, wherein the English forces, both by sea and land, will have their full share of honour: that her majesty queen Anne will continue in health and prosperity: and that no ill accident will arrive to any in the chief ministry.

As to the particular events I have mentioned, the reader may judge, by the fulfilling of them, whether I am on the level with common astrologers; who, with an old paltry cant, and a few pot-hooks for planets to amuse the vulgar, have, in my opinion, too long been suffered to abuse the world: but an honest physician ought not to be despised because there are such things as mountebanks. I hope I have some share of reputation, which I would not willingly forfeit for a frolic or humour: and I believe no gentleman who reads this paper will look upon it to be of the same cast or mould with the common scribbles that are every day hawked about. My fortune has placed me above the little regard of writing for a few pence, which I neither value nor want: therefore let not wise men too hastily condemn this essay, intended for a good design, to cultivate and improve an ancient art, long in disgrace by having fallen into mean unskilful hands. A little time will determine whether I have deceived others or myself: and I think it no very unreasonable request, that men would please to suspend their judgments till then. I was once of the opinion of those who despise all predictions from the stars, till, in the year 1686, a man of quality showed me, written in his *album*, that the most learned astronomer, captain Halley, assured him he would never believe anything of the stars' influence, if there were not a great revolution in England in the year 1688. Since that time I began to have other thoughts; and, after eighteen years' diligent study and application, I think I have no reason to repent of my pains. I shall detain the reader no longer than to let him know, that the account I design to give of next year's events, shall take in the principal affairs that happen in Europe; and if I be denied the liberty of offering it to my own country, I shall appeal to the learned world, by publishing it in Latin, and giving order to have it printed in Holland.

AN ANSWER TO BICKERSTAFF.

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON MR BICKERSTAFF'S PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR MDCCVIII.

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

I HAVE not observed, for some years past, any insignificant paper to have made more noise, or be more greedily bought, than that of these predictions. They are the wonder of the common people, an amusement for the better sort, and a jest only to the wise; yet among these last I have heard some very much in doubt whether the author meant to deceive others, or is deceived himself. Whoever he was, he seems to have with great art adjusted his paper both to please the rabble and to entertain persons of condition. The writer is, without question, a gentleman of wit and learning, although the piece seems hastily written in a sudden frolic, with the scornful thought of the pleasure he will have in putting this great town into a wonderment about nothing: nor do I doubt but

he and his friends in the secret laugh often and plentifully in a corner, to reflect how many hundred thousand fools they have already made. And he has them fast for some time: for so they are likely to continue until his prophecies begin to fail in the events. Nay, it is a great question whether the miscarriage of the two or three first will so entirely undeceive people, as to hinder them from expecting the accomplishment of the rest. I doubt not but some thousands of these papers are carefully preserved by as many persons, to confront with the events, and try whether the astrologer exactly keeps the day and hour. And these I take to be Mr Bickerstaff's choicest cullies, for whose sake chiefly he writ his amusement. Meanwhile he has seven weeks good, during which time the world is to be kept in suspense: for it is so long before the almanack-maker is to die, which is the first prediction; and if that fellow happens to be a splenetic visionary fop, or has any faith in his own art, the prophecy may punctually come to pass by very natural means. As a gentleman of my acquaintance, who was ill used by a mercer in town, wrote him a letter in an unknown hand, to give him notice that care had been taken to convey a slow poison into his drink, which would infallibly kill him in a month; after which the man began in earnest to languish and decay, by the mere strength of imagination, and would certainly have died, if care had not been taken to undeceive him before the jest went too far. The like effect upon Partridge would wonderfully rise Mr Bickerstaff's reputation for a fortnight longer, until we could hear from France whether the cardinal de Noailles were dead or alive upon the 4th of April, which is the second of his predictions.

For a piece so carelessly written, the observations upon astrology are reasonable and pertinent, the remarks just; and as the paper is partly designed, in my opinion, for a satire upon the credulity of the vulgar, and that idle itch of peeping into futurities; so it is no more than what we all of us deserve. And since we must be teased with perpetual hawkers of strange and wonderful things, I am glad to see a man of sense find leisure and humour to take up the trade, for his own and our diversion. To speak in the town phrase, it is a bite; he has fully had his jest, and may be satisfied.

I very much approve the serious air he gives himself in his introduction and conclusion, which has gone far to give some people, of no mean rank, an opinion that the author believes himself. He tells us he places the whole credit of his art on the truth of these predictions, and will be content to be hooted by Partridge and the rest for a cheat, if he fails in any one particular; with several other strains of the same kind, wherein I perfectly believe him; and that he is very indifferent whether Isaac Bickerstaff be a mark of infamy or not. But it seems, although he has joined an odd surname to no very common Christian one, that in this large town there is a man found to own both the names, although, I believe, not the paper.

I believe it is no small mortification to this gentleman astrologer, as well as his bookseller, to find their piece, which they sent out in a tolerable print and paper, immediately seized on by three or four interloping printers of Grub street, the title stuffed with an abstract of the whole matter, together with the standard epithets of *strange* and *wonderful*, the price brought down a full half, which was but a penny in its prime, and bawled about by hawkers of the inferior class, with the concluding cadence of "A halfpenny a-piece!" But *sic cecidit Phaethon;* and, to comfort him a little, this production of mine will have the same fate; to-morrow will mine ears be grated by the little boys and wenches in straw hats; and I must a hundred times undergo the mortification to have my own work offered me to sale at an under value. Then, which is a great deal worse, my acquaintance in the coffeehouse will ask me whether I have seen the Answer to Squire Bickerstaff's Predictions, and whether I knew the puppy that writ it; and how to keep a man's countenance in such a juncture is no easy point of conduct. When, in this case, you see a man shy either in praising or condemning, ready to turn off the discourse to another subject, standing as little in the light as he can to hide his blushing, pretending to sneeze or take snuff, or go off as if sudden business called him; then ply him close, observe his look narrowly, see whether his speech be constrained or affected; then charge him suddenly, or whisper and smile, and you will soon discover whether he be guilty. Although this seem not the purpose I am discoursing on, yet I think it to be so; for I am much deceived if I do not know the true author of Bickerstaff's Predictions, and did not meet with him some days ago in a coffeehouse at Covent Garden.

As to the matter of the predictions themselves, I shall not enter upon the examination of them; but think it very incumbent upon the learned Mr Partridge to take them into his consideration, and lay as many errors in astrology as possible to Mr Bickerstaff's account. He may justly, I think, challenge the squire to publish the calculation he has made of Partridge's nativity, by the credit of which he so determinately pronounces the time and the manner of his death; and Mr Bickerstaff can do no less, in honour, than give Mr Partridge the same advantage of calculating his, by sending him an account of the time and place of his birth, with other particulars necessary for such a work. By which, no doubt, the learned world will be engaged in the dispute, and take part on each side according as they are inclined.

I should likewise advise Mr Partridge to inquire why Mr Bickerstaff does not so much as offer at one prediction to be fulfilled until two months after the time of publishing his paper. This looks a little suspicious, as if he were desirous to keep the world in play as long as he

decently could; else it were hard he could not afford us one prediction between this and the 29th of March; which is not so fair dealings as we have even from Mr Partridge and his brethren, who give us their predictions (such as they are, indeed,) for every month in the year.

There is one passage in Mr Bickerstaff's paper that seems to be as high a strain of assurance as I have anywhere met with: it is that prediction for the month of June which relates to the French prophets here in town; where he tells us they will utterly disperse, by seeing the time come wherein their prophecies should be fulfilled, and then finding themselves deceived by contrary events. Upon which he adds, with great reason, his wonder how any deceiver can be so weak to foretell things near at hand, when a very few months must discover the imposture to all the world. This is spoken with a great deal of affected unconcernedness, as if he would have us think himself to be not under the least apprehension that the same in two months will be his own case. With respect to the gentleman, I do not remember to have heard of so refined and pleasant a piece of impudence; which I hope the author will not resent as an uncivil word, because I am sure I enter into his taste, and take it as he meant it. However, he half deserves a reprimand for writing with so much scorn and contempt for the understandings of the majority.

For the month of July, he tells us of a general who, by a glorious action, will recover the reputation he lost by former misfortunes. This is commonly understood to be lord Galway; who if he be already dead, as some newspapers have it, Mr Bickerstaff has made a trip. But this I do not much insist on; for it is hard if another general cannot be found under the same circumstances, to whom this prediction may be as well applied.

The French king's death is very punctually related; but it was unfortunate to make him die at Marli, where he never goes at that season of the year, as I observed myself during three years I passed in that kingdom: and discoursing some months ago with Monsieur Tallard about the French court, I find that king never goes to Marli for any time, but about the season of hunting there, which is not till August. So that there was an unlucky slip of Mr Bickerstaff for want of foreign education.

He concludes with resuming his promise of publishing entire predictions for next year; of which the other astrologers need not be in very much pain. I suppose we shall have them much about the same time with "The General History of Ears." I believe we have done with him for ever in this kind; and, though I am no astrologer, may venture to prophecy that Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., is now dead, and died just at the time his "Predictions" were ready for the press: that he dropped out of the clouds about nine days ago, and, in about four hours after, mounted up thither again like a vapour; and will one day or other, perhaps, descend a second time, when he has some new, agreeable, or amusing whimsy to pass upon the town; wherein it is very probable he will succeed as often as he is disposed to try the experiment; that is, as long as he can preserve a thorough contempt for his own time and other people's understandings, and is resolved not to laugh cheaper than at the expense of a million of people.

THE ACCOMPLISHMENT

OF THE FIRST OF

MR BICKERSTAFF'S PREDICTIONS;

BEING AN

ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF MR PARTRIDGE,

THE ALMANACK-MAKER, UPON THE 29TH INSTANT, IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF HONOUR.

My Lord,—

In obedience to your Lordship's commands, as well as to satisfy my own curiosity, I have some days past inquired constantly after Partridge the almanack-maker, of whom it was foretold in Mr Bickerstaff's Predictions, published about a month ago, that he should die the 29th instant, about eleven at night, of a raging fever. I had some sort of knowlege of him when I was employed in the revenue, because he used every year to present me with his almanack, as he did other gentlemen, upon the score of some little gratuity we gave him. I saw him accidentally once or twice about ten days before he died, and observed he began very much to droop and languish, though I hear his friends did not seem to apprehend him in any danger. About two or three days ago he grew ill, was confined first to his chamber, and in a few hours after to his bed, where Dr Case[1] and Mrs Kirleus were sent for to visit and to prescribe to him. Upon this intelligence I sent thrice every day one servant or other to inquire after his health; and yesterday, about four in the afternoon, word was brought me that he was past hopes: upon which I prevailed with myself to go and see him, partly out of commiseration, and, I confess, partly out of curiosity. He knew me very well, seemed surprised at my condescension, and made me compliments upon it as well as he could in the condition he was. The people about him said he had been for some time delirious; but when I saw him he had his understanding as well as ever I knew, and spoke strong and hearty, without any seeming uneasiness or constraint. After I had told him how sorry I was to see him in those melancholy circumstances, and said some other civilities suitable to the occasion, I desired him to tell me freely and ingenuously whether the pre-

[1] John Case was for many years a noted practitioner in physic and astrology. He was looked upon as the successor of Lilly and of Saffold, and possessed the magical apparatus of both.

dictions Mr Bickerstaff had published relating to his death had not too much affected and worked on his imagination. He confessed he had often had it in his head, but never with much apprehension till about a fortnight before; since which time it had the perpetual possession of his mind and thoughts, and, he did verily believe, was the true natural cause of his present distemper; "for," said he, "I am thoroughly persuaded, and I think I have very good reasons, that Mr Bickerstaff spoke altogether by guess, and knew no more what will happen this year than I did myself."

I told him his discourse surprised me; and I would be glad he were in a state of health to be able to tell me what reason he had to be convinced of Mr Bickerstaff's ignorance. He replied: "I am a poor ignorant fellow, bred to a mean trade, yet I have sense enough to know that all pretences of foretelling by astrology are deceits, for this manifest reason; because the wise and the learned, who can only judge whether there be any truth in this science, do all unanimously agree to laugh at and despise it; and none but the poor ignorant vulgar give it any credit, and that only upon the word of such silly wretches as I and my fellows, who can hardly write or read." I then asked him why he had not calculated his own nativity, to see whether it agreed with Bickerstaff's prediction? At which he shook his head, and said; "Oh! sir, this is no time for jesting, but for repenting those fooleries, as I do now from the very bottom of my heart." "By what I can gather from you," said I, "the observations and predictions you printed with your almanacks were mere impositions on the people." He replied; "If it were otherwise, I should have the less to answer for. We have a common form for all those things: as to foretelling the weather, we never meddle with that, but leave it to the printer, who takes it out of any old almanack as he thinks fit; the rest was my own invention, to make my almanack sell, having a wife to maintain and no other way to get my bread; for mending old shoes is a poor livelihood; and," added he, sighing, "I wish I may not have done more mischief by my physic than my astrology; though I had some good receipts from my grandmother, and my own compositions were such as I thought could at least do no hurt."

I had some other discourse with him, which I now cannot call to mind; and I fear have already tired your lordship. I shall only add one circumstance, that on his deathbed he declared himself a nonconformist, and had a fanatic preacher to be his spiritual guide. After half an hour's conversation I took my leave, being almost stifled with the closeness of the room. I imagined he could not hold out long, and therefore withdrew to a little coffehouse hard by, leaving a servant at the house with orders to come immediately and tell me, as near as he could, the minute when Partridge should expire, which was not above two hours after; when, looking upon my watch, I found it to be about five minutes after seven; by which it is clear that Mr Bickerstaff was mistaken almost four hours in his calculation. In the other circumstances he was exact enough. But whether he has been the cause of this poor man's death, as well as the predictor, may be very reasonably disputed. However, it must be confessed the matter is odd enough, whether we should endeavour to account for it by chance or the effect of imagination: for my own part, though I believe no man has less faith in these matters, yet I shall wait with some impatience, and not without some expectation, the fulfilling of Mr Bickerstaff's second prediction, that the cardinal de Noailles is to die upon the 4th of April; and if that should be verified as exactly as this of poor Partridge, I must own I should be wholly surprised and at a loss, and should infallibly expect the accomplishment of all the rest.

SQUIRE BICKERSTAFF DETECTED;

OR, THE

ASTROLOGICAL IMPOSTOR CONVICTED.

BY JOHN PARTRIDGE,

STUDENT IN PHYSIC AND ASTROLOGY.

It is hard, my dear countrymen of these united nations, it is very hard that a Briton born, a Protestant astrologer, a man of revolution principles, an assertor of the liberty and property of the people, should cry out in vain for justice against a Frenchman, a Papist, and an illiterate pretender to science, that would blast my reputation, most inhumanly bury me alive, and defraud my native country of those services which, in my double capacity, I daily offer the public.

What great provocations I have received, let the impartial reader judge; and how unwillingly, even in my own defence, I now enter the lists against falsehood, ignorance, and envy: but I am exasperated, at length, to drag out this Cacus from the den of obscurity where he lurks, detect him by the light of those stars he has so impudently traduced, and show that there is not a monster in the skies so pernicious and malevolent to mankind as an ignorant pretender to physic and astrology. I shall not directly fall on the many gross errors, nor expose the notorious absurdities, of this prostitute libeller, till I have let the learned world fairly into the controversy depending, and then leave the unprejudiced to judge of the merits and justice of my cause.

It was toward the conclusion of the year 1707 when an impudent pamphlet crept into the world, entitled Predictions, &c., by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. Among the many arrogant assertions laid down by that lying spirit of divination, he was pleased to pitch on the cardinal de Noailles and myself, among many other eminent and illustrious persons, that were to die

within the compass of the ensuing year; and peremptorily fixes the month, day, and hour, of our deaths: this, I think, is sporting with great men and public spirits, to the scandal of religion and reproach of power; and if sovereign princes and astrologers must make diversion for the vulgar—why then, farewell, say I, to all governments, ecclesiastical and civil. But I thank my better stars I am alive to confront this false and audacious predictor, and to make him rue the hour he ever affronted a man of science and resentment. The cardinal may take what measures he pleases with him; as his excellency is a foreigner and a Papist, he has no reason to rely on me for his justification; I shall only assure the world he is alive: but as he was bred to letters, and is master of a pen, let him use it in his own defence. In the mean time I shall present the public with a faithful narrative of the ungenerous treatment and hard usage I have received from the virulent papers and malicious practices of this pretended astrologer.

A TRUE AND IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ., AGAINST ME.

The 28th of March, *anno Dom.* 1708, being the night this sham prophet had so impudently fixed for my last, which made little impression on myself; but I cannot answer for my whole family; for my wife, with concern more than usual, prevailed on me to take somewhat to sweat for a cold, and, between the hours of eight and nine, to go to bed: the maid, as she was warming my bed, with a curiosity natural to young wenches, runs to the window, and asks of one passing the street, who the bell tolled for? "Dr Partridge," says he, "the famous almanack-maker, who died suddenly this evening." The poor girl, provoked, told him he lied like a rascal; the other very sedately replied, the sexton had so informed him, and if false, he was to blame for imposing upon a stranger. She asked a second, and a third, as they passed, and every one was in the same tone. Now, I do not say these are accomplices to a certain astrological squire, and that one Bickerstaff might be sauntering thereabouts, because I will assert nothing here but what I dare attest for plain matter of fact. My wife at this fell into a violent disorder, and I must own I was a little discomposed at the oddness of the accident. In the mean time one knocks at my door; Betty runs down, and opening, finds a sober, grave person, who modestly inquires if this was Dr Partridge's? She, taking him for some cautious city patient, that came at that time for privacy, shows him into the dining-room. As soon as I could compose myself, I went to him, and was surprised to find my gentleman mounted on a table with a two-foot rule in his hand, measuring my walls, and taking the dimensions of the room. "Pray, sir," says I, "not to interrupt you, have you any business with me?" "Only, sir," replies he, "order the girl to bring me a better light, for this is but a very dim one." "Sir," says I, "my name is Partridge." "Oh! the doctor's brother, belike," cries he; "the staircase, I believe, and these two apartments, hung in close mourning, will be sufficient, and only a strip of baize round the other rooms. The doctor must needs die rich, he had great dealings in his way for many years; if he had no family coat, you had as good use the escutcheons of the company, they are as showish, and will look as magnificent as if he was descended from the blood royal." With that I assumed a greater air of authority, and demanded who employed him, or how he came there? "Why, I was sent, sir, by the company of undertakers," says he, "and they were employed by the honest gentleman who is executor to the good doctor departed; and our rascally porter, I believe, is fallen fast asleep with the black cloth and sconces, or he had been here, and we might have been tacking up by this time." "Sir," says I, "pray be advised by a friend, and make the best of your speed out of my doors, for I hear my wife's voice, (which, by the by, is pretty distinguishable,) and in that corner of the room stands a good cudgel, which somebody has felt before now; if that light in her hands, and she knows the business you come about, without consulting the stars, I can assure you it will be employed very much to the detriment of your person." "Sir," cries he, bowing with great civility, "I perceive extreme grief for the loss of the doctor disorders you a little at present, but early in the morning I will wait on you all with the necessary materials." Now, I mention no Bickerstaff; nor do I say that a certain star-gazing squire has been playing my executor before his time; but I leave the world to judge, and he that puts things and things fairly together, will not be much wide of the mark.

Well, once more I got my doors closed, and prepared for bed, in hopes of a little repose after so many ruffling adventures; just as I was putting out my light in order to do it, another bounces as hard as he can knock; I open the window, and ask who is there, and what he wants? "I am Ned the sexton," replies he, "and come to know whether the doctor left any orders for a funeral sermon, and where he is to be laid, and whether his grave is to be plain or bricked?" "Why, sirrah," says I, "you know me well enough; you know I am not dead, and how dare you affront me after this manner?" "Alack-a-day, sir," replies the fellow, "why it is in print, and the whole town knows you are dead: why, there is Mr White the joiner is but fitting screws to your coffin, he will be here with it in an instant; he was afraid you would have wanted it before this time." "Sirrah, sirrah," says I, "you shall know to-morrow, to your cost, that I am alive, and alive like to be!" "Why, it is strange, sir," says he, "you should make such a secret of your death to us that are your neighbours; it looks as if you had a design to defraud the church of its dues; and, let me tell

you, for one that has lived so long by the heavens, that is unhandsomely done." "Hist, hist," says another rogue that stood by him; "away, doctor, into your flannel gear as fast as you can, for here is a whole pack of dismals coming to you with their black equipage, and how indecent will it look for you to stand frightening folks at your window, when you should have been in your coffin these three hours!" In short, what with undertakers, embalmers, joiners, sextons, and your damned elegy-hawkers upon a late practitioner in physic and astrology, I got not one wink of sleep that night, nor scarce a moment's rest ever since. Now, I doubt not but this villanous squire has the impudence to assert that these are entirely strangers to him; he, good man, knows nothing of the matter, and honest Isaac Bickerstaff, I warrant you, is more a man of honour than to be an accomplice with a pack of rascals that walk the streets on nights, and disturb good people in their beds; but he is out if he thinks the whole world is blind; for there is one John Partridge can smell a knave as far as Grub street, although he lies in the most exalted garret, and writes himself squire:—but I will keep my temper, and proceed in the narration.

I could not stir out of doors for the space of three months after this, but presently one comes up to me in the street, "Mr Partridge, that coffin you was last buried in I have not yet been paid for:" "Doctor," cries another dog, "how do you think people can live by making of graves for nothing? next time you die, you may even toll out the bell yourself for Ned." A third rogue tips me by the elbow, and wonders how I have the conscience to sneak abroad without paying my funeral expenses. "Lord," says one, "I durst have swore that was honest Dr Partridge, my old friend; but, poor man, he is gone." "I beg your pardon," says another, "you look so like my old acquaintance, that I used to consult on some private occasions: but, alack, he is gone the way of all flesh." "Look, look, look," cries a third after a competent space of staring at me, "would not one think our neighbour the almanack-maker was crept out of his grave, to take the other peep at the stars in this world, and show how much he is improved in fortune-telling by having taken a journey to the other?"

Nay, the very reader of our parish, a good, sober, discreet person, has sent two or three times for me to come and be buried decently, or send him sufficient reasons to the contrary; or, if I have been interred in any other parish, to produce my certificate as the act[1] requires. My poor wife is run almost distracted with being called widow Partridge, when she knows it is false; and once a term she is cited into the court to take out letters of administration. But the greatest grievance is a paltry quack, that takes up my calling just under my nose, and in his printed directions, with N.B., says he lives in the house of the late ingenious Mr John Partridge, an eminent practitioner in leather, physic, and astrology.

But, to show how far the wicked spirit of envy, malice, and resentment can hurry some men, my nameless old persecutor had provided me a monument at the stone-cutter's, and would have erected it in the parish church; and this piece of notorious and expensive villany had actually succeeded if I had not used my utmost interest with the vestry, where it was carried at last but by two voices that I am alive. That stratagem failing, out comes a long sable elegy, bedecked with hour-glasses, mattocks, skulls, spades, and skeletons, with an epitaph as confidently written to abuse me and my profession, as if I had been under ground these twenty years.

And after such barbarous treatment as this, can the world blame me when I ask what is become of the freedom of an Englishman? and where is the liberty and property that my old glorious friend came over to assert? We have drove Popery out of the nation, and sent slavery to foreign climes. The arts only remain in bondage, when a man of science and character shall be openly insulted, in the midst of the many useful services he is daily paying the public. Was it ever heard, even in Turkey or Algiers, that a state astrologer was bantered out of his life by an ignorant impostor, or bawled out of the world by a pack of villanous deep-mouthed hawkers? Though I print almanacks, and publish advertisements; though I produce certificates under the minister's and churchwardens' hands that I am alive, and attest the same on oath at quarter sessions; out comes a full and true relation of the death and interment of John Partridge; truth is bore down, attestations neglected, the testimony of sober persons despised, and a man is looked upon by his neighbours as if he had been seven years dead, and is buried alive in the midst of his friends and acquaintance.

Now, can any man of common sense think it consistent with the honour of my profession, and not much beneath the dignity of a philosopher, to stand bawling before his own door—"Alive! alive! ho! the famous Dr Partridge! no counterfeit, but all alive!"—as if I had the twelve celestial monsters of the zodiac to show within, or was forced for a livelihood to turn retailer to May and Bartholomew fairs? Therefore, if her majesty would but graciously be pleased to think a hardship of this nature worthy her royal consideration, and the next parliament, in their great wisdom, cast but an eye towards the deplorable case of their old philomath, that annually bestows his good wishes on them, I am sure there is one Isaac Bickerstaff, esq., would soon be trussed up for his bloody predictions, and putting good subjects in terror of their lives: and that henceforward to murder a man by way of prophecy,

[1] The statute of 30 Car. II., for burying in woollen, requires that oath shall be made of the compliance with this act, and a certificate thereof lodged with the minister of the parish, within eight days after interment.

and bury him in a printed letter, either to a lord or commoner, shall as legally entitle him to the present possession of Tyburn, as if he robbed on the highway or cut your throat in bed.

I shall demonstrate to the judicious that France and Rome are at the bottom of this horrid conspiracy against me; and that culprit aforesaid is a Popish emissary, has paid his visits to St Germain's, and is now in the measures of Louis XIV. That, in attempting my reputation, there is a general massacre of learning designed in these realms: and through my sides there is a wound given to all the Protestant almanack-makers in the universe.

VIVAT REGINA.

A VINDICATION

OF

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.,

AGAINST WHAT IS OBJECTED TO HIM BY MR PARTRIDGE, IN HIS ALMANACK FOR THE PRESENT YEAR 1709.

BY THE SAID ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

MR PARTRIDGE has been lately pleased to treat me after a very rough manner, in that which is called his almanack for the present year: such usage is very indecent from one gentleman to another, and does not at all contribute to the discovery of truth, which ought to be the great end in all disputes of the learned. To call a man a fool and villain, an impudent fellow, only for differing from him in a point merely speculative, is, in my humble opinion, a very improper style for a person of his education. I appeal to the learned world whether, in my last year's predictions, I gave him the least provocation for such unworthy treatment. Philosophers have differed in all ages; but the discreetest among them have always differed as became philosophers. Scurrility and passion, in a controversy among scholars, is just so much of nothing to the purpose, and at best a tacit confession of a weak cause: my concern is not so much for my own reputation, as that of the republic of letters, which Mr Partridge has endeavoured to wound through my sides. If men of public spirit must be superciliously treated for their ingenious attempts, how will true useful knowledge be ever advanced? I wish Mr Partridge knew the thoughts which foreign universities have conceived of his ungenerous proceedings with me; but I am too tender of his reputation to publish them to the world. That spirit of envy and pride, which blasts so many rising geniuses in our nation, is yet unknown among professors abroad: the necessity of justifying myself will excuse my vanity, when I tell the reader that I have near a hundred honorary letters from several parts of Europe (some as far as Muscovy) in praise of my performance; besides several others, which, as I have been credibly informed, were opened in the post office and never sent me. It is true, the Inquisition in Portugal was pleased to burn my predictions, and condemn the author and the readers of them; but I hope at the same time it will be considered in how deplorable a state learning lies at present in that kingdom; and, with the profoundest veneration for crowned heads, I will presume to add, that it a little concerned his majesty of Portugal to interpose his authority in behalf of a scholar and a gentleman, the subject of a nation with which he is now in so strict an alliance. But the other kingdoms and states of Europe have treated me with more candour and generosity. If I had leave to print the Latin letters transmitted to me from foreign parts, they would fill a volume, and be a full defence against all that Mr Partridge or his accomplices of the Portugal Inquisition will be ever able to object; who, by the way, are the only enemies my predictions have ever met with at home or abroad. But I hope I know better what is due to the honour of a learned correspondence in so tender a point. Yet some of those illustrious persons will perhaps excuse me for transcribing a passage or two in my vindication.[1] The most learned Monsieur Leibnitz thus addresses to me his third letter:—"*Illustrissimo Bickerstaffio astrologiæ instauratori*," &c. Monsieur Le Clerc, quoting my predictions in a treatise he published last year, is pleased to say, "*Ita nuperrime Bickerstaffius, magnum illud Angliæ sidus.*" Another great professor, writing of me, has these words: "*Bickerstaffius, nobilis Anglus, astrologorum hujusce sæculi facile princeps.*" Signior Maglia becchi, the great duke's famous library keeper, spends almost his whole letter in compliments and praises. It is true, the renowned professor of astronomy at Utrecht seems to differ from me in one article; but it is after the modest manner that becomes a philosopher; as, "*pace tanti viri dixerim:*" and, page 55, he seems to lay the error upon the printer, (as indeed it ought,) and says, "*vel forsan error typographi cum alioquin Bickerstaffius vir doctissimus*," &c.

If Mr Partridge had followed these examples in the controversy between us, he might have spared me the trouble of justifying myself in so public a manner. I believe no man is readier to own his errors than I, or more thankful to those who will please to inform him of them. But, it seems, this gentleman, instead of encouraging the progress of his own art, is pleased to look upon all attempts of that kind as an invasion of his province. He has been indeed so wise to make no objection against the truth of my predictions, except in one single point relating to himself: and to demonstrate how much men are blinded by their own partiality, I do solemnly assure the reader that he is the only

[1] The quotations here inserted are in imitation of Dr Bentley, in some parts of the famous controversy between him and the Hon. Charles Boyle.

person from whom I ever heard that objection offered; which consideration alone, I think, will take off all its weight.

With my utmost endeavours I have not been able to trace above two objections ever made against the truth of my last year's prophecies: the first was, of a Frenchman, who was pleased to publish to the world that the cardinal de Noailles was still alive, notwithstanding the pretended prophecy of Monsieur Biquerstaffe: but how far a Frenchman, a Papist, and an enemy, is to be believed in his own cause against an English Protestant who is true to the government, I shall leave to the candid and impartial reader.

The other objection is the unhappy occasion of this discourse, and relates to an article in my predictions which foretold the death of Mr Partridge to happen on March 29, 1708. This he is pleased to contradict absolutely in the almanack he has published for the present year, and in that ungentlemanly manner (pardon the expression) as I have above related. In that work he very roundly asserts, that he is not only now alive, but was likewise alive upon that very 29th of March, when I had foretold he should die. This is the subject of the present controversy between us; which I design to handle with all brevity, perspicuity, and calmness. In this dispute I am sensible the eyes not only of England, but of all Europe, will be upon us; and the learned in every country will, I doubt not, take part on that side where they find most appearance of reason and truth.

Without entering into criticisms of chronology about the hour of his death, I shall only prove that Mr Partridge is not alive. And my first argument is this: about a thousand gentlemen having bought his almanacks for this year, merely to find what he said against me, at every line they read they would lift up their eyes and cry out, betwixt rage and laughter, they were sure no man alive ever writ such damned stuff as this. Neither did I ever hear that opinion disputed; so that Mr Partridge lies under a dilemma, either of disowning his almanack, or allowing himself to be no man alive. Secondly, death is defined by all philosophers a separation of the soul and body. Now it is certain that the poor woman who has best reason to know, has gone about for some time to every alley in the neighbourhood, and sworn to the gossips that her husband had neither life nor soul in him. Therefore, if an uninformed carcase walks still about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, Mr Bickerstaff does not think himself any way answerable for that. Neither had the said carcase any right to beat the poor boy who happened to pass by it in the street, crying, "A full and true account of Dr Partridge's death!" &c.

Thirdly, Mr Partridge pretends to tell fortunes and recover stolen goods, which all the parish says he must do by conversing with the devil and other evil spirits; and no wise man will ever allow he could converse personally with either till after he was dead.

Fourthly, I will plainly prove him to be dead out of his own almanack for this year, and from the very passage which he produces to make us think him alive. He there says he is not only now alive, but was also alive upon that very 29th of March which I foretold he should die on: by this he declares his opinion that a man may be alive now who was not alive a twelvemonth ago. And, indeed, there lies the sophistry of his argument. He dares not assert he was alive ever since that 29th of March, but that he is now alive, and was so on that day: I grant the latter; for he did not die till night, as appears by the printed account of his death in a letter to a lord; and whether he be since revived I leave the world to judge. This indeed is perfect cavilling, and I am ashamed to dwell any longer upon it.

Fifthly, I will appeal to Mr Partridge himself whether it be probable I could have been so indiscreet to begin my predictions with the only falsehood that ever was pretended to be in them; and this in an affair at home, where I had so many opportunities to be exact; and must have given such advantages against me to a person of Mr Partridge's wit and learning, who, if he could possibly have raised one single objection more against the truth of my prophecies, would hardly have spared me.

And here I must take occasion to reprove the above-mentioned writer of the relation of Mr Partridge's death, in a letter to a lord, who was pleased to tax me with a mistake of four whole hours in my calculation of that event. I must confess, this censure, pronounced with an air of certainty, in a matter that so nearly concerned me, and by a grave, judicious author, moved me not a little. But though I was at that time out of town, yet several of my friends, whose curiosity had led them to be exactly informed, (for as to my own part, having no doubt at all in the matter, I never once thought of it,) assured me I computed to something under half an hour, which (I speak my private opinion) is an error of no very great magnitude that men should raise a clamour about it. I shall only say, it would not be amiss if that author would henceforth be more tender of other men's reputation as well as his own. It is well there were no more mistakes of that kind; if there had, I presume he would have told me of them with as little ceremony.

There is one objection against Mr Partridge's death which I have sometimes met with, though indeed very slightly offered; that he still continues to write almanacks. But this is no more than what is common to all of that profession. Gadbury, Poor Robin, Dove, Wing, and several others, do yearly publish their almanacks, though several of them have been dead since before the Revolution. Now, the natural reason of this I take to be, that whereas it is the privilege of authors to live after their death, almanack-makers are alone excluded; because

their dissertations, treating only upon the minutes as they pass, become useless as those go off. In consideration of which, Time, whose registers they are, gives them a lease in reversion, to continue their works after death.

I should not have given the public or myself the trouble of this vindication, if my name had not been made use of by several persons to whom I never lent it; one of which, a few days ago, was pleased to father on me a new set of predictions. But I think these are things too serious to be trifled with. It grieved me to the heart when I saw my labours, which had cost me so much thought and watching, bawled about by the common hawkers of Grub street, which I only intended for the weighty consideration of the gravest persons. This prejudiced the world so much at first, that several of my friends had the assurance to ask me whether I were in jest? to which I only answered, coldly, that the event would show. But it is the talent of our age and nation to turn things of the greatest importance into ridicule. When the end of the year had verified all my predictions, out comes Mr Partridge's almanack, disputing the point of his death; so that I am employed like the general who was forced to kill his enemies twice over whom a necromancer had raised to life. If Mr Partridge have practised the same experiment upon himself, and be again alive, long may he continue so; that does not the least contradict my veracity; but I think I have clearly proved, by invincible demonstration, that he died, at farthest, within half an hour of the time I foretold, and not four hours sooner, as the abovementioned author in his letter to a lord has maliciously suggested, with a design to blast my credit by charging me with so gross a mistake.

A FAMOUS PREDICTION

OF

MERLIN, THE BRITISH WIZARD.

WRITTEN ABOVE A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, AND RELATING TO THE YEAR 1709.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY T. N. PHILOMATH.

LAST year was published a paper of Predictions, pretended to be written by one Isaac Bickerstaff, esq.; but the true design of it was to ridicule the art of astrology, and expose its professors as ignorant or impostors. Against this imputation Dr Partridge has learnedly vindicated himself in his almanack for that year.

For a farther vindication of this famous art, I have thought fit to present the world with the following prophecy. The original is said to be of the famous Merlin, who lived about a thousand years ago; and the following translation is two hundred years old, for it seems to be written near the end of Henry VII.'s reign. I found it in an old edition of Merlin's prophecies, imprinted at London by Johan Haukyns, in the year 1530, page 39. I set it down word for word in the old orthography, and shall take leave to subjoin a few explanatory notes:—

Seven and Ten addyd to nine,
Of Fraunce her Woe this is the Sygne,
Camys Rivere twys y-frozen,
Walke sans wetyng Shoes ne Hozen.
Then comyth foorthe, Ich understonde,
From Towne of Stoffe to fattyn Londe,
An herdie Chyftan, Woe the Morne
To Fraunce, that ever he was born.
Then shall the Fyshe beweyle his Bosse;
Nor shall grin Berrys make up the Losse.
Yonge Symnele shall again miscarrye:
And Norways Eyrd again shall marry.
And from the Tree where Blossums feele,
Ripe Fruit shall come, and all is wele,
Reaums shall daunce Yonde in Yonde,
And it shall be merrye in old Inglonde,
Then old Inglonde shall be no more,
And no man shall be sorie therefore.
Gerpon shall bade three Yedes agayne,
Till Hapsburge makyth them but twayne.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

Seven and Ten, &c. This line describes the year when these events shall happen. Sevén and ten make seventeen, which I explain seventeen hundred, and this number added to nine, makes the year we are now in; for it must be understood of the natural year, which begins the first of January.

Camys Rivere twys, &c. The River Thames frozen twice in one year, so as men to walk on it, is a very signal accident, which perhaps has not fallen out for several hundred years before, and is the reason why some astrologers have thought that this prophecy could never be fulfilled, because they imagined such a thing would never happen in our climate.

From Towne of Stoffe, &c. This a plain designation of the duke of Marlborough; one kind of stuff used to fatten, is called marle, and everybody know that borough is a name for a town; and this way of expression is after the usual dark manner of old astrological predictions.

Then shall the Fyshe, &c. By the fish is understood the Dauphin of France, as their kings' eldest sons are called; it is here said he shall lament the loss of the duke of Burgundy, called the Bosse, which is an old English word for hump-shoulder, or crook-back, as that duke is known to be; and the prophecy seems to mean that he should be overcome or slain. By the green berrys, in the next line, is meant the young duke of Berry, the Dauphin's third son, who shall not have valour or fortune enough to supply the loss of his eldest brother.

Yonge Symnele, &c. By Symnele, is meant the pretended prince of Wales, who, if he offers to attempt anything against England, shall miscarry, as he did before. Lambert Symnele is the name of a young man, noted in our histories for personating the son (as I remember) of Edward IV.

And Norways Pryd, &c. I cannot guess who is meant by Norway's pride;[1] perhaps the reader may, as well as the sense of the two following lines.

Reaums shall, &c. Reaums, or, as the word is now, realms, is the old name for kingdoms: and this is a very plain prediction of our happy union, with the felicities that shall attend it. It is added that Old England shall be no more, and yet no man shall be sorry for it. And indeed, properly speaking, England is now no more, for the whole island is one kingdom, under the name of Britain.

Geryon shall, &c. This prediction, though somewhat obscure, is wonderfully adapt. Geryon is said to have been a king of Spain, whom Hercules slew. It was a fiction of the poets, that he had three heads, which the author says he shall have again: that is, Spain shall have three kings, which is now wonderfully verified; for, besides the king of Portugal, which properly is part of Spain, there are now two rivals for Spain, Charles and Philip; but Charles being descended from the count of Hapsburg, founder of the Austrian family, shall soon make those heads but two, by overturning Philip, and driving them out of Spain.

Some of these predictions are already fulfilled, and it is highly probable the rest may be in due time; and I think I have not forced the words, by my explication, into any other sense than what they will naturally bear. If this be granted, I am sure it must be also allowed that the author (whoever he were) was a person of extraordinary sagacity; and that astrology, brought to such perfection as this, is by no means an art to be despised, whatever Mr Bickerstaff, or other merry gentlemen, are pleased to think. As to the tradition of these lines having been writ in the original by Merlin, I confess I lay not much weight upon it; but it is enough to justify their authority, that the book whence I have transcribed them was printed 170 years ago, as appears by the title-page. For the satisfaction of any gentleman who may be either doubtful of the truth, or curious to be informed, I shall give order to have the very book sent to the printer of this paper, with directions to let anybody see it that pleases; because I believe it is pretty scarce.

DIRECTIONS TO SERVANTS.[2]

RULES THAT CONCERN ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

When your master or lady calls a servant by name, if that servant be not in the way, none of you are to answer, for then there will be no end of your drudgery: and masters themselves allow, that if a servant comes when he is called, it is sufficient.

When you have done a fault, be always pert and insolent, and behave yourself as if you were the injured person; this will immediately put your master or lady off their mettle.

If you see your master wronged by any of your fellow servants, be sure to conceal it, for fear of being called a tell-tale: however, there is one exception in case of a favourite servant, who is justly hated by the whole family; who therefore are bound, in prudence, to lay all the faults they can upon the favourite.

The cook, the butler, the groom, the marketman, and every other servant who is concerned in the expenses of the family, should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to that servant's particular business. For instance, if the cook computes his master's estate to be

[1] Queen Anne.

[2] Lord Orrery, in his "Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift," says, concerning the "Directions to Servants:"—"This tract, which immediately followed Swift's Will, is imperfect and unfinished. A preface and dedication were to have been added. It was not published till after the dean's death; but the MS. was handed about, and much applauded, in his lifetime. The tract is written in so facetious a kind of low humour that it must please many readers; nor is it without some degree of merit, by pointing out, with an amazing exactness, (and what, in a less trivial case, must have been called judgment,) the faults, blunders, tricks, lies, and various knaveries of domestic servants. How much time must have been employed in putting together such a work! What an intenseness of thought must have been bestowed upon the lowest and most slavish scenes of life! It is one of those compositions that the utmost strength of wit can scarce sustain from sinking. A man of Swift's exalted genius ought constantly to have soared into higher regions." Faulkner, the Irish editor, gives this confirmation of Lord Orrery's account:—"The following treatise was begun some years ago by the author, who had not leisure to finish and put it into proper order, being engaged in many other works of greater use to his country, as may be seen by most of his writings. But as the author's design was to expose the villanies and frauds of servants to their masters and mistresses, we shall make no apology for its publication; but give it our readers in the same manner as we find it in the original, which may be seen in the printer's custody. The few tautologies that occur in the characters left unfinished will make the reader look upon the whole as a rough draught, with several outlines only drawn. However, that there may appear no daubing or patchwork by other hands, it is thought most advisable to give it in the author's own words."

£1000 a year, he reasonably concludes that £1000 a year will afford meat enough, and therefore he need not be sparing; the butler makes the same judgment; so may the groom and the coachman; and thus every branch of expense will be filled to your master's honour.

When you are chid before company, (which, with submission to your masters and ladies, is an unmannerly practice,) it often happens that some stranger will have the good nature to drop a word in your excuse; in such a case you will have a good title to justify yourself, and may rightly conclude, that whenever he chides you afterwards, on other occasions, he may be in the wrong; in which opinion you will be the better confirmed, by stating the case to your fellow servants in your own way, who will certainly decide in your favour: therefore, as I have said before, whenever you are chidden, complain as if you were injured.

It often happens, that servants sent on messages are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires; perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle; for the temptation, to be sure, was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist. When you return, the master storms, the lady scolds; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions: for instance, your uncle came fourscore miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day to-morrow: a brother servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away to Ireland: you were taking leave of an old fellow servant, who was shipping for Barbadoes: your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chapman till nine at night: you were taking leave of a dear cousin who is to be hanged next Saturday; you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop before you could stir a step: some nastiness was thrown on you out of a garret window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the smell went off: you were pressed for the sea service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much ado: a bailiff, by mistake, seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spunging house: you were told your master had gone to a tavern, and came to some mischance, and your grief was so great, that you inquired for his honour in a hundred taverns between Pall Mall and Temple Bar.

Take all tradesmen's parts against your master, and when you are sent to buy anything, never offer to cheapen it, but generously pay the full demand. This is highly to your master's honour, and may be some shillings in your pocket; and you are to consider, if your master has paid too much, he can better afford the loss than a poor tradesman.

Never submit to stir a finger in any business but that for which you are particularly hired. For example, if the groom be drunk or absent, and the butler be ordered to shut the stable door, the answer is ready,—"An please your honour, I don't understand horses:" if a corner of the hanging wants a single nail to fasten it, and the footman be directed to tack it up, he may say he does not understand that sort of work, but his honour may send for the upholsterer.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them: but neither masters nor ladies consider that those doors must be open before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors; therefore the best, and shortest, and easiest way is to do neither. But if you are so often teazed to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it, then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make everything rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

If you find yourself to grow into favour with your master or lady, take some opportunity in a very mild way to give them warning; and when they ask the reason, and seem loth to part with you, answer, that you would rather live with them than any body else, but a poor servant is not to be blamed if he strives to better himself; that service is no inheritance; that your work is great, and your wages very small. Upon which, if your master has any generosity, he will add 5s. or 10s. a quarter rather than let you go: but if you are baulked, and have no mind to go off, get some fellow servant to tell your master that he has prevailed upon you to stay.

Whatever good bits you can pilfer in the day, save them to junket with your fellow servants at night; and take in the butler, provided he will give you drink.

Write your own name and your sweetheart's, with the smoke of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen or the servants' hall, to show your learning.

If you are a young, sightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek; or if your breath be good, breathe full in her face; this I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle; and when the master calls "Who's there?" no servant is bound to come; for "Who's there" is nobody's name.

When you have broken all your earthen drinking vessels below stairs, (which is usually done in a week,) the copper pot will do as well; it can boil milk, heat porridge, hold small beer, or, in case of necessity, serve for a jordan: therefore apply it indifferently to all these uses; but never wash or scour it, for fear of taking off the tin.

Although you are allowed knives for the servants' hall at meals, yet you ought to spare them, and make use of your master's.

Let it be a constant rule, that no chair, stool, or table, in the servants' hall or the kitchen, shall have above three legs; which has been the ancient and constant practice in all the families I ever knew, and it is said to be founded upon two reasons: first, to show that servants are ever in a tottering condition; secondly, it was thought a point of humility, that the servants' chairs and tables should have at least one leg fewer than those of their masters. I grant there has been an exception to this rule with regard to the cook, who, by old custom, was allowed an easy chair to sleep in after dinner; and yet I have seldom seen them with above three legs. Now this epidemical lameness of servants' chairs is, by philosophers, imputed to two causes, which are observed to make the greatest revolutions in states and empires; I mean love and war. A stool, a chair, or a table is the first weapon taken up in a general romping or skirmish; and after a peace, the chairs, if they be not very strong, are apt to suffer in the conduct of an amour, the cook being usually fat and heavy, and the butler a little in drink.

I could never endure to see maid servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up: it is a foolish excuse to allege their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street door open, that you may get in without knocking when you come back; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you must be chidden.

I do most earnestly exhort you all to unanimity and concord: but mistake me not—you may quarrel with each other as much as you please, only always bear in mind that you have a common enemy, which is your master and lady, and you have a common cause to defend. Believe an old practitioner; whoever, out of malice to a fellow servant, carries a tale to his master, shall be ruined by a general confederacy against him.

The general place of rendezvous for all the servants, both in winter and summer, is the kitchen; there the grand affairs of the family ought to be consulted, whether they concern the stable, the dairy, the pantry, the laundry, the cellar, the nursery, the dining-room, or my lady's chamber: there, as in your own proper element, you can laugh, and squall, and romp, in full security.

When any servant comes home drunk, and cannot appear, you must all join in telling your master that he is gone to bed very sick; upon which your lady will be so very good-natured as to order some comfortable thing for the poor man or maid.

When your master and lady go abroad together, to dinner, or on a visit for the evening, you need leave only one servant in the house, unless you have a blackguard boy to answer at the door, and attend the children, if there be any. Who is to stay at home is to be determined by short and long cuts, and the stayer at home may be comforted by a visit from a sweetheart, without danger of being caught together. These opportunities must never be missed, because they come but sometimes; and all is safe enough while there is a servant in the house.

When your master or lady comes home, and wants a servant who happens to be abroad, your answer must be, that he had but just that minute stept out, being sent for by a cousin who was dying.

If your master calls you by name, and you happen to answer at the fourth call, you need not hurry yourself; and if you be chidden for staying, you may lawfully say, you came no sooner, because you did not know what you were called for.

When you are chidden for a fault, as you go out of the room, and down stairs, mutter loud enough to be plainly heard; this will make him believe you are innocent.

Whoever comes to visit your master or lady when they are abroad, never burden your memory with the person's name, for indeed you have too many other things to remember. Besides, it is a porter's business, and your master's fault he does not keep one; and who can remember names? and you will certainly mistake them, and you can neither write nor read.

If it be possible, never tell a lie to your master or lady, unless you have some hopes that they cannot find it out in less than half an hour. When a servant is turned off, all his faults must be told, although most of them were never known by his master or lady; and all mischiefs done by others charged to him. And when they ask any of you why you never acquainted them before? the answer is, "Sir, or madam, really I was afraid it would make you angry; and, besides, perhaps you might think it was malice in me." Where there are little masters and misses in a house, they are usually great impediments to the diversions of the servants; the only remedy is to bribe them with *goody goodies*, that they may not tell tales to papa and mamma.

I advise you of the servants, whose master lives in the country, and who expect vails, always to stand rank and file when a stranger is taking his leave; so that he must of necessity pass between you; and he must have more confidence or less money than usual, if any of you let him escape; and according as he behaves himself, remember to treat him the next time he comes.

If you are sent with ready money to buy anything at a shop, and happen at that time to be out of pocket, sink the money and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

When your lady sends for you up to her chamber, to give you any orders, be sure to

stand at the door, and keep it open, fiddling with the lock all the while she is talking to you, and keep the button in your hand, for fear you should forget to shut the door after you.

If your master or lady happen once in their lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their service, to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

When you have a mind to leave your master, and are too bashful to break the matter, for fear of offending him, the best way is to grow rude and saucy of a sudden, and beyond your usual behaviour, till he finds it necessary to turn you off; and when you are gone, to revenge yourself, give him and his lady such a character to all your brother servants who are out of place, that none will venture to offer their service.

Some nice ladies who are afraid of catching cold, having observed that the maids and fellows below stairs often forget to shut the door after them, as they come in or go out into the back yards, have contrived that a pulley and a rope, with a large piece of lead at the end, should be so fixed as to make the door shut of itself, and require a strong hand to open it; which is an immense toil to servants whose business may force them to go in and out fifty times in a morning: but ingenuity can do much, for prudent servants have found out an effectual remedy against this insupportable grievance, by tying up the pulley in such a manner that the weight of the lead shall have no effect; however, as to my own part, I would rather choose to keep the door always open, by laying a heavy stone at the bottom of it.

The servants' candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients; you may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot, in a powder-horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grease on a table, in a coffeecup, or a drinking glass, a horn-can, a teapot, a twisted napkin, a mustardpot, an inkhorn, a marrowbone, a piece of dough, or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring servants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady; whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

Lay all faults upon a lap-dog, or favourite cat, a monkey, a parrot, a child; or on the servant who was last turned off: by this rule you will excuse yourself, do no hurt to anybody else, and save your master or lady from the trouble and vexation of chiding.

When you want proper instruments for any work you are about, use all expedients you can invent rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire-shovel, the handle of the fire-brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately; you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot; you may hold it upside down, until it is choked with its own grease, or cram it into the socket of the candlestick; you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out; when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle end into the chamber-pot; you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter; the housemaid may put out her candle by running it against the looking-glass, which nothing cleans so well as candle-snuff; but the quickest and best of all methods is to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite; whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in everything. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well; mislay a fork or a spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of soot or a handful of salt in the pot, or smoking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladleful, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the housemaid make such a noise that her lady may hear it. The waiting maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault, in hopes to ingratiate herself: in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchenmaid does in a week.

CHAPTER I.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BUTLER.

In my directions to servants, I find from my long observation, that you butlers are the principal persons concerned.

Your business being of the greatest variety, and requiring the greatest exactness, I shall, as well as I can recollect, run through the several branches of your office, and order my instructions accordingly.

In waiting at the sideboard, take all possible care to save your own trouble, and your master's drinking-glasses; therefore, first, since those who dine at the same table are supposed to be friends, let them all drink out of the same glass without washing, which will save you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no person any liquor until he has called for it thrice at least; by which means, some out of modesty, and others out of forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your master's liquor be saved.

If any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle, to see if anything be in it; then taste it, to see what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken; and lastly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand, to show your cleanliness.

Be more careful to have the cork in the belly of the bottle than in the mouth; and if the cork be musty, or white friars in your liquor, your master will save the more.

If a humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent cousin, happen to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the master and the company, (which nobody is readier to discover and observe than we servants,) it must be the business of you and the footman to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worse than any of the rest; and you cannot please your master better, or at least your lady.

If any one calls for small beer towards the end of dinner, do not give yourself the pains of going down to the cellar, but gather the droppings and leavings out of the several cups and glasses, and salvers, into one; but turn your back to the company, for fear of being observed. On the contrary, when any one calls for ale towards the end of dinner, fill the largest tankard cup topful, by which you will have the greatest part left to oblige your fellow servants, without the sin of stealing from your master.

There is likewise a perquisite full as honest, by which you have a chance of getting every day the best part of a bottle of wine for yourself; for you are to suppose that gentlefolks will not care for the remainder of a bottle; therefore always set a fresh one before them after dinner, although there has not been above a glass drunk out of the other.

Take special care that your bottles be not musty before you fill them; in order to which, blow strongly into the mouth of every bottle, and then, if you smell nothing but your own breath, immediately fill it.

If you are sent down in haste to draw any drink, and find it will not run, do not be at the trouble of opening a vent, but blow strongly into the faucet, and you will find it immediately pour into your mouth: or take out the vent, but do not stay to put it in again, for fear your master should want you.

If you are curious to taste some of your master's choice bottles, empty as many of them just below the neck as will make the quantity you want; but then take care to fill them up again with clean water, that you may not lessen your master's liquor.

There is an excellent invention found out of late years in the management of ale and small beer at the sideboard: for instance, a gentleman calls for a glass of ale and drinks but half; another calls for small beer; you immediately turn out the remainder of the ale into the tankard, and fill the glass with small beer; and so backward and forward as long as dinner lasts, by which you answer three ends; first, you save yourself the trouble of washing, and consequently the danger of breaking your glasses; secondly, you are sure not to be mistaken in giving gentlemen the liquor they call for; and lastly, by this method, you are certain that nothing is lost.

Because butlers are apt to forget to bring up their ale and beer time enough, be sure you remember to have up yours two hours before dinner; and place them in the sunny part of the room, to let people see that you have not been negligent.

Some butlers have a way of decanting (as they call it) bottled ale, by which they lose a good part of the bottom; let your method be to turn the bottle directly upside down, which will make the liquor appear double the quantity; by this means, you will be sure not to lose one drop, and the froth will conceal the muddiness.

Clean your plate, wipe your knives, and rub the dirty tables with the napkins and tablecloths used that day; for it is but one washing, and besides, it will save you wearing out the coarse rubbers; and in reward of such good husbandry, my judgment is, that you may lawfully make use of the finest damask napkins for night caps for yourself.

When you clean your plate, leave the whiting plainly to be seen in all the chinks, for fear your lady should not believe you had cleaned it.

There is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears than in the management of candles, whereof although some part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet you being the principal person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow servants to apply them upon occasion.

First, to avoid burning daylight, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till

half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for ever so often.

Let your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old snuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles loose in the sockets, to show they are clean to the bottom.

When your candle is too big for the socket, melt it to the right size in the fire; and, to hide the smoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but observe, of late years, the great extravagance among the gentry upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own pains and his master's money; this may be contrived several ways, especially when you are ordered to put candles into the sconces.

Sconces are great wasters of candles; and you, who are always to consider the advantage of your master, should do your utmost to discourage them: therefore your business must be to press the candle with both your hands into the socket, so as to make it lean in such a manner, that the grease may drop all upon the floor, if some lady's head-dress, or gentleman's periwig, be not ready to intercept it: you may likewise stick the candle so loose, that it will fall upon the glass of the sconce, and break it into shatters; this will save your master many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glass-man, and yourself much labour; for the sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful perquisite, to your friend the cook, to increase her kitchen stuff; or, if this be not allowed in your house, give them in charity to the poor neighbours, who often run on your errands.

When you cut bread for a toast, do not stand idly watching it, but lay it on the coals, and mind your other business: then come back, and if you find it toasted quite through, scrape off the burnt side, and serve it up.

When you dress up your sideboard, set the best glasses as near the edge of the table as you can; by which means they will cast a double lustre, and make a much finer figure; and the consequence can be at most but the breaking half a dozen, which is a trifle in your master's pocket.

When any salt is spilt on the table, do not let it be lost, but when dinner is done, fold up the table-cloth with the salt in it, then shake the salt out in the salt-cellar to serve next day: but the shortest and surest way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, spoons, salt-cellars, broken bread, and scraps of meat altogether in the table-cloth; by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the window among the beggars, that they may with more convenience eat the scraps.

Leave the dregs of wine, ale, and other liquors, in the bottles: to rinse them is but loss of time, since all will be done at once in a general washing; and you will have a better excuse for breaking them.

If your master has many musty or very foul and crusted bottles, I advise you, in point of conscience, that those may be the first you truck at the next alehouse for ale or brandy.

When a message is sent to your master, be kind to your brother servant who brings it; give him the best liquor in your keeping, for your master's honour; and at the first opportunity he will do the same to you.

After supper, if it be dark, carry your plate and china together in the same basket, to save candle-light, for you know your pantry well enough to put them up in the dark.

When company is expected at dinner, or in the evenings, be sure to be abroad, that nothing may be got which is under your key; by which your master will save his liquor, and not wear out his plate.

I come now to a most important part of your economy, the bottling of a hogshead of wine, wherein I recommend three virtues, cleanliness, frugality, and brotherly love. Let your corks be of the longest kind you can get; which will save some wine in the neck of every bottle: as to your bottles, choose the smallest you can find, which will increase the number of dozens, and please your master; for a bottle of wine is always a bottle of wine, whether it hold more or less; and if your master has his proper number of dozens, he cannot complain.

Every bottle must be first rinsed with wine, for fear of any moisture left in the washing: some, out of a mistaken thrift, will rinse a dozen bottles with the same wine; but I would advise you, for more caution, to change the wine at every second bottle; a gill may be enough. Have bottles ready by to save it; and it will be a good perquisite, either to sell or drink with the cook.

Never draw your hogshead too low; nor tilt it, for fear of disturbing your liquor. When it begins to run slow, and before the wine grows cloudy, shake the hogshead, and carry a glass of it to your master; who will praise you for your discretion, and give you all the rest as a perquisite to your place: you may tilt the hogshead the next day, and in a fortnight get a dozen or two of good clear wine to dispose of as you please.

In bottling wine, fill your mouth full of corks, together with a large plug of tobacco, which will give to the wine the true taste of the weed, so delightful to all good judges in drinking.

When you are ordered to decant a suspicious bottle, if a pint be out, give your hand a dexterous shake, and show it in a glass, that it begins to be muddy.

When a hogshead of wine or any other liquor is to be bottled off, wash your bottles immediately before you begin; but be sure not to drain them, by which good management your master will save some gallons in every hogshead of wine.

This is the time that, in honour to your master, you ought to show your kindness to your fellow servants, and especially to the cook; for what signify a few flagons out of a whole hogshead? But make them be drunk in your presence, for fear they should be given to other folks, and so your master be wronged: but advise them, if they get drunk, to go to bed and leave word they are sick; which last caution I would have all the servants observe, both male and female.

If your master finds the hogshead to fall short of his expectation, what is plainer than that the vessel leaked; that the wine-cooper had not filled it in proper time; that a merchant cheated him with a hogshead below the common measure?

When you are to get water on for tea after dinner, (which in many families is part of your office,) to save firing, and to make more haste, pour it into the teakettle from the pot where cabbage or fish have been boiling; which will make it much wholesomer, by curing the acid and corroding quality of the tea.

Be saving of your candles, and let those in the sconces of the hall, the stairs, and in the lantern, burn down into the sockets, until they go out of themselves; for which your master and lady will commend your thriftiness, as soon as they shall smell the snuff.

If a gentleman leaves a snuffbox or pick-tooth case on the table after dinner, and goes away, look upon it as part of your vails, for so it is allowed by all servants, and you do no wrong to your master or lady.

If you serve a country squire, when gentlemen and ladies come to dine at your house, never fail to make their servants drunk, and especially the coachman, for the honour of your master: to which, in all your actions, you must have a special regard, as being the best judge; for the honour of every family is deposited in the hands of the cook, the butler, and the groom, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

Snuff the candles at supper as they stand on the table, which is much the securest way; because, if the burning snuff happens to get out of the snuffers, you have a chance that it may fall into a dish of soup, sack posset, rice milk, or the like, where it will be immediately extinguished with very little stink.

When you have snuffed the candle, always leave the snuffers open, for the snuff will of itself burn away to ashes, and cannot fall out and dirty the table when you snuff the candles again.

That the salt may lie smooth in the salt-cellar, press it down with your moist palm.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in view, and follow him to the door, and, as you have opportunity, look full in his face, perhaps it may bring you a shilling; but if the gentleman has lain there a night, get the cook, the housemaid, the stable-man, the scullion and gardener, to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall in a line on each side of him: if the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honour and cost your master nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread for the table, because in cutting a slice or two it will wipe itself.

Put your finger into every bottle to feel whether it be full, which is the surest way, for feeling has no fellow.

When you go down to the cellar to draw ale or small beer, take care to observe directly the following method: hold the vessel between the finger and thumb of your right hand, with the palm upwards; then hold the candle between your fingers, but a little leaning toward the mouth of the vessel; then take out the spigot with your left hand, and clap the point of it in your mouth, and keep your left hand to watch accidents; when the vessel is full, withdraw the spigot from your mouth, well wetted with spittle, which, being of a slimy consistence, will make it stick faster in the faucet: if any tallow drops into the vessel, you may easily (if you think of it) remove it with a spoon.

Always lock up a cat in the closet where you keep your china plates, for fear the mice may steal in and break them.

A good butler always breaks off the point of his bottle-screw in two days, by trying which is hardest, the point of the screw, or the neck of the bottle: in this case to supply the want of a screw, after the stump has torn the cork in pieces, make use of a silver fork, and when the scraps of the cork are almost drawn out, flirt the mouth of the bottle into the cistern three or four times, until you quite clear it.

If a gentleman dines often with your master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several methods to show him some marks of your displeasure, and quicken his memory: if he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him; if he asks for wine, let him stay a while, and then send him small beer; give him always foul glasses; send him a spoon when he wants a knife; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate: by these and the like expedients, you may probably be a better man by half-a-crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of standing by when he is going.

If your lady loves play, your fortune is fixed for ever; moderate gaming will be a perquisite of ten shillings a week; and in such a family I would rather choose to be butler than chaplain, or even rather than be steward; it is all ready money, and got without labour, unless your lady happens to be one of those who either obliges you to find wax candles, or forces you to divide it with some favourite servants; but, at worst, the old cards are your own; and if the gamesters play deep or grow peevish, they will change the cards so often, that the old ones will be a considerable advantage by selling them to coffee-houses, or families who love play but cannot afford better than cards at second hand; when

you attend at the service, be sure to leave new packs within the reach of the gamesters, which those who have ill luck will readily take to change their fortune; and now and then an old pack mingled with the rest will easily pass. Be sure to be very officious on play nights, and ready with your candles to light out your company, and have salvers of wine at hand to give them when they call; but manage so with the cook that there be no supper, because it will be so much saved in your master's family; and because a supper will considerably lessen your gains.

Next to cards there is nothing so profitable to you as bottles; in which perquisite you have no competitors except the footmen, who are apt to steal and vend them for pots of beer; but you are bound to prevent any such abuses in your master's family: the footmen are not to answer for what are broken at a general bottling; and those may be as many as your discretion will make them.

The profit of glasses is so very inconsiderable that it is hardly worth mentioning; it consists only in a small present made by the glass-man, and about four shillings in the pound added to the prices, for your trouble and skill in choosing them. If your master has a large stock of glasses, and you or your fellow servants happen to break any of them without your master's knowledge, keep it a secret till there are not enough left to serve the table, then tell your master that the glasses are gone; this will be but one vexation to him, which is much better than fretting once or twice a week; and it is the office of a good servant to discompose his master and his lady as seldom as he can; and here the cat and dog will be of great use to take the blame from you. Note, that bottles missing are supposed to be half stolen by stragglers and other servants; and the other half broken by accident and a general washing.

Whet the backs of your knives until they are as sharp as the edge; which will have this advantage, that when gentlemen find them blunt on one side they may try the other; and to show you spare no pains in sharpening the knives, whet them so long, till you wear out a good part of the iron, and even the bottom of the silver handle. This does credit to your master, for it shows good housekeeping; and the goldsmith may one day make you a present.

Your lady, when she finds the small beer or ale dead, will blame you for not remembering to put the peg into the vent-hole. This is a great mistake, nothing being plainer than that the peg keeps the air in the vessel, which spoils the drink, and therefore ought to be let out; but if she insists upon it, to prevent the trouble of pulling out the vent and putting it in a dozen times a day, which is not to be borne by a good servant, leave the spigot half out at night, and you will find, with only the loss of two or three quarts of liquor, the vessel will run freely.

When you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and so stick them into the socket: let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handsome if any body should come in.

Do all in the dark to save your master's candles.

CHAPTER II.

DIRECTIONS TO THE COOK.

ALTHOUGH I am not ignorant that it has been a long time since the custom began among the people of quality to keep men cooks, and generally of the French nation, yet because my treatise is chiefly calculated for the general run of knights, squires, and gentlemen, both in town and country, I shall therefore apply to you, Mrs Cook, as a woman: however, a great part of what I intend may serve for either sex; and your part naturally follows the former, because the butler and you are joined in interest; your vails are generally equal, and paid when others are disappointed; you can junket together at nights upon your own prog, when the rest of the house are a-bed; and have it in your power to make every fellow servant your friend; you can give a good bit or a good sup to the little masters and misses, and gain their affections: a quarrel between you is very dangerous to you both, and will probably end in one of you being turned off; in which fatal case, perhaps it will not be so easy in some time to cotton with another. And now, Mrs Cook, I proceed to give you my instructions; which I desire you will get some fellow servant in the family to read to you constantly one night in every week when you are going to bed, whether you serve in town or country; for my lessons shall be fitted for both.

If your lady forgets at supper that there is any cold meat in the house, do not you be so officious as to put her in mind; it is plain she did not want it; and if she recollects it the next day, say she gave you no orders, and it is spent; therefore, for fear of telling a lie, dispose of it with the butler, or any other crony, before you go to bed.

Never send up a leg of a fowl at supper while there is a cat or a dog in the house that can be accused for running away with it: but if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the rats, or a strange greyhound.

It is ill housewifery to foul your kitchen rubbers with wiping the bottoms of the dishes you send up, since the table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

Never clean your spits after they have been used; for the grease left upon them by meat is the best thing to preserve them from rust; and when you make use of them again, the same grease will keep the inside of the meat moist.

If you live in a rich family, roasting and boiling are below the dignity of your office, and which it becomes you to be ignorant of; there-

fore leave that work wholly to the kitchen-wench, for fear of disgracing the family you live in.

If you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can; but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your master's honour, and set down the highest rate; which, besides, is but justice; for nobody can afford to sell at the same rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge safely; swear that you gave no more than what the butcher and poulterer asked. If your lady orders you to set up a piece of meat for supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the butler.

Good cooks cannot abide what they justly call fiddling work, where abundance of time is spent, and little done: such, for instance, is the dressing small birds, requiring a world of cookery and clutter, and a second or third spit, which, by the way, is absolutely needless; for it will be a very ridiculous thing, indeed, if a spit, which is strong enough to turn a sirloin of beef, should not be able to turn a lark; however, if your lady be nice, and is afraid that a large spit will tear them, place them handsomely in the dripping-pan, where the fat of roasted mutton or beef falling on the birds will serve to baste them, and so save both time and butter: for what cook of any spirit would lose her time in picking larks, wheatears, and other small birds? Therefore, if you cannot get the maids or the young misses to assist you, e'en make short work, and either singe or flay them; there is no great loss in the skins, and the flesh is just the same.

If you are employed in marketing, do not accept a treat of a beef-steak and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conscience is no better than wronging your master; but do you always take that perquisite in money, if you do not go in trust; or in poundage, when you pay the bills.

The kitchen bellows being usually out of order with stirring the fire with the muzzle, to save the tongs and poker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bedchamber, which, being least used, are commonly the best in the house: and if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own use.

Let a blackguard boy be always about the house to send on your errands, and go to market for you on rainy days, which will save your clothes, and make you appear more creditable to your mistress.

If your mistress allows you the kitchen stuff, in return of her generosity take care to boil and roast your meat sufficiently. If she keeps it for her own profit, do her justice; and rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Send up your meat well stuck with skewers, to make it look round and plump; and an iron skewer rightly employed now and then will make it look handsomer.

When you roast a long joint of meat, be careful only about the middle, and leave the two extreme parts raw, which will serve another time, and will also save firing.

When you scour your plates and dishes, bend the brim inward, so as to make them hold the more.

Always keep a large fire in the kitchen when there is a small dinner, or the family dines abroad, that the neighbours, seeing the smoke, may commend your master's housekeeping: but when much company is invited, then be as sparing as possible of your coals, because a great deal of the meat, being half-raw, will be saved, and serve next day.

Boil your meat constantly in pump water, because you must sometimes want river or pipe water; and then your mistress, observing your meat of a different colour, will chide you when you are not in fault.

When you have plenty of fowl in the larder, leave the door open, in pity to the poor cat, if she be a good mouser.

If you find it necessary to go to market in a wet day, take out your mistress's riding hood and cloak, to save your clothes.

Get three or four charwomen to attend you constantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at small charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troublesome servants out of the kitchen, always leave the winder sticking on the jack, to fall on their heads.

If a lump of soot falls into the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soup a high French taste.

If you melt your butter to oil, be under no concern, but send it up, for oil is a genteeler sauce than butter.

Scrape the bottoms of your pots and kettles with a silver spoon, for fear of giving them a taste of copper.

When you send up butter for sauce, be so thrifty as to let it be half water; which is also much wholesomer.

If your butter, when it is melted, tastes of brass, it is your master's fault, who will not allow you a silver saucepan: besides, the less of it will go farther, and new tinning is very chargeable; if you have a silver saucepan, and the butter smells of smoke, lay the fault upon the coals.

Never make use of a spoon in anything that you can do with your hands, for fear of wearing out your master's plate.

When you find that you cannot get dinner ready at the time appointed, put the clock back, and then it may be ready to a minute.

Let a red-hot coal now and then fall into the dripping pan, that the smoke of the dripping may ascend, and give the roast meat a high taste.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing-room; but you are not to wash your

hands till you have gone to the necessary-house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your salad, not indeed till after you have sent up your second course; for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing; I mean the combing your head, which loses no time, because you can stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using your comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that has vexed you; as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or send them up to their masters with a dish-clout pinned at their tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the kitchen-maid to bring none but large coals, and save the small ones for the fires above stairs; the first are properest for dressing meat, and when they are out, if you happen to miscarry in any dish, you may fairly lay the fault upon want of coals; besides, the cinder-pickers will be sure to speak ill of your master's housekeeping, where they do not find plenty of large cinders mixed with fresh large coals; thus you may dress your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raise the honour of your master, and sometimes get share of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

As soon as you have sent up the second course, you have nothing to do (in a great family) until supper; therefore scour your hands and face, put on your hood and scarf, and take your pleasure among your cronies till nine or ten at night. But dine first.

Let there be always a strict friendship between you and the butler, for it is both your interests to be united; the butler often wants a comfortable tit-bit, and you much oftener a cool cup of good liquor. However, be cautious of him, for he is sometimes an inconstant lover, because he has great advantage to allure the maids with a glass of sack, or white wine and sugar.

When you roast a breast of veal, remember your sweetheart the butler loves a sweet-bread; therefore set it aside till evening; you can say, the cat or the dog has run away with it, or you found it tainted, or fly-blown; and besides, it looks as well at the table without it as with it.

When you make the company wait long for dinner, and the meat be overdone, which is generally the case, you may lawfully lay the fault upon your lady, who hurried you so to send up dinner, that you was forced to send it up too much boiled and roasted.

If your dinner miscarries in almost every dish, how could you help it? You were teazed by the footmen coming into the kitchen; and, to prove it true, take occasion to be angry, and throw a ladleful of broth on one or two of their liveries; besides, Friday and Childermas-day are two cross days in the week, and it is impossible to have good luck on either of them; therefore on those two days you have a lawful excuse.

When you are in haste to take down your dishes, tip them in such a manner that a dozen will fall together upon the dresser just ready for your hand.

To save time and trouble, cut your apples and onions with the same knife; and well bred gentry love the taste of an onion in everything they eat.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand, then dash it against the wall just over the dresser, so as to have it ready to pull by pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a silver saucepan for the kitchen use, let me advise you to batter it all, and keep it always black; this will be for your master's honour, for it shows there has been constant good housekeeping; and make room for the saucepan by wriggling it on the coals, &c.

In the same manner, if you are allowed a large silver spoon for the kitchen, let half the bowl of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, "This spoon owes my master no service."

When you send up a mess of broth, water gruel, or the like, to your master in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and fingers to put salt on the side of the plate; for if you make use of a spoon, or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the salt would fall, and that would be a sign of ill luck; only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean before you offer to touch the salt.

CHAPTER III.

DIRECTIONS TO THE FOOTMAN.

YOUR employment being of a mixed nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favourite of your master or mistress, or of the young masters and misses: you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love. You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table in all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see and know the world, and to understand men and manners. I confess your vails are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr in the neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a fortune; perhaps your master's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In Town you have a seat reserved for you in the playhouse, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and

critics: you have no professed enemy except the rabble, and my lady's waiting woman, who are sometimes apt to call you skip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I foolishly left by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the custom-house. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much thought and observation, as well as of seven years' experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a person of importance.

Never be seen in the streets with a basket or bundle in your hands, and carry nothing but what you can hide in your pocket, otherwise you will disgrace your calling; to prevent which, always retain a blackguard boy to carry your load; and if you want farthings, pay him with a good slice of bread, or scrap of meat.

Let a shoeboy clean your own shoes first, for fear of fouling the chamber, then let him clean your master's; keep him on purpose for that use, and to run of errands, and pay him with scraps. When you are sent on an errand, be sure to edge in some business of your own, either to see your sweetheart, or drink a pot of ale with some brother servants, which is so much time clear gained.

There is a great controversy about the most convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals; some stick it between the frame and the back of the chair, which is an excellent expedient, where the make of the chair will allow it; others, for fear the plate should fall, grasp it so firmly that their thumb reaches to the middle of the hollow: which, however, if your thumb be dry, is no secure method; and therefore, in that case, I advise you wetting the ball of it with your tongue: as to that absurd practice of letting the back of the plate lie leaning on the hollow of your hand, which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so refined that they hold their plate directly under the left armpit, which is the best situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away a dish, where your plate may happen to fall upon some of the company's heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these ways, which I have frequently tried; and therefore, I recommend a fourth, which is to stick your plate, up to the rim inclusive, in the left side, between your waistcoat and your shirt: this will keep it at least as warm as under your armpit or ockster, as the Scots call it; this will hide it so as strangers may take you for a better servant, too good to hold a plate; this will secure it from falling, and thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip out in a moment, ready warmed, to any guest within your reach who may want it. And lastly, there is another convenience in this method, that if at any time during your waiting you find yourself going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part close to your nose or mouth, and thus prevent spirting any moisture from either upon the dishes or the ladies' dress; you see gentlemen and ladies observe a like practice on such an occasion, with a hat or handkerchief; yet a plate is less fouled, and sooner cleaned, than either of these; for, when your cough or sneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the same position, and your shirt shall clean it in the passage.

Take off the largest dishes, and set them on, with one hand, to show the ladies your vigour and strength of back; but always do it between two ladies, that, if the dish happens to slip, the soup or sauce may fall on their clothes, and not daub the floor; by this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.

Learn all the new-fashioned words, and oaths, and songs, and scraps of plays, that your memory can hold. Thus you will become the delight of nine ladies in ten, and the envy of ninety-nine beaux in a hundred.

Take care that, at certain periods, during dinner especially, when persons of quality are there, you and your brethren be all out of the room together; by which you will give yourself some ease from the fatigue of waiting, and at the same time leave the company to converse more freely, without being constrained by your presence.

When you are sent on a message, deliver it in your own words, although it be to a duke or a duchess, and not in the words of your master or lady; for how can they understand what belongs to a message as well as you, who have been bred to the employment? But never deliver the answer till it is called for, and then adorn it in your own style.

When dinner is done, carry down a great heap of plates to the kitchen, and when you come to the head of the stairs, trundle them all before you: there is not a more agreeable sight or sound, especially if they be silver, besides the trouble they save you, and there they will lie ready near the kitchen door for the scullion to wash them.

If you are bringing up a joint of meat in a dish, and it falls out of your hand before you get into the dining-room, with the meat on the ground, and the sauce spilled, take up the meat gently, wipe it with the flap of your coat, then put it again into the dish, and serve it up; and when your lady misses the sauce, tell her it is to be sent up in a plate by itself.

When you carry up a dish of meat, dip your fingers in the sauce, or lick it with your tongue, to try whether it be good and fit for your master's table.

You are the best judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have, and therefore if she sends you on a message of compliment or business to a family you do not like, deliver the

answer in such a manner as may breed a quarrel between them not to be reconciled; or if a footman comes from the same family on the like errand, turn the answer she orders you to deliver, in such a manner as the other family may take it for an affront.

When you are in lodgings, and no shoeboy to be got, clean your master's shoes with the bottom of the curtains, a clean napkin, or your landlady's apron.

Ever wear your hat in the house, but when your master calls; and as soon as you come into his presence, pull it off to show your manners.

Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the stairs; by which you will have the credit of being at home almost a minute sooner, and the scraper will last longer.

Never ask leave to go abroad, for then it will be always known that you are absent, and you will be thought an idle, rambling fellow; whereas if you go out and nobody observes you, you have a chance of coming home without being missed; and you need not tell your fellow servants where you are gone, for they will be sure to say you were in the house but two minutes ago, which is the duty of all servants.

Snuff the candles with your fingers, and throw the snuff on the floor, and then tread it out, to prevent stinking: this method will very much save the snuffers from wearing out. You ought also to snuff them close to the tallow, which will make them run, and so increase the perquisite of the cook's kitchen stuff; for she is the person you ought in prudence to be well with.

While grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit again, they may fall backward, which will make them all merry; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow servants.

When you know your master is most busy in company, come in and pretend to settle about the room, and if he chides, say you thought he rung the bell. This will divert him from plodding on business too much, or spending himself in talk, or racking his thoughts, all which are hurtful to his constitution.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a crab or a lobster, clap it between the sides of the dining-room door, between the hinges: thus you can do it gradually, without mashing the meat, which is often the fate of the street door key, or the pestle.

When you take a foul plate from any of the guests, and observe the foul knife and fork lying on the plate, show your dexterity; take up the plate, and throw off the knife and fork on the table, without shaking off the bones or broken meat that are left; then the guest, who has more time than you, will wipe the fork and knife already used.

When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who has called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, "Sir, or madam, here's the glass;" that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat; but stand at the person's left shoulder, and wait his time; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault, and not yours.

When your mistress sends you for a hackney coach in a wet day, come back in the coach, to save your clothes and the trouble of walking: it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be daggled with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled and yourself get a cold.

There is no indignity so great to one of your station, as that of lighting your master in the streets with a lantern; and therefore it is very honest policy to try all arts how to evade it: besides, it shows your master to be either poor or covetous, which are the two worst qualities you can meet with in any service. When I was under these circumstances, I made use of several wise expedients, which I here recommend to you: sometimes I took a candle so long, that it reached to the very top of the lantern, and burned it; but my master, after a good beating, ordered me to paste it over with paper. I then used a middling candle, but stuck it so loose in the socket, that it leaned towards one side, and burned a whole quarter of the horn. Then I used a bit of candle of half an inch, which sunk in the socket, and melted the solder, and forced my master to walk half the way in the dark. Then he made me stick two inches of candle in the place where the socket was, after which I pretended to stumble, put out the candle, and broke all the tin part to pieces: at last, he was forced to make use of a lantern-boy, out of perfect good husbandry.

It is much to be lamented that the gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, dishes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is still the greater, because one of those hands is required to open the door, while you are encumbered with your load; therefore I advise that the door may be always left ajar, so as to open it with your foot, and then you may carry out plates and dishes from your belly up to your chin, besides a good quantity of things under your arms, which will save you many a weary step; but take care that none of the burden falls till you are out of the room, and, if possible, out of hearing.

If you are sent to the postoffice with a letter in a cold rainy night, step to the alehouse and take a pot, until it is supposed you have done your errand; but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honest servant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over while you are running up for a spoon to stir it, or thinking of something else, or struggling with the chambermaid for a kiss, wipe the sides of the pot clean with a dishclout, carry

up your coffee boldly, and when your lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the fact absolutely; swear you put in more coffee than ordinary, that you never stirred an inch from it, that you strove to make it better than usual because your mistress had ladies with her, that the servants in the kitchen will justify what you say; upon this, you will find that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good, and your mistress will confess that her mouth is out of taste, and she will for the future suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conscience, for coffee is very unwholesome, and, out of affection to your lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible; and upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a dish of fresh coffee, you may and ought to subtract a part of the powder, on account of your lady's health, and getting her maid's good will.

If your master sends you with a small, trifling present to one of his friends, be as careful of it as you would be of a diamond ring; therefore, if the present be only half-a-dozen pippins, send up the servant who received the message, to say that you were ordered to deliver them with your own hands. This will show your exactness and care to prevent accidents or mistakes; and the gentleman or lady cannot do less than give you a shilling: so, when your master receives the like present, teach the messenger who brings it to do the same, and give your master hints that may stir up his generosity; for brother servants should assist one another, since it is all for their masters' honour, which is the chief point to be consulted by every good servant, and of which he is the best judge.

When you step but a few doors off, to tattle with a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to see a brother footman going to be hanged, leave the street door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your master discover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his service no injury.

When you take away the remaining pieces of bread after dinner, put them on foul plates, and press them down with other plates over them, so as nobody can touch them; and so they will be a good perquisite to the blackguard boy in ordinary.

When you are forced to clean your master's shoes with your own hand, use the edge of the sharpest case-knife, and dry them with the toes an inch from the fire; because wet shoes are dangerous, and besides by these arts you will get them the sooner for yourself.

In some families the master often sends to the tavern for a bottle of wine, and you are the messenger: I advise you therefore to take the smallest bottle you can find; but, however, make the drawer give you a full quart, then you will get a good sup for yourself, and your bottle will be filled. As for a cork to stop it, you need oe at no trouble, for the thumb will do as well, or a bit of dirty chewed paper.

In all disputes with chairmen and coachmen, for demanding too much, when your master sends you down to chaffer with them, take pity of the poor fellows, and tell your master that they will not take a farthing less: it is more for your interest to get share of a pot of ale, than to save a shilling for your master, to whom it is a trifle.

When you attend your lady in a dark night, if she uses her coach, do not walk by the coach side, so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper place behind it, and so hold the flambeau sloping forward over the coach roof; and when it wants snuffing, dash it against the corners.

When you leave your lady at church on Sundays, you have two hours safe to spend with your companions at the alehouse, or over a beefsteak and a pot of beer at home with the cook and the maids; and, indeed, poor servants have so few opportunities to be happy, that they ought not to lose any.

Never wear socks when you wait at meals, on account of your own health, as well as of them who sit at table; because, as most ladies like the smell of young men's toes, so it is a sovereign remedy against vapours.

Choose a service, if you can, where your livery colours are least tawdry and distinguishing; green and yellow immediately betray your office, and so do all kinds of lace, except silver, which will hardly fall to your share, unless with a duke, or some prodigal just come to his estate. The colours you ought to wish for are blue, or filemot turned up with red; which, with a borrowed sword, a borrowed air, your master's linen, and a natural and improved confidence, will give you what title you please, where you are not known.

When you carry dishes or other things out of the room at meals, fill both your hands as full as possible; for although you may sometimes spill, and sometimes let fall, yet you will find at the year's end you have made great despatch and saved abundance of time.

If your master or mistress happen to walk the streets, keep on one side and as much on the level with them as you can, which people observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions; but if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the necessity to take off your hat, use but your thumb and one finger, and scratch your head with the rest.

In winter time light the dining-room fire but two minutes before dinner is served up, that your master may see how saving you are of his coals.

When you are ordered to stir up the fire, clean away the ashes from betwixt the bars with a fire-brush.

When you are ordered to call a coach, although it be midnight, go no farther than the door, for fear of being out of the way when you are wanted; and there stand bawling, "Coach, coach," for half an hour.

Although you gentlemen in livery have the misfortune to be treated scurvily by all mankind, yet you make a shift to keep up your spirits, and sometimes arrive at considerable fortunes. I was an intimate friend to one of our brethren who was footman to a court lady; she had an honourable employment, was sister to an earl, and the widow of a man of quality. She observed something so polite in my friend, the gracefulness with which he tripped before her chair, and put his hair under his hat, that she made him many advances; and one day taking the air in her coach, with Tom behind it, the coachman mistook the way, and stopped at a privileged chapel, where the couple were married, and Tom came home in the chariot by his lady's side: but he unfortunately taught her to drink brandy, of which she died, after having pawned all her plate to purchase it, and Tom is now a journeyman maltster.

Boucher, the famous gamester, was another of our fraternity: and when he was worth £50,000 he dunned the duke of Buckingham for an arrear of wages in his service: and I could instance many more, particularly another, whose son had one of the chief employments at court: and it is sufficient to give you the following advice, which is, to be pert and saucy to all mankind, especially to the chaplain, the waiting woman, and the better sort of servants in a person of quality's family; and value not now and then a kicking or a caning, for your insolence will at last turn to good account; and from wearing a livery, you may probably soon carry a pair of colours.

When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair, that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him.

When you carry a parcel of china plates, if they chance to fall, as it is a frequent misfortune, your excuse must be, that a dog ran across you in the hall; that the chambermaid accidentally pushed the door against you; that a mop stood across the entry, and tripped you up; that your sleeve stuck against the key, or button of the lock.

When your master and lady are talking together in their bedchamber, and you have some suspicion that you or your fellow servants are concerned in what they say, listen at the door, for the public good of all the servants, and join all to take proper measures for preventing any innovations that may hurt the community.

Be not proud in prosperity: you have heard that fortune turns on a wheel; if you have a good place you are at the top of the wheel. Remember how often you have been stripped, and kicked out of doors, your wages all taken up beforehand, and spent in translated red-heeled shoes, secondhand toupees, and repaired laced ruffles, beside a swinging debt to the ale-wife and the brandy shop. The neighbouring tapster, who before would beckon you over to a savoury bit of ox-cheek in the morning, give it you gratis, and only score you up for the liquor, immediately after you were packed off in disgrace carried a petition to your master to be paid out of your wages, whereof not a farthing was due, and then pursued you with bailiffs into every blind cellar. Remember how soon you grew shabby, threadbare, and out at heels; was forced to borrow an old livery coat, to make your appearance while you were looking for a place: and sneak to every house where you had an old acquaintance, to steal you a scrap to keep life and soul together; and, upon the whole, were in the lowest station of human life, which, as the old ballad says, is that of a skip-kennel turned out of place; I say, remember all this now in your flourishing condition. Pay your contributions duly to your late brothers the cadets, who are left to the wide world; take one of them as your dependent, to send on your lady's messages, when you have a mind to go to the alehouse; slip him out privately, now and then, a slice of bread, and bit of cold meat; your master can afford it; and if he be not yet put upon establishment for a lodging, let him lie in the stable or the coach-house, or under the backstairs, and recommend him to all the gentlemen who frequent your house as an excellent servant.

To grow old in the office of a footman is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on, without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue, (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing,) or running away with your master's niece or daughter, I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honour left you; there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

The last advice I give you relates to your behaviour when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your master, for housebreaking, or going upon the highway, or, in a drunken quarrel, by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot, and is owing to one of these three qualities; either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behaviour on this article will concern your whole community. Deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations: a hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready, upon demand, to give you a character before the court. Let nothing prevail on you to confess, but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades: but I suppose all this to be in vain; for if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best author of Newgate; some of your kind wenches will provide you with a Holland shirt and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribbon: take leave cheerfully of all your friends in Newgate; mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your

eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman; and so farewell: you shall be buried in pomp, at the charge of the fraternity; the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue, until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place.

CHAPTER IV.

DIRECTIONS TO THE COACHMAN.

You are strictly bound to nothing but to step into the box, and carry your master or lady.

Let your horses be so well trained that, when you attend your lady at a visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring alehouse to take a pot with a friend.

When you are in no humour to drive, tell your master that the horses have got a cold, that they want shoeing, that rain does them hurt, and roughens their coat, and rots the harness. This may likewise be applied to the groom.

If your master dines with a country friend, drink as much as you can get; because it is allowed that a good coachman never drives so well as when he is drunk; and then show your skill by driving to an inch by a precipice, and say you never drive so well as when drunk.

If you find any gentleman fond of one of your horses, and willing to give you a consideration besides the price, persuade your master to sell him, because he is so vicious that you cannot undertake to drive him, and is foundered into the bargain.

Get a blackguard boy to watch your coach at the church door on Sundays, that you and your brother coachmen may be merry together at the alehouse while your master and lady are at church.

Take care that your wheels be good, and get a new set bought as often as you can, whether you are allowed the old as your perquisite or not: in one case it will turn to your honest profit, and in the other it will be a just punishment on your master's covetousness; and probably the coach-maker will consider you too.

CHAPTER V.

DIRECTIONS TO THE GROOM.

You are the servant upon whom the care of your master's honour in all journeys entirely depends; your breast is the sole repository of it. If he travels the country, and lodges at inns, every dram of brandy, every pot of ale extraordinary that you drink raises his character; and therefore his reputation ought to be dear to you; and I hope you will not stint yourself in either. The smith, the saddler's journeyman, the cook at the inn, the ostler, and the boot-catcher, ought all, by your means, to partake of your master's generosity: thus his fame will reach from one county to another; and what is a gallon of ale, or a pint of brandy, in his worship's pocket? And although he should be in the number of those who value their credit less than their purse, yet your care of the former ought to be so much the greater. His horse wanted two removes; your horse wanted nails; his allowance of oats and beans was greater than the journey required; a third may be retrenched, and turned into ale or brandy; and thus his honour may be preserved by your discretion, and less expense to him; or, he travels with no other servant, the matter is easily made up in the bill between you and the tapster.

Therefore, as soon as you alight at the inn, deliver your horses to the stable boy, and let him gallop them to the next pond: then call for a pot of ale, for it is very fit that a Christian should drink before a beast. Leave your master to the care of the servants in the inn, and your horses to those in the stable: thus both he and they are left in the properest hands; but you are to provide for yourself; therefore get your supper, drink freely, and go to bed without troubling your master, who is in better hands than yours. The ostler is an honest fellow, and loves horses in his heart, and would not wrong the dumb creatures for the world. Be tender of your master, and order the servants not to wake him too early. Get your breakfast before he is up, that he may not wait for you; make the ostler tell him the roads are very good, and the miles short; but advise him to stay a little longer, till the weather clears up, for he is afraid there will be rain, and he will be time enough after dinner.

Let your master mount before you, out of good manners. As he is leaving the inn, drop a good word in favour of the ostler, what care he took of the cattle; and add that you never saw civiler servants. Let your master ride on before, and do you stay until your landlord has given you a dram; then gallop after him through the town or village with full speed, for fear he should want you, and to show your horsemanship.

If you are a piece of a farrier, as every good groom ought to be, get sack, brandy, or strong beer, to rub your horses' heels every night; and be not sparing, for (if any be spent) what is left, you know how to dispose of it.

Consider your master's health, and, rather than let him take long journeys, say the cattle are weak and fallen in their flesh with hard riding; tell him of a very good inn five miles nearer than he intended to go; or leave one of his horse's fore-shoes loose in the morning; or contrive that the saddle may pinch the beast in his withers; or keep him without corn all night and morning, so that he may tire on the road; or wedge a thin plate of iron between the hoof

and the shoe, to make him halt: and all this in perfect tenderness to your master.

When you are going to be hired, and the gentleman asks you whether you are apt to be drunk? own freely that you love a cup of good ale; but that it is your way, drunk or sober, never to neglect your horses.

When your master has a mind to ride out for the air, or for pleasure, if any private business of your own makes it inconvenient for you to attend him, give him to understand that the horses want bleeding or purging; that his own pad has got a surfeit; or that the saddle wants stuffing, and his bridle is gone to be mended; this you may honestly do, because it will be no injury to the horses or your master, and at the same time shows the great care you have of the poor dumb creatures.

If there be a particular inn in the town whither you are going, and where you are well acquainted with the ostler, or tapster, and the people of the house, find fault with the other inns, and recommend your master thither; it may probably be a pot and a dram or two more in your way, and to your master's honour.

If your master sends you to buy hay, deal with those who will be the most liberal to you; for, service being no inheritance, you ought not to let slip any lawful and customary perquisite. If your master buys it himself, he wrongs you; and, to teach him his duty, be sure to find fault with the hay as long as it lasts; and if the horses thrive with it, the fault is yours.

Hay and oats, in the management of a skilful groom, will make excellent ale, as well as brandy; but this I only hint.

When your master dines or lies at a gentleman's house in the country, although there be no groom, or he be gone abroad, or that the horses have been quite neglected, be sure to employ some of the servants to hold the horse when your master mounts. This I would have you do when your master only alights to call in for a few minutes: for brother servants must always befriend one another, and that also concerns your master's honour; because he cannot do less than give a piece of money to him who holds his horse.

In long journeys, ask your master leave to give ale to the horses; carry two quartsful to the stable, pour half a pint into a bowl, and if they will not drink it, you and the ostler must do the best you can; perhaps they may be in a better humour at the next inn; for I would have you never fail to make the experiment.

When you go to air your horses in the park, or the fields, give them to a horse boy, or one of the blackguards, who, being lighter than you, may be trusted to run races with less damage to the horses, and teach them to leap over hedges and ditches, while you are drinking a friendly pot with your brother grooms; but sometimes you and they may run races yourselves, for the honour of your horses, and of your masters.

Never stint your horses at home in hay and oats, but fill the rack to the top, and the manger to the brim, for you would take it ill to be stinted yourself; although perhaps they may not have the stomach to eat, consider they have no tongues to ask. If the hay be thrown down, there is no loss, for it will make litter, and save straw.

When your master is leaving a gentleman's house in the country, where he has lain a night, then consider his honour; let him know how many servants there are of both sexes, who expect vails; and give them their cue to attend in two lines as he leaves the house; but desire him not to trust the money with the butler, for fear he should cheat the rest; this will force your master to be more generous; and then you may take occasion to tell your master, that squire such a one, whom you lived with last, always gave so much a-piece to the common servants, and so much to the housekeeper, and the rest, naming at least double to what he intended to give; but be sure to tell the servants what a good office you did them; this will gain you love, and your master honour.

You may venture to be drunk much oftener than the coachman, whatever he pretends to allege in his own behalf, because you hazard nobody's neck but your own; for the horse will probably take so much care of himself, as to come off with only a strain or a shoulder-slip.

When you carry your master's riding coat in a journey, wrap your own in it, and buckle them up close with a strap, but turn your master's inside out, to preserve the outside from wet and dirt: thus, when it begins to rain, your master's coat will be first ready to be given him; and if it get more hurt than yours, he can afford it better, for your livery must always serve its year's apprenticeship.

When you come to your inn with the horses wet and dirty after hard riding, and are very hot, make the ostler immediately plunge them into water up to their bellies, and allow them to drink as much as they please; but be sure to gallop them full speed a mile at least, to dry their skins, and warm the water in their bellies. The ostler understands his business; leave all to his discretion, while you get a pot of ale and some brandy at the kitchen fire, to comfort your heart.

If your horse drop a fore-shoe, be so careful as to alight and take it up; then ride with all the speed you can, with the shoe in your hand, (that every traveller may observe your care,) to the next smith on the road, make him put it on immediately, that your master may not wait for you, and that the poor horse may be as short a time as possible without a shoe.

When your master lies at a gentleman's house, if you find the hay and oats are good, complain aloud of their badness; this will get you the name of a diligent servant; and be sure to cram the horses with as much oats as they can eat, while you are there, and you may give them so much the less for some days at the inns, and turn the oats into ale. When you leave the gentleman's house, tell your master what a

covetous hunks that gentleman was; that you got nothing but buttermilk or water to drink; this will make your master, out of pity, allow you a pot of ale the more at the next inn; but if you happen to get drunk in a gentleman's house, your master cannot be angry, because it cost him nothing; and so you ought to tell him as well as you can in your present condition, and let him know it is both for his and the gentleman's honour to make a friend's servant welcome.

A master ought always to love his groom, to put him in a handsome livery, and to allow him a silver-laced hat. When you are in this equipage, all the honours he receives on the road are owing to you alone: that he is not turned out of the way by every carrier, is caused by the civility he receives at second hand from the respect paid to your livery.

You may now and then lend your master's pad to a brother servant, or your favourite maid, for a short jaunt, or hire him for a day, because the horse is spoiled for want of exercise; and if your master happens to want his horse, or has a mind to see the stable, curse that rogue the helper, who has gone out with the key.

When you want to spend an hour or two with your companions at the alehouse, and that you stand in need of a reasonable excuse for your stay, go out of the stable door, or the back way, with an old bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather in your pocket; and on your return, come home by the street door, with the same bridle, girth, or stirrup-leather dangling in your hand, as if you came from the saddler's, where you were getting the same mended: if you were not missed, all is well; but if you are met by your master, you will have the reputation of a careful servant. This I have known practised with good success.

CHAPTER VI.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSE STEWARD AND LAND STEWARD.

Lord Peterborough's steward that pulled down his house, sold the materials, and charged my lord with repairs. Take money for forbearance from tenants. Renew leases, and get by them, and sell woods. Cheat my lord his own way. Gil. Blas said much of this, to whom I refer.

CHAPTER VII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE PORTER.

If your master be a minister of state, let him be at home to none but his pimp, or chief flatterer, or one of his pensionary writers, or his hired spy and informer, or his printer in ordinary, or his city solicitor, or a land-jobber, or his inventor of new funds, or a stock-jobber.

CHAPTER VIII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE CHAMBER MAID.

The nature of your employment differs according to the quality, the pride, or the wealth, of the lady you serve; and this treatise is to be applied to all sorts of families; so that I find myself under great difficulty to adjust the best business for which you are hired. In a family where there is a tolerable estate, you differ from the housemaid, and in that view I give my directions. Your particular province is your lady's chamber, where you make the bed, and put things in order; and if you live in the country, you take care of rooms where ladies lie who come into the house, which brings in all the vails that fall to your share. Your usual lover, as I take it, is the coachman; but, if you are under twenty, and tolerably handsome, perhaps a footman may cast his eye on you.

If you happen to break any china with the top of the whisk, on the mantle-tree or the cabinet, gather up the fragments, put them together as well as you can, and place them behind the rest, so that, when your lady comes to discover them, you may safely say they were broke long ago, before you came to the service. This will save your lady many an hour's vexation.

It sometimes happens that a looking glass is broken by the same means: while you are looking another way as you sweep the chamber, the long end of the brush strikes against the glass, and breaks it to shivers. This is the extremest of all misfortunes, and all remedy desperate in appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family where I had the honour to be a footman; and I will relate the particulars, to show the ingenuity of the poor chamber maid on so sudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your invention, if your evil star should ever give you the like occasion. The poor girl had broken a large japan glass, of great value, with a stroke of her brush: she had not considered long, when, by a prodigious presence of mind, she locked the door, stole into the yard, brought a stone of three pounds weight into the chamber, laid it on the hearth just under the looking glass, then broke a pane in the sash window that looked into the same yard, so shut the door, and went about her other affairs. Two hours after, the lady goes into the chamber, sees the glass broken, the stone lying under, and a whole pane in the window destroyed: from all which circumstances she concluded just as the maid could have wished, that some idle straggler in the neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the out-servants, had, through malice, accident, or carelessness, flung in the stone and done the mischief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herself out of danger; but it

was her ill fortune, that a few hours after in came the parson of the parish, and the lady naturally told him the accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her; but the minister, who happened to understand mathematics, after examining the situation of the yard, the window, and the chimney, soon convinced the lady that the stone could never reach the looking glass without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid, being proved to have swept the room the same morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty, upon her salvation, offering to take her oath upon the Bible, before his reverence, that she was as innocent as the child unborn; yet the poor wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard treatment, considering her ingenuity: however, this may be a direction to you in the like case, to contrive a story that will better hang together. For instance, you might say, that while you were at work with a mop or brush, a flash of lightning came suddenly in at the window, which almost blinded you; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glass on the hearth; that, as soon as you recovered your eyes, you saw the looking glass all broken to pieces: or you may allege, that, observing the glass a little covered with dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the moisture of the air had dissolved the glue or cement, which made it fall to the ground: or, as soon as the mischief is done, you may cut the cords that fastened the glass to the wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the ground; run out in a fright, tell your lady, curse the upholsterer, and declare how narrowly you escaped that it did not fall upon your head. I offer these expedients from a desire I have to defend the innocent; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the glass on purpose; which I would by no means excuse except upon great provocations.

Oil the tongs, poker, and fire-shovel, up to the top, not only to keep them from rusting, but likewise to prevent meddling people from wasting your master's coals with stirring the fire.

When you are in haste, sweep the dust into a corner of the room, but leave your brush upon it, that it may not be seen, for that would disgrace you.

Never wash your hands, or put on a clean apron, till you have made your lady's bed, for fear of rumpling your apron, or fouling your hands again.

When you bar the window-shuts of your lady's bedchamber at nights, leave open the sashes, to let in the fresh air, and sweeten the room against morning.

In the time when you leave the windows open for air, leave books, or something else, oh the window-seat, that they may get air too.

When you sweep your lady's room, never stay to pick up foul smocks, handkerchiefs, pinners, pin-cushions, teaspoons, ribbons, slippers, or whatever lies in your way; but sweep all into a corner, and then you may take them up in a lump, and save time.

Making beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they may not be seen on the bed.

When your lady sends you to wash a china cup, and it happens to fall, bring it up, and swear you did but just touch it with your hand, when it broke into three halves: and here I must inform you, as well as your fellow servants, that you ought never to be without an excuse; it does no harm to your master, and it lessens your fault; as, in this instance, I do not commend you for breaking the cup; but it is certain you did not break it on purpose, and the thing is possible that it might break in your hand.

You are sometimes desirous to see a funeral, a quarrel, a man going to be hanged, a wedding, a bawd carted, or the like. As they pass by in the street, you lift up the sash suddenly, there, by misfortune, it sticks; this was no fault of yours; young women are curious by nature; you have no remedy but to cut the cord, and lay the fault upon the carpenter, unless nobody saw you, and then you are as innocent as any servant in the house.

Wear your lady's smock when she has thrown it off; it will do you credit, save your own linen, and be not a pin the worse.

When you put a clean pillowcase on your lady's pillow, be sure to fasten it well with corking-pins, that it may not fall off in the night.

When you spread bread and butter for tea, be sure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to keep the bread moist against dinner; and let the mark of your thumb be seen only upon one end of every slice, to show your cleanliness.

When you are ordered to open or lock any door, trunk, or cabinet, and miss the proper key, or cannot distinguish it in the bunch, try the first key that you can thrust in, and turn it with all your strength till you open the lock, or break the key; for your lady will reckon you a fool to come back and do nothing.

CHAPTER IX.

DIRECTIONS TO THE WAITING MAID.

Two accidents have happened to lessen the comforts and profits of your employment; first, that execrable custom got among ladies of trucking their old clothes for china, or turning them to cover easy chairs, or making them into patchwork for screens, stools, cushions, and the like. The second is the invention of small chests and trunks with lock and key, wherein they keep the tea and sugar, without which it is impossible for a waiting maid to live; for, by

this means, you are forced to buy brown sugar, and pour water upon the leaves when they have lost all their spirit and taste. I cannot contrive any perfect remedy against either of these two evils. As to the former, I think there should be a general confederacy of all the servants in every family, for the public good, to drive those china hucksters from the doors; and as to the latter, there is no other method to relieve yourselves but by a false key, which is a point both difficult and dangerous to compass; but as to the circumstance of honesty in procuring one, I am under no doubt, when your mistress gives you so just a provocation, by refusing you an ancient and legal perquisite. The mistress of the tea-shop may now and then give you half an ounce; but that will be only a drop in the bucket: therefore I fear you must be forced, like the rest of your sisters, to run in trust, and pay for it out of your wages, as far as they will go; which you can easily make up other ways, if your lady be handsome, or her daughters have good fortunes.

If you are in a great family, and my lady's woman, my lord may probably like you, although you are not half so handsome as his own lady. In this case, take care to get as much out of him as you can; and never allow him the smallest liberty, not the squeezing of your hand, unless he puts a guinea into it; so, by degrees, make him pay accordingly for every new attempt, doubling upon him in proportion to the concessions you allow, and always struggling, and threatening to cry out, or tell your lady, although you receive his money: but never allow him the last favour under 100 guineas, or a settlement of £20 a year for life.

In such a family, if you are handsome, you will have the choice of three lovers, the chaplain, the steward, and my lord's gentleman. I would first advise you to choose the steward; but if you happen to be young with child by my lord, you must take up with the chaplain. I like my lord's gentleman the least of the three: for he is usually vain and saucy from the time he throws off his livery; and if he misses a pair of colours, or a tidewaiter's place, he has no remedy but the highway.

I must caution you particularly against my lord's eldest son. If you are dexterous enough, it is odds that you may draw him to marry you, and make you a lady; if he be a common rake, (and he must be one or t' other,) avoid him like Satan; for he stands less in awe of a mother than my lord does of a wife.

When your lady is ill, and, after a very bad night, is getting a little nap in the morning, if a footman comes with a message to inquire how she does, do not let the compliment be lost, but shake her gently until she wakes; then deliver the message, receive her answer, and leave her to sleep.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill manager if you cannot get £500 or £600 for disposing of her. Put her often in mind that she is rich enough to make any man happy; that there is no real happiness but in love; that she has liberty to choose wherever she pleases, and not by the directions of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth; that love, like death, equals all conditions; that if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign, and that if you had £40,000, it should be at his service. Take care that everybody should know what lady you live with; how great a favourite you are; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St James's Park; the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your sleeve or your bosom: pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it; but in that case seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you. When you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber; she finds it, is angry; protest you know nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the Park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat; and, indeed, he was as pretty a man as ever you saw: that she may burn the letter if she pleases. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can; but let him who pays you best with every letter be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to the house to be delivered to you for your lady, although it come from your best customer, throw it at his head, call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face; run up to your lady, and, as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

I could enlarge very much upon this subject, but I trust to your own discretion.

If you serve a lady who is a little disposed to gallantries, you will find it a point of great prudence how to manage. Three things are necessary: First, how to please your lady; secondly, how to prevent suspicion in the husband, or among the family; and lastly, but principally, how to make it most for your own advantage. To give you full directions in this important affair would require a large volume. All assignations at home are dangerous, both to your lady and yourself; and therefore contrive, as much as possible, to have them in a third place; especially if your lady, as it is a hundred odds, entertains more lovers than one, each of whom is often more jealous than a thousand husbands; and very unlucky rencontres may often happen under the best management. I need not warn you to employ your good offices chiefly in favour of those whom

you find most liberal: yet, if your lady should happen to cast an eye upon a handsome footman, you should be generous enough to bear with her humour, which is no singularity, but a very natural appetite: it is still the safest of all home intrigues, and was formerly the least suspected, until of late years it has grown more common. The great danger is lest this kind of gentry, dealing too often in bad ware, may happen not to be sound; and then your lady and you are in a very bad way, although not altogether desperate.

But, to say the truth, I confess it is a great presumption in me to offer you any instructions in the conduct of your lady's amours, wherein your whole sisterhood is already so expert and deeply learned; although it be much more difficult to compass than that assistance which my brother footmen give their masters on the like occasion; and therefore I leave this affair to be treated by some abler pen.

When you lock up a silk mantua, or laced head, in a trunk or chest, leave a piece out, that when you open the trunk again, you may know where to find it.

CHAPTER X.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSEMAID.

If your master and lady go into the country for a week or more, never wash the bedchamber or dining-room until just the hour before you expect them to return; thus the rooms will be perfectly clean to receive them, and you will not be at the trouble to wash them so soon again.

Leave a pail of dirty water, with a mop in it, a coal-box, a bottle, a broom, a chamber-pot, and such other unsightly things, either in a blind entry, or upon the darkest part of the back stairs, that they may not be seen; and if people break their shins by trampling on them, it is their own fault.

Brush down the cobwebs with a broom that is wet and dirty, which will make them stick the faster to it, and bring them down more effectually.

When you rid up the parlour hearth in a morning, throw the last night's ashes into a sieve; and what falls through, as you carry it down, will serve instead of sand for the rooms and the stairs.

When you have scoured the brasses and irons in the parlour chimney, lay the foul wet clout upon the next chair, that your lady may see you have not neglected your work: observe the same rule when you clean the brass locks, only with this addition, to leave the marks of your fingers on the doors, to show you have not forgot.

Leave your lady's chamber-pot in her bedchamber window all day to air.

Bring up none but large coals to the dining-room and your lady's chamber; they make the best fires, and if you find them too big, it is easy to break them on the marble hearth.

When you go to bed, be sure take care of the fire; and therefore blow the candle out with your breath, and then thrust it under your bed. Note, the smell of the snuff is very good against vapours.

Persuade the footman who got you with child to marry you before you are six months gone; and if your lady asks you why you would take a fellow who was not worth a groat, let your answer be, that service is no inheritance.

Lock up a cat or a dog in some room or closet, so as to make such a noise all over the house as may frighten away the thieves, if any should attempt to break or steal in.

When you wash any of the rooms towards the street over night, throw the foul water out of the street door; but be sure not to look before you, for fear those on whom the water light might think you uncivil, and that you did it on purpose. If he who suffers breaks the windows in revenge, and your lady chides you, and gives positive orders that you should carry the pail down, and empty it into the sink, you have an easy remedy: when you wash an upper room, carry down the pail so as to let the water dribble on the stairs all the way down to the kitchen, by which not only your load will be lighter, but you will convince your lady that it is better to throw the water out of the windows, or down the street door steps; besides, this latter practice will be very diverting to you and the family in a frosty night, to see a hundred people on their noses or backsides before your door when the water is frozen.

Polish and brighten the marble hearths and chimney-pieces with a clout dipped in grease; nothing makes them shine so well; and it is the business of the ladies to take care of their petticoats.

If your lady be so nice that she will have the room scoured with freestone, be sure to leave the marks of the freestone six inches deep round the bottom of the wainscot, that your lady may see your obedience to her orders.

CHAPTER XI.

DIRECTIONS TO THE DAIRYMAID.

Fatigue of making butter: put scalding water in your churn, although in summer, and churn close to the kitchen fire, and with cream of a week old. Keep cream for your sweetheart.

CHAPTER XII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE CHILDREN'S MAID.

If a child be sick, give it whatever it wants to eat or drink, although particularly forbid by the doctor; for what we long for in sickness will do us good; and throw the physic out of the window;

the child will love you the better; but bid it not tell. Do the same for your lady when she longs for anything in sickness, and engage it will do her good.

If your mistress comes to the nursery, and offers to whip a child, snatch it out of her hands in a rage, and tell her she is the cruellest mother you ever saw: she will chide, but love you the better. Tell the children stories of spirits when they offer to cry, &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

DIRECTIONS TO THE NURSE.

If you happen to let the child fall, and lame it, be sure never to confess it; and if it dies, all is safe.

Contrive to be with child as soon as you can, while you are giving suck, that you may be ready for another service when the child you nurse dies, or is weaned.

CHAPTER XIV.

DIRECTIONS TO THE LAUNDRESS.

If you singe the linen with the iron, rub the place with flour, chalk, or white powder; and if nothing will do, wash it so long till it be either not to be seen, or torn to rags.

About tearing linen in washing.

When your linen is pinned on the line, or on a hedge, and it rains, whip it off, although you tear it, &c. But the place for hanging them is on young fruit trees, especially in blossom; the linen cannot be torn, and the trees give them a fine smell.

CHAPTER XV.

DIRECTIONS TO THE HOUSEKEEPER.

You must always have a favourite footman whom you can depend upon: and order him to be very watchful when the second course is taken off, that it may be brought safely to your office, that you and the steward may have a tit-bit together.

CHAPTER XVI.

DIRECTIONS TO THE TUTORESS, OR GOVERNESS.

Say the children have sore eyes; Miss Betty wont take to her book, &c.

Make the misses read French and English novels, and French romances, all the comedies writ in king Charles II. and king William's reigns, to soften their nature, and make them tender-hearted, &c.

To the preceding Directions to Servants, the following may be added, as they were both written with the same design, though in a very different manner. It will easily be perceived that these are to be understood literally, and the others ironically.

THE DUTY OF SERVANTS AT INNS.

Be mounted before your master. When you see him mounted, ride out before him. When he baits at noon, enter the inn gate before him, and call the ostler to hold your master's horse while he alights. Leave your master to the servants of the inn; go you with the horses into the stable; choose a place farthest from the stable door; see the standing be dry; send immediately for fresh straw; see all the old hay out of the rack, and get fresh put in; see your horses' girths be loosed and stuffed; take not off the bridles till they are cool, nor saddles in an hour; see their hoofs be well picked; try if the heads of the nails be fast, and whether they be well clenched; if not, send presently for a smith; always stand by while the smith is employed. Give the oats the last thing. Water your horses when you are within a mile of the inn. Never keep above forty yards before or behind your master, unless he commands you. Try the oats by smelling and weighing them; see you have good measure; stand by while your horses are eating their oats.

When you enter your evening inn let your horses' feet be stuffed with cowdung every night. Observe the same rules, only be sure, if anything be wanting for a smith, let it be done overnight.

Know the time your master will set out in the morning: allow him a full hour to get himself ready. Contrive, both at morn and noon, to eat so that your master need not stay for you. Do not let the drawer carry the bill to your master, but examine it first carefully and honestly, and then bring it yourself, and be able to account for every article. If the servants have not been civil, tell your master before their faces, when he is going to give them money.

DUTY OF THE OTHER SERVANT WHERE THERE ARE TWO.

Ride forty yards behind your master; but be mounted before him. Observe now and then whether his horse's shoes be right. When you come to an inn at noon, give your horse to the ostler; bestir yourself to get a convenient room for your master; bring all his things into his room, full in his sight; inquire what is in the house, see it yourself, and tell your master how you like it. Step yourself now and then into the kitchen to hasten dinner or supper, and observe whether they be cleanly. Taste the ale, and tell your master whether it be good or bad. If he want wine, go you with the drawer

and choose a bottle well filled and stopped. If the wine be in hogsheads, desire to taste and smell it; if it be sour, or not clear, or ill-tasted, let your master know it, that he may not be at the charge of wine not fit to be drunk. See the salt be dry and powdered, the bread new and clean, the knives sharp. At night observe the same rules; but first choose him a warm room, with a lock and key in order; then call immediately for the sheets, see them well aired, and at a large fire; feel the blankets, bed, bolster, pillow, whether they be dry, and whether the floor under the bed be damp. Let the chamber be that which has been last laid in: inquire about it. If the bed itself be damp, let it be brought before a large fire, and air it on both sides. That you may forget nothing in the inn, have a fair list of what you want to take out; and when you put them up, compare them with your list.

You are to step now and then into the stable, to see whether the groom performs his duty.

For packing up your things, have a list of linen, &c. In packing, take care that no hard things be together, and that they be wrapped up in a paper, and other waste paper. Remember to put everything in their proper places in the portmantua. Stuff the shoes and slippers at the toes with a small lock of hay; fold up the clothes so that they may not be rumpled. When your master is in his room at night, put all his things in such a manner as he has them at home. Learn to have some skill in cookery, that at a pinch you may be able to make your master easy.

The Groom.—Carry with you a stirrup-leather, an awl, twelve horse-nails, and a horse's foreshoes, pick, and a hammer, for fear of an accident; and some ends and pack-thread, a bottle-screw, knife, and pen-knife, needles, pins, thread, silk, worsted, &c.; some plasters and scissars.

Item.—The servants to carry their own things, have a pocket-book, keep all their bills, date the time and place, and indorse the numbers.

Inquire in every town if there be anything worth seeing. Observe the country seats, and ask whom they belong to; and enter them, and the counties where they are.

Search under your master's bed when he is gone up, lest a cat or something else may be under it.

When your master's bed is made, and his things ready, lock the chamber door, and keep the key till he goes to bed; then keep it in your pocket till morn.

Let the servants of the inn be sure to wake you above an hour before your master is to go, that he may have an hour to prepare himself.

If the ostler has been knavish or negligent, do not let him hold your master's horse. Observe the same rule at a gentleman's house; if the groom has not taken care of your horses, do not let him hold your master's.

Inquire at every inn where you stay what is the best inn in the next town you are to come to; yet do not rely on that, but likewise, as you enter into any town to stay, ask the people which is the best inn, and go to that which most people commend.

See that your master's boots be dried and well liquored over night.

LAWS FOR THE DEAN'S SERVANTS.

If either of the two men servants be drunk, he shall pay an English crown out of his wages for the said offence, by giving the dean a receipt for so much wages received.

When the dean is at home, no servant shall presume to be absent without giving notice to the dean, and asking leave, upon the forfeiture of sixpence for every half hour that he is absent, to be stopped out of his or her board wages.

When the dean is abroad, no servant except the woman shall presume to leave the house for above one half hour; after which, for every half hour's absence, he shall forfeit sixpence: and if the other servant goes out before the first returns, he shall pay five shillings out of his wages as above.

Whatever servant shall be taken in a manifest lie, shall forfeit one shilling out of his or her board wages.

When the dean goes about the house, or outhouses, or garden, or to Naboth's vineyard, whatever things he finds out of order by neglect of any servant under whose care it was, that servant shall forfeit sixpence, and see to get it mended as soon as possible, or suffer more forfeitures, at the dean's discretion.

If two servants be abroad together when the dean is from home, and the fact be concealed from the dean, the concealer shall forfeit two crowns out of his or her wages, as above.

If, in waiting at table, the two servants be out of the room together, without orders, the last who went out shall forfeit threepence out of his board wages.

The woman may go out, when the dean is abroad, for one hour, but no longer, under the same penalty with the men, but provided the two men servants keep the house until she returns: otherwise, either of the servants who goes out before her return, shall forfeit a crown out of his wages, as above.

Whatever other laws the dean shall think fit to make, at any time to come, for the government of his servants, and forfeitures for neglect or disobedience, all the servants are bound to submit to.

Whatever other servant, except the woman, shall presume to be drunk, the other two servants shall inform the dean thereof, under pain of forfeiting two crowns out of his or her wages, besides the forfeiture of a crown from the said servant who was drunk.

SELECTED POEMS.

ODE TO KING WILLIAM,

ON HIS SUCCESSES IN IRELAND.

To purchase kingdoms, and to buy renown,
Are arts peculiar to dissembling France;
You, mighty monarch, nobler actions crown,
And solid virtue does your name advance.

Your matchless courage with your prudence joins
The glorious structure of your fame to raise;
With its own light your dazzling glory shines,
And into adoration turns our praise.

Had you by dull succession gain'd your crown,
(Cowards are monarchs by that title made,)
Part of your merit Chance would call her own,
And half your virtues had been lost in shade.

But now your worth its just reward shall have:
What trophies and what triumphs are your due!
Who could so well a dying nation save,
At once deserve a crown, and gain it too?

You saw how near we were to ruin brought,
You saw th' impetuous torrent rolling on;
And timely on the coming danger thought,
Which we could neither obviate nor shun.

Britannia stript of her sole guard, the laws,
Ready to fall Rome's bloody sacrifice;
You straight stept in, and from the monster's jaws
Did bravely snatch the lovely, helpless prize.

Nor is this all; as glorious is the care
To preserve conquests, as at first to gain:
In this your virtue claims a double share,
Which what is bravely won does well maintain.

Your arm has now your rightful title show'd,
An arm on which all Europe's hopes depend,
To which they look as to some guardian God,
That must their doubtful liberty defend.

Amaz'd, thy action at the Boyne we see!
When Schomberg started at the vast design:
The boundless glory all redounds to thee,
Th' impulse, the fight, th' event, were wholly thine.

The brave attempt does all our foes disarm;
You need but now give orders and command,
Your name shall the remaining work perform,
And spare the labour of your conquering hand.

France does in vain her feeble arts apply
To interrupt the fortune of your course:
Your influence does the vain attacks defy
Of secret malice or of open force.

Boldly we hence the brave commencement date
Of glorious deeds, that must all tongues employ;
William's the pledge and earnest given by Fate
Of England's glory, and her lasting joy.

MRS FRANCES HARRIS'S PETITION. 1700.

To their excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland,[1]
The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve and die a maid if it miscarries;
Humbly sheweth, that I went to warm myself in lady Betty's[2] chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold;
So, because I had been buying things for my lady last night,
I was resolved to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next my smock.
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unripp'd,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipp'd;
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light;
But when I search'd and miss'd my purse, Lord! I thought I should have sunk outright.
"Lord! madam," says Mary, "how d'ye do?"
—"Indeed," says I, "never worse:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?"
"Lord help me!" says Mary, "I never stirr'd out of this place!"
"Nay," said I, "I had it in lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case."

[1] The Earls of Berkeley and Galway.
[2] Lady Betty Berkeley, afterwards Germaine.

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm.
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a dream'd, methought, that we went and searched the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs Dukes's[1] box, tied in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle,[2] and he fell a swearing:
Then my dame Wadgar[3] came, and she, you know, is thick of hearing.
"Dame," said I, as loud as I could bawl, "do you know what a loss I have had?"
"Nay," says she, "my lord Colway's[4] folks are all very sad;
For my lord Dromedary[5] comes a Tuesday without fail."
"Pugh!" said I, "but that's not the business that I ail."
Says Cary,[6] says he, "I have been a servant this five-and-twenty years, come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such a thing."
"Yes," says the steward,[7] "I remember when I was at my lord Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of *gooseberries*."
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her full of grief:
(Now you must know of all things in the world I hate a thief:)
However, I was resolved to bring the discourse slyly about:
"Mrs Dukes," said I, "here's an ugly accident has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse;
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the house.
'Tis true, seven pounds, four shillings, and sixpence, makes a great hole in my wages:
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in these ages.
Now Mrs Dukes you know, and everybody understands,
That, though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands."
"The *devil* take me!" said she (blessing herself), "if ever I saw't!"
So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.

Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
"No," said I, "'tis the same thing, the CHAPLAIN[1] will be here anon."
So the Chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
"*Parson*," said I, "can you cast a *nativity* when a body's plunder'd?"
(Now you must know he hates to be called *parson*, like the *devil!*)
"Truly," says he, "Mrs Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says,[2] d'ye see,
You are no *text* for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know."
"Lord!" said I, "don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so;
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife;
I never took one in *your coat* for a conjurer in all my life."
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
"Now you may go hang yourself for me!" and so went away.
Well: I thought I should have swoon'd.
"Lord!" said I, "what shall I do?
I have lost my money and shall lose my true love too!"
Then my lord call'd me: "Harry,"[3] said my lord, "don't cry;
I'll give you something towards thy loss:"
"And," says my lady, "so will I."
"Oh! but," said I, "what if, after all, the Chaplain wont come to?"
For that, he said (an't please your excellencies), I must petition you,
The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your excellencies' protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's collection;
And over and above, that I may have your excellencies' letter,
With an order for the Chaplain aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and day,
Or the Chaplain (for 'tis his *trade*), as in duty bound, shall ever *pray*.

1 Wife to one of the footmen.
2 The Earl of Berkeley's valet.
3 The old housekeeper
4 Galway's.
5 The Earl of Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to succeed the two Earls then Lords Justices of Ireland.
6 Clerk of the kitchen.
7 Ferris; termed in the "Journal to Stella" a "scoundrel dog."

1 Swift, then chaplain to Lord Lieutenant Berkeley.
2 Dr Bolton, one of the chaplains.
3 A cant word of Lord and Lady Berkeley to Mrs Harris.

TO THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN.

MORDANTO fills the trump of fame,
The Christian worlds his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette a-la-main,
This day 's arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes, all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He 's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star
In senates bold, and fierce in war
A land commander, and a tar:

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake Charles of Sweden.

ON THE UNION.

THE queen has lately lost a part
Of her ENTIRELY-ENGLISH[1] heart,
For want of which, by way of botch,
She pieced it up again with SCOTCH.
Bless'd Revolution! which creates
Divided hearts, united states!
See how the double nation lies,
Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
As if a man, in making posies,
Should bundle thistles up with roses.
Who ever yet a union saw
Of kingdoms without faith or law?
Henceforward let no statesman dare
A kingdom to a ship compare;
Lest he should call our commonweal
A vessel with a double keel:
Which, just, like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd
And got about a league from land,
By change of wind to leeward side,
The pilot knew not how to guide.
So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

[1] The motto on Queen Anne's coronation medal.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS FINCH,[1] UNDER HER NAME OF ARDELIA.

PHŒBUS, now shortening every shade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves secure
From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial cant,
Confess'd his flame, and swore, by Styx
Whate'er she would desire, to grant—
But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was resolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

"Hear my request," the virgin said;
"Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine."

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
The god could not refuse her prayer:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due;
But she the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to stay;
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
But made his leg, and went away.

[1] Afterwards Countess of Winchilsea.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour,
When on their queen the Muses wait:
But Pallas owns Ardelia's power:
For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke:
"Deceitful nymph! I see thy art;
And though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll disappoint its nobler part.

"Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name!

"Of modest poets thou be first;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

"And last, my vengeance to complete,
May'st thou descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig! and one that wears a gown!"

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1709; FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER.

Now hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own;
The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brickdust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER:

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S GEORGICS. WRITTEN IN OCTOBER 1710; FIRST PRINTED IN THE TATLER.

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine:
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Sauntering in coffeehouse is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the South, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope:
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat! where dust, cemented by the rain,
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain![1]
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this *devoted* town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the Beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through,)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filth of all hues and odour seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield to St 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And, in huge confluence join'd at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
Sweeping, from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood;
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

[1] Originally—
"His only coat, where dust, confus'd with rain,
Roughens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain."

THE VIRTUES OF SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD. 1710.[1]

THE rod was but a harmless wand
While Moses held it in his hand;
But, soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did:
His rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist:
But, when he laid it down, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.
So, to her midnight feasts, the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd,
About a certain magic rod,[2]
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect:
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid:
In Scottish hills found precious ore,[3]
Where none e'er looked for it before;
And by a gentle bow divined
How well a cully's purse was lined;
To a forlorn and broken rake
Stood without motion like a stake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx.
That rod was a just type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.
Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he used to fish withal;
A place was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and sav'd his bait.
Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their rod describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when th' enchanted rod was broke
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.
Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good;
Though down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an HEIRLOOM, as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which, from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No hobby-horse, with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-fair,
Could with the rod of Sid compare.
Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad?
You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return'd to your mistress;
Or made it a Newmarket switch,
And not a rod for thine own breech.
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piss.

[1] This satire on Earl Godolphin, the first thing Swift wrote after his arrival in London in 1710, enjoyed immense success. "Sid" is suggested by the family name of Godolphin, which was Sydney; and the rod is of course the staff of Lord Treasurer, taken from him in August 1710.

[2] The *virgula divina*, said to be attracted by minerals.

[3] Swift is here supposed to refer to the Union.

THE WINDSOR PROPHECY.[1]

"ABOUT three months ago, at Windsor, a poor knight's widow was buried in the cloisters. In digging the grave the sexton struck against a small leaden coffer, about half a foot in length and four inches wide. The poor man, expecting he had discovered a treasure, opened it with some difficulty, but found only a small parchment, rolled up very fast, put into a leather case; which case was tied at the top and sealed with a St George, the impression on black wax, very rude and gothic. The parchment was carried to a gentleman of learning, who found in it the following lines, written in a black old English letter, and in the orthography of the age, which seems to be about two hundred years ago. I made a shift to obtain a copy of it; but the transcriber, I find, hath in many parts altered the spelling to the modern way. The original, as I am informed, is now in the hands of the

[1] "I have written a Prophecy, which I design to print." . . . "My Prophecy is printed, and will be published after Christmas-day. I like it mightily; I don't know how it will pass." . . . "I called at Mrs Masham's, who desired me not to let the Prophecy be published for fear of angering the queen about the duchess of Somerset; so I writ to the printer to stop them." . . . "I entertained our society at the Thatched-house tavern. The printer brought us a dozen copies of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. It is an admirable good one, and people are mad for it."—"Journal to Stella," December 23 to 27, 1711.

ingenious Dr W——, F.R.S., where, I suppose, the curious will not be refused the satisfaction of seeing it.

"The lines seem to be a sort of prophecy, and written in verse, as old prophecies usually are, but in a very hobbling kind of measure. Their meaning is very dark, if it be any at all; of which the learned reader can judge better than I: however it be, several persons were of opinion that they deserved to be published, both as they discover somewhat of the genius of a former age, and may be an amusement to the present."

WHEN *a holy black Swede*, the *son of Bob*,[1]
With a *saint* at his chin and a *seal* at his fob,[2]
Shall not see *one new-year's day*[3] in that year,
Then let old England make good cheer:
Windsor and *Bristow* then shall be
Joined together in the *Low-countree*.[4]
Then shall the *tall black Daventry Bird*[5]
Speak against peace right many a word;
And some shall admire his conying wit,
For many good groats his tongue shall slit.
But, spite of *the Harpy*[6] that crawls on all four,
There shall be peace, pardie, and war no more.
But England must cry alack and well-a-day,
If the stick be taken from the dead sea.[7]
And, dear Englond, if ought I understond,
Beware of *Carrots*[8] from *Northumberlond*.
Carrots sown *Thynne*[9] a deep root may get,
If so be they are in *Somer set*;
Their *Conyngs mark*[10] thou; for I have been told
They *assassine* when young, and *poison* when old.
Root out these Carrots, O *thou*,[11] whose name
Is *backwards* and *forwards* always the same;
And keep close to thee always that name,
Which *backwards* and *forwards*[12] is almost the same.
And, Englond, wouldst thou be happy still,
Bury those *Carrots* under a *Hill*.[13]

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.[14] 1712.

MIDAS, we are in story told,
Turn'd everything he touch'd to gold:

1 Dr John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol.
2 He was Dean of Windsor, and Lord Privy Seal.
3 The new style (which was not used in Great Britain and Ireland till 1752) was then observed in most parts of Europe.
4 Alluding to the deanery and bishopric being possessed by the same person, and to his being at Utrecht, whither he went as one of the commissioners for the peace.
5 Earl of Nottingham. 6 Duke of Marlborough.
7 The Treasurer's wand taken from Harley, whose second title was Lord *Mortimer*.
8 The Duchess of Somerset.
9 Thomas Thynne of Longleate, Esq., married the above lady after the death of her first husband, Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle.
10 Count Koningsmark. 11 ANNA. 12 MASHAM.
13 Lady Masham's maiden name was Hill.
14 "To-day I published The Fable of Midas, a poem printed on a loose half sheet of paper. I know not how it will take; but it passed wonderfully at our society to-night; and Mr Secretary read it before me the other night to Lord Treasurer at Lord Masham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it passes with you."—"Journal to Stella," Feb. 14, 1711-12.

He chipp'd his bread; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground;
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden pippin:
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill.
Untouch'd it passed between his grinders,
Or 't had been happy for gold-finders:
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head;
Whene'er he chanced his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd instead
Of paltry provender and bread;
Hence, by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold:[1]
And hence, a critic deep maintains,
We learned to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit.
Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide:
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to show his grudge,
Clapp'd asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels off his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel;
Midas, exposed to all their jeers,
Had lost his art and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader;
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three per cent.?
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t' other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call:
And there 's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas, too, has asses' ears:
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies;
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.

1 The Duke of Marlborough was accused of having received perquisites from contractors.

But gold defiles with frequent touch,
There's nothing fouls the hands so much;
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws;
Which, while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.
While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this popular tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom;
Much good may 't do them that have caught 'em;
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears and dirty hands.

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF. 1713.

(*A few of the first lines are wanting.*)

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . By an old ——— pursued,
A crazy prelate,[1] and a royal prude;[2]
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe, with doubtful nod,
Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God.
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring book.
Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd he sometimes dealt in rhyme;
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much grace;
Nor show'd the parson in his gait or face;
Despised luxurious wines and costly meat;
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the queen;
At Child's or Truby's[3] never once had been,
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes;
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after sage monitions from his friends
His talents to employ for nobler ends,
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state;
Admitted private when superiors wait:
And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor, Swift no sooner can appear,
But St John comes and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks: the yeomen cry,
"Make room," as if a duke were passing by.

Now Finch[1] alarms the lords: he hears for certain
This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain.
Finch, famed for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislabie,[2] to clear the doubt,
Inform the commons that the secret 's out—
"A certain doctor is observed of late
To haunt a certain minister of state:
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."
York is from Lambeth sent to show the queen
A dangerous treatise[3] writ against the spleen;
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon,[4] and repents too late.
Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her . . .[5] spouse.
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The queen, incensed, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.[6]
Now through the realm a proclamation spread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.[7]
While, innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the dean!
Now Delawar[8] again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ears thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.[9]
By faction tired, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth require:
What could he more, but decently retire?

CADENUS AND VANESSA.[10]

WRITTEN AT WINDSOR, 1713.

THE shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man.

1 Dr John Sharpe, who, for some unbecoming reflections in his sermons, had been suspended May 14, 1686, was raised from the deanery of Canterbury to the Archbishopric of York, July 5, 1691; and died February 2, 1712-13. 2 Queen Anne.
3 Coffeehouses frequented by the clergy.

1 Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham.
2 John Aislabie, then M.P. for Ripon. Walpole and he both spoke against Swift in the House of Commons.
3 The "Tale of a Tub."
4 He sent a message to ask Swift's pardon.
5 Insert "*murder'd.*" The Duchess's first husband, Thomas Thynne, Esq., was assassinated in Pall Mall by emissaries of Count Koningsmark.
6 The Duke of Argyle.
7 For writing "The Public Spirit of the Whigs."
8 Then Lord Treasurer of the Household.
9 He was visited by the Scotch Lords more than ever.
10 Goldsmith remarks that "this is thought to be one of Dr Swift's correctest pieces. Its chief merit, indeed, is the elegant ease with which a story, but ill conceived in itself, is told." Miss Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) was the daughter of Mr Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a Dutch merchant in Dublin, whose family is constantly mentioned in the "Journal to Stella."

The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money league;
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)
Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an answer, and sat down.

The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes,
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact:
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t' other sex.
That modern love is no such thing
As what those ancient poets sing:
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which, having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn.
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers,
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape
Engross the fancies of the fair,
The few soft moments they can spare
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and Park parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.

In a dull stream, which moving slow
You hardly see the current flow,—
If a small breeze obstruct the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws.
Hence we conclude no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts:
Nor are the men of sense to blame
For breasts incapable of flame;
The faults must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor farther those deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would insist
The bill might be with costs dismiss'd.
The cause appear'd with so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment seat,
Desired them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud:
For if the heavenly folks should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.
"And then," said she, "my son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt land and sky;
Or else, shut out from heaven and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth:
There live with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent."

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by the king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown;
The Graces, half asham'd, looked down;
And, 'twas observed, there were but few
Of either sex, among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And said, she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second:
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, *vide* Dido's case:
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.

There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day;
And so she did: and then a third;
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But, with rejoinders or replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say
What Venus meant by this delay?
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid

Produced on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself.
"Since men allege they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind
Which raise a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This infant shall restore my reign.
I 'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells:
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These will I gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind."
This said, she plucks in heaven's high bowers
A sprig of amaranthine flowers.
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second hand:
They blush, because they understand.
The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each, breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And said, "Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame:
Vanessa, by the gods enroll'd:
Her name on earth shall not be told."
But still the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
"Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born:
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You 'd swear it is Apollo's son;
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful has by me been spoil'd:
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care."
Wisdom 's above suspecting wiles;
The queen of Learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy;
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind,
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude:
With honour which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a stand;
She knew, in our degenerate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praise;
That meat must be with money bought:
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth;
Of which, as she grew up, there staid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her estate with care,
Yet liked three footmen to her chair.
But, lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
The queen of Love was pleas'd and proud
To see Vanessa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books,
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear:
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vanessa never did!"
Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My power shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the Martial Maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She 'd all undo that she had done.
But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
Or any brother god in heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause:
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council board.

Besides, she fear'd the queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own:
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's naught,
And must have contrary effects
To what her treacherous foe expects.
In proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets,
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold:)—
"Perfidious goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain;
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceived thyself, instead of me;
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme:
She 'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But, using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course."
The goddess thus pronounced her doom:
When, lo! Vanessa, in her bloom,
Advanc'd like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far:
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread:
Would seldom at the Park appear,
Nor saw the playhouse twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclined
To know the converse of mankind.
First issued from perfumers' shops
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she liked the play;
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who 's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walked till after nine:
Then, in soft voice and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise;
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat;
Farther than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent,
And said, she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly placed
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute:
That present times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art she ranged,
And gracefully her subject changed;
In vain! her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare.
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
—"That lady is the dullest soul!"
Then tapp'd their forehead in a jeer,
As who would say—"She wants it here!
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch!"
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St James,
Came early, out of pure good will,
To see the girl in dishabille.
Their clamour, lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
While Mrs Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing with important face
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought,
Whether the red or green were best,
And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and liked the worst.
To scandal next—"What awkward thing
Was that last Sunday in the ring?
I 'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast:
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:
Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl!
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t' other night
In public with that odious knight!"
They rallied next Vanessa's dress:
"That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear madam, let me see your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?

A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not ashamed to stoop?
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees."
Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
"She 's not so handsome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies!"
'She 's fair and clean, and that 's the most;
But why proclaim her for a toast?"
'A baby face; no life, no airs,
But what she learn'd at country fairs;
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I 'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces has a better fancy;
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place:
Which every girl at five years old
Can do as soon as she is told."
"I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better."
(To know the world! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The Queen of Beauty lost her aim;
Too late with grief she understood
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspir'd;
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.
So stars, beyond a certain height,
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit:
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that wherein it most excell'd;
Thus, making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She placed it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise,
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make;
Whom Pallas once, Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance, for her patron's sake;
Those early seeds, by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas now were grown;
And Cupid hoped they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at colonels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.
The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was, in the very search, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolved to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
"I find," said he, "she wants a doctor,
Both to adore her and instruct her:
I 'll give her what she most admires
Among those venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate.
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She needs no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice."
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in secret lurks;
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increas'd her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.
She fancies music in his tongue;
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase, she brighter shines;
Cadenus with each day declines:
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit;
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a sudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amazed to find
Such marks of a distracted mind:
For, though she seem'd to listen more,
To all he spoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tired with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But, in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventured to complain:
Said, she should be no longer teaz'd,
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinced he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd,
How she might shine in the *grand monde;*
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme:
He waked, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill;
For nature must be nature still.
If he were bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters:
Thus tutors often treat their betters;
And, since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu.
Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong;
Yet could such notions entertain
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts;
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost.
Two maxims she could still produce
And sad experience taught their use;
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes;
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
"Now," said the nymph, "to let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise;
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart."
Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise.
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:
And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thought had wholly been confined
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place
Without distinguishing her face;
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And, if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget;
Or, grant her passion be sincere
How shall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce;
The town would swear he had betray'd
By magic spells the harmless maid:
And every beau would have his jokes,
That scholars were like other folks;
And, when Platonic flights were over
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover!
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care—
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The doctor might have fancied worse.—
Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke;
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans* consequence.
She rallied well, he always knew:
Her manner now was something new;
And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player.

But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest:
For, let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a bite.
But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute;
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love.
She thought he had himself described,
His doctrines when she first imbibed;
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own;
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last:
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had named,
For learning, wit, and wisdom famed;)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourished then,
He must adore such godlike men.
If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case.
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While every passion of her mind
In him is centred and confin'd.
Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd;
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline:
Or as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully applied,
Insensibly came on her side.
It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes;
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
When miss delights in her spinet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding schools may have his choice:
And oft the dancing master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame;
And, though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talked so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail!
He never knew her judgment fail!
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head!
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That flattery 's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify, his pride;
Construing the passion she had shown,
Much to her praise, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste.
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession of his breast;
So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love allurements long are past,
Which gently warms but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem:
With what devotion we bestow
When goddesses appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits;
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?

In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise!
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates the throne:
The government is now her own;
He has a forfeiture incurr'd,
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange,
If both should now their stations change;
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil he:
Though she already can discern
Her scholar is not apt to learn,
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet.
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain;
Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.
Mean time the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
For though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent;
Though her design was not obtain'd:
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram Regina, prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and silence thrice proclaimed,
One lawyer to each side was named.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace;
And full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor spend their time to show their reading:
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the men.
But, in a weighty case like this
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,
Wherein she grievously complains
How she was cheated by the swains;
On whose petition (humbly showing,
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)—
She was at lord knows what expense
To form a nymph of wit and sense,
A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favour was misplac'd;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face
They were a stupid, senseless race;
And, were she to begin again,
She'd study to reform the men;
Or add some grains of folly more
To women, than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't.
This might their mutual fancy strike;
Since every being loves its like.
But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She put the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion.
The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last "O yes!"
The goddess would no longer wait;
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to heaven.

TO LOVE.[1]

In all I wish, how happy should I be,
Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee!
So weak thou art, that fools thy power despise;
And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wise.
Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art,
They catch the cautious, let the rash depart.
Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care:
But too much thinking brings us to thy snare;
Where, held by thee, in slavery we stay,
And throw the pleasing part of life away.
But, what does most my indignation move,
Discretion! thou wert ne'er a friend to Love:
Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
While the blind loitering god is at his play,
Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away:
Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
The heedless god, suspecting no deceits,
Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn,
And from her shepherd can find no return,
Laments, and rages at the power divine,
When, curst Discretion! all the fault was thine:
Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odds,
And bred such feuds between those kindred gods,
That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
When one appears, away the other runs.
The former scales, wherein he used to poise
Love against love, and equal joys with joys,
Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
Where titles, power, and riches still subside.

[1] Found on Miss Vanhomrigh's desk, after her death, in the handwriting of Swift.

Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
And tell him how thy children are undone;
Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow,
And strike Discretion to the shades below.

IMITATION

OF PART OF THE SIXTH SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE. 1714.

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
[[1]But here a grievance seems to lie—
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, "Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t' other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!"
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.]
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;[2]
Nor cross the channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound.
No matter where the money's found,
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er considered yet.
"Good Mr Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee day,
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the dean had been too proud,
To justle here among a crowd!"
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit.
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant, to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help, the cause is gone."—
"The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two."—
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly sign'd;
Consider, 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to teaze,
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr Dean, one word from you——"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"
"Whose chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;[1]
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaimed at Charing-cross.
Yet some, I know, with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the dean?
I wonder what some people mean!
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête;*
What! they admire him for his jokes?—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.

[1] The twenty lines within brackets were added by Mr Pope.

[2] Swift was perpetually expressing his deep discontent at his Irish preferment, and forming schemes for exchanging it for a smaller in England.

[1] Another of their amusements in these excursions consisted in Lord Oxford and Swift's counting the poultry on the road, and whichever reckoned thirty-one first, or saw a cat, or an old woman, won the game.

"You, Mr Dean, frequent the great:
Inform us, will the emperor treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus, in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
O, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.

THE SOUTH SEA PROJECT. 1721.

——Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas.
—VIRGIL.

YE wise philosophers, explain
What magic makes our money rise,
When dropt into the Southern main;
Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Presto! be gone—'Tis here again:
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here 's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a basin drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to swim:

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop;
The liquid medium cheats your sight:
Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pounds,
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round!
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate!

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desperate bet;
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees:

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove;
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Five hundred chariots just bespoke
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by directors led;
They with their spoils went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red Sea shore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight,
With wax the father bound them fast;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the tow'ring boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth;
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His wings are his paternal rent;
He melts the wax at every flame;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern Seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why, in that dangerous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock of geese jump down together;
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
And, swimming, never wet a feather.

But, I affirm, 'tis false in fact;
Directors better knew their tools;
We see the nation's credit crack'd;
Each knave has made a thousand fools.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stored;
But if a sharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing up the small,
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale directors eat up all.

When stock is high, they come between,
Making by second hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when, upon a moonshine night,
An ass was drinking at a stream,
A cloud arose, and stopt the light,
By intercepting every beam:

"The day of judgment will be soon,"
Cries out a sage among the crowd;
"An ass has swallow'd up the moon!"
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor subscriber to the Sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dried, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where 's the moral?
It shows the queen of love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land:
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly understand;
For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus by directors we are told,
"Pray, gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean 's cover'd o'er with gold,
Look round, and see how thick it lies:

"We, gentlemen, are your assisters,
We 'll come, and hold you by the chin."—
Alas! all is not gold that glisters;
Ten thousand sink by leaping in. .

O! would those patriots be so kind
Here in the deep to wash their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had golden sands.

A shilling in the bath you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shown through a multiplying glass,
Than what it always did before:

So cast it in the Southern Seas,
Or view it through a jobber's bill;
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea 's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leap'd into the flood;
There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

"Upon the water cast thy bread,
And after many days thou 'lt find it:"
But gold, upon this ocean spread,
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulf where thousands fell;
Here all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, though deep as Hell—
'Change Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot, seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And justle one another down,
Each paddling in his leaky boat;
And here they fish for gold, and drown.

"Now buried in the depth below,
Now mounted up to Heaven again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men."[1]

Mean time, secure on Garraway[2] cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain;
For where directors get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a lord is plied,
Some cully often wins a bet
By venturing on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see them there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace roofs, and steeple spires.

Mark where the sly directors creep
Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
The monsters nestle in the deep
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct how to shun
The crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him up in air to Hell.

Directors, thrown into the sea,
Recover strength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in air.

Directors!—for 'tis you I warn,—
By long experience we have found
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over bulky grow,
Nor come within your cullies' reach;
For, if the sea should sink so low
To leave you dry upon the beach,

You 'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus, when a whale has lost the tide,
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil;
The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep
These locusts whom our fruits have fed,—
That plague, directors,—to the deep,
Driv'n from the South Sea to the Red!

May He, whom Nature's laws obey,
Who lifts the poor and sinks the proud,
"Quiet the raging of the sea,
And still the madness of the crowd!"

[1] Psalm cvii. [2] A coffeehouse in 'Change Alley.

But never shall our isle have rest,
Till those devouring swine run down
(The devils leaving the possest)
And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind;
South Sea, at best, a mighty bubble.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A LATE FAMOUS GENERAL.[1]
1722.

His Grace! impossible! what, dead?
Of old age too, and in his bed?
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he 's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He 'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we 're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that 's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold, his funeral appears:
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say—
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let Pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing 's a duke;
From all his ill got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

VERSES ON BLENHEIM.

Atria longe patent, sed nec conantibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam bene non habitas!
MART., Lib. 12, Ep. 50.

See, here 's the grand approach,
That way is for his grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and there the clock;
Observe the lion and the cock,[2]
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mind how wide the hall is made;
The chimneys are so well design'd
They never smoke in any wind:
The galleries contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council chamber to debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
"Thanks, sir," cried I, "'tis very fine,
But where d 'ye sleep, or where d 'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling."

1 The Duke of Marlborough.

2 Placed in front of Blenheim House; the lion tearing the cock in pieces, to allegorise the triumph of England over France.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

IN A LETTER TO A PERSON OF QUALITY.
1728.

Sir, 'twas a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart—
Are well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal—
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never cease to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string.
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must our misfortunes never end?
And have we lost our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears.
Sooner shall, &c.
[*Here several verses are omitted.*]
The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engaged me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The journal of a modern dame
Is, by my promise, what you claim.
My word is pass'd, I must submit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.
By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel),
The modern dame is waked by noon,
(Some authors say not quite so soon),
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at quadrille.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise;
Of headache and the spleen complains;
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glass; and, "Betty, pray,
Don't I look frightfully to-day?
But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
Four matadores, and lose codille!
Depend upon 't, I never will.

But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six."
"Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver cup
He keeps in pawn?" "First, show him up."
"Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take, for interest cent. per cent.:
And, madam, there's my lady Spade
Has sent this letter by her maid."
"Well, I remember what she won;
And has she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down these ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals;
I thank my stars they all are light,
And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme;
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls lady Spade a hundred cheats:
"She slipped spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There 's Mrs Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign."
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening ale.
Now to another scene give place:
Enter the folks with silks and lace:
Fresh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
"Observe this pattern; there 's a stuff;
I can have customers enough.
Dear madam, you are grown so hard;
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan."
This business of importance o'er,
And madam almost dress'd by four;
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
She answers, in her usual style,
"The cook must keep it back a while;
I never can have time to dress,
No woman breathing takes up less;
I 'm hurried so, it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner cant by heart:
"I thought we were to dine alone,
My dear; for sure, if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But, really, 'tis my spouse's way!
He 's so unkind, he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends:
I wish ye may but have enough!"
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit!
But let me now a while survey
Our madam o'er her evening tea;
Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the god of silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty with blushing face;
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter seeming like to burst,
And Malice always judging worst;
And Vanity with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass;
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
A hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
A hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their inuendoes, hints, and slanders,
Their meaning lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I;
I must conceal my author's name:
But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, foolish females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind
Are you on vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes;
The prudes condemn the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phyllis for perfumes:
While crooked Cynthia sneering says
That Florimel wears iron stays;
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets
That women should be such coquettes;
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red;
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies:
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute;
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not schoolboys at a barring out
Raised ever such incessant rout;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;

Far less the rabble roar and rail
When drunk with sour election ale.
Nor do they trust their tongues alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of the fan
Describe the lady and the man.
But see, the female club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits;
"And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'd lay my life he never went;
Past six, and not a living soul!
I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of spleen!
How shall we pass the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse, I know it stops;
This head of mine, lord, how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!"
"Dear madam, try to take a nap"—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
"Go, run, and light the ladies up:
It must be one before we sup."
The table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our madam can sit up all night;
"Whoever comes, I'm not within."—
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.
How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut?
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels!
She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart and earnest eyes,
In hope to see spadillo rise;
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace and sees it red;
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
"This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game,
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays:
Your fan a moment if you please.
Stand farther, girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on."
"Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill."
"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
'Twas you that threw the game away:
When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a matadore;
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my lady call'd a king;
You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you mean to teach,
Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."
"That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs;
And makes her partner understand
A matadore is in her hand."
"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
"And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scored me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess'd the hand: it seldom fails:
I wish some folks would pare their nails."
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form:
But, conscious that they all speak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time too precious now to waste,
The supper gobbled up in haste,
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
"A frosty morn, past four o'clock."
The chairmen are not to be found;
"Come, let us play the other round."
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods, their cloaks, and get them gone;
But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky madam, left in tears
(Who now again quadrille forswears),
With empty purse, and aching head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

ON THE DEATH OF DR SWIFT.[1]

WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER 1731.

Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in Rochefoucault: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas:" "In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us."

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim, more than all the rest,
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;

[1] Dr Warton esteems this poem, and the Rhapsody on Poetry which follows it, the best of Swift's poetical productions, "though they cannot be called true poetry."

While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post:
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in Hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses;
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain humankind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire·
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine;
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and show'd its use.
St John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts! but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he 's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind:
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
"For poetry he 's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I 'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there 's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years;
"He 's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he 's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'yes come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better than to tell
That, "God be praised, the dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He 'd rather choose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?

And more lament when I was dead
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the dean?" "He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
"He hardly breathes." "The dean is dead."
Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?"
"I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."
"To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grub street wits are all employ'd:
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the dean or bless the drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:
"We must confess his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years;
For when we open'd him we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court "the dean is dead."[1]
And lady Suffolk,[2] in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
But now, as consort of the king,
You know 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres,[3] at sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob,[4] "I'm sorry for the news:
O, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will![5]
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.[1]
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters:[2]
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lash'd they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The dean is dead: (Pray, what is trumps?)
Then Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the dean—(I lead a heart,)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come: he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No farther mention of the dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favourite of Apollo?
Departed: and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."
Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago." "The same."

1 The Dean supposed himself to die in Ireland.
2 Mrs Howard, at one time a favourite with the Dean.
3 An infamous scoundrel, grown from a footboy to a prodigious fortune both in England and Scotland.
4 Sir Robert Walpole, chief minister of state, treated the Dean in 1726 with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chelsea, with the Dean's friends chosen on purpose; and appointed an hour to talk with him on the affairs of Ireland.
5 Mr William Pulteney, from being Sir Robert's intimate friend, came to oppose his measures, and joined with Bolingbroke.

1 Three stupid verse writers in London; the last was made laureate.
2 Curll the bookseller was notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments, of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who were hanged at Tyburn.

He searches all the shops in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;[1]
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastrycook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste:
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray do but give me leave to show 'em;
Here s Colley Cibber's birthday poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
Then here s a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's sir Robert's vindication,[2]
And Mr Henley's last oration.[3]
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to buy a set?
"Here 's Wolston's[4] tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:
Those maids of honour who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.[5]
He does an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down:
He shows, as sure as God 's in Glo'ster,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The Church had never such a writer;
A shame he has not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead! and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some and some without,
One quite indifferent in the cause
My character impartial draws:
"The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em:
But this I know, all people bought 'em.

As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind:
His vein, ironically grave,
Expos'd the fool and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
"He never thought an honour done him
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despised the fools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends,
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown.
"With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just,
'In princes never put thy trust:'
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms,[1] just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six hundred pound.
"Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of humankind:
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.[2]

1 Where old books were sold.

2 Walpole had a set of party scribblers to write in his defence.

3 Henley, a clergyman of the Church of England, who, wanting both merit and luck to get preferment, or even to keep his curacy, formed a new conventicle, which he called an Oratory.

4 Wolston, a clergyman who, for want of bread, in several treatises in the most blasphemous manner attempted to turn our Saviour's miracles into ridicule.

5 Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.

1 In 1713, the Queen was prevailed upon, by an address from the House of Lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising £300 to discover the author of a pamphlet called "The Public Spirit of the Whigs:" and in Ireland, in 1724, Lord Carteret was prevailed on to issue a proclamation promising the like reward of £300 to any person who would discover the author of a pamphlet called "The Drapier's Fourth Letter."

2 Queen Anne's ministry fell into variance from the first year after its commencement; see the "Journal to Stella."

"And oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended
On which alone our weal depended. [1]
When up a dang'rous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand?
With horror, grief, despair, the dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile or the Tower,
Himself [2] within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens
Far to the land of saints and fens;
A servile race in folly nurst,
Who truckle most when treated worst.

"By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose
Whose merits were, to be his foes;
When ev'n his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.

"The dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;[3]
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has owned it was his doing
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

"To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,[4]
Whose fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs, or old Tresilian,[5]
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded,
Vow'd on the dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heav'n his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hired, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.

"In exile,[1] with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part,
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St John, Pope, and Gay.
His friendships there, to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed;
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
. . . . . squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and . . . . for nought.
The . . . . . go joyful back,
The . . . the church their tenants rack,
Go snacks with . . . . . .
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn the tax for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.

"Perhaps I may allow the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name;
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant;
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe!
He spared a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.

"He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.

"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And show'd, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he had left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better."

[1] In the height of the quarrel between the Ministers the Queen died, Aug. 1, 1714; and on her demise the Whigs were restored to power.

[2] Upon the Queen's death the Dean returned to Dublin.

[3] Wood, a hardware-man from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of £108,000, which must have left that kingdom without gold or silver.

[4] Whitshed, then Chief Justice of Ireland.

[5] Sir William Scroggs, Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of King Charles II.; and Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief Justice of England in the time of Richard II.

[1] In Ireland, which Swift had reason to call a place of exile.

ON POETRY: A RHAPSODY. 1733.

All human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft debate
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by Folly, combats Nature;
Who, when she loudly cries "Forbear,"
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round;
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies litter'd under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in Church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware;
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or public use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter;
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;
Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fixt by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub street line.
Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea;
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienced sinner
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in *Italic* type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in capitals exprest,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Conveyed by pennypost to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surprised
Are you to see it advertised;
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still and swallow down your spittle;
Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion;
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;

And critics have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgment 's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once:
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest dogg'rel Grub street sends
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be disposed to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet "Safe" 's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where critics mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffeehouse conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry,
And introduced the Lord knows why:
Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On A's and B's your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant.
A public or a private robber,
A statesman or a South Sea jobber;
A prelate who no God believes;
A parliament or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess or a suburb wench:
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like stepping stones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.
A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower:
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in Hell:
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where in the scenes of endless woe
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop;
Or, in the ivory gate of dreams,
Project excise and South Sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.
Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet:
Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile and think them all his own;
For law and gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's, the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution used, may serve a while.
Proceed no farther in your part
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics' jargon:
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities in time and place:
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers' ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu;
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.
A forward critic often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous:*
And, if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table head,
Reclining on his elbow-chair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you 'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them),
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His undisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.
Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is Whig, and one is Tory:
And this for epics claims the bays,
And that, for elegiac lays:
Some famed for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town:
Tigellius, placed in Phœbus' car,
From Ludgate shines to Temple Bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday strains.
Whence Gay was banished in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in state of war by nature;
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs.
But, search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.

If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferior size
On you shall rail and criticize,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only teaze and pinch
Their foes superior by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas than on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can teaze, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;
Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Ashamed of them than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still;
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolved to thee,
Great poet of the Hollow Tree.[1]
But ah! how insecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a commonweal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite,

[1] Lord Grimston was the author of this performance, of which he was afterwards so much ashamed, that he bought up all the copies.

In poetry the height we know;
'Tis only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think
No rhymer can like Welsted[1] sink,
His merits balanced, you shall find
The laureate[2] leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downwards deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore[3] with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:
With heads to point the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O! what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch bless'd,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive binds his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The Church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strew your bays:
Your panegyrics here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refused to Lewis,
Applied to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.
Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be laced so strait?
I'll give my monarch butter-weight:
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.
(*Cætera desiderantur.*)

[1] Mr Welsted's poems were reprinted in 1787, and are of little worth.

[2] In some editions, instead of "the laureate," was maliciously inserted the name of Mr Fielding; for whose ingenious writings the author manifested no great esteem.

[3] James Moore Smith, author of "The Rival Modes."

BIRTHDAY POEMS TO STELLA.

March 13, 1718–19.

Stella this day is thirty-four
(We shan't dispute a year or more);
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green;
So little is thy form declined;
Made up so largely in thy mind.
O, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit!
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair;
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and size.

And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate,
(That either nymph might have her swain,)
To split my worship too in twain.

1719-20.

All travellers at first incline
Where'er they see the fairest sign:
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel Inn to every friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd,
The house will never lose its trade:
Nay, though the treacherous tapster, Thomas,
Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
We think it both a shame and sin
To quit the true old Angel Inn.
Now, this is Stella's case in fact,
An angel's face a little crack'd,
Could poets or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-six:
This drew us in at first to find
In such a form an angel's mind;
And every virtue now supplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crowding swains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and sense,
And puts them but to small expense;
Their mind so plentifully fills,
And makes such reasonable bills,
So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.
Then who can think we 'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face?
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?
Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendoes, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On every feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like Beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of you can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind:
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

1721-22.

While, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays,
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask;
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain;
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge:
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines;
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung;
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place;
Your worth will be to them unknown,
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I dying leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

1722-23.

A GREAT BOTTLE OF WINE, LONG BURIED, BEING THAT DAY DUG UP.

Resolv'd my annual verse to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely sat me down to think:
I bit my nails and scratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or if, with more than usual pain,
A thought came slowly from my brain,
It cost me Lord knows how much time
To shape it into sense and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.
Forsaken by th' inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine:
I told him what the world would say
If Stella were unsung to-day:
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sheridan, the rogue, would sneer,
And swear it does not always follow,
That *semel in anno ridet Apollo*,
I have assur'd them twenty times
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inspired me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
They 'll call it all poetic licence;
And when I brag of aid divine,
Think Eusden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I ask for Stella's sake:
'Tis my own credit lies at stake:
And Stella will be sung, while I
Can only be a stander by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this answer to a tittle:

Though you should live like old Methusalem
I furnished hints and you shall use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You 'd leave her virtues half untold,
But, to say truth, such dulness reigns,
Through the whole set of Irish deans,
I 'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
Dean W—, dean D—, and dean Smedley,
That, let what dean soever come,
My orders are, I 'm not at home;
And if your voice had not been loud,
You must have pass'd among the crowd.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You must apply to Mrs Brent;[1]
For she, as priestess, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
First, nine ways looking, let her stand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her describe a circle round
In Saunders'[2] cellar on the ground:
A spade let prudent Archy[3] hold,
And with discretion dig the mould.
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca,[4] Ford, and Grattan's by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated toward the skies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
And Bacchus for the poet's use
Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
See! as you raise it from its tomb,
It drags behind a spacious womb,
And in the spacious womb contains
A sovereign medicine for the brains
You 'll find it soon, if fate consents;
If not, a thousand Mrs Brents,
Ten thousand Archys, arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuse,
And boldly then invoke the Muse;
But first let Robert[5] on his knees
With caution drain it from the lees;
The Muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year.

1724-25.

As, when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say she 's past her dancing days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the dean supplies their place.

1 The housekeeper.
2 The butler.
3 The footman.
4 Mrs Dingley.
5 The valet.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth!
Have always been confined to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one and she fifteen,
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inspired to rhyme,
Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-six, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a subject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes!
You must be grave and I be wise.
Our fate in vain we would oppose:
But I 'll be still your friend in prose:
Esteem and friendship to express
Will not require poetic dress;
And if the Muse deny her aid
To have them sung, they may be said.
But, Stella, say, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I 'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown;
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my sight;
And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass,
For I 'm ashamed to use a glass:
And till I see them with these eyes,
Whoever says you have them, lies.
No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, sense and wit;
Thus you may still be young to me,
While I can better hear than see.
O ne'er may Fortune show her spite,
To make me deaf, and mend my sight!

DAPHNE.

Daphne knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devised
Surer ways to be despised;
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say;
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier;
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she 's most to blame.
Send me hence ten thousand miles
From a face that always smiles:

None could ever act that part
But a fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy keep your distance:
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her;
Lose no time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought
That she'll own or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then perhaps you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;
And reprove her when she's right;
She may then grow wise for spite.
No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed;
She's too cunning and too skilful
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth and one for errors:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful,
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this to dress her soul.
Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the dean and you:
Heaven forbid he should despise thee,
But will never more advise thee.

EPIGRAMS.

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW AT AN INN IN ENGLAND.

THE glass, by lovers' nonsense blurr'd,
Dims and obscures our sight;
So, when our passions Love has stirr'd,
It darkens Reason's light.

ON SEEING VERSES WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS AT INNS.

THE sage, who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er a thought allow'd
That might not be confess'd;
His window scrawl'd by every rake,
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when required;
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspired,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

IN A MAID OF HONOUR'S PRAYER-BOOK.

WHEN Israel's daughters mourn'd their past offences,
They dealt in sackcloth, and turn'd cinder-wenches;
But Richmond's fair ones never spoil their locks;
They use white powder and wear Holland smocks.
O comely church! where females find clean linen
As decent to repent in as to sin in.

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.[1]

BEHOLD a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left that 's worth defence,
We build a magazine!

[1] The Dean, in his lunacy, had some intervals of sense; at which times his guardians or physicians took him out for the air. On one of these days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building which he had never seen, and asked what it was designed for? To which Dr Kingsbury answered, "That, Mr Dean, is the magazine for arms and powder for the security of the city."—"Oh! oh!" says the Dean, pulling out his pocket-book; "let me take an *item* of that. This is worth remarking—'My tablets,' as Hamlet says, 'my tablets—memory, put down that!'" Which produced the above lines, said to be the last he ever wrote.

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